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ERRATA.

Page 16, col. 2, line 47, should read *Drews should seek to explain away the.*

Page 87, col. 1, lines 50 and 53, for *Xenephontic* read *Xenophontic.*

Page 156, col. 3, line 31, for *as* read *de.*

Page 186, col. 1, line 5, for *occidental* read *accidental.*

Page 295, col. 1, line 34, for *settelment* read *settlement.*

Page 482, col. 2, line 59, for *Anti-Williams* read *Anti-Willians.*

Page 593, col. 1, line 21, should read *and philosophical.*

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1913.

The Week

President Taft's acceptance of the offer of a professorship from Yale University is another answer to the question: "What shall we do with our ex-Presidents?" As in the case of Mr. Cleveland at Princeton, it is an altogether satisfactory one. Nothing could be more dignified than such a professorship, and certainly no one who has been through the hurly-burly of a White House term could fail to find the quiet and the opportunity for contemplation and study afforded by a university as delightful and refreshing a contrast as he could wish. Mr. Taft will have, as did Mr. Cleveland, a much larger audience than that which comes to hear him at New Haven, and opportunities for public service will not be lacking, should he desire them. This is far better than that Mr. Taft should retire on a pension, whether provided by Congress or Mr. Carnegie or anybody else. At least, so it would have been felt till lately. But times are changing, and every one is coming to believe that somebody else owes him a pension by the time he reaches seventy. Certainly, the sight of Mr. Taft engaged in vigorous intellectual effort and earning adequate financial support thereby is in every way a better example for the country than would be his settling down at his ease somewhere on $25,000 a year.

Complete returns of the Presidential election are now available. Instead of a falling off of about 400,000 in the total vote, there was a gain of about 150,000 as compared with the vote of 1908, the totals being (in round numbers) 15,040,000 and 14,890,000, respectively. If allowance be made, however, for the women added to the voting population in California and Washington, and for the addition of Arizona and New Mexico to the list of States, we must deduct a round half million or more from the vote of 1912, leaving it fully 350,000 below the vote of four years ago; whereas if the total had grown in a measure corresponding to the advance in population, there would have been an increase of something like a million instead of this decrease of 350,000. This is a curious showing, and opens up large possibilities for conjectural explanation. But any one who may essay such a task must go behind the immediate comparison, for the course of the Presidential vote is very peculiar. Thus, the total in 1892 was 12,000,000, in 1896 it rose to 14,000,000, in 1900 it was the same, in 1904 it fell to 13,500,000, and then in 1908 reached the high mark of 14,900,000. But after all is said and done, the fact stands out that, allowance made for the new woman voters, the vote in 1912 is only 3 or 4 per cent. greater than it was sixteen years ago, whereas the population has increased about 35 per cent. However, it must be remembered that the election of 1896 was quite abnormal in intensity of interest.

Of the two prominent minor parties, the Socialists fared very well and the Prohibitionists ill. Time was when, in a situation in which either of the great parties—and especially the Republican—was in a condition of demoralization, the Prohibitionists expected to profit perceptibly by the disaffection; but their vote this year was 50,000 below that of four years ago—203,000, as against 253,000—in spite of a gain of 17,000 in California and Washington. As for the Debs vote, which went up from 421,000 to 898,000, it owes no less than 76,000 of this increase of 477,000 to its gain in California and Washington, where the Socialist vote of 1908 was almost trebled in 1912. In Illinois, Ohio, and Pennsylvania the Debs vote was much more than doubled, and its increase in these States was 46,000, 56,000, and 47,000, respectively. In New York, the increase was only 65 per cent., and amounted to 25,000; while Massachusetts and Rhode Island, where a striking increase might have been expected, show only a very slight increase, and indeed a very small total—13,000 and 2,000, respectively, being the poll made by Debs this year in these two intensely industrial States.

The conviction of 38 out of the 40 men accused of participation in the great dynamiting conspiracy is an event whose importance, as affecting the future of organized labor, hardly requires setting forth. When the true nature of the connection between a number of big labor-union men and the Los Angeles outrage was first brought to light, there followed a curious oscillation of opinion, both among the great labor leaders and among the devotees of humanitarianism and social service. In neither case do we mean to include all of the class in question; in both cases we do mean to include a very considerable proportion. What happened was first an outburst of indignation and resentment that charges of such atrocious conduct should be made against men high in the councils of labor; but when it became pretty evident that the charges were true, the ground was shifted to the position that though these things may have been done, yet they must not be regarded as ordinary crimes, but as the natural manifestation of social discontent. We were solemnly adjured not to exact punishment from the offenders, but rather to profit by the lesson they had taught, and set our house in order. All this now has a very far-away sound. The processes of justice went on quietly, in their ancient ways; they dealt with this crude and barbarous conspiracy just as they would have dealt with an ordinary case of burglary or assault or arson; they have come to their destined end, and the foundations of society remain unshaken by so much as the faintest tremor.

The contemplation of this extraordinary case cannot fail to present to the mind an impressive vindication of the jury system. Not because the trial resulted in a conviction rather than an acquittal; but because this conviction, recorded as the unanimous judgment of twelve men taken out of the general mass of citizens by a process carefully designed to insure fairness and impartiality, carries weight of a sort which no other method yet suggested could supply. It is impossible to suppose that these thirty-eight men would have been declared guilty by the united judgment of those twelve plain Americans unless the evidence of their guilt had been conclusive. The judgment of no judge, nor of any group of judges, would be accept-

ed by all classes with the same confidence in its freedom from bias or animus. Still plainer is it that if the law required anything less than a unanimous verdict, the moral effect of the conviction would be disastrously impaired. There are evils connected with the jury system, there are often exasperating consequences from the requirement of unanimity; but in the things which count most, in the things which affect profoundly the whole relation of the community to the law, the benefits of the trial of criminal cases by jury, and of the requirement of unanimity for a verdict in them, vastly outweigh any disadvantages.

Pennsylvania politics these days is enough to make Senator Quay turn in his grave. Instead of a caucus at Harrisburg, in which ambitions to be Speaker may conveniently be killed in accordance with the will of the boss, the fight this time is likely to go to the floor of the House, and nobody will venture a prediction of the result. Distressing as it is to all patriotic citizens, the erstwhile reform partners, Flinn and Magee, differ as to who should be Speaker, and it is even said that Magee may throw his strength to a third candidate, who comes from Philadelphia and is put forward by the Vare brothers, those famous representatives of the contractor-politician type of public man. Any one of the various rival groups is ready to stay out of the caucus if its ends will be served by such a course. The situation is further complicated by the fact that many Representatives run upon both Washington party and Republican tickets, and so are in a position to be independent of any of the would-be dictators. To the triple division of the Republicans, the Democrats oppose a united front, and will fight for a legislative programme of their own. The net result of these divisions should be to make the attitude of Gov. Tener unusually important, and he has already announced his determination to use his veto unsparingly.

Gov. Wilson's commendation of the Court of Pardons as an institution will carry weight. He has just been wrestling with what is undeniably one of the most trying, if not quite the most trying, of all the responsibilities with which a Governor is charged, the decision of the question of life or death, of freedom or confinement, in scores of individual cases pressed upon his attention for the most diverse possible reasons. He feels that, in the exercise of this most delicate function, the conclusions arrived at by the Court of Pardons are of the greatest public use, these being based, he says, on conscientious and capable inquiry by the members of the court. There are considerations that can be urged on the other side, but the *prima facie* case in favor of the creation of some body charged with the duty of systematic inquiry into the merits of applications for pardon is very strong.

In aid of the bill to pay the National Guard of the several States out of the Federal Treasury, the Adjutant-General of New York has officially issued to the Guard of this State a pamphlet explaining the bill, giving in twenty-six pages all the reasons why it should become a law. This is characteristic of the thoroughness with which sentiment for the measure is worked up. It is done in the name of patriotism and efficiency. Do you not want an effective militia? Then, if you do, keep quiet and let us get our hands into Uncle Sam's pocketbook to the tune, at first, of eight to eleven millions of dollars, and, of course, a much larger sum later. It is surely a trifling price to pay for a real army reserve. So runs the argument. Thus it appears that, by simply paying the soldiers for attending drills, to which they now come voluntarily without pay, we shall make our militia efficient overnight.

Now, if all the troubles of the National Guard were due to a poor attendance at drills, something might be said for this reasoning. But every one familiar with the militia knows that non-attendance at drills is not the chief evil to correct; he knows, moreover, that even if the men were paid, some of the conditions which make for non-attendance would still remain. Of the militia's many weaknesses, perhaps the two greatest are the selection and election of officers by the men in the ranks and political interference with the Guard. Is there the slightest belief anywhere that the paying of the troops by the Federal Government will remove politics from the militia? It is much more likely to intensify the struggle for the places of importance. So long, moreover, as the election of officers continues, a chief source of inefficiency will remain intensified by the desire of an officer, who may be in pecuniary need or pecuniarily ambitious, to succeed his captain or his major. Again, it is asserted that pay would attract "well-educated young men" and a "better class of men." We have no mean opinion of our present citizen soldiers; on the contrary, we cannot see how one dollar a week would be an inducement to any more young collegians or high-school graduates to join. A man goes into the militia either because of a patriotic desire to serve the State, or because he desires a club, regular exercise, and the fun of wearing a uniform and going to camp.

The indictment of President Mellen of the New Haven and Messrs. Chamberlin and Smithers of the Grand Trunk, under the conspiracy clause of the Anti-Trust law, brings up some peculiar and novel questions—in addition to the fact that the prosecution will be of persons on a criminal charge. It is undoubtedly true that if a "combination or conspiracy in restraint of trade" was carried out by the managers of these competing railways, the offence was committed after the law had been defined, interpreted, and applied by the highest court, and not, as in the Northern Securities and the Southern Pacific cases, for instance, when its interpretation was in doubt. On the other hand, the present case is not on all fours with any case previously adjudicated. The Grand Trunk was not bought up by the New Haven, and, on the basis of the final agreement, not even the Grand Trunk's Vermont extension was to be sold to the New Haven—though that seems originally to have been contemplated. The formal basis of the agreement affected the joint interchange of business by each of the two companies over the lines of the other, including the New Haven's promise "to protect Grand Trunk, in every way in its power, in its present differential rates from New England points and such new territory as it is proposed to open up to it."

The Government will presumably contend, first, that the real purpose of the companies was indicated in the original

agreement, whereby the Grand Trunk was to sell its New England lines to the New Haven; secondly, that the admitted abandonment of the Grand Trunk's work on the proposed competing extensions in New England was the real condition for the final understanding. But as regards the latter consideration, the case will differ materially from previous anti-Trust cases, in that the New Haven's competitor merely ceased to extend its facilities for competition. If the Grand Trunk officers testify that their company's financial condition had not warranted continuance of the expenditure on the new extensions, or that the money market was such that the requisite capital could not be raised, then the argument that abandonment of the new extensions was a result of conspiracy will not be so easy to maintain. As it happens, there is ground for both the above contentions in the known situation of the day. In the absence of any documentary evidence that the extensions were abandoned because of counter-offers from the New Haven, the Government's case would be limited in scope to the nature of the agreement as to rates and division of traffic, made after the Grand Trunk's decision to stop its new construction. Much more than any of the recent leading anti-Trust cases, therefore, this case will have to be settled on the basis of the evidence. Popular disapproval of the New Haven's methods, and popular agitation over the conduct of that road, must not prevent the general public from giving full and fair consideration to such evidence—especially when, as on this occasion, the criminal clauses of the law have been distinctly invoked.

Little by little, scholarship is picking up courage to defend itself against the pretensions of athletics. It now advances the claim that its representatives outlive those of its great rival activity. The *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* has compiled the vital statistics of the classes from 1860 to 1884, and it finds that in 1910 the percentage of deaths among these 3,500 individuals was 30.41. But the percentage for the elected members of Phi Beta Kappa was only 27.51. Moreover, since the 3,500 include the 719 "first scholars," the real advantage of the latter in respect of longevity is not shown until we get the percentage for these classes exclusive of their Phi Beta Kappa members. This is 31.69, and thus it appears that the expectation of life for a Phi Beta Kappa man, at Harvard at least, is markedly greater than that of his unkeyed classmate. To complete the triumph, the *Magazine* goes on to point out that it is gained in spite of the fact that very few Phi Beta Kappa men were athletes during their undergraduate days, and that in after life they have won something more than longevity. "The list bears the names of a President and Vice-President of the United States; of several Governors, Ambassadors, and Cabinet officers; of half a dozen college and university presidents . . .; of financiers, bankers, and heads of railroads and other corporations . . .; of judges of the United States and other Supreme Courts; of lawyers, physicians, and surgeons of national reputation; of many professors and deans; of many authors and editors; of the leading American engineer of his time; and of theologians, preachers, and philanthropists."

No valid reason exists why Edward F. Mylius should be refused admission to this country because of his conviction in England of having published a libel against the King. If the story of George V's rumored secret marriage had been brought forward by Mylius with a view to blackmail, his conviction would undoubtedly have involved the element of moral turpitude, on the basis of which he might be deported from our shores. But it seems plain that the publication of the story was in the nature of a political act. It was done avowedly to discredit the British monarchy, and was printed in a British anti-monarchical paper published in Paris. This attack on the King was in execrable taste and, as the evidence adduced tended to show, baseless. But, after all, the violation of good taste in political fighting is not a crime. The English people are themselves jealous enough of the right of political asylum not to interpret the admission of Mylius into this country in any but the proper light.

The secret of long life has been revealed by Admiral Dewey: Join the navy, force your way into a mine-protected harbor, and attack the enemy's ships at their moorings, and keep away from public banquets. The 12-inch gun has slain its thousands, but the ill-cooked lobster has rendered *hors de combat* its tens of thousands, thus showing that peace, too, hath her heroes and her victims. It is not given to all of us to die in behalf of a great cause, but every citizen is privileged to incur indigestion in defence of his principles, a privilege which he hastens to put into use with remarkable persistence. Yet the fatalities which mark the history of public feeding do not constitute its worst reproach. The greater harm consists in the undigested ideas, in the wild-eyed pronunciamentos, in the hitherto unsuspected "truths," which every well-regulated public dinner is bound to liberate, thereby endangering the education of the young and destroying the reputation for sobriety of many respectable citizens. Bad food and poor talk are a combination fatal to the soundest human system. It has been written.

> Avoid the groaning board, my son,
> The devilled crab, the Melbaed peach,
> But, deadliest of all, avoid
> The after-dinner speech.

The territorial demands formulated by the representatives of the Balkan states in the London peace conference would restrict Turkey in Europe to the triangle included between a base line drawn from Midia, on the Black Sea, to Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora, and the Bosphorus. The Sultan's European possessions would be reduced from more than 65,000 square miles to a pittance of less than 2,000 square miles. Worse, however, than this severe amputation is the fact that, under such an arrangement, Constantinople would be absolutely at the mercy of the Bulgarians established at Rodosto. If Bulgaria is kept outside of the Dardanelles, there might be, in the case of a future war, something of a chance for the Turks, guarded as they would be on the land side by the Tchatalja fortifications, and on the sea by the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. To accept the allies' demand would be to leave Constantinople to exist entirely on sufferance. It is not to be supposed that the allies will insist on getting all they have asked for in the first breath. They are simply following the traditional form of diplomatic haggling. It is also premature to speak of a failure of negotiations. The difference between 65,000 square miles and 2,000 square miles is large enough to permit bargaining and concessions.

BRYAN ON SENIORITY.

We think that the rumors of Mr. Bryan already opening war on President Wilson are, as Mark Twain said of the report of his death, "much exaggerated." The *Commoner* editorial calling upon the Democrats in Congress to "struggle" against reactionaries, was probably written before the editor's interview with Mr. Wilson. If after, it is conceivable that he was expressing views in which the President-elect shares. The latter knows something about government by committees in Congress, as witness his early book on that subject, and possibly may feel as strongly as Mr. Bryan that the men placed in leading positions in the new Congress should not be there simply because they have long years of public service behind them. Why do not some of the ingenious commentators on Mr. Bryan's declaration against the rule of seniority see in it a purpose to relieve Wilson of trouble? Mr. Bryan himself is now a senior, and if all seniors are to be made to take a back seat, may we not conclude that he, far from seeking a Cabinet portfolio, will decide not to linger superfluous on the stage? If it is a question of interpretations too clever by half, this is as well worth considering as the others.

The real question which Mr. Bryan has raised respecting the organization of Congress deserves serious consideration. It has both its general and its individual aspects. For many years the rule of seniority has prevailed in Congress. Men longest there get the best committee assignments. This used to be pointed out as the chief reason for the extraordinary influence of the Maine Congressional delegation. That State kept sending the same Senators and Representatives, term after term; and time did the rest. Nor is this mere routine or rule of thumb. There is sound reason for the preference, in general, of the experienced man. All other business goes on that principle, and why should not the public business? Of course, there must be limits to its application, even when we are dealing with the matter abstractly. Lord Rosebery speaks somewhere, referring to men in office, of "that seniority which often spells senility." Against that, whatever system is adopted has always to be on its guard. The cases of difficulty are not very frequent, but are admittedly perplexing. It must have been very hard, for example, for his colleagues on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States to sign a letter, as they did years ago, notifying a brother-judge of great age that his powers had obviously failed and that he ought to resign.

It is, however, the particular situation in Congress that is at present debated. The objection is not so much to old men as to wrong-headed men. It is not merely new blood that is desired, but new ideas. The point is made that the Democratic party is committed to certain policies, borne in on the tide of recent popular sentiment, and that some of the older Democrats in Congress are not sufficiently in sympathy with them. Only on that ground is the demand made that the rule of seniority shall be no longer left supreme. There is undeniably force in this, so far as a few special cases are concerned. Look, for instance, at the existing Committee on Finance in the Senate. This is the committee which will have most to do with shaping bills for revising the tariff. The ranking Democratic Senator is Bailey, but he is shortly to retire. Next to him comes Senator Simmons, of North Carolina. Under the old plan, he would be made chairman, when the Senate becomes Democratic. But he is known as a half-protectionist. He would fight tooth and nail—in committee room, at least—in favor of keeping every grain of protection which North Carolina industries think they enjoy. Plainly, he is not the ideal chairman for a committee entrusted with carrying out Democratic tariff pledges. Farther down the list stands the name of Senator Williams. All impartial men must agree that he would be a far better chairman than Simmons; and if the rule of seniority prevents it, so much the worse for the rule.

In the House, seniority has not been so absolutely dominant as in the Senate. Moreover, under the reformed procedure, committee chairmen are not appointed by the Speaker, but elected by the party caucus. Yet it is curious to observe how, even in such a choice, seniority prevails. Mr. Underwood holds the most important chairmanship; he has been continuously in Congress for eighteen years. The chairman of the Judiciary Committee, Mr. Clayton, has been a Congressman for sixteen years. Mr. Sulzer, at the head of the Foreign Affairs Committee, had eighteen years of service in Congress behind him. It has often been said that it is ridiculous to have a man of his kind in charge of such an important committee. But glance down the list of his Democratic colleagues, and find a fitter chairman if you can. Would it be Mr. Garner, of Texas, or Mr. Difenderfer, of Pennsylvania? Who would dare to say? Even a party caucus, even Mr. Bryan himself, with a perfectly free hand, could not make bricks without straw.

That truth will be very evident in the next House. The large and unwieldy Democratic majority will contain great numbers of untried men. In the nature of the case, they will not be pushed to the front. Call it seniority or what you will, something will dictate placing in the most influential positions members who are familiar with the procedure, who have gone through the mill, who know what to do and how to do it. Viewed in that light, seniority means common sense. It is also to be remembered that a man of real force is not long overlooked in Congress. Senator O'Gorman, though a "new man" in the Senate, was soon charged with important committee assignments. And there are other ways of making talent and power felt. It was long a just reproach to the Republicans, before they lost the House, that they had organized it without brains at the top. Cannon and Payne and Dalzell undertook to lead, but they were not the men whom the House heard gladly, or recognized as the real intellect of the party. That is the task of all successful party management—to get to the front the men who ought to be there. Merit is often connoted by seniority, and when that is the case, the rule of seniority is a good one; but if it implies keeping in high positions men of Bourbonish mind, who have ceased to think or to grow, there ought to be a way of making the rule more honored in the breach than in the observance.

UNCLE SAM AND HIS COMPETITORS.

"Loeb Quitting to Go with the Guggenheims"—that was an interesting bit of news to relieve the noiseless tenor of the Christmas morning newspaper headlines. The plain prose of the matter is, doubtless, simply that Mr. Loeb is going to take hold of his new work for the same reason that led him to take

hold of the New York Collectorship—that he feels the place will give him a chance for the exercise of great abilities as an organizer and administrator. But there is poetry in the thing, too—tragic or comic, as you will. For here is Mr. Roosevelt's pupil and right-hand man, his trusty and well-beloved personal aide in the White House, passing directly from the service of the people to the service of the arch-enemy of the people. There are malefactors and malefactors, but Guggenheim is a magic name that spells more kinds of malefactor of great wealth than any other that can be produced. In his recent campaign the Colonel used the word as a sort of handy abridgment of his whole vocabulary of condemnation. Lorimer was good for some purposes, Penrose for some, Archbold for some, but Guggenheim was always in order. From stealing of lands to stealing of conventions, there was nothing rotten in the country or in the Republican party but Guggenheim was its crowning embodiment. One does not know whether to laugh or to weep at the thought that the man who for seven years was in the closest possible association with the apostle of righteousness should have selected for his future work, out of all the possibilities before him, the serving of the Guggenheim interests.

But, except for this singular conjuncture of personalities, Mr. Loeb's transfer of activities is far from exceptional. Indeed, it is the very thing that one expects in the case of any servant of the national Government who has successfully filled a difficult post. High Treasury officials have, in recent years, been pretty steadily gravitating towards the great places in the business world; and even in the case of men whose administrative power, or skill in dealing with men, has been displayed in fields having no relation to finance or commerce, openings in high financial or business capacities have been found awaiting them when, either of their own motion or because of a change in the Presidency, they were ready to relinquish their official posts. That there are instances in which the attraction of great pecuniary emoluments has of itself drawn away from the public service men whose abilities it was unfortunate that the country could not continue to command, is undeniable; but there is no way in which, as a matter of practical fact, this can be avoided. The Government should offer salaries that do not too grossly fall short of those that can be commanded by men of ability in private enterprises; but it cannot undertake to compete, upon a purely pecuniary basis, with the great rewards which, in these days of gigantic interests, special ability can command in the world of business. It must rely in large part on the attraction which the idea of public service presents, reinforced, as this has so strikingly been in a number of instances, by the extraordinary advantage, in the way of general recognition and consequent advancement either in public office or in private undertakings, offered by the possibilities of effective work in the Government service. Of course, as regards the highest posts in that service—Cabinet offices, judgeships, and others—the appeal to honorable ambition and to patriotic feeling must ever be thought of as the dominant factor.

There is one aspect of this steady stream of able public officers going back into private life which deserves special consideration from a very practical standpoint. While a considerable part of the movement is inevitable, there is another large part which could be avoided, to the great gain of the public service. If all the highest posts except those that involve questions of policy affected by a change of the national Administration were held upon a permanent tenure, there would be an attraction in the Government service, all the way down the line, which at present it does not at all hold out for men of ability and ambition. The beneficial result of such a change would be many-sided. Men in the lower ranks in a given department of work would feel that it was worth while to train for mastery of that field. Those who had reached the top would feel far less disposed than at present to cast about for a private opening. And, what would in many cases be the most important of all, the accumulated experience and special skill of these permanent officers would be ever at the call of the Government when difficult questions came up for consideration.

In retiring from the Collectorship of the port of New York, Mr. Loeb can look back upon four years of hard work ably done. The distinguishing feature of his administration of the office has been the rigorous enforcement of the law without distinction of wealth, or social or political position. There are features connected with the collection of customs duties from travellers which are offensive in the highest degree and a standing humiliation to Americans coming back to their native land; and it is possible that Mr. Loeb has not done all that could be done to keep this nuisance within bounds. But the nuisance is essentially in the law itself; and as for cases of actual smuggling, whether by persons in business or by wealthy travellers, Mr. Loeb deserves the highest praise for his persistent and vigorous enforcement of the law.

THE MASSACHUSETTS SENATORSHIP.

The coming election of a successor to Senator Crane is rousing great interest in Massachusetts. For this there is good reason. The Senatorship was all that the Republicans were able to save in the November election. They lost the Governorship again, and had the mortification of seeing the electoral vote of their State go to a Democratic Presidential candidate for the first time in more than fifty years. And it is obvious that with all these signs of demoralization thick upon the party, its way of filling the Senatorship still at its disposal will be of great significance. One thing that broke the power of the Republicans in Massachusetts was the arrogance of their party machine. Will it now endeavor to dictate the naming of a Senator? There is also the acute controversy over the question whether a Senatorial caucus is to be called to decide the matter. This plan is vigorously denounced by many Republicans, especially those from western Massachusetts. All told, the campaign is agitating the State to almost as great a degree as did Lodge's fight for reëlection a year ago. A sign of the widespread interest in the result is the open letter, on the Senatorial situation, written by Mr. Charles Francis Adams to Mr. Frederick W. Eaton, Representative in the Legislature from the town in which Mr. Adams lives.

Mr. Adams naturally adopts the honorable Massachusetts tradition respecting her Senators. It is not for him a question of party control or machine politics, but of worthily representing

the State at Washington. He also dwells on the value of legislative experience and of prestige acquired at the capital; and for theso reasons, in combination with the argument from ability and character, strongly favors the election of Congressman McCall. Mr. McCall does, indeed, more nearly than any of his competitors avowedly in the field, measure up to the best names on the historic roster of Massachusetts Senators. He has served longer than Congressman Weeks, and has gained a higher repute than he for breadth of view and courage of convictions. As between Mr. McCall and Mr. Walker, defeated for the Governorship, or Mr. Plunkett, of Adams, known chiefly as a rich manufacturer and party committeeman and contributor, or the as yet unnamed "business man" whom the machine is expected to produce as its candidate, there is really no comparison. If the election were to be decided in accordance with the old Massachusetts standards, there is little doubt that Samuel W. McCall would be the choice of the State.

Since Senator Hoar's death, Massachusetts has been badly off for Senators of the former type. Senator Crane has played a highly influential rôle in party management and in the inner politics of the Senate, but has done it as one in the background. No one would ever know that he had enlightened views or was able to defend them by tongue or pen. Senator Lodge can both speak and write. And by seniority he has risen to a considerable position in the Senate. But his reputation there and in Massachusetts is what it is. In his own State he has made himself thoroughly disliked; his party machine has fallen into extreme odium; he was reelected against strong protests, and it is generally believed that his present term in the Senate will be the last. He himself seems to be of that mind, for he has begun to publish his reminiscences. Yet so well-read a man as he must be aware of the saying of Henri Rochefort, when asked to write *his* reminiscences, that a public man is never approached with that request until people think he is no longer good for anything else.

There is a special reason why Congressman McCall should at this time be particularly favored for the Massachusetts Senatorship. In addition to personal dignity and independence, a cultivated mind, ability as a debater and speaker, and a long legislative experience, he deserves recognition as one of the earliest Republicans in Congress to distrust and oppose Theodore Roosevelt. In the heyday of the latter's power, Mr. McCall showed that he did this. And it nettled President Roosevelt intensely. He did not like it that the Representative in Congress whom Harvard and Cambridge were steadily reëlecting should let it be known that he had confidence neither in the motives nor in the policies of the son of Harvard. President Roosevelt betrayed his exasperation with Congressman McCall on many occasions, sometimes humorously. He once said to the late Vice-President Sherman, "Jim, do you want to do me a favor?" "Certainly, Mr. President." "Then go and kill Sam McCall, and I will grant you a full pardon, as I have power to do in the District of Columbia." In all seriousness, however, Mr. McCall anticipated many in finding Mr. Roosevelt out. No one has brought a sharper criticism to bear upon his dangerous notions and unsettling practices. And if the great Republican struggle in Massachusetts this year was—as it undoubtedly was—to beat off the assaults of Roosevelt, to save the party from being trampled under the hoofs of the Bull Moose, what man could it more fittingly put forward now than the one who began the fight before the party did—Congressman McCall?

The Senatorial contest in Massachusetts will attract attention from all parts of the country. There is much talk of Republican reorganization. Offensive machine leaders are to be sent to the rear. Old intriguings are to be dropped. The party will let the nation see the kind of man it delights to honor. Such is the theory of the reorganizers; what their practice is to be, Massachusetts will have an early opportunity to show. She can elect a party hack or a business lay figure; or she can choose a Senator capable of maintaining at Washington the ancient repute of the State. Her final decision will be watched for as an indication of what Massachusetts may do to purge and to restore the Republican party.

THE COLLEGE ATHLETE.

However it may be with the poet, the college athlete is made as well as born. Indeed, the columns of gossip from every important football field during the autumn months might give one the impression that this precious personage is mainly the product of his coaches. A substratum of brawn is doubtless welcomed; but is not the essential thing the ability to comprehend, to remember, and to put into execution the plan of battle laid down by the great coaching strategists? Of what avail is it to be able to kick the ball for sixty yards at whatever angle one chooses, if one cannot follow the mathematics of the head coach as he delivers his chalk-talks? What does one gain by outrunning his fellows on the field, if he falls behind them at the desk? And yet, if the college athlete were altogether the work of his trainers, why should we hear disturbing reports now and then of "inducements" offered by colleges and universities to some promising preparatory student? Why should there be the problem of the athlete who stands higher with his coaches than with the Faculty? If success in this department of academic activity were conditioned upon nothing more than the obtaining and drilling of willing youths, it would now scarcely be necessary for representatives of scores of educational institutions to gather, as they gathered in New York last week, to determine ways and means for more effectively controlling college athletics.

One is forced to conclude that the college athlete is not altogether the handiwork of his coaches. Even for him, natural ability is a desirable ingredient. It may be better to have no ability except the ability to follow their instructions than to have everything else and lack that, but as things stand, there are a multitude of players who have the requisite physique, and who may quite possibly be taught the rest. Why should our college not get some of these for its team next year? Well, our college, if it is up to snuff, sees no reason why it should fly in the face of Providence in this matter, and it proceeds to do all that may become an institution of learning in the laudable endeavor to "land" its share of these husky young fellows. The ways of achieving this end are as numerous as are those who are bent

upon achieving it. One notable coach at a famous Eastern university a dozen years ago was so fortunate as to have a brother who was teaching in a Middle Western college, attended by sinewy farmer boys. Is it any wonder that for a long period the teams of the university were built around stocky lads who came out of the West? A better known instance is that of the most famed preparatory school athlete of his day, who, as the time drew near for going to college, kept more than one university in more than one State in hot water. In the end, he went to the university whose location would naturally have been thought sufficient to decide the point, and gave it four years of brilliant achievement upon which it looks back with pride, and an occasional sigh, to this day.

It is as difficult to draw the line between proper and improper inducements to a promising athlete to go to a certain university, as it is to define the difference between speculation and gambling. Dean Briggs put his finger upon the sore spot in his opening address at the convention of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, when he urged the elimination of the professional spirit from college athletics. For the existence of this spirit, many causes may be responsible, but the outstanding one is the attitude of alumni. A graduate goes back to his university once a year, perhaps, meanwhile keeping track of its progress by what he finds about it in the newspapers. Now, what he is likely to see in the newspapers is either the procuring of a handsome addition to the endowment or the winning or losing of athletic contests, and what he desires to see when he makes his periodical visit to the scholastic shades of his alma mater is a new building and an athletic victory.

It is one thing for a Board of Trustees and Faculty to stand out against undergraduates; it is quite another to take a position against what seems the united voice of the alumni. Even a President of the United States has been known to forget his favorite doctrine of the square deal long enough to write the president of his university, requesting the strengthening of a crew by the restoration to it of a student who had violated a rule relating to scholastic work. The way out has for some time been seen to lie in coöperation. What one college can attempt only with difficulty, a group of colleges can do with ease—if they really wish to do it. There's the rub. Every suggestion for purifying college athletics raises the unspoken query, how will this affect my team? If those in whose hands are the reins of athletic direction could be sure that the alumni would support them in the policy of seeking genuine amateur sport first, and victory second, they would often be more inclined towards the drastic measures that are now and then needed. But the alumni should do much more than this. They should not merely set the seal of their approval upon honorable athletics, but they should be the first and most insistent in demanding that nothing else should be tolerated.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

The thirtieth annual meeting of the Modern Language Association, which was held on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday of last week, at the University of Pennsylvania, was largely attended and was generally pronounced a success. Houston Hall, where the papers were read, furnished a pleasant auditorium, with numerous lounging rooms for those informal conferences at which the destinies of past writers, as well as of oncoming scholars, are partially decided. The Local Committee had also arranged two smokers, one at the Franklin Inn, the other at the Hotel Normandie. The latter was enlivened by songs of Goethe and Heine and the old academic standbys—"Mihi est Propositum" and "Gaudeamus Igitur"; and Prof. John A. Lomax, whose specialty places him almost in the class of professional entertainers, sang some of his cowboy songs.

Many of the papers, because of their very particular interest and bearing, may be passed over. Prof. A. H. Upham, of Bryn Mawr, showed the existence in England, during the last thirty years of the seventeenth century, of a large, clearly defined reaction against the idea of woman which had been fostered by courtly immorality in England and France. Mary Astell, to whom the "Essay in Defence of the Female Sex" is doubtfully attributed, was only one of many advocates of woman's right to equal privilege in literature and learning, rather than in affairs; and the phases of the agitation ran parallel, in every case, to those of the woman movement in France.

On Thursday evening the president of the Association, Prof. C. H. Grandgent, read an address on "The Dark Ages" which enjoyed a *succès de scandale*. For at his hands the Dark Ages proved to be, not the period usually so-called, but the present day. With Charlemagne's great capacity for interest and knowledge, and his contempt for any persons not so constituted, Professor Grandgent contrasted modern tendencies. "Ours is the first age," he said, "to belie Aristotle's statement, 'all men desire to know.'" So far have we departed from that condition that few, especially in politics, can bear up under the suspicion of knowing something. A student crammed full of mere knowledge! cries the world. "In the absence of a living specimen of this sort," retorted Professor Grandgent, "let us assume one." In the literature, painting, and music of to-day he pointed out the lack of standards, due to self-confident ignorance and to total disregard of the thought of past ages. The one aim in art, as in life, is to "shock one's grandmother." Not knowledge, but power, is the slogan to-day. And as it is easier to create a stench than a sweet savor, the stronger the stench the louder is the approving cry: "How strong!" For those who desire painless methods of teaching, who insist no longer upon a robust cultivation of the memory, the speaker had the old but still serviceable warning, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," and charged them with being educational cubists striving for the ideal of "four square with nothing inside." Words like these from one in Professor Grandgent's position cannot fail to have a good effect, and we may suppose that they will be reiterated by their author at certain other meetings during the year.

Supplementary to Professor Grandgent's paper was one given the following day by Prof. J. W. Cunliffe, of Columbia. He made a plea for the study of contemporary writers, and uttered a wholesome caveat against the spirit of antiquarianism. He would not neglect the work of preceding ages, but believes that in Hardy and Shaw and Kipling the student would find matter of great interest. Scholarly concentration upon men who are holding the public to-day would also furnish people with sound standards of criticism, and thus might forestall absurd literary vogues. We can imagine, too, that the machinery with which the investigation of, say, the Middle Ages is often lumbered up would experience speedy correction if it were applied to living writers.

Though not greeted in the Philadelphia press by the startling headlines which confronted Professor Cunliffe's suggestions, Dr. Percy Long's paper was almost as revolutionary. He attempted to demolish the tradition which has set up a friendship of the greatest intimacy between Sidney and Spenser. Courthope regards this friendship as the mainspring of Sidney's literary interests, Mackail traces to it, in large

part, the flowering of Elizabethan poetry. But in point of fact no evidence of intimacy exists. When all the court mourned Sidney, Spenser remained silent; and when years later he wrote of him, he omitted any allusion to a personal relation existing between them.

Another loose tradition received the attention of Prof. C. Gauss, of Princeton, who furnished his reasons for moving the date of Rousseau's "Discours sur l'économie politique" from 1750, or a year or two later, to 1755. According to him, it was not written until after Rousseau's return from Geneva, October 10, 1754, and since it appears to be an integral part of the volume of the Encyclopædia in which it is contained, making reference to several of the other articles, Professor Gauss maintains that Rousseau's intellectual intimacy with Diderot must have lasted longer than is usually supposed. Other results of his thesis, some of them sweeping, will doubtless be worked out in due time.

Prof. F. E. Schelling took "Some Recent Applications of Demi-Science to Shakespeare" severely to task. Prof. E. S. Meyer, of Western Reserve, had an instructive paper on the employment of *Leitmotif* by writers of literature, among them Fontane, Ibsen, and Sudermann. The word itself, though usually ascribed to Wagner, was coined by Hans von Wolzogen. The paper of most popular interest was that with which the Conference concluded—Professor Lomax's on the secular songs, or "reels," of the negro, most of them having sprung directly from work on the plantation. Their naïveté, genuine pathos, and often their lyric beauty were to many in the audience a revelation. The love of the light-colored skin, self-pity because of not having enough to eat, and of not being able to get money when due—

> Nigger and a white man playing seven up,
> Nigger wins the money, white man takes it up——

are eloquent of the negro's sociological position, while the pervading humor witnesses to his capacity to be somehow happy, even on very little.

We should have been glad for a word from the Editorial Committee explaining the spelling employed in the programme. To the layman it is awful, and we doubt if the scientist would dare to call it either phonetic or reformed. By the side of "servis" we note "treatise"; "cud" has now become an auxiliary verb; why so many "e"s in "therefore"? The following officers were elected for the present year: president, Prof. A. R. Hohlfeld; vice-presidents, Profs. H. Collitz, A. H. Thorndike, and Kenneth McKenzie. In a few weeks the Council will decide upon a place for the next meeting, the chances favoring Cambridge.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Under the title of "The Fascination of Books" (Putnam), Joseph Shaylor has collected a series of papers, on book-publishing and book-selling topics, contributed by him to the *Nineteenth Century, Fortnightly Review, Publishers' Circular*, and other English periodicals. Some of his subjects are "Early Victorian Bookselling," "The Christmas Book," "The Evolution of the Bookseller," "Booksellers' Trade Dinner Sales," "The Use and Abuse of Book Titles," and "Bookselling and the Public."

In "The Christmas Book" he gives an account of the Annuals, which were so numerous and so successful for a long period, beginning about 1820. "Friendship's Offering," "The Keepsake," "The Book of Beauty," "The Gem," and the "Literary Souvenir" were among the most popular. Steel engravings by the best artists and "fugitive" poetry by forgotten writers make up the contents of these one-time favorites.

The paper on trade-dinner sales is, perhaps, the most interesting one in the volume. The publishers used to issue catalogues which were distributed among "a select number of booksellers of London and Westminster" (as the titles of some of them read), and the dinner was "on the table at half-past two o'clock precisely." After the dinner the books enumerated in the catalogue were sold to the highest bidder. Often important books were included, and thousands of copies of more popular volumes were sold. On one occasion above 19,000 copies of one book were disposed of in ten minutes, and at one of Murray's sales Thomas Tegg bought the stock of his "Family Library," 100,000, at one shilling per copy.

The essays seem, some of them, to have been written many years since, his quotations of prices obtained at auction for rare first editions being old records of ten or twenty years ago.

The Almanacs printed in Massachusetts from 1639 to 1850 are the subject of an important and careful essay and bibliography by Dr. Charles L. Nichols, of Worcester, Mass., printed by the American Antiquarian Society. Gov. John Winthrop in his diary, under date of March, 1639, chronicled the beginnings of printing in the United States in the following words:

> A printing house was begun at Cambridge by one Daye, at the charge of Mr. Glover, who died on sea hitherward. The first thing which was printed was the freeman's oath; the next was an almanac made for New England by Mr. William Peirce, Mariner; the next was the Psalmes newly turned into metre.

Of that first almanac "made for New England" no copy is now known, though it should seem from an entry in the manuscript catalogue given by Dr. Nichols ("Isaiah Thomas states that this issue and that of 1640 began with the month of March") that a copy of the little book had been seen by Thomas about a hundred years ago, and also that, although an almanac was issued from the Cambridge Press each year for the first twenty years, only seven issues are known, and each one unique. These are for the years 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1656, and 1657. The first five of these are the copies which belonged to the Rev. Samuel Hough, of Reading, Mass., by whom they were interleaved, serving him for diaries. They later passed into the possession of Samuel Sewall and remained in the Sewall family until some forty years ago, when they were acquired by George Brinley, of Hartford. At the sale of his great library the almanacs for 1646, 1647, 1648, and 1650 were purchased by the late John Boyd Thacher, of Albany, the Lenox Library being the buyer of the issue for 1649. From Mr. Thacher the four almanacs passed into the library of the late E. Dwight Church, and now belong to Mr. Henry E. Huntington. Unique copies of the almanacs for 1656 and 1657 are in the American Antiquarian Society's collection, the richest of the kind anywhere. Up to 1700 Dr. Nichols locates copies of sixty-eight different issues, of which the Society possesses forty-three; 479 issues are recorded from 1700 to 1800, of which the Society possesses 367, and 513 issues from 1800 to 1850, of which the Society has 477.

According to Isaiah Thomas, the almanac for 1639 "began with the month of March," and this was a peculiarity of all the New England almanacs until 1687. In all existing copies for this period March is given as the first month and February as the twelfth. Although the month of March was the legal beginning of the year in England until 1752, nearly all other almanacs give January as the first month and March as the third. Dr. Nichols surmises that this may have been "an effort towards absolute truthfulness of expression," or that it may have been one more proof of the desire of the people to "separate themselves, even in these ways, from those whom they left in England, for the sake of religious and personal freedom." In the earlier years of Franklin's "Poor Richard" January is put first but is called "XI Mon.," February "XII Mon.," and then comes March as "I Mon."

The astronomical calculations in these early almanacs were for the most part prepared by graduates of Harvard. Of forty-four almanacs issued before 1687, forty-one were prepared by twenty-six graduates, ten of whom were tutors in the institution. Dr. Nichols is of the opinion that the making of these calculations was a part of the preparation for the post-graduate degree of Master of Arts.

The earliest known American almanac to contain the illustration of "the man of signs" was that of 1678. This was published by John Foster, the first printer in Boston, and the cut was engraved by him. Many other interesting facts are to be learned in Dr. Nichols's essay, while his list, filling nearly one hundred pages, will be found useful for reference.

Correspondence

RAILWAY SAFETY AND DISCIPLINE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: With your permission, I should like to call the attention of your readers to a criticism of my opinions on management and the safety problem on railroads which you have recently printed. It is an interesting criticism, absolutely sound in its ethics and its logic. As I look at it, however, it is a challenge for information, as well as an all-around judgment or conclu-

sion on the subject. The passage I refer to is as follows (*Nation*, December 19, 1912):

If the coercion of railway managements for the benefit of unfit employees is as bad as Mr. Fagan represents it—and we do not deny that it is—the railways are not compelled to wait for an investigation by the Interstate Commerce Commission to disclose it. A plain statement of the case would quickly bring the influence of public sentiment to bear in favor of whatever disciplinary measures are necessary to make life and limb safe for travellers.

Now, there is just one slip of the mind or of the pen in this passage. As a matter of fact, public sentiment is not and never has been *quick* to move in supporting the superintendent and his authority on the railroads, even after "a plain statement of the case" has been widely published for the information of the American people. Public sentiment will move, and must move, in this matter before long, but it seems to be a slow process, and in my opinion a score of plain statements such as that which I now propose to make will be necessary before the railroad business in this country, especially the operating department, can be conducted on a reasonably fair and safe basis.

Take, for instance, the situation on the Pennsylvania Railroad in the years 1908 and 1909. At that time the system was threatened with a strike of large bodies of employees which promised to lead to a general "tie-up." The position and contention of the railroad in the matter can best be given in the words of W. W. Atterbury, who at the time was general manager of the lines east of Pittsburgh. His statement to the public was as follows:

There is no question of wages, hours of employment, or conditions of service at issue between the company and its men. The men are demanding, however, that when grievances or demands of a general nature are to be presented to the management, they shall have the right to go straight to the general manager, ignoring the division superintendent and the general superintendent. To agree to such a proceeding would be subversive of that discipline upon which the company relies to protect the safety of the lives and property of its patrons.

This statement and others of a similar nature were widely published at the time, without the slightest response from public sentiment.

But we need not go back to the year 1909 for illustrations and points. In the month of June, 1912, a strike vote of employees on the same railroad, that is, on the Pennsylvania, was threatened to enforce six demands, the most important of which was the following:

That engineman X be paid for time lost on account of suspension of ninety days, imposed upon him on the charge of low water in his engine.

Now, of course, if management is to be held responsible for the efficiency of the service, its authority must be recognized and supported. But in the cases I have mentioned, and in others of a similar nature, not a particle of assistance did the railroad receive either from the press or from public sentiment. Far from "quickly" bringing its influence to bear in favor of necessary measures of discipline, public opinion at the time shuffled the issues, politically tinctured, on to the board of mediators, under the Erdman act. Just what the public got for its money, so to speak, in the case of the Pennsylvania Railroad, can be understood from the following telephone dialogue, which almost to the letter is an exact reproduction or rehearsal of the proceedings:

Mediator at Washington, D. C.—Hello, Pennsylvania Railroad, is that you? Well, why don't you offer these men some kind of an "olive branch"? You know there is bound to be trouble if you don't.

Pennsylvania Railroad, at Philadelphia, Pa.—I understand that, Mr. Mediator, but look here, this is simply a question of right and wrong management, and to tell you the truth, I am sick and tired of "olive branch" settlements in such matters. That's flat, you understand, and there is nothing more to it.

Mediator—That's all very well, Pennsylvania Railroad, but you must bear in mind that, as mediator under the Erdman act, and in the interests of the people, as we think, we have absolutely nothing to do with the right or wrong in this controversy; our business is simply to keep the wheels moving.

I now hasten to say that I acquired information of this nature simply by pushing my way into the headquarters of the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Bureau of Labor, and into the offices of the railroads from one end of the country to another. I asked plain questions and had no difficulty whatever in getting truthful and significant replies. The reporters for newspapers have had the same privilege, but they are not looking for this kind of information.

But now the situation, as I have described it, is surely pretty hard for a manager when you ask him to be responsible for the safety of the travelling public. And yet this is exactly what arbitration of every description means and has meant to the railroads for the past ten years. So far as the railroads are concerned, arbitration in this country has always had a "weather eye," and the sooner public sentiment understands this the better it will be for the safety of the people at large. At the same time, I am aware that an ethical awakening in this direction has been the distinguishing feature of the activities of the public conscience during the past year. For the future, as it seems to me, the prospect is tremendously hopeful. The people now want to know the truth about the railroads, and especially about the accident situation. The principle of keeping wheels moving regardless of right and wrong will not satisfy American public sentiment in 1913.

JAMES O. FAGAN.

Waltham, Mass., December 26.

A LETTER OF DR. FURNESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following, I think, will be of interest to the friends and admirers of the late Horace Howard Furness. It is a quotation faithfully transcribed from a letter in my possession, written by Dr. Furness to another great English scholar, the late Francis James Child, and is an acknowledgment of a letter of encouragement that had just come to him from Professor Child.

Wholly apart from its interest as a record of friendship that existed between these kindred spirits, it gives one some idea of the patience and toil that may precede the brief and modest comment of a great scholar. The letter is dated March 22, 1880, and therefore was written soon after the publication of "Lear." Dr. Furness says:

No one has ever yet said to me such an appreciative word anent the labor and the time that lie hidden sometimes in a fraction of a line. Not infrequently I have spent a whole evening in hunting down a single quotation. I remember that I once went through every page of Ben Jonson, and there are nine volumes in Gifford's edition, in search of a single line—and I got it. I spent nearly a whole night, till cockcrow, in search of "queasie" in the Paston Letters, and four or five words absorbed the whole of it. So too in Latimer's Sermons after "flibbergibe." And sometimes, as you truly say, after all the time and trouble is spent the note is struck out.

That the same editor knew when a long note was required and acted accordingly, the curious may see by referring to his edition of "Lear," II, iv, 207, where Collier's reading, "howls," is defended; or again, III, vii, 64, the note on "all cruels else subscribe." G. C. SCOGGIN.

The University of Missouri, December 27.

A FRENCH GUIDE TO FRENCH NOVELS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In spite of the analytical French mind, with its rage for classification, the French have never been leaders in bibliography, and their unindexed books and uncatalogued magazines have ever been a stumbling block to scholars. It is interesting, therefore, to see what the race can do when once it puts a hand to the plough. The five-year-old review, called *Romans-Revue*, is a valuable monthly contribution to the bibliography of French novels, as well as a guide to the new books of France. It is published at Lille, in northern France, and the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church pervades every sentence. The church militant has a very scornful index for most of the modern plays and novels, but the indomitable Gallic flavor is ever behind the black frock, and keeps the ecclesiastical point of view from becoming irritating, and often makes it entertaining to any outsiders who may possess a tinge of the spirit of Anatole France.

Although primarily devoted to fiction and the theatre, the review now and then condescends to notice science and philosophy. Last May it praised the rich contributions of Fabre to the study of insects, but regretted that he never mentions the name of God; though he does refer to a "sovereign pilot," he unfortunately declares in the same breath that this pilot does not bother himself either with us or with our consciences.

The review divides the new novels into four classes, those which are dangerous, those for young girls, those for older people, and those for everybody. Just as you pay for your seat in church according to your pocket-book, the church expects you to select your novels according to your age, sex, and morals. Thus translations of "Ann Veronica" by Wells and "La Horde" by Blasco-Ibañez are dangerous in their French dress. We have known maiden and married aunts who felt the same about the English version of the first. Older people will find such books as Tristan Bernard's "Mathilde et ses Mitaines" very *convenable*. For the young girls there are mainly translations from the English, such as Henri de la Pasture's "La Solitaire," and, finally, all may revel in "Un drame au Maroc," by Valréas, and the translation of Selma Lagerlof's "Marvellous Voyage of Nils Holgersson,"

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

Travellers in France know how numerous are the cheap editions of popular novels. They range in price from 20 centimes to a franc, and form a most tempting array at the railway news-stands. No matter how well you know your Daudet or Marcel Prévost, if you are starting on a long trip by rail you are sure to be tempted by one of these cheap volumes before getting into the train. And some people would almost as soon have a novel of Daudet as an old friend with them to while away the hours. The books are all on good paper, but with rather sensational illustrations. Such a rose-water book as Prévost's "Lettres à Françoise" has illustrations that would not be out of place in an American edition of "Sapho." It is one of the merits of the *Romans-Revue* that it keeps you advised as to these cheap publications, always telling you whether the book is *scabreux*, whether there are dangerous passages, and reminding you whenever an old favorite, such as "Les Misérables" or "Notre Dame de Paris," has been put on the Index. The best of these editions are the Modern-Bibliothèque, the Collection Flammarion, and the Collection Nelson, and they are so good that I have met with them several times in the college libraries of the Middle West.

As regards the theatre, the review gives a faithful list of all plays that have been published the preceding month, and follows this with a brief summary or word of warning about each. Thus, Bernhardt's last play, "Queen Elizabeth," is characterized as a "brutal tragedy, brutally developed." Maurice Donnay's play on Molière contains five acts of misunderstanding between the actor-playwriter-manager and his young wife, with a reconciliation on his death-bed. "Excessive" is the word with which the critic dismisses the play. As for the "Zigoteau Sisters," a Cluny vaudeville, the critic tells us that the sisters are aunts who wish to marry their niece to Lefolichon, who prefers his mistress. "No, that is not for you," is the sage final comment of the critic to his readers.

It is easy to see that so many prohibitions might develop a whole orchard of most alluring forbidden fruit, but, whether you like the guardianship of the church or not in the selection of your French novels and plays, you are thankful to find a complete monthly list to keep you informed.

FRANK R. ARNOLD.

Logan, Utah, December 23.

Literature

EXPLORATIONS ON THE RIVERS OF SOUTH AMERICA.

The Flowing Road: Adventuring on the Great Rivers of South America. By Caspar Whitney. With maps and photographs by the author. Philadelphia: The J. B. Lippincott Co. $3 net.

Under the quaint title of "The Flowing Road," *i. e.*, the stream that bears the traveller's boat, Mr. Caspar Whitney gives us a lively narrative of several journeys, most of them by water, in one of the least known parts of the world, viz., that densely wooded and thinly peopled region which lies between the mighty Amazon on the south and the Llanos (grassy plains) which border the middle course of the Orinoco in Eastern Venezuela. So thick are the forests that there is no means of traversing this region except by water, and transit is extremely slow and difficult. The southern part of the region belongs to Brazil, the northern part to Venezuela; its few inhabitants, whether speaking Spanish in the former country or Portuguese in the latter, are half-breeds and Indians. The latter, though far more numerous than the former, are few in proportion to the vast area of the country, and nearly all live in primitive savagery. Most of their tribes are, however, so feeble and so much afraid of the white man that their presence does not greatly add to the difficulties which nature throws in the way of the adventurous traveller.

Mr. Whitney is an explorer for the sake of exploration. He is something of a sportsman and something of a naturalist. But his main motive for wandering is the desire to be in wild places and lead a wild, which is likely to be also an often imperilled, life, in the presence of untouched nature. It would be hard to find a better country in which to gratify this passion than the central wilderness of South America, some of whose woods have never been traversed, some of whose tribes hardly ever seen by civilized man. He describes these regions with freshness and spirit, giving enough detail to make the readers understand what are the conditions of travel, and what the daily incidents that mark it, but not wearying us with a repetition of trivial matters. Like other travellers in the thickly wooded regions of the tropics, he is struck by the fact that wild creatures, and especially quadrupeds and snakes, are comparatively seldom seen:

> Of course, there is life in the deep forest, plenty of it, but it is sly and noiseless, in keeping with the huge solitude it calls home. You find here the many varieties of rodent family, the sly tapir, the clumsy-appearing but surprisingly active ant-eater; a wild dog—a grayish coyote-like animal with a dog tail—of which I shot one; several of the cats, though they (including the jaguar, head of the family) keep closer to the jungle edges or near the breaks in the forest where birds and streams and peccaries are more frequent, and the hunting is better.
>
> How awesome is the deep equatorial forest in its immensity, and how disappointing! It is not at all the picture of your untutored imagination—brilliant in flaming foliage and gay with the chatter of wild life. On the contrary, it is sombre, forbidding, and silent. Here is no frog chorus or hum of insect or hoarse croaking bird: even the harassing voice of the parrot is silent—'tis a vast desert where you may not venture without compass, for neither landmarks nor the stars attend you: there is only the canopy of the trees above and the tangle of underbrush below and around. Where indeed is there a desert to equal this forest desert? But the trees are wonderfully impressive with their huge smooth trunks from four to six feet in diameter; limbless for forty to sixty feet. Some are supported by buttresses which stand out at their base three or four feet like great flanges, and all share their burden of the marvellous parasitic life which may express itself in flower-like decorations or in festooning, entwining pendant vines, innumerable and of every character and dimension.

A striking description of the parasitic growths of the forest may be found on page 50, and there are many interesting remarks on each of the wild creatures, from the great jaguar downward. Though our author is not a skilled zoölogist, and even less of a botanist, he has a first-rate traveller's eye, and is able to catch and describe the details, as well as to present the general effect of the scenery through which he passes. The account given in the above quotation of the sort of impression a vast tropical forest makes is perfectly correct. Such a forest is almost terrible in its silence and in the sense which it gives of the abounding power and energy of nature; and it seems more terrible when, either on foot or in a small boat, the traveller makes his way through one of these level tracts than when he is climbing up and down wooded mountainsides. There, as for instance in the maritime parts of Brazil or among the hills of Guiana or Colombia, there is variety, for the sun breaks in upon a cliff and streams sparkle over the rocks. In the vast Amazonian woodlands one is depressed by the same sombre monotony for many hundreds of miles.

There was only one part of his journey in which Mr. Whitney penetrated what seems to have been a virtually unexplored country. This was the upper part of the Orinoco, beyond the great reef of rocks and huge loose stones called by him the Barrier, which extends across the river about latitude 3° north and 65° west. Here dwell small tribes of Indians entirely unmolested by the Venezuelans to the west of them and the Brazilians to the east of them, absolutely unaffected by civilization. These *Indios bravos*, as the whites call them, live in a half-nomadic way in small groups, and support existence by fishing with the bow and arrow and by killing birds either with arrows or with darts from the blow-pipe some seven feet long. Here our author had quite the most thrilling adventures of all his journeys, first in stalking these Indians and watching them from perches in the trees, and afterwards in saving himself from the attempt of his only companion, a half-negro, half-Indian Venezuelan, to decamp with the canoe and the provisions, leaving him to perish alone in the wilderness. This part of the story is told with a graphic skill in the han-

dling of its details which the writer of a novelette of adventure might envy.

Although these devious courses along the upper tributaries of the Rio Negro and the Orinoco are the most interesting parts of Mr. Whitney's book, his record of a hunting trip in Western Venezuela and his account of a similar excursion up the Paraná River in Northern Argentina, may also be read with pleasure. He is a good observer of men as well as of beasts, and gives a life-like notion of the sorts of people, nearly all half-breeds of some kind or other, whom the traveller meets in the out-of-the-way parts of South America. Some useful hints on the equipments needed by the hunter or explorer in wild regions wind up a pleasant and agreeable book. It is not without interest that we find him saying, as not a few mighty hunters, including Lancelot Sanderson and Selous, have said, that he has ceased to find any pleasure in killing, and now shoots only for the sake of adding a new specimen to his collection.

CURRENT FICTION.

Atlantis: A Novel. By Gerhart Hauptmann. Translated by Adele and Thomas Seltzer. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Gerhart Hauptmann's new novel, like almost all of his other productions, is concerned with a hero who can suffer, but not do, act, construct. From "Sonnenaufgang" (1889) to "Emanuel Quint" (1910), "Die Ratten" (1911), and "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" (1912), Hauptmann's leading characters do not "lead." In his dramas this fault is even more serious. The lack of defensive or constructive will, and the pessimistic philosophy that goes with such a lack, are well expressed in Hauptmann's play "Das Friedensfest" (1890), one of whose characters says: "The will is a straw! . . . The will, the will, get out with your will! I know better! One may will and will a hundred times, and everything remains as it was!"

In the present novel a German physician, deserting his family to follow a young *danseuse* named Ingigerd to New York, narrowly escapes a shipwreck much like that of the Titanic. In America he learns that his lady love is already at heart of the *demi-monde;* he escapes to Connecticut to regain his balance, is nursed through typhoid fever by Eva Burns, a young artist, and then returns to Germany. In the course of the story the hero wrongs both the *danseuse* and a Russian steerage passenger.

Throughout the story the reader gets the effect of tremendous forces in combat, but upon careful examination sees that this impression comes from the masterly literary treatment of gigantic physical forces in action rather than from any spiritual struggle. Hauptmann's hero fails, because he does not conquer himself: the temptation is removed, is made no temptation, because Ingigerd sinks to the depths. Nor can the humdrum ending of the novel, in which Eva Burns nurses Frederick through typhoid fever, and after the death of his poor insane wife goes to Europe with him to be a mother to his children and with him to live a life of devotion to art, disguise this failure one whit.

The underlying theme of "Atlantis" is neither great nor unusual. The book's strength lies in its external form, its wonderful descriptions, its equally marvellous characterization, its vivid imagery, its record of accurate observation of men and things, its striking figures, in short, in its brilliant style. It is quite remarkable how even as skilful an artist as Hauptmann could paint the picture of storm and shipwreck (both moral and physical) and the hair-breadth rescue (also both moral and physical) without having gone through some such dreadful experience himself. He sees everything, he hears everything—even the sense of smell is alert and its experience recorded.

The condiment of satire on America and the Americans sprinkled upon this literary dish is rather flat. We have heard before of the worship of the dollar, of the depreciation of art, of haste, gross ignorance, unrest, etc., etc., as specifically American virtues.

Autobiographical elements appear in the hero's interest in art, and especially in sculpture—Hauptmann is said even now to do good modelling in his wonderful house at Agnetendorf—and Dr. von Kammacher's early biological studies perhaps hark back to Hauptmann's student days in the Jena of Haeckel.

The translation by Adele and Thomas Seltzer is with few exceptions well done.

The Antagonists. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There is nothing in the least unusual in the general situation from which this story is developed. A genius is born of two quite ordinary people in an English village. The father is an ex-butler, a miller, an excellent man, who reads "Sartor Resartus" and walks the strait and narrow way. The mother is an ex-governess, a sweet and understanding woman. But "Dicky," the child of unusual powers, finds plenty of antagonism in his world—the antagonism of age, of environment, of sex. Very early his mind is set upon becoming a painter. The mother would yield, but the father sees no reason why the business of a successful miller should not be a better prospect than a dream of success in art. So the filial relation is a battle for Dicky from the start. All this, we say, is commonplace enough. The strife between boy and man, between ambition and caution, the final determination of the boy to burn his bridges and run away to London, so that he may somehow win the education in art his soul craves—these have been the motives of a hundred novels.

The new matter in the book is its study of sexual awakening. At eleven Dicky begins to be troubled by the consciousness of sex, and is presently half-enlightened by a disillusioned woman of thirty. From that time his instinct for art and his instinct of sex develop side by side. At seventeen, he determines to become a painter—and falls in love with his old playmate Dorothy. She then, also, becomes in a sense his antagonist. His ambition points to London. Her love holds him at the mill. Ambition wins the day, and he prepares to set out for London and fame. But, of course, there is a final meeting, and here Mr. Thurston, in a passage of extraordinary quiet and simplicity, describes the eternal sacrifice womanhood is ready to make as a last resort, in order to bind to itself the flitting desires of man. This is not a book for children, but in that one scene at least it is on a high plane of imaginative realism.

The Closing Net. By Henry C. Rowland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The crook continues to be a popular hero of romance—as popular almost as his natural enemy, the detective. Here we have a gentleman of the best (American) blood, chiefly known to the world as "Wall Street Frank," or "the Tidewater Clam." Being illegitimate, he has early developed that grudge against society which is the most cherished possession of his kind, in fiction; and in due course becomes an expert criminal. Burglary is his specialty, but he is skilful at all the tricks of the trade, from picking a pocket to working a confidence game on a big scale. When the exigencies of the present story take him to Paris, he is readily received into the inner circles of the profession. His first demonstration of the American method, however, unexpectedly involves him in virtue, to his great subsequent embarrassment. We have thereafter the exciting spectacle of our distinguished fellow-countryman opposed, single-handed, to the powerful and organized class of Paris. He has his narrow escapes, but they are escapes, and of course, in the end, his virtue confirmed and his valor rewarded, he marries the fair companion of many of his adventures, who, being veritable countess and professional taxi-driver, deserves credit as a new compound in the chemistry of romantic fiction. The story is better in manner than in substance: it is told with a good deal of vigor and some humor.

ESSAYS OF MAETERLINCK.

On Emerson and Other Essays. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Montrose J. Moses. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.25 net.

The three essays on Emerson (1891), Novalis (1895), and Ruysbroeck (1891) which compose this slender volume are, in the original French, introductions to translations from those writers, two of which, the Novalis and Ruysbroeck, are the work of Maeterlinck himself.

The American translator often reveals a sympathy with his original in the delicacy and smoothness of his phrasing, but his work has grave faults. The English is often, so to speak, dusted with French idioms, and there are other deviations from established usage for which the French is clearly not responsible. Between laxity in manuscript and negligence in proof-reading, Mr. Moses incurs the suspicion of ignorance from which even his censors must defend him. We refuse, for instance, to accept the author's own testimony to the effect that he actually believes that the French word *éternel* means "external" (p. 154), that *spéciaux* means "spacious" (p. 142), that *réfection* means "reflection" (p. 194), that *éprouve l'exigence* means "establishes the existence" (p. 194), that *ingénue* means "ingenious" (p. 214), that *nulle part* means "no part" (p. 218), that *inhabitable* means "inhabitable" (p. 125). Sometimes, indeed, the right translation of these words appears in other contexts, and the author's knowledge is absolved at the expense of his vigilance. Often, however, the meaning has not been grasped. Specification is the least impolite mode of characterizing these errors, and we subjoin an extreme but instructive example. The French (Maeterlinck translating Ruysbroeck) reads thus: "De même que nous ouvrons nos yeux matériels, que nous voyons, et que nous les refermons si rapidement que nous ne nous en apercevons pas; de même nous mourons en Dieu, nous vivons hors de Dieu et nous demeurons toujours un avec lui." The meaning of this neither very obvious nor very recondite passage is as follows: Just as we open our bodily eyes, as we (then) see, and close them again so quickly that we are unaware of (the change); even so we die in God, we live outside of God, and we remain always one with him. This is what the translator makes of the passage: "Just as we open our material eyes, so do we see; and just as we close them rapidly, so do we not see; just as we die in God, we live outside of Him, and we dwell one with him forever" (p. 210).

These three essays will neither raise nor depress nor modify the reputation of Maeterlinck with English readers. They are pleasingly disinterested, leisurely but never loitering, thrifty but never niggardly of thought, admiring, almost devotional, in tone, but with just that touch of reserve which gives an effect of discretion to homage. They reveal familiar traits in the lissome and willowy style, and in the serene gusto, the placid self-regalement, which suggest the transfigured epicure. Maeterlinck's expertness in the technique of introductions is not remarkable. The essay on Emerson flutters round Emerson, or rather uses him as a perch or resting-place between flights into the empyrean. The range, the virility, the self-trust, the homely shrewdness of Emerson, have, pardonably enough, escaped Maeterlinck: what he sees is a pious brother, Fra Rodolfo as it were, holding his taper in the fraternal procession of the mystics. The essay on Novalis lacks an effective unity; it makes several trips rather than one voyage. The critique of Ruysbroeck is the least dithyrambic and the most serviceable of the three; it is effectively ordered, is packed with quotations, and really clarifies an unfamiliar subject.

The assignment of space to Emerson, Novalis, and Ruysbroeck is represented by the ratios 1, 3, and 5; it may or may not be just to associate these proportions with the facts that Emerson's was a mind of many windows with various outlooks upward and outward, that in Novalis this many-sidedness was only a promise, while in Ruysbroeck we seem to see a man lying on the floor of a cell and watching a strip of exquisite sky through the single orifice in the quaintly panelled ceiling. We may note also, without insisting on the fact, that in the Ruysbroeck essay passages that are mere curiosities and passages aglow with a real if cabined and confined spirituality are quoted without any manifest sense of the enormous difference in their values. For the rest, the mysticism is sunny, airy, and inviting, a little provoking now and then because apparently a little wilful in its suave insistence on the supernatural clairvoyance of the most commonplace people in the most ordinary situations—a theory surely not bound up, either as support or consequence, with the soundness of the mystic principle.

Things I Can Tell. By Lord Rossmore. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

The things Lord Rossmore can tell are so many and varied, the leeway he permits himself in point of taste (not to say morals) is so generous, that we find ourselves wondering a little what the things are he can *not* tell. His anecdotes have an eighteenth-century flavor; his jokes are of a sort which our ancestors, even in America (witness Poor Richard's Almanac) did not hesitate to put in print, but which are now relegated to the smoking-room. The experiences he records with greatest gusto are less edifying than amusing. For a parallel one would have to go back to the bland confessions of some imaginary person of quality in Defoe or Smollett.

His father he mentions with an accent of apology as "a charming man," but strangely insensible to the family passions for racing and other robust sports. He admits that there may have been excuse for this limitation, as his grandfather had practiced "racing, electioneering, hunting, and cock-fighting" to the serious damage of the family fortunes. It was this grandfather who is gleefully handed down to posterity in these pages, sitting on a Dublin pavement embracing a lamp-post, and refusing to budge on the ground that, as the houses were all going round and round, he might as well wait for his lodgings to arrive, and then "just pop in." Luckily, his second wife was of a managing turn, and contrived to save something for later Lords Rossmore to enjoy life with. The present incumbent was born sixty years ago into a jolly world. "I have lived an amusing life, but a happy one, notwithstanding," he says. Is this a pure Hibernian touch, or in rebuttal of the Puritan theory which connects strict virtue and happiness? This writer is capable of either turn of humor. "I am fortunate in possessing a charming wife, and the best children in the world. I have many friends, and I hope few enemies; and if I haven't done much good in the world, at any rate I do not think I have done much harm either." One thing he is sure of—that he has had a good time from first to last. It is true there is an elegiac note in his memories of boyhood. After telling how his brother and he were wont to hunt by moonlight—"and as this happened after dinner, reckless riding was more likely than not"—he sums up with, "We were up to all kinds of devilment in which boys delight, and looking backward I can only say that I think there is nothing in life to compare with its springtime." But the ensuing narrative does not make clear just where the devilment is supposed to have ceased: the inconsequent airs of springtime exhale from the last of these pages as from the first.

The family estate of Rossmore is considered, its master believes, to be "one of the beauty spots of Ireland," and he himself ventures to think it "one of the prettiest places in the world." Planting and replanting is a mania which he confesses to sharing with Louis XIV, and his pride in his home is as pleasant and ingenuous as his pride in his horsemanship, or his ability to stay above table: "The claret was a bit full-bodied for them, but I finished what was left, and thoroughly enjoyed it." A human being capable of thoroughly enjoying everything life has brought him for sixty years (including, but merely including, his drink), has a strong appeal for the

natural man in all of us. Among other things, he enjoyed shooing a woodcock from his own gun to that of his friend, the late King Edward's:

> I quite thought my action had been unobserved, but a friend came up to me when the beat was over, and said, "Derry, old man, that about the woodcock was the smartest done thing I've ever seen."
>
> "Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You don't say you saw it. On no account let the King know."
>
> "Yes, I saw it all right," rejoined my friend, "and in my opinion many a man has been made a Duke for less."

He enjoyed his companions, whom he recalls fondly from their drunkards' graves by fond nicknames, such as "Cootie" and "Old Joe" and "Sugar" and "Chicken"—titles which Dickens would have attached to bibulous persons at the other end of the social scale. If other gratification than that provided by its impudent good cheer were to be desired of this narrative, it is surely afforded by the spectacle of inherent and perfectly unconscious vulgarity here offered by a noble lord for the jeering contemplation of democracy.

The Last Legitimate King of France: Louis XVII. By Phoebe Allen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $5 net.

Did "Louis XVII" escape from the Temple Prison? Were Josephine, Barras, and Robespierre privy to his evasion? Did Louis XVII subsequently assume the name of Naundorff, and are the Naundorff claimants therefore deserving of our credence and sympathy? These questions the author answers in the affirmative with the fine feminine conviction of a devotee of a lost cause. And hers is not the only voice crying in a wilderness of unbelief. Books supporting the Naundorff claim have become increasingly numerous lately. A monthly periodical in Paris is devoted to its defence. In March, 1911, the French Senate, at the ardent insistence of M. Boissy d'Anglas, appointed a committee to hear the petition of Naundorff's descendants for legal recognition as citizens of France.

That a sickly child died in the Temple on June 8, 1795, as asserted by the existing death certificate, there is virtually no doubt. That this child was a substitute for Louis XVI's son is possible, but, as it seems to us after reading the evidence, not probable. The theories of the substitution of a wooden figure, of a dumb child, or of a scrofulous weakling scarcely rise to a matter of conviction in the mind of the reviewer. The contemporary evidence is so meagre that it is impossible to come to a well-founded historical judgment as to whether Louis XVII perished in the Temple in 1795 or not.

Granting for the moment, however, that the Dauphin may have escaped, did he survive in the person of Naundorff? It is well known that the belief in his escape gave the basis for the appearance, after Napoleon's fall, of some forty persons who claimed to be the real Louis XVII. Thirty-nine of them, at any rate, must have been impudent impostors. There was, for instance, Eleazar Williams, whom Louis Philippe's son found in an Indian family in New York State, and whom he tried in vain to persuade to sign a document abdicating his alleged rights to the French throne. Partisans of the *survivance* are now generally agreed that the only claimant not an impostor was Naundorff. The author therefore traces in detail Naundorff's chequered career from his first emergence in Berlin until he came to Paris in person in 1833 to prove his case before the French courts; and she describes his vicissitudes in England and Holland after his expulsion from France until his death at Delft in 1845. To establish her case she quotes largely from Naundorff's own allegations and from sworn depositions by old servants and royalists who might have known him before the fall of the monarchy. Unfortunately, she does not sufficiently realize the historical untrustworthiness of statements made from memory thirty or forty years after the event, even when made by the most honest and well-intentioned persons. Nor could she have accepted so unquestioningly Naundorff's assertions if she had read the recent critical study by Tschirch in the *Historische Zeitschrift* (1910; CVI, 535-599), made with German thoroughness from material in the Prussian archives. He disposes effectually of all Naundorff's complaints of "persecution" in Germany. By noting the different dates at which Naundorff composed his different statements, he is able to show that they grow full as Naundorff had successive opportunities for learning more details about the French Revolution—details which Naundorff then proceeded to exploit as his own personal recollections. His conclusion is that Naundorff also is an impostor, and one of the most impudent, because he kept up the imposture throughout his life and probably tried to bolster it up and acquire sympathy by instigating apparent attempts at his own assassination.

In short, this biography of a would-be prince is interesting and not without pathos. But its composition must be regarded as an act of devotion rather than as an historical investigation.

The Ulm Campaign, 1805. By Col. F. N. Maude, C.B., late of the Royal Engineers. Special Campaign Series, No. 12. With maps. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.60 net.

Col. Maude has contributed, besides the present book, two very interesting studies to the Special Campaign Series: "The Leipzig Campaign, 1813," and "The Jena Campaign, 1806." His researches having convinced him that Napoleon during his later years possessed a fixed method of strategy which he invariably followed whenever topographical conditions allowed, he sought in his study on 1813 to demonstrate that the Emperor's strategic object—the concentration of superior numbers at the decisive point—was uniformly achieved, and by the simplest means possible. In his work on Jena, Col. Maude demonstrated that Napoleon's uncertain leading gave proof of the novelty of the weapon he was learning to wield; and his latest study depicts the Emperor in his first essay in the conduct of a great army organized into divisions and corps. In these three studies the fundamental purpose is to establish the fact that Napoleon's strategy was not born full-grown, but was rather "the outcome of his experience, developed logically and step by step" (p. vi).

"The Ulm Campaign" fully maintains the standard set by Col. Maude's other works, and is undoubtedly the best summary of the sort thus far published in English. A brief account of the Austrian and French armies up to 1805 more admirable than that contained in his first two chapters cannot be found in any language. The author announces that he had originally intended merely to translate the introduction to the French Official History, by Colin and Alombert, but, upon finding that his own opinion regarding the ability of Gen. Mack and the conduct of the Archduke Ferdinand differed so widely from that of the compilers, he abandoned the idea and decided to "unravel as far as possible the fundamental causes which lay at the root of the whole series of defeats the Austrians endured at the hands of the French, from the very inception of the French Revolution" (p. vii). The French Official History is a colossal work in four huge volumes, numbering 3,684 pages and accompanied by a smaller volume containing documents, annexes, and maps, compiled by Capt. J. Colin, of the Historical Section of the General Staff, and P. C. Alombert, the Controller of the Administration of the French army. The former has also written "L'Education militaire de Napoléon," which has been deservedly crowned by the French Academy, and the latter, "Le Corps d'armée aux ordres du Maréchal Mortier; Combat de Dürrenstein," a work of the utmost thoroughness, dealing with the operations of the Grand Army during the march from the Traun to Vienna after Mack's capitulation at Ulm. The French Official History—the title of which is "La Campagne de 1805 en Allemagne"—terminates on November 11, three weeks before the battle of Austerlitz. Although by all odds the most comprehensive and authentic history of this campaign yet published, it is both unfinished and far

from the last word on the subject; and contains many inexcusable errors. Innumerable orders and reports are inaccurate or incomplete copies of the originals, and documents of the utmost importance have either been omitted intentionally, or, what is much more likely, have wholly escaped Colin and Alombert. Aside from this, dozens of important orders and reports in the Austrian Kriegs-Archivs and in the archives of the Russian General Staff ought, most assuredly, to have been at their disposal had any attempt been made to procure them. The reviewer, for instance, who has spent many months of research at Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg, was able to obtain accurate and complete copies of nearly every document given by them, in addition to a great number omitted from their history. Since Col. Maude has depended so largely upon Colin and Alombert, it is obvious that his narrative must partake of their shortcomings.

The author declares that he has "never been able to share the views of those who imagine that every defeated general is necessarily either an imbecile or a traitor" (p. vii)—a very praiseworthy standpoint—and takes up the cudgels vigorously in behalf of Mack (pp. 22-36). He very rightly disagrees with the bias shown by Colin and Alombert in favor of the Archduke Ferdinand, the nominal commander of the Austrian army at Ulm, as against Mack (p. 182), but, on the other hand, he places far too much credence in Mack's "Mémoires justificatifs," from which he quotes frequently and at considerable length. This document constituted the defeated general's principal defence at his court-martial; ingenious and plausible though it be, not unfrequently it is wholly at variance with the orders actually issued.

Col. Maude's strictures on Napoleon's persistency in regarding Augsburg "as the key to the whole situation" (p. 254) are scarcely well founded, in view of the reports the Emperor received respecting the number of Austrian troops in front of the First Corps and the expected arrival of the Russian army in that direction on October 13 (p. 222), and the imperative necessity in consequence of establishing the eastern group of the French army—*i. e.*, Bernadotte, the Bavarians, and Davout—so firmly on the Isar as to banish all possible apprehension on the score of Kienmayer and Kutusoff until he had finished with Mack. Subsequent events demonstrated that this wise precaution thwarted the very object which Mack sought to effect, namely, to crush the French between the anvil represented by the army on the Iller and the hammering of the Russian and Austrian main armies on the east (pp. 254-255). Like every other historian before him, Col. Maude fails to put the blame for the isolation of Dupont's division, the exposing of the French line of communications, and the escape of Werneck's corps and the Austrian Reserve Artillery from Ulm on the 13th, where it rightly belongs.

More careful proofreading would have eliminated a number of errors in dates and spelling. A book so full of "meat" will certainly warrant a subsequent edition in which these defects can readily be corrected. Meanwhile it will supply a long-felt want on the part of the general reader and the military student who do not demand absolute historical accuracy.

Railroad Finance. By Frederick A. Cleveland and Fred Wilbur Powell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

That effective public regulation of railways is only to be attained through an intimate knowledge of the accounting features of railway operation has long been realized by close students of the problem. It is therefore to the public's interest that these highly technical matters should be explained and their bearing on the problem of regulation clearly established. This book is the first important attempt to treat in a systematic fashion the financial and accounting development of railways during the last three or four decades.

The work has been admirably done. Its method is to follow chronologically the stages in a railway corporation's experience—through promotion, underwriting, capitalization, construction, equipment, organization, and the various problems of operation and management, and then to lead one on the downhill road through insolvency and receivership to reorganization. Concluding chapters relate to consolidation and overcapitalization. The newly established accounting system of the Interstate Commerce Commission receives extended treatment, and its significant features are indicated. On this technical side the authors find the greatest defect to be the failure to adopt what is termed the "double balance sheet," by means of which the confusion between capital and current resources and liabilities is removed. This makes possible the setting up of the separate fund reserved for the permanent use of the corporation directly against the obligations creating it. Thereby the fact that capital is a *trust fund* becomes clearly recognized on the books.

The authors recognize the tendency for expenses of railway operation to increase, and state flatly that reductions in wages are impracticable. They would apparently look for a solution of this financial difficulty in greater economies of one kind and another, but in what fashion the reasonable margin between income and outgo is to be preserved does not appear. In fact, it is in the discussion of just such controverted questions as these that the book will probably prove disappointing to many readers. Whether the principles of "scientific management" are applicable to the railway industry is a much debated question. The arguments on both sides are presented in this book, but no attempt is made to test their validity or to reach any conclusion, notwithstanding the fact that the senior author is peculiarly fitted by experience to express an opinion of value.

Again, the discussion of over-capitalization contains an exhaustive treatment of the various considerations that have been offered from time to time as aids in the solution of the vexed problem, but beyond learning that valuation for taxation should be based on income and valuation for rate-making on investment, the reader gets no answer to his question. What elements specifically should be included in the valuation and what method should be adopted for its determination are questions left for the inquirer to decide. Nevertheless, the book has fulfilled with great success the purpose laid down in the preface, "to describe the methods of financing railroads in the United States."

Notes

Frederick Warne & Co., New York, will issue at once "Rights of Citizenship," a survey by various hands of the safeguards for the preservation of the rights of the people, with a preface by the Marquess of Lansdowne.

"Nogi: A Man against the Background of a War" is announced by Henry Holt. The author, Stanley Washburn, was one of the newspaper correspondents who were with this Japanese general through most of the campaigns with Russia.

The Century Co. will publish early in the new year "The Shadow," a tale of detective adventure, by Arthur Stringer, and a book of short stories by Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

Three new novels will be brought out this month by Little, Brown & Co.—"Joyful Heatherby," by Payne Erskine; "The Little Gray Shoe," by Percy Brebner, and "The Happy Warrior," by A. S. M. Hutchinson.

A phototype reproduction of Montaigne's "Essais," with more than a thousand plates and an introduction by Pro'. Fortunat Strowski, is among the announcements of the Librairie Hachette & Cie. The manuscript employed is that of 1588, belonging to Bordeaux, which has corrections in the author's own hand.

The automobile is responsible for a number of things, evil and the contrary, and among them is the development of a new branch of literature, not to be classified either as travel or as romance, but a sort of combination of the two, with a motor-car as the hero. The Williamsons started the vogue for this type of reading, and their disciples increase and multiply.

Louise Closser Hale is one of the band, and in "Motor Journeys" (McClurg) has collected a series of light articles dealing with European travels *en auto* that have already appeared in various periodicals. In the words of Lincoln, when asked to criticise a poetic effusion, "if you like this sort of thing, why, this is just the sort of thing you like." A word of praise must be said for the excellent pen-and-ink sketches by Walter Hale which illustrate the book.

"The Romance of a Favourite" (Appleton), from the French of Frédéric Loliée, purports to be a biography of the Countess of Castiglione, the most beautiful woman of the Second Empire. It was popularly supposed that Cavour hoped, through her fascinations, to win Napoleon III to the Italian cause; but of this the book contains nothing authentic. Indeed, it has no value to the historian, except as it throws side-lights on the gilded dissipations of the Court of the Tuileries. The matchless Countess had many admirers, including the Orleanist princes, at her feet, and she had many secrets confided to her; why does M. Loliée tell us so little, if, as he assures us, he possesses, or has seen, thousands of her letters? The Castiglione, who died some ten years ago, at the age of sixty, was a mystery even to her intimates, and her present biographer does not really lift the veil. Still, the tragedy of her career is sufficiently apparent. The book is translated by W. M. Fullerton, who, though a Harvard graduate and long the Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, seems occasionally to forget his native idiom.

In "Walking Essays" (Longmans), Arthur Hugh Sidgwick rides his hobby with a mock solemnity that is quietly amusing. He rises to the height of his great argument by a series of paradoxes: such as that Wordsworth was not a good walker, because he did not become intimate enough with nature. The most entertaining essay is on "Walking in Literature." Therein he soars no middle flight in pursuing things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. Walking assumes its appropriate dignity in the scheme of the universe, and other subjects sink to their proper insignificance. The high seriousness of the undertaking may be judged from Appendix A to the essay, which contains calculations "On the Rates of Walking of Various Persons in the Egoist, Chapters 25 sqq." The scientific spirit of the investigation appears in the concluding sentences:

> A frivolous observer might suggest that the author was not very careful in his timing; but, apart from the hideous blasphemy, this would invalidate most of the previous argument. We therefore shut our eyes once more, and affirm that De Craye's watch went wrong.

In "An Original Canto of Spencer, Design'd as Part of his Fairy Queen, but never Printed. Now made Publick, by Nestor Ironside, Esq.," the author and publisher, Arthur H. Nason, has given us a photographic reproduction (without annotation) of Samuel Croxall's political allegory in Spenserian stanzas, published in 1714, which is known as one of the earliest manifestations of the eighteenth century revival of interest in the poet. The imitation of Spenser's style is, on the whole, rather a happy one. The publisher has reproduced the text (thirty pages) with a view to "Graduate School instructors who desire to drill their students in the mysteries of external and internal criticism." In our judgment, it would be a waste of time to make this use of the poem, but the new edition is welcome, since the text in its original form is not readily accessible. To judge from Mr. Nason's circular, which accompanies his reproduction, he does not seem aware of a second imitation of Spenser by Croxall published shortly after this one and entitled "Another original canto of Spencer."

The besetting sin of Wordsworth in his hours of weakness was a prosaic solemnity, and the same defect attaches to "Wordsworth, Poet of Nature and Poet of Man" (Ginn), the work of his latest critic, E. Hershey Sneath. Even the dullest portions of "The Excursion" are not more unrelieved by any touches of vivacity. The essay has a kinship with this particular poem in other ways also, for, despite Matthew Arnold's warning, it is the philosophical side of Wordsworth's poetry that especially attracts Mr. Sneath, and so the consideration of the poet as a literary artist is virtually excluded from the plan of the book. The author first discusses the supposed influences of heredity and of physical and social environment in the early life of Wordsworth, and then proceeds to trace the evolution of his poetic and philosophic creed through the stages of growth and maturity. If any value can be claimed for the book, it will be on the score of the chronological method here indicated. But there was no need of burdening the pages with so large a number of detailed analyses of the poems. Apart from the repetition involved, no one who requires such analyses is likely to read an essay on Wordsworth with profit, and, on the other hand, it betrays a want of skill in the critic to be so dependent on this method of interpretation. Worst of all, however, the criticism is not distinguished either by novelty of thought or by charm of style. New readers are not likely to be won for Wordsworth's poetry by language like the following (applied to the "Ode: Intimations of Immortality"): "The personal psychology and philosophy of mind presented, with their epistemological and ontological implications, are exceedingly interesting." We can imagine the poet's feelings, too, should any one have told him that he had "located" at Grasmere.

Generally speaking, the interpretation is orthodox, but the author, in our judgment, sets too high a value on Wordsworth's philosophical views. His philosophy of nature is so manifestly one-sided that it possesses no importance save as a source of lyrical inspiration to the poet himself. Furthermore, only in a very limited sense was Wordsworth the Poet of Man. His point of view was too exclusively moral. For him, as for his contemporaries, the French Revolutionists, Man is too largely the abstraction which, as a recent writer on the political aspects of the period has observed, is no more like the real creature than extract of beef is like the living ox. As regards the poet's philosophy of nature, Mr. Sneath is right, when he points out Lord Morley's misapprehension of Wordsworth's meaning in taking as a half-playful sally the lines:

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> May teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.

But surely misapprehension here is a kindness to the poet. On the other hand, it seems to us mere quibbling to deny the pantheism of the "Tintern Abbey" passage. Is there really any essential difference between the conception of this passage and that which underlies the most famous expression of pantheism in ancient literature, viz., the eloquent lines in the Ninth Book of Lucan's "Pharsalia"?

> Estque dei sedes, nisi terra et pontus et aer
> Et cælum et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra?
> Iuppiter est, quodcumque vides, quodcumque moveris.

"The Literary Hearthstones of Dixie" (Lippincott), by La Salle Corbell Pickett, has two purposes. The minor one is to record somewhat incompletely the successive places of residence of "The Poet of the Night," "The Flame-Born Poet," and half a score of other Southern writers, and also to note incidentally where some of the productions of each were penned. For the dull and prosaic a key is supplied which shows that Poe, Timrod, and the like are meant. The major purpose is to exhibit the full glories of the sophomoric or Asiatic style. Much moist sentiment and pseudo-poetic conjecture are poured out after the manner of this: "So Virginia claims her poet son, the tragedy of whose life is a gloomy, though brilliant, page in the history of American literature."

It is difficult to understand what place Mr. A. Wyatt Tilby intended to fill with his volumes on "The English People Overseas": Vol. I, "The American Colonies, 1583-1763"; Vol. II, "British India, 1600-1828"; Vol. III, "British North America, 1763-1867"; Vol. IV, "Britain in the Tropics, 1527-1910" (Houghton Mifflin). They are not intended to serve as textbooks; they are much too long for use in any high-school course; and they are useless for more advanced students, because they contain neither indexes, bibliographies, nor any list of authorities and sources. They bear no trace of original research. They add nothing to the sum of our knowledge of British Colonial history. They are not interesting reading. The style is lacking in force and distinction, and the paragraphing is sometimes provokingly bad and ill-balanced. A work in four volumes which covers only a small part of British Colonial history certainly needs some *raison d'être;* but there is nothing in the general preface to the first volume, nor in the prefaces to the succeeding volumes to indicate the purpose Mr. Tilby had in view when he undertook the quite arduous task of writing this history.

It is possible that Mr. Tilby contemplates the completion of the work of writing the whole Colonial history of Great Britain. If so, much still remains to be done; for in only one volume is the story brought down to modern times. How little balance there is in this history even here may be seen from the fact that in a volume of only 450 pages, which must cover the whole of British adventure in the tropics of three continents, he devotes sixteen pages to the picturesque career of Rajah Brooke of Sarawak, who, though a typical adventurer of the old British type, was but an incident in the long story of British conquest and

British government. Of the other volumes, the first, on the American colonies, ends with the Peace of Paris in 1763, though many pages are given to dissertations about the British love of liberty which was later to bring about the establishment of the United States. The story of what is now the Dominion of Canada, which occupies the third volume, stops at Confederation in 1867; and the second volume, on British India, goes no farther than 1828. Bound up with this volume, though not closely related to the rest of it, is a section on the End of the World Struggle—1789-1815—which covers very briefly the Revolutionary war in America and the Napoleonic struggle in Europe. This section was apparently added in order to give an opportunity of describing the acquisition of a large number of minor possessions, ranging from Gibraltar to the desolate regions of South Georgia in the Antarctic Ocean.

In "Italian Travel Sketches" Prof. James Sully, LL.D.—it seems odd to display the academic tag in the title of a work of this kind—prints thirteen essays on Italy most of which were originally contributed to magazines. Dr. Sully is no mere impressionist. When he settles in a place for a month, he visits its sights systematically, reads the books about it conscientiously, and writes a sketch in which information is mixed with personal opinions. At no point does he speak exhaustively, nor are any of his descriptions very striking; but the book as a whole has value, especially for readers who, although no specialists, desire something more than the guide-books offer. Dr. Sully includes in his list of places Viterbo, Clitumnus, Terracina, Viareggio, Baveno, and the obscure village Rovio—places not much written about by English travellers. The introductory history of travel in Italy, from the days of the earliest pilgrims to the present time, would be still more interesting if he had amplified it. His book may be commended to those to whom Italy means more than a passing emotion. (Scribner.)

We find the second series of George W. Smalley's "Anglo-American Memories" (Putnam) in general more interesting than the first. In the course of them he talks about nearly two-score persons, including several of the leaders of British policy during the past quarter of a century, besides such men as T. B. Reed, Col. Roosevelt, Whitelaw Reid, and Count Witte. Mr. Smalley practices to perfection the arts of the fashionable correspondent. He makes you infer that of each of these celebrities he was the chosen confidant. He discloses, indeed, little of real importance, but he keeps up the semblance of hiding portentous secrets which only his sense of honor forces him to withhold. He alludes, by the way, and quite familiarly, to trivial details of dress, furniture, or habits of the grandees who were forever pressing their friendship and confidences upon him. This supplies the local color which predisposes you to regard the revelations as probably true. Perhaps his account of the trick by which Lord Pauncefote was led to father the remonstrance of the European Powers when the United States attacked Spain in 1898, is as important as any; but it is not the state secrets, it is the gossip that makes the book entertaining. At times, Mr. Smalley has a happy knack of sketching a life-like pen portrait: as becomes a correspondent who took the fine arts, as well as politics, for his province. He has papers on Whistler, Gilbert, Irving, and Bernhardt, and, best of all, on the wonderful French tragedienne, now forgotten except for her passionate letters, Aimée Desclée. He also writes up Mr. J. P. Morgan and Mr. Carnegie. For unalloyed fulsomeness his tribute to W. W. Astor recalls Bishop Newman's ten-thousand dollar panegyric of Leland Stanford, jr. Until we read Mr. Smalley we did not suspect what an irreparable loss the United States suffered when Mr. Astor deserted his native land in order to become a British subject. On the whole, we wonder whether *enlightened* public opinion was, or ever could be, influenced by a writer of Mr. Smalley's characteristics, even though he had the advantage of speaking through such megaphones as the London *Times* and the New York *Tribune*. As a text for his volume he quotes a sentence from Machiavelli; so far as many of his stories go the Italian proverb—*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*—would make a better motto.

"The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus" (Open Court) is an English version of the second part of Arthur Drews's "Die Christusmythe." The translator, Joseph McCabe, abbreviates the preface of the German edition, omits altogether Smith's reply to Weinel, and makes some other changes; but the plot of the original remains the same. Since for Drews the basal principle of all deep religious life is idealistic monism, and since personality does not have an independent and unique significance in the world-process, the question of the historical existence of Jesus is for him in the main not an historical but a philosophical question. In fact, he urges frankly that the "belief in the historical reality of Jesus is the chief obstacle to religious progress." With this feeling, it is not surprising that Drews the basal principle of all deep historical Jesus. He begins the discussion of the witnesses to the historical existence of Jesus with an examination of early non-Christian documents. By neglecting the consideration that the possible evidence is meagre, owing to the paucity of extant sources, and by assuming that these sources must have referred to the man Jesus had He really existed, Drews is able to reduce the actual evidence to zero. He is aided at times by a method of procedure of which the treatment of the famous passage in the "Annals" of Tacitus is a notable instance. Here he proposes alternative hypotheses, including that of interpolation, to explain away the force of the evidence, all the while refusing to entertain seriously the only theory that has hitherto seemed obvious.

With reference to the witness of Paul, he observes that we should never have found the historical Jesus in the Pauline epistles had we not previously determined to find Him there; and he contends that if Paul did know of an historical Jesus, it remains the most insoluble of problems why he made no use of the knowledge. The truth is that the discerning reader, the one, namely, who shares the philosophical presuppositions of Drews, recognizes instantly that the person referred to in Paul is not a real, that is to say, an historical, man, but the idea of a God-Redeemer who becomes man. Passages which should seem to point to an opposite conclusion are obviously glosses; for example, "If I Cor. xi, 23, is not an interpolation in the text, there are no interpolations at all in the New Testament." Thus it appears that there is "no other source of the belief in an historical Jesus but the gospels." Since, however, the method of interpretation commonly employed by liberal theologians has gone into bankruptcy, a new method must be used, to wit, the "mythic-symbolic." The application of this method to the gospels leads not unexpectedly to the conclusion that Jesus is not an historical, but a mythical personage. Jesus is thus reduced to an idea, and the chief obstacle to religious progress removed. Like the "Ecce Deus" of W. B. Smith, to whom, with J. M. Robertson, acknowledgment of indebtedness is made, the present volume is controversial rather than constructive, its special concern being the demolition of the historical or, as Drews prefers to word it, theological method of German liberal scholarship.

After an interval of fifteen years since the second part of Prof. Ernesto Monaci's "Crestomazia Italiana dei primi secoli" was noticed in these columns, the third and final part of this important work has at last appeared (Città di Castello: S. Lapi). The first two parts (1889 and 1897) have already rendered immense service, both as a textbook for students of the early Italian language, and as a collection of texts, many of which were otherwise difficult to find; but the need of the promised glossary and grammatical summary was keenly felt. Many scholars, including at one time Professor Monaci himself, began to fear that they should never see the work completed; fortunately, however, the concluding part, now before us, is no mere perfunctory ending, but more than fulfils the promise made at the beginning. Additional texts, representing types not previously included, together with notes, corrections, and the exhaustive grammar and glossary, bring the whole book to more than seven hundred large octavo pages. The texts are both numerous and varied enough to make the grammar and glossary which are based on them comprehensive, and the competence of Professor Monaci for the task is unquestioned. The completed "Crestomazia" now becomes the most important work available for the study of early Italian; and if it does not entirely supersede previous works of the kind, it makes them seem elementary in comparison.

In his works on the life and writings of Cortes and Las Casas, Francis Augustus MacNutt had shown us what to expect of his specially numbered edition, just published, of "De Orbe Novo, the Eight Decades of Peter Martyr D'Anghera" (Putnam), translated from the Latin with Notes and Introductions. Peter Martyr was one of the most notable of the many Italians who took up their residence in Spain in the sixteenth century. He played a very important part at the courts of Ferdinand and Charles V. He was a priest, finally an Abbot, a courtier, a diplomatist and ambassador, a soldier, a man of letters, and a scholar. Although not an eye-witness to the Spanish conquest, Martyr had abundant opportunity

to interview many of the Conquistadores on their return to Spain. He obtained first-hand information of the new country and of its inhabitants. His writings therefore are among the very first in importance on the early history of Spanish America, especially Yucatan. He was the first to give to the world detailed accounts of the discovery of a new continent. His writings are usually most accurate, as, for example, his description in the Fifth Decade of the form of the books used by the natives of the new country. Considering the difficulties of the original Latin, which is sadly mixed with Italian and Spanish forms, the editor has been most successful in his translation. It is a free rendering and is most readable. Frequent notes at the bottom of the pages and a careful index increase its usefulness. A few omissions have been noted in the bibliography of Martyr's writings. The first French edition of the first three Decades published in Paris in 1532 and the late editions in Spanish in 1892 and French in 1897 should be mentioned. It is to be hoped that the editor and translator will continue to bring out further editions of the writings on Spanish America of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Gomara, Oviedo, Remesal, Cogolludo, and Villagutierre are only a few of those whose works might with profit be presented to the general reader.

Science

The Depths of the Ocean. By Sir John Murray and Dr. Johan Hjort. With contributions from Prof. A. Appellof, Prof. H. H. Gran, and Dr. B. Hellend-Hasen. New York: The Macmillan Co. $7.50 net.

The mysteries of the ocean, its physical and biological conditions, have long attracted the attention of scientists, but it is only in the last forty years, beginning with the famous Challenger expedition of 1872-76, that extensive and systematic attempts have been made to explore this unknown world. Now many organizations are engaged in the development of the modern science of oceanography.

Foremost among these organizations has been the International Commission for the Scientific Investigation of the North Sea, which was inaugurated in 1899, largely through the activity of Sir John Murray, who had been connected with the Challenger expedition. In 1909, convinced that systematic observations on the Atlantic might throw much light on some of the problems then studied in the more northern seas, he proposed that if the Norwegian Government would lend the exploring ship Michael Sars and her scientific staff for a four months' summer cruise in the North Atlantic, he would pay all the other expenses. The proposal was favorably received, and by the first of April, 1910, the ship was fully equipped and started to sea in charge of Dr. Johan Hjort, Director of Norwegian Fisheries. The book before us, though based largely on the scientific researches of this expedition, is nevertheless a thorough account of modern work along these lines, and will be welcomed by general readers as well as by students of oceanography.

Sir John Murray gives a succinct historical review of oceanographical investigations, from the middle of the fifteenth century, when Cardinal Nicolaus Cusanus attempted deep-sea soundings with his spherical bathometer, down to the present. The prominent part which our Government and semi-private organizations in this country have played in this work may justly be a matter of pride to us. Dr. Hjort points out that the progress of oceanography depends to a great extent upon the development of mechanical aids, meaning not only the scientific instruments employed, but also the whole arrangement of the ship itself. In a non-technical manner he therefore discusses the ship and its equipment, comparing modern aids and methods with those of the Challenger expedition. He then takes up in some detail the work and the cruises of the Michael Sars in the ten years that she has been engaged in the oceanographical research and fishery problems in the Norwegian seas.

General chapters on the depths and deposits of the ocean and on physical oceanography are followed by a more detailed discussion of pelagic plant life —the primary source of fish food—and by chapters on fishes from the sea bottom, invertebrate bottom-fauna of the Norwegian Sea and North Atlantic, and on pelagic animal life. Dr. Hjort's final chapter on general biology is a valuable consideration of the adaptation of marine organisms to their environment and an attempt to analyze the distribution of species in relation to their various external conditions.

Nearly six hundred charts and figures, the latter mainly of collecting apparatus and of characteristic animal and plant organisms discussed, will greatly aid the general reader to an understanding of the text. The tables for converting metres into fathoms and for converting degrees of Fahrenheit into degrees of Centigrade will likewise prove helpful. Not only does the book present in a preliminary manner many new and valuable data, but it is to be commended as a trustworthy contemporary epitome of work in an important field of scientific research.

The Geological Survey has just completed a remeasurement of the heights of mountains within the boundaries of the forty-eight States of the Union. Mount Whitney, in California, with its 14,501 feet, is the highest in the United States, exclusive of Alaska. In Colorado, Mount Massive and Mount Elbert have been found to be 14,402 feet each, or only 99 less than Mount Whitney. Mount Ranier, in Washington, is 14,363 feet, or 138 lower than Mount Whitney and 39 feet lower than its two rivals in Colorado. In Wyoming, Utah, New Mexico, and Nevada a number of peaks exceeding 13,000 feet in height have been found.

Drama and Music

NOTES ON GERMAN DRAMA.

Gerhart Hauptmann has been deservedly called the poet-voice of contemporary Germany. For no other writer reflects with like directness and intensity the conflicting currents in the emotional and intellectual life of his generation. Every one of that long line of his works, briefly labelled problem plays, deals with questions and situations confronting people whose ethical standards have been unsettled by a new philosophy and whose attempts at living a new life end in hopeless tragedy. He lays bare the network of contradictory motives in which their will is entangled, with an understanding born of personal experience. He himself is the poetic incarnation of a transition type. All his plans lend themselves to speculation concerning the slender thread of actuality that underlies the author's imaginings, and his new drama of the artist temperament, "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" (Berlin: S. Fischer Verlag), is no exception. The plot itself is old, the deserted wife and the discarded mistress furnishing no new situation. The audience is supposed to be moved by the fact that Schilling should be lost to the world as man and as artist, because he is being ruined by these women. But somehow the phrase "am Weibe zu Grunde gegangen" has been heard too often of recent years, and succeeds only in suggesting the pitiful weakness of these popular heroes of modern German drama and fiction. In fact, the Achilles heel of this masculine type is almost ludicrously revealed in the scene where the sturdy and stalwart Maurer, Schilling's sculptor friend, who has just invited his musician sweetheart Lucie to go with him to Greece, suddenly transfers his interest to a new arrival—a change which the sensible girl takes as a matter of course. Sonorous phrases about the Hellenic spirit and Hellenic manhood are current coin to-day. But, surely, Hellenic poets did not set up human weather-vanes as heroes of serious drama. Would that Schilling's tragic words, "Wir sind keine Griechen, mein lieber Junge!" were heeded.

Hermann Bahr, the author of "The Concert," has written another delightful comedy, "Das Tänzchen" (S. Fischer Verlag). It deals with the difficulties brought upon an elderly Junker and member of the German Diet by his embarrassing alliance with a shrewd adventuress who has been admitted into his family as piano teacher of his

daughter. The Junker, whose name, Joachim von Biest-Zeser, has just been identified with the "lex Biest," providing something like a moral censorship in matters of art, very nearly becomes the victim of extortion and blackmail, when the woman's husband threatens him with exposure. But for the wise council of Lavin, the Jewish millionaire whose son is engaged to Biest-Zeser's daughter, he might have lost his seat in the Diet. The dénouement takes place in the final scene, which is a unique duel of words between the Junker and the blackmailer. But the former issues from it as victor, convincing the other man that he has, after all, more to lose than Joachim von Biest-Zeser, Rittergutsbesitzer, M.D.R. The Junker bribes him by recommending him to Lavin as an unsually shrewd and capable fellow, and thus settles the dangerous claim. The characters are superbly sketched types of certain classes of German society. The Berlin dialect spoken in familiar conversation adds an effective local flavor.

Ludwig Fulda's latest work is a four-act comedy in verse, "Der Seeräuber" (Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta). The scene is a country town of Andalusia in the seventeenth century, and the plot hinges upon the romantic hero-worship of a young woman married to Pedro, a wealthy man of staid and commonplace habits. An elderly neighbor of dubious reputation upholds the heroine in her notions, and both women engage in a desperate flirtation with an itinerary mountebank who in his booth on the marketplace parades as a notorious pirate supposed to have perished at sea. But through a beggar who has arrived at the same time, the populace learns that Pedro is the dreaded pirate. To win back his wife, who has eloped with the actor-pretender, the reformed villain, who had settled in this town to enjoy at leisure the spoils of his career of crime, makes a confession, but is arrested, while the elopers are married by the Governor himself. The picturesque setting and the amusing situations furnish an evening of light and charming entertainment.

Wilhelm Weigand's "Könige" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag) is a five-act drama of distinct poetical merit. The scene is Cyprus in the fourteenth century and the hero a monarch, dreaming of beauty and listening to music and poetry, oblivious of the danger menacing the kingdom through the approach of the Saracens. His great-uncle, a famous mystic and magician, conjures a vision calculated to rouse the royal conscience. This vision forms a dream-play within the play, in the course of which a peasant pretender wrests the crown from the hero and is about to be proclaimed his successor when the dreamer awakens through the announcement of the Saracens' arrival. He suddenly realizes his neglected responsibilities, summons his warriors, and vows to lead them to victory. The play is a dignified and thoughtful piece of work, but did not at the performances in the spring prove a valuable acquisition of the theatrical repertory.

No less than three works by Max Dauthendey, that one-time weaver of elusive poetical arabesques, have been published and played within the year. The extraordinary circumstance, however, is explained by the success of his play, "Spielereien einer Kaiserin," which so effectively handled the personality of Catherine of Russia. "Der Drache Grauli" (Munich: Albert Langen) is a romantic drama in three acts which, through the part that fate plays in the action, harks back to the "Schicksalsdramen" of the old school, though it presents some original features. The scene is a remote corner of Sweden, the atmosphere of which would make the most improbable incidents plausible. A young man has been driven to suicide by his love for an unscrupulous woman: his friend, with whom this woman is in love, avenges his death. These two, and the old lighthouse-keeper who tells them the grewsome tale of the sea-dragon Grauli, are the sole actors in the drama, the bloody end of which roused the audience to protest. But the work has unusual dramatic strength and some rare poetical touches.

Franz Dülberg's "Cardenio" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) is a five-act drama in verse, in which the university milieu of Bolcgna at the beginning of the seventeenth century forms the interesting background for a passionate tragedy of student love. The author tells in the preface that the plot, which is originally that of a Spanish story, had been previously exploited in drama by Andreas Gryphius, Achim von Arnim, and Immermann, but there is an intensity of feeling in the work which proves that the subject had taken an unusually strong hold of the author. He has made his hero something of a modernized Don Quixote, an incarnation of chivalrous righteousness and romantic love. The cosmopolitan student crowd lends itself to an abundance of characters, some of which are very skilfully drawn.

A curious little one-act piece by Robert Scheu is entitled "Der letzte Abend" (Albert Langen). It presents the end of a friendship between two artists, the younger having outgrown the power which the elder wielded over him, and exulting in the breaking of this bond. That friendship meant for him the dawn of a new life, and it had brought him the message of the great, wild, pagan life. When he upbraids the master with having raised in his works the cross, which denies his former aspirations, there is a remote suggestion of the Wagner-Nietzsche case. The development of the conflict is rapid and clear, and the three characters, the master, his wife Cornelia, and Angelus, the seceding disciple, are well drawn.

A. von Ende.

"Years of Discretion," by Frederick Hatton and Fanny Locke Hatton, which has just been produced in the Belasco Theatre, is a piece of very uneven quality. In parts it is excellent light comedy, but occasionally it degenerates into thin and not too decorous farce. Founded upon a valuable theatrical idea, it misses its legitimate effect for lack of a little discretion and good taste. This is a pity, for many of the scenes are written in a vein of pleasant and pertinent satirical humor. The heroine, a rich and comely widow of forty-eight, suddenly revolts against the dulness of a humdrum but useful and honorable existence in a somewhat Puritanical New England atmosphere. She hankers after the excitements and pleasures of the gay world, and resolves to taste them once more before the zest for them is dead in her forever. A life-long friend, a New York society woman, enables her to enter the social lists and provides a selected band of eligible bachelors to meet her. With the expert aid of beauty doctors, hair-dresser, and costumers she is transformed into a vision of youthful loveliness, and is quickly besieged by an anarchistical free lover, an ardent Irishman, and a cosmopolitan clubman, who has long been the envy and despair of the gentle sex. Her flighty conduct strikes dismay into the heart of her strait-laced son, a youth of twenty-four, who is made the butt of his mother and her lovers. It is in the scenes in which this young man is introduced that violence is done to nature, proper feeling, and refinement. She captures the clubman, after an admirably humorous scene in which she confesses to her female confederate that she shall not be able to endure much longer the physical torture—of tight boots, tight lacing, etc.—inseparable from the imposition she is practicing. When the clubman, a great traveller, proposes a journey round the world for a honeymoon, she realizes that she is unequal to the enterprise, and in another excellent scene, which gives the play most of its value and brings it to a fresh and impressive close, makes full confession to her husband, before whom she presently appears in all the comfortable charm of ripe maturity. Thereupon he admits that he, too, has been simulating more youthful energy than he really possesses, and declares his perfect readiness to pursue with her the peaceful joys of middle age. Apart from its more trivial or melodramatic moments, which are inconsistent with the general scheme of the composition, the piece is true comedy, and applies the lash smartly to many current fashionable follies. If the authors had been less eager after cheap laughter and applause, they might have achieved something much more worth while. As it is, the representation owes most of its success to the capital acting of Lyn Harding, Bruce McRae, and Herbert Kelcey among the men, and, especially, of Effie Shannon, who enacted the heroine delightfully. The scenic setting was perfect. No manager knows better than Mr. Belasco how to distract attention from inherent

dramatic defects by the arts of the producer.

From the purely dramatic point of view, Rutherford Mayne's comedy, "The Drone," performed in Daly's Theatre on Monday afternoon, is not of much importance, for it is somewhat crudely constructed along conventional lines, and is almost devoid of action or effective incident. But it nevertheless has its significance as another brick in the rapidly rising structure of the Irish National Theatre. In characterization and atmosphere it is thoroughly representative of life on a small country farm. If the framework is rickety, the personages, with the single exception of an interpolated Scot, are absolutely lifelike, and all the minor details of their domestic manners and habits extraordinarily veracious. As a bit of genuine Irishry, the whole performance was more convincing, perhaps, than anything done here by the Abbey Theatre players of Lady Gregory, though the representations of the latter were, as a rule, far superior in imaginative quality. The acting of the company, imported by W. A. Brady, was notable for its level excellence and intelligent coöperation.

Charles Hawtrey will begin operations at the London Apollo Theatre on the evening of Thursday, January 9. He will then present George Birmingham's comedy, "General John Regan," in which he plays the part of a genial Irish doctor whose chief mission in life is to settle the affairs of his neighbors. His company, although still incomplete, will include Cathleen Nesbitt, Vane Tempest, H. Winman, and G. W. Fay. Mr. Hawtrey is also in negotiation with Leonard Boyne.

Henry Arthur Jones is writing a series of essays on the subject of the British National Theatre, about which he has definite ideas.

The latest biography of Wagner, just issued in Leipzig by F. E. C. Leuckart, is by the Norwegian composer, Gerhart Schjelderup, who a few years ago wrote a book on Grieg. It is averred by the publishers that this is the first biography which describes certain episodes in Wagner's life without bias.

One of the principal events of the opera season in Paris is to be the production of Massenet's "Panurge" at the Théâtre de la Gaieté.

Novelties are the order of the day at the Opéra Comique, in Paris. No fewer than eighteen first performances are scheduled for this season, most of them the first anywhere. Among the composers on the list are Rabaud, Tiarko, Pugno, Boulanger, Erlanger, Doret, Morel, Ropartz, Trépard, Laurens, Noguès, Lattès, Ratès, and Bruneau, whose "Les Bacchantes" seems to have scored little more than a *succès d'estime*. Dancing plays a prominent rôle in most of these operas.

After an absence from the concert stage of a number of years, Eugen d'Albert has once more reappeared before the public, and though during that time he devoted his attention exclusively to composition, his technical facility seems in no way to have forsaken him. The revelation of his skill at the piano given in the Liszt and Brahms concerts, which he played recently in Vienna, was such that it comes in the nature of a sensation for the younger generation of concert goers.

The centennial of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde, in Vienna, has brought once more to the fore the names of the various conductors who have at one time or another had the famous choral society under their charge. Composers as distinguished as Brahms and Rubinstein are among the number, and for some years Hans Richter directed the concerts. But the name best known to American audiences is that of Wilhelm Gericke, whose conscientious zeal and catholic musicianship were evident in his management of the Boston Symphony Society.

Fritz Kreisler has returned to Europe. He gave 200 recitals last season, and 50 more than that the previous year. Next year he will be back in America, with Paderewski, and it is not unlikely that the two may be heard together in a joint recital. Last summer, at Ragatz, in Switzerland, they played sonatas together daily for several weeks.

Art

THE CORCORAN EXHIBIT.

Once in two years the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington removes its permanent collection of paintings to make place for an exhibition of contemporary American art. A particular effort has been made this year by the hanging committee to space each picture, and, with few rare exceptions, to hang only one line of pictures.

Among the pictures which stand out in the exhibition there is one which no visitor will fail to see. Size and position, aside from its quality, give it prominence. It is a full-length portrait of a fencing master, by Gari Melchers. The gloveless hand shows labor, and the high lights on the nose and forehead diminish somewhat the effect of breadth. But these are details insufficient to destroy the total effect of surprising bigness and poise. The same painter shows also a church interior, in which there are fine spontaneity and an altogether delightful realization of light, though success in attaining color is not so marked.

In the same gallery with Melchers's Church Interior is E. C. Tarbell's Children Going to Ride, a rather inadequate picture for Tarbell and not as well composed as another picture, Portrait of a Young Lady, which might have been a preliminary study for it. It the latter a young girl is sitting on the steps of a porch, arranging flowers, her face seen in profile and cut out a little too sharply against the sunlit lawn behind. It is not Tarbell at his greatest, but it is fresh and agreeable in color and is in every respect American. It has refinement and native character.

Among the portraits of the present exhibition those by Cecilia Beaux take a high position. One of these is a portrait of Sereno E. Payne, good, living work, able in character. The other is a portrait of a lady standing in evening cloak and dress. Again the artist has achieved character, this time of a more subtle and elusive kind. The dress and cloak are brilliantly painted. The mass of light color somewhat overpowers the head, and one is not certain of the solidity of the body. The canvas, too, is a little crowded, but America is not overburdened with painters capable of such generally able work.

In the same gallery with Cecilia Beaux's portrait of Sereno E. Payne two other noteworthy portraits are hung. Both are by W. M. Chase, one of his daughter, the other of "Mrs. C." They are highly accomplished work if not such as makes an especially fine or deep appeal. Passages of vivacious painting are in each, yet it cannot be said that the artist has shown his usual good taste. His exhibit also includes one of his celebrated still-life pictures of fish.

The Corcoran Art Gallery is fortunate in having purchased one of the three examples of Frank Benson's work in the present exhibition, a portrait of his daughter seen in a light that radiates upward, a serious piece of work which marks distinctly another phase of the American school. The spectator may quarrel a little with a light that throws the features into such strong relief that he is as conscious of eyes and nose and mouth separately as of the whole head. And yet, when all is said, the picture is representative of the painter, though not indicating the full extent of his vitality.

Since the American note has been a little insisted upon in the present review, to follow it leads naturally to such work as the landscape of Ben Foster, which could not be anything but native work. His Litchfield Hills is as true as it can be, and it gives out a sense of "the good brown earth" in a pensive mood. In his Late Autumn Moonrise the masses of brown fern and dark trees are well composed, and the mystery and melancholy of the moment are felt without being sentimentalized. This is another picture which the Gallery has bought for its permanent collection.

One must be in an adaptable mood to see a true interpretation of nature in the work of Ben Foster and Ernest Lawson at the same time in the same room. The two temperaments are widely different, and yet there is a sensitive spirit in each. Mr. Lawson's landscape is fine in light and color, the clouds not as sure in handling as the earth.

No painter in America to-day deserves more fully the distinguished position which he has won for himself than Alden Weir. It would be impossible for

a painter to be less gifted with superficial tricks of handling. Clever painting has apparently never made the slightest invasion upon his own methods. One feels in all his work an instinctive dislike of cleverness, a certain antipathy towards the mere suggestion of a false attitude. He is one of the strongest antidotes to the bombastic tendency one is obliged to notice in certain superficial energetic workers. And he has developed a style of painting that is absolutely personal.

His autumn landscape in the present exhibition has simplicity and depth of tone, the reproduction in the catalogue not beginning to do it justice. In his other canvas he has carried his style to the point of mannerism, though here again is the sense of reticent refinement so characteristic of this painter's work.

Before facing a picture by Arthur B. Davies, we have to divest the mind of the idea that painting is necessarily a matter of representation. He uses the human figure and the land and sea, even the glow of moonlight; but it is not the object seen that is to be considered, rather the interpretation of an abstract idea, as nearly akin to music as the limitations of paint will allow. This painter, who employs suggestively primitive, almost archaic terms, is one of our most modern painters. Yet it is hard to find a kindred spirit this side of Botticelli.

E. W. Redfield presents two night pictures, both done in dark-blue tones and both too heavy handed for so subtle a problem. Much better than his night pictures and seen through his own eyes is Mr. Redfield's winter landscape.

The French schools have had an immeasurable effect on modern painting, and from their good and bad influence American art has not escaped. Most of our ablest painters have native quality. Mary Cassatt is a striking exception. She will probably take her place in the history of art as a French impressionist, under which classification she has already been ranked by Camille Mauclair. Miss Cassatt makes no pretence whatever of disguising the sources of her development. A pupil of Degas, she has passed most of her life in France, and her painting has very little in common with other American work.

The point could not be more strikingly brought out than it has been by placing her picture, Children Playing with a Cat, beside a child's portrait by Lydia Emmet. In Miss Cassatt's picture a nude child is sitting on its mother's lap and playing with a cat held by a young girl at her side. The color problem is frankly attacked with a legitimate painter interest that never fails to save these mother-and-baby subjects, so often presented by Miss Cassatt, from being sentimental. In comparison with this canvas, Miss Emmet's picture of a golden-haired girl standing with a bonnet hanging down over her shoulders seems tame and undistinguished—a pretty picture-book child.

Many more justapositions might be cited for the sake of comparison. But it would be difficult to pass by without remark three pictures in Gallery F. Between George Bellows's Polo Crowd and his Beach at Coney hangs John Alexander's The Gossip. The facile elegance of Mr. Alexander's art is not seen to advantage in such close proximity to George Bellows's crude vitality. In the exciting Polo Crowd everything is exaggerated. The work is that of a young painter not yet fully equipped, nor yet near his ultimate goal. Yet every obvious defect seems justified by the extremely exhilarating effect achieved.

In the same gallery hang the two exhibits of Frederick Frieseke, one a characteristic garden scene with two ladies, a Japanese umbrella, and the patterns of sunlight and flowers. His more interesting picture shows a woman standing by an open window hanging a birdcage, the window box and the effect of a conservatory within giving the artist a typical subject. It is a joyous and charming canvas, the woman at the window in a most amusing dress.

A landscape by Willard Metcalf, The Red Bridge, is full of observation, not exactly big in treatment, but delicate, and with more atmosphere than this artist generally attains. Compare it, for example, with his other landscape, which, like so many pictures in the present exhibition, has been seen before in New York. Two autumn-toned trees make a note of warm color at the foot of a hill. The hillside surface is well felt, but the picture lacks air and the shadows of the trees seem colored.

Near The Red Bridge is a typical work by T. W. Dewing. Long ago this artist learned to paint delicate, fragile, minute, beautifully colored *genre* pictures. And if he has repeated himself until his art seems a rather limited specialty this fact should not close the mind to the genuine quality in those pictures which are more than dry methodical repetitions. The present painting, done on a wood panel, is one of that kind, painted apparently with charms and incantations beautiful, elusive, and suggestive, but never frank or vigorous.

To progress so far without mention of the prize-winning pictures at least prevents giving them undue prominence. Childe Hassam won the first prize and the Corcoran gold medal with his New York Window. In addition to this beautiful picture the same artist has here The Bowl of Goldfish, in which color is unusually fresh and luminous. It is a fine specimen of his most felicitous work. The second prize was awarded to Daniel Garber for his Wilderness, a characteristically decorative picture. The artist has used nature rather freely to carry out a design somewhat tritely "idealized." Gardiner Symons has won the third prize with a spacious landscape showing a river with ice breaking, that leads away to hilly country, a good example of his work. The fourth prize went to Carl Nordell for a nude seated figure. The artist is not afraid to attack a difficult problem, though his success with this canvas is only half complete. The figure does not detach well from the background, partly because the local color in the hair is not enough affected by the light that flows over the rest of the figure.

Tapestries, long neglected, are to-day sought so enthusiastically for museums and private collections that welcome will be given to the encyclopædic "Tapestries, Their Origin, History, and Renaissance" (Lane), by George Leland Hunter. The author, a Harvard graduate, a trained weaver, and experienced writer for an upholstery journal, has studied tapestries in American and foreign collections. Among his previous original contributions is a description of the Metropolitan Museum's Burgundian Seven Sacraments published in the *Burlington Magazine* in 1907. His scholarship is such as to enable him to present an apparently strong case against M. Guiffrey's explanation of the *tapissiers sarrazinois* who made trouble for Parisian workers on the *haute lisse* in 1302, the American writer urging that these "Saracen weavers" were not weavers of other textiles than tapestries, but early practitioners of the low warp weaving that became characteristic of Renaissance tapestry weaving. Lack of literary finish and lucid arrangement makes Mr. Hunter's book hard reading, despite its profusion of alluring information and tempting illustrations. The non-technical reader is confused at the start by frequent reference to technical processes, an explanation of which begins on page 232. Considerable repetition occurs. Thus the nature of the transition from Gothic to Renaissance is touched upon in set phrases in each of several chapters. One seems, in brief, to read a series of magazine articles which, under more liberal use of scissors and blue pencil, might have become a consistent book. This sense is heightened by so obvious a slip as that of referring to M. Jules Guiffrey as if he were still administrator of the Gobelins; whereas he resigned that office several years ago. Important tapestries have lately been acquired at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts of which there is no mention, though older possessions are described. These and other minor defects, due presumably to preparing sections of the book at different periods, should be corrected in a later edition.

The merits, meantime, of a work comprehending what is worth knowing about ancient and modern tapestries transcend all limitations of style and make-up. The writer is hopeful for the future of tapestry weaving. He describes the founding and continued success of the first tapestry works in America at Williamsbridge and the subsequent starting of the Herter looms; also

in New York city. Of the most celebrated of present-day European tapestry manufacturers the statement is made: "I believe it is possible at the Gobelins to revive the art in its pristine vigor if they will deliberately forsake seventeenth and eighteenth-century precedents, and return to sixteenth-century texture and method." With English tapestries produced during and since the nineteenth-century revival of arts and crafts Mr. Hunter is sympathetic. He says of the foremost producer of these tapestries (and the citation fairly illustrates the literary form of the book): "William Morris (1834-96), who founded the tapestry works at Merton, near London, in 1881, was a genius. He had more influence on the industrial arts, I believe, than any other man in the world's history. He actually made the blind see and the lame walk. He changed the whole point of view of thousands who buy art objects, and the methods of many who produce them." The Merton processes, as still continued, are commended to American craftsmen for imitation in preference to those of Paris and Aubusson. "If we ever get down in earnest to the weaving of modern tapestries in arras texture, we shall, like William Morris, go back to the high warp loom and once more compose line drawings in wool and gold and silver, with little silk or none at all." In general, he fully appreciates Gothic tapestries and has no very high opinion of the Renaissance productions.

More "atmospheric" than Mr. Hunter's work is "The Tapestry Book" (Stokes), by Helen Churchill Candee. Its sprightly manner is seen in the dedication "to two certain Byzantine Madonnas and their owners." The author develops many literary relationships which give the reader a sense of the place of tapestries among the arts and their importance as historical documents. "The tale of tapestry," she writes, "is like a vine hanging on a frame of history." Following for the most part facts set forth in French by Michel, Jubinal, Guiffrey, and other writers, she tells a straightaway story, with passing references to social and economic conditions, as well as to the personal influence of monarchs and of such great artists as Memling, the Van Eycks, Raphael, Rubens, and Watteau. Venice and Genoa receive full credit as centres for distributing Renaissance tapestries. There is an amusing description of the patronage of Francis I, "an overdressed, ever-ambitious figure, at the beginning of things modern in French art." The rise and decadence of the Gobelins are traced fluently. Of their possible regeneration Mrs. Candee is apparently skeptical, writing: "Men who have worked in the deadening influence of the Gobelins declare that the factory cannot last much longer. But it is improbable that France —republican France that holds with bourgeois tenacity to aristocratic evidences— will abandon this, her expensive tax, her inheritance of the line of Kings." The Merton, Baumgarten, Herter, and other modern products are commended highly.

Robert Lee MacCameron, an artist known specially for his portraits, died in New York Sunday morning at the age of forty-six. He was born in Chicago, and after various experiences studied painting in Paris under Gérôme. Of late years he has maintained studios in London, Paris, and New York. Among those who have sat to him are President Taft and President McKinley.

D. Jerome Elwell, an American painter, died in Naples on Friday, aged sixty-five. When he was twenty-five years old he went to Antwerp to continue his study of art, and during this period produced two of his best-known works, a View of Antwerp and Dunes of Domberg. After exhibiting his pictures in this country, he went to Venice and since then has lived much of his life abroad.

Jean-Baptiste-Edouard Detaille, probably the best known of modern battle painters, is dead in Paris. He was born in that city in 1848, and, after completing his education in the Paris schools, entered the studio of Meissonier. He first exhibited in the Salon of 1867, his picture representing a corner of Meissonier's studio. To him, military life was, from the first, a principal attraction. At the Salon of 1868 he exhibited the Halt of Infantry, which Edmond About described in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* as a "jewel." In 1869 the Repose During the Drill, Camp St. Maur, firmly established his reputation, and he received more commissions than he could execute. During the Franco-Prussian War, Detaille was secretary to Gen. Appert, and did good service in making topographical plans. The Conquerors, exhibited in 1872, and depicting German soldiers carting off furniture from Paris houses, won him a medal, and the following year he received for The Retrait the decoration of chevalier in the Legion of Honor. Among his other notable works are the following: The Passing Regiment, A Reconnoitre, Salute to the Wounded, Bonaparte in Egypt, and French Cavalryman.

Finance

THE STOCK EXCHANGE AND THE LEGISLATURE.

It can hardly be doubted that the matter of legislation in regard to the Stock Exchange will be brought up in the Legislature of New York State this coming session; with what result, it would be premature to predict. Angry criticism of Stock Exchange methods and practices had become very general, even before the report of Gov. Hughes's committee of 1909 on speculation and the stock exchanges. The bitterness of this criticism is to be explained through various causes. It began with numerous incidents on the Stock Exchange, during the decade past, which caused some extremely indignant comment on Wall Street itself, and even in the Exchange's own membership.

It was intensified by such mixtures of fact and fiction, seasoned high for the general public's palate, as Mr. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance." It naturally interwove itself with the prevalent talk about the "Money Trust," and was stirred up to a pitch of undoubted excitement by the hearings of the Pujo Committee of the House of Representatives, whose examination of witnesses, last spring, was directed largely to both real and fancied abuses of the New York Stock Exchange, and which more lately, at Washington, drew forth some rather extraordinary testimony from the chairman of the Stock Exchange's own law committee.

All this, taken along with highly denunciatory articles in many portions of the press, has virtually insured the consideration of possible Stock Exchange regulation and reform through the new State Legislature which convenes at Albany this month. The unfortunate part of the whole pending criticism of financial practices and institutions—not excepting that which has been excited by the "Money Trust" investigation—is that it has been so impregnated with ignorance and misapprehension that, by attacking imaginary evils, it has frequently missed the real evils altogether.

What those real evils are, every intelligent man who has observed the trend of things, in the decade past, is perfectly well aware. Chief among them is the gross manipulation of certain stocks by men with a maximum of financial resources and a minimum of common sense or moral scruple, whose sole purpose has been, on the occasions of their activity, to create a false appearance of heavy, bona-fide buying, and to fix a false level of prices, at which outsiders may be deluded into buying. This abuse, on numerous occasions in recent years, reached proportions which were disgraceful and intolerable, and no doubt exists, in the minds of intelligent thinking men, that it and its kindred evils must be dealt with in a way that will mean real reform. Gov Hughes's committee reported formally in 1909 that it was "convinced that the Exchange can prevent the worst forms of this evil by exercising its influence and authority over the members to prevent them." But, if the Stock Exchange does not fulfil that duty, it will manifestly have put a legitimate weapon into the hands of the advocates of drastic public regulation.

The pity of it is that the pending discussions of the problem, instead of directing its attention to the things that can be and should be reformed, should beat the air with all sorts of haphazard suggestions, based on a superficial glance at the whole Stock Exchange problem. In one of last week's recitals of the necessary basis for dealing with Stock Exchange reform, what were described as the three "monumental facts" were set forth—that the Exchange is unincorporated, that "it is permitted by law to practice usury," and that it is the only place in New York where gambling contracts can be enforced by law. One may easily perceive how this indictment would appeal to the minds of the uninformed; yet nothing could be more spe-

cious and nothing could more utterly have ignored the path to correction of the real abuses.

The Exchange is unincorporated, and so virtually all other exchanges are and have always been; for although the Paris Bourse is a quasi-governmental institution, and although it is styled the "company of agents de change," the power to discipline members is lodged with the elected governors as in the case of other stock exchanges. The report of Gov. Hughes's committee, even while intimating the possible future necessity for requiring incorporation, pointed out that the resultant submission to the courts of cases of wrongdoing in the membership of our own Stock Exchange "would involve delays and technical obstacles which would impair discipline without securing any greater measure of substantial justice."

One is tempted to inquire how much consideration has been given to this important fact by the cocksure advocates of overnight reform. To say that the Stock Exchange "is permitted to practice usury" not only puts the cart effectively before the horse, but makes no account whatever either of reason for the exemption of demand loans from the 6 per cent. restriction or of its practical effect. That the exemption applies to all sorts of negotiable instruments, as well as to Stock Exchange collateral; that, in a money market emergency, it favors the borrower as much as it does the lender; that nobody, in or out of the Stock Exchange, is compelled to borrow on such a basis; that the borrower adopts this recourse because he can pay off his loan at will to-morrow, instead of paying interest during a month or more, and that the system of call loans flourishes on the Stock Exchange primarily because of the system of daily settlement of accounts—these are treated as wholly immaterial considerations.

As for the enforcement of "gambling contracts," it will hardly be disputed that plenty of Stock Exchange operations fall morally under such category. But exactly the same thing may be said of any speculative market and of every other industry. Whether the buying of real estate for a rise on borrowed money, or the contracting to deliver at a future date grain or building material which the contractor does not to-day possess, but which he believes he will be able to get at a lower price than to-day's, does or does not differ in morality from similar undertakings with investment securities, is surely a question worthy of sane consideration.

The problem, in other words, is not whether certain admitted practices and tendencies on the Stock Exchange do not need correction, but whether the way to correct them is to conduct a campaign of so blind and sweeping a character as to miss all the genuine points at issue. Perhaps, in the subsequent course of the discussion, some intelligent suggestion will emerge as to how the known and recognized evils, which were part of the rank and unwholesome growth of financial exploitation in the past dozen years, can be dealt with by themselves.

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Almanach de Gotha. 1913. Lemcke & Buechner.

Bridges, Robert. Poetical Works, excluding the Eight Dramas. Frowde.

Daugherty, L. S. and M. C. Principles of Economic Zoölogy. Part I. Philadelphia: W. B. Saunders Co. $1.25 net.

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Gosse, Edmund. Portraits and Sketches. Scribner.

Kipling Reader for Upper Grades. D. Appleton.

McConnell, F. J. The Increase of Faith. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

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Streightoff, F. H. The Distribution of Incomes in the U. S. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Longmans.

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The Nation

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The Week

In deciding not to send to the Senate the nomination of Col. Goethals as Governor of the Canal Zone, President Taft is doubtless influenced largely by the wishes of that officer himself. It is known that he has little ambition to be Governor; and it is understood that he would not consent to be nominated for the position if his confirmation was to be opposed. But some of the Democratic Senators, for reasons of their own—not unconnected, we fear, with a desire for office—have announced that they will stand out against setting up a civil government at Panama for the present, and so the President drops the whole plan. It is a sordid piece of business as it stands, and where does it leave the great argument for driving the Canal Bill through in haste at the last session of Congress? When the strong objection to the shipping clauses of that act was made, and the danger of international complications, such as have since resulted, was pointed out, there was a demand for more time for consideration. Why not let the bill go over to the next session? Ah, it was replied, that would be impossible, for it is imperative to make provision at once for a civil government. We must lose no time in empowering President Taft to appoint Col. Goethals as Governor. Well, we have not got him in office, and we have got the international trouble. So much for hair-trigger legislation.

Senator Bacon's introduction of a joint resolution recognizing the Chinese Republic will, it is said, be vetoed by Mr. Taft if it passes both Houses. That may or may not take place; Mr. Taft's opposition to so many matters has vanished before sufficient pressure that it need surprise no one if he should undergo a sea-change on this one, too. It is hard, indeed, to see why recognition should be longer withheld. As Ching Chun-Wang points out in the current *Atlantic*, the dynasty is dead. Prince Regent and Dowager Empress have forsaken it. As for the republic, it has existed ten months, nobody is contesting it; and as for disorder, there is not so very much more, if any, than there was under the empire. Indeed, so well thought of is the republic that the leading European nations and the United States are fairly forcing their money upon it, which hardly looks as if anarchy were expected to-morrow. The burden of the proof why the republic should not be recognized is plainly, as Mr. Ching points out, upon those who would deny it acceptance among the nations of the earth.

Gov. Wilson has recently declared that the one great basic truth which underlies political discussion to-day is "that singular fact that nothing is done in this country as it was done twenty years ago." Mr. Wilson will need to glance over this statement of his and reassure himself of its validity, when he reads of the pretty little patronage schemes that are cherished in a number of Democratic bosoms at Washington. Nothing may be done to-day as it was done twenty years ago, but the heart of man has not changed completely in that period. Old passions, old greed, old evil habits of thought, and evil instincts do not die so quickly. In spite of the lesson of nearly twenty years of adversity, Democratic leaders are still possessed with the spoilsman ideal. The plan of a general ripper bill which shall throw open the civil service to the Democrats sounds so utterly out of date, so much a part of the old order that has changed, that one finds it almost impossible to believe that such a plan could be seriously discussed. And yet it is discussed. In spite of the plain warning of what will happen to the Democratic party if it prove false to the opportunity which has been finally granted it, there are Democrats who seem willing to take a chance. Mr. Wilson's duty under the circumstances is perfectly clear. When the squealing round the public trough becomes insistent, he will only have to recall that things are not done now as they were done twenty years ago.

The business of Cabinet prophecy has at last been put upon a scientific basis by friends of the Democratic Governor of Montana, who confidently predict his appointment as Secretary of the Interior in the Wilson Cabinet, because his hair is red. That kind of equipment necessarily carries with it a robust and aggressive honesty which is the highest qualification one can demand in a servant of the people. Militant progressivism to-day requires that its champions shall be well-thatched, and if the color be of the sunset, so much the better. Mr. Victor Murdock bore under his hat the oriflamme round which the original group of Republican insurgents in Congress rallied. Mr. La Follette's hair is not red, but makes up for that deficiency by a defiant erectness that suggests the Spartans at Thermopylæ. Mr. Sulzer faces the enemies of the commonweal with locks hanging menacingly over the brow. Here, then, is a capillary test which should make the work of future Presidents as easy as lying. Give so many points for the amount of hair and so many for the tint, and in crucial cases let the spectroscope decide. What Mr. Bryan's chances would be under such conditions is obvious.

The Colonel breaks his silence with shouts about another "infamy." This shows that he is well and happy. Unless somebody were "outraging" his feelings they would not be normal. People, however, who do not live at high pressure as he does, and who wish somehow to adjust their emotions to the facts, will ask what the truth is about the action of the Idaho Supreme Court which Mr. Roosevelt so furiously denounces. His chief complaint is that, by a judicial interpretation of the State election laws, the people of Idaho were not permitted to have an official ballot with his name on it. But the California courts made a similar decision keeping Taft's name off the ballot, and about that infamy the Colonel has had never a word to say. We suppose he was restrained, in that case, by his profound respect for the judiciary! Anyhow, he ought to see that he cannot make fish of one decision and fowl of the other without impairing his reputation for high impartiality. And what is really needed is a clear statement of the text and intricacies of the Idaho law, under which the judges felt constrained to decide as they did. This the Colonel has never made a pretence of

giving. It is so much easier to hurl epithets, from a safe distance, and to affirm that this case "proves" that judges ought to be kicked off the bench whenever "the people" don't like the way in which they declare what the law is.

Mr. Gompers, as an individual citizen, might hold what opinion he pleased about the labor-union dynamiters and their conviction, and might orate on the subject to his heart's content. The only reason any sensible man pays attention to what he says is that he is at the head of the American Federation of Labor; and for him, in that capacity, to emit such utterances as he did before a Senate committee on Monday is a serious business. In what he said there was not one hearty word in condemnation of crime; on the contrary, the whole drift of his remarks was that it was no wonder laboring men had been driven to dynamiting and murder as the only means left them of resistance to the "tyranny" of their employers. Such thinly-veiled apologies for assassination would be monstrous, even if the facts were as stated by Mr. Gompers. But the truth has been clearly established that the main purpose of the explosions was to strike terror into the hearts of non-union men and those who hired them, and to compel both men and masters to submit in all things to the labor organization. Tyranny for tyranny, where could there be one more intolerable than this? Yet murder in its name is explained as devotion to the sacred cause of labor!

Fresh evidence of the aggressive way in which Boston is going to work to rehabilitate its port appears from the fact that its "port directors" have decided to build a drydock 1,180 feet long with a width of 100 feet at the sill. This will be the largest drydock in the country, and the enterprise is supported by all the leading transatlantic lines, which have agreed to pay something for it each year, so that they may have a dock on this side of the Atlantic available in case of accident. As is well known, there is not a single drydock now on our shores which can take in the Olympic or the new Imperator of the Hamburg-American Line, or any of the other giants of the ocean. The largest drydock of the navy is the one now building in Seattle, which is to be 827 feet long, while the second largest, in this city, is only 694 feet in length, so that the navy, too, will welcome the new Boston enterprise. But the port directors of that city are not going to stop there. A smaller dock, 900 feet long, is also contemplated, and huge piers near both docks, in order to accommodate ships while awaiting their turn or in port for commercial reasons. The port directors believe that there will shortly be as many as twenty-one steamers, plying between Europe and North American ports, which will be compelled to use this dock or none at all. They feel that if ever steamers can be induced to come to Boston to dock for repairs, there will be hope of getting them to run there regularly. The promise of the Hamburg-American Line to send ships to Boston beginning next May has greatly encouraged the city's boomers. They are leaving no stone unturned to have other lines follow this example.

Chicago's Bureau of Public Efficiency has begun to win victories. About a year ago, it recommended a material reduction in the number of officials and employees in various departments. The recommendation came too late, however, to affect these appointments for the following year. But when they came up in 1912, as they did recently, the conclusions of the Bureau had sufficient weight to result in the lopping off of more than fifty places. Only in the sheriff's office were the recommendations disregarded, and there apparently for reasons which might be honestly presented. Now, the Bureau has won a partial victory in the matter of distribution of appropriations to the several wards. It made a scientific estimate of the percentage of this money that should go to each. In nineteen of the thirty-five the estimate of the City Controller was increased by the Bureau, on the ground that these wards had never received sufficient funds under the old system of each Alderman grabbing all that he could for his ward. In the other sixteen, the Bureau cut the Controller's estimates. The finance committee of the City Council at first rejected the Bureau's recommendations *in toto*, but at a full meeting of the committee later a compromise was adopted, the principle, but not all of the practice, being accepted. This ought to pave the way for a complete triumph for the Bureau's programme in this field next year.

At last the "Jim Crow" laws are to be tested in the United States Supreme Court. A white woman, having bought a berth in a Pullman sleeper from Vicksburg to New York, protested against negroes being permitted to travel in the same car, and later sued the Alabama & Vicksburg Railway Company for damages. She obtained judgments against the railway in the Circuit Court of Warren County, Miss., in the sum of $25,000. The case was appealed to the State Supreme Court, which held that the company was presumed, under the "Jim Crow" law, to provide separate accommodations for the races within the State of Mississippi, and affirmed the judgment of the lower court. The record is now being prepared for transmission on a writ of error to the United States Supreme Court. The "separate coach acts" were not enacted without opposition from the whites in the South. It was not difficult to foresee that they would be productive of much litigation, and it was feared that they would increase race antagonism. Thus, when the measure was under consideration in Kentucky, Gen. Cassius Marcellus Clay opposed it in an address to both houses of the Legislature. A negro orator from Lexington, who had lost a leg while serving the Confederacy, moved his audience to tears, but the bill was passed as a strict party measure. Most of the evils predicted followed this wave of legislation throughout the South, the least being that the coaches set apart for negroes were and are older, shabbier, and dirtier than those reserved for whites at the same tariff.

Registration figures of our universities are interesting, among other reasons, for showing the proportion of students in what used to be the "main tent," namely, the undergraduate department of the College of Arts and Sciences. As tabulated in *Science*, these statistics put Columbia at the head, wherever grand totals are concerned. That institution has a registration of 9,000, followed by California with 6,500, Chicago with 6,400, Harvard with 5,700, and Michigan with 5,600. It also has the largest gain over last year, the figures being 1,100 for Columbia, 700 for California,

500 for Minnesota, and so on. But when we leave out the Summer School, the order is radically changed. Then it is Indiana that has the largest gain, with 1,000 students, followed by Chicago with 700, California with 700, and Columbia with 500. The same omission affects the totals of registration by reducing Columbia to 6,000, although this still leaves her at the head of the list, and gives Michigan second place with 4,900, Harvard third with 4,800, California fourth with 4,700, and Cornell fifth with 4,600. The college undergraduates are far below these impressive numbers. Harvard leads in this respect with 2,300 men and 500 women, counting Radcliffe, and is followed in order by Indiana, with 1,400 men and 900 women; California, with 900 men and 1,400 women; Michigan, with 1,550 men and 700 women, and Chicago, with 900 men and 700 women. Columbia is ninth, with 800 men and 600 women, but is closely pressed by Princeton, with its 1,400 men. These figures reveal the overshadowing numerical prominence of professional or summer schools, or both, at the present-day American university.

One business that is seriously threatened by the march of civilization is that of the musical comedy librettist. His field is rapidly shrinking as the backward nations of Asia and southeastern Europe succumb to the spirit of progress. Gilbert and Sullivan would have found it very difficult to write the "Mikado" after Port Arthur and Mukden. Constitutional China is spoiled for the purposes of comic opera. Now the Balkan peninsula, so fertile in musical-comedy kingdoms and principalities, has become impossible. The authors of "The Chocolate Soldier" were just in time. There is no trouble, of course, in inventing mythical Balkan countries with names ending in "ia," but Balkan countries must be inhabited by Balkan peasants, and you cannot saddle a pony ballet, a couple of waltz tunes, and a comedian with a papier-maché nose painted green, on the men who fought at Lule Burgas and Monastir. Most of the small islands of the world, Zanzibar, Sulu, and the East Indian archipelago have already been exploited. Perhaps there is still a "show" or two in Morocco. But after that the librettist will have to go either to the North Pole or back to Montmartre.

Assuming that the dissensions which have fallen upon the Unionist party in Great Britain have been exaggerated in the newspapers, the presence of a very acute crisis cannot be explained away. The most puzzling feature of the situation is the suddenness with which the conflict within Unionist ranks has broken out. Here were the Liberals fighting hard to account for an unfavorable succession of bye-elections. Rumors of dissension in the Ministerial ranks received credence. The recent snap-vote in which the Liberals were caught in a minority was received in many quarters as an omen. How long could Mr. Asquith keep on driving Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, franchise legislation, three abreast, without coming to grief? Behind him was a heterogeneous mass of supporters, against him was the united Conservative party, in fighting spirit, almost counting the days to a general election. That was the picture frequently drawn in the press. To-day the Conservative leader is in the unhappy position of advocating a cause that has been emphatically repudiated by the great mass of his party, and the Liberals seem comfortably certain of a lease of power long enough to put their legislative programme into law over the head of the House of Lords.

It is one of our patriotic axioms that the nation from which we won our independence is essentially and unchangeably "slow." How, then, are we to account for the very enterprising action of an English railway in suspending an engine-driver for running past signals? Perhaps the explanation is simply that such a procedure is in line with another absurdity with which we credit our British cousins, that, namely, of care for human life. In this more enlightened land, an engineer who runs past signals is not an individual to be lightly treated. For one thing, his act, if by good luck it does not result in an accident, may enable him to land his passengers at their destination on time or a little better than on time. This is regarded as a fine achievement by his superiors, who insist that the travelling public also is pleased by it. Then there is his union to be taken into account. It will not "stand for" unfair treatment of any one of its members, and suspension for any reason is *prima facie* unfair treatment. The consequence of this set of conditions is our record-breaking accident statistics. The Interstate Commerce Commission is compelled to devote a large amount of time to investigating the causes of the numerous injuries and deaths on certain of our railways. Its recommendations will be awaited with interest, and are likely to receive greater support from the public than either the roads or the unions seem to realize.

War in the Balkans can hardly have been waged in a more savage spirit than marked the recent struggle in Paris over the election of a "prince of poets" and a "prince of story-tellers." The contest, naturally, was wholly among the "jeunes." That any writer who had "arrived" might carry off the honor, was not to be thought of. One impassioned orator was heard to exclaim: "It cannot be that you will inflict upon us the disgrace of an Academician prince." Happily, that shame was spared French letters. No one had the hardihood to propose Rostand. The princely honor was finally conferred upon Paul Fort. He was the candidate of the left bank of the Seine, though the right bank did not fail to put forward a favorite. In fact, it was a war, not merely of literary champions, but of the two banks of the river. The Seine was the line of cleavage between ideas. The beaten right-bankers at once began to denounce M. Fort as an obscure decadent, who could by no possibility get himself accepted by the great public. To this the fiery dwellers on the left bank naturally rejoined that those on the other side of the Seine were wholly insensitive to true literary merit, and cared for nothing except commercialized art and success at any price. Before the prince of story-tellers could be elected—the rival candidates were Messrs. Ryner and Duvernois—there was many a passage at arms, physical as well as intellectual. The peace of the city was seriously endangered. To crown all, the honesty of the electoral methods of the left bank was impeached by the right. One can imagine how the Boulevard Saint-Michel boiled at this. There is a ballad of Coppée's—who, of course, is now hopelessly antiquated to the young on both banks—of which the refrain used to be popular:

La rive gauche est du côté du cœur.

THE SHORT WAY OUT.

President Taft's declaration that he is ready and willing to arbitrate the Panama dispute with Great Britain has met with instant response, both there and here. It must be peculiarly gratifying to Englishmen, because the whole drift of Sir Edward Grey's note of protest was a request for arbitration. The British Government did not propose to stand stiffly on what it believed to be its rights, but was prepared to leave all the matters in question to the decision of competent and impartial arbitrators. Mr. Taft evidently hopes that this may not be necessary. He speaks of the possibility of the controversy being settled by diplomatic negotiations. But they are inevitably slow, and it is hardly to be expected that an adjustment in that way can be reached in the remainder of President Taft's term. In view of this fact he said squarely that, so far as he is concerned, he should not hesitate to agree to arbitration, whether we won or lost. This is a manly clinging to the principle which he has stoutly advocated, and fully deserves the applause bestowed upon it. That the promise may not be brought to the test of performance does not lessen its value. If President Taft is not called upon to carry out his pledge, President Wilson will have the same difficulty to confront, and will be helped in meeting it by the large utterance of his predecessor.

There is one place, however, where Mr. Taft's words in behalf of standing up to our national agreements, even if to our own hurt, find no echo. That place is Congress. Enough Senators have been interviewed and have given their opinions to make it plain—what was, indeed, made plain in the debates at the time the Canal Bill was passed—that two-thirds of the Senate could not be got for a treaty providing for arbitrating the question of canal tolls. The opponents rest the thing on brute power. They do not deny that the matter involves the interpretation of a treaty, and that this nation has solemnly bound itself to submit such questions to arbitration. As one Senator bluntly puts it, the same vote that tore up the Hay-Pauncefote treaty can tear up the arbitration treaty. Of course, a show of reason is attempted. It is said that the exemption of our coastwise vessels from tolls at Panama is purely a "domestic question," which this country could never submit to arbitration. It is added, with great innocence, that we should be certain to lose our case if it went before an arbitration tribunal, which is naturally a powerful argument against letting it go there.

These not very exalted outgivings by Senators are yet accompanied by statements which indicate a way of escape. Some of the most extreme opponents of arbitrating the tolls dispute say that, rather than be forced to take up such a proposal, they should prefer to repeal the one clause in the Canal Bill that has made all the trouble. There seems, in fact, to be a growing opinion in both Houses that the original exemption of our coastwise trade was a mistake. This is admitted not merely because it has precipitated a needless and unpleasant international controversy and has given us a bad name abroad. In addition, it is felt that the favor shown to coasting ships was really favor shown to a monopoly. In that trade, there can be, under our laws, no competition by foreigners. It is shut up as a preserve for certain classes of our own citizens. And now, as many Congressmen seem to be discovering for the first time with mortification, it is proposed to grant a subsidy where we have already conferred a monopoly. For there cannot be a particle of doubt that the exempting of coastwise vessels from tolls is exactly the same thing, in effect, as handing to them that amount of money from the Treasury of the United States. The attempt was at first made to extend this form of subsidy to our ships engaged in the foreign trade, if they used the Panama Canal. But that was found to be too "raw." It was both too plainly a violation of the treaty and too obviously a voting of public money to private shipowners. So that part of the bill was dropped; but the subvention to coastwise vessels was retained.

For Congress to repeal this now, before it has gone or can go into effect, would be the shortest way out of the muddle. Why should it not be done? The time seems favorable to strike for such a measure. Several influential Congressmen are convinced that the legislation was a blunder from the start. It was merely a pampering of an already pampered monopoly. It was a form of ship-subsidy certain to whet the appetite for more. Moreover, for a petty cause, it has embroiled us with the nation that is most friendly to us in all the world, and that is our best customer. What better course than frankly to admit the error in the framing of the law, and to save a deal of time and trouble by taking it out? That there are any really thoroughgoing champions of the exemption clause, outside of those pecuniarily interested, no evidence is adduced to show. There was, to be sure, an early blustering cry about an American Canal being for Americans, but that has mostly died out. It was promptly abandoned, as respects ships in the foreign trade, and it would be a small step to abandon it also in regard to coastwise vessels. We hope to see a movement speedily begun in Congress to repeal the clause of the Canal Bill which now so obviously lies in the nation's path as a rock of offence and stone of stumbling.

THE EMANCIPATION JUBILEE.

The celebrations last week of the fiftieth anniversary of the final Emancipation Proclamation have recalled to many survivors of the events of 1863 the thrill with which the nation received that immortal document. The earlier September proclamation had established the fact that slavery was in its death-throes; no one could fail to see that the end could not be deferred much longer. But, nevertheless, the race about to be freed, and those once despised reformers and agitators to whom the chief credit for this act of national justice must be ascribed, waited as with bated breath for the consummation of their hopes. Few who were not a part of the abolition movement can, we suppose, appreciate to-day all that it meant. But it is gratifying to know that there has been a widespread celebration of the semi-centennial; for a nation which could be dead to so momentous an event as the freeing of a race, would be suspected of not knowing the grand things of its own history.

Yet it is not upon the events of 1863 that we would dwell to-day. Many have seen the hand of fate in all the defeats prior to the Emancipation Proclamation, believing that the canker at the nation's heart would not have been cut out had the North had an easy march to Richmond. Perhaps all that terrible blood-letting in 1861 and 1862 was necessary as a means of convincing Lincoln

and his Cabinet that the slaves must be set free as a blow at the Confederacy and in order that they might be used as troops of the North. But neither that nor the bloodshed that followed caused the nation to think very seriously about the future of the beneficiaries of the Emancipation Proclamation. Carl Schurz wrote in the latter years of his life that the problem confronting the Johnson Government in 1865-66 was one of which no complete solution was possible. And the fact is that, aside from the spasmodic efforts of the Washington authorities as evidenced by the Freedman's Aid movement and of the several carpet-bag State governments, the freed men and women were chiefly left to shift for themselves. They were unlearned, often half naked, and all without property. Yet they have stumbled "up from slavery" in the most wonderful way, as each census shows—without national guidance, with almost insignificant Federal aid, and none from the States.

They have fought their way onward against odds great enough to discourage any race. Their material welfare and progress, their contributions to the wealth of the nation, Mr. Washington and other leaders have dwelt upon times without number; these things would by themselves justify emancipation, did nothing else. Their contributions to the intellectual and spiritual life of the nation are less referred to. It was a Southern professor who declared a few years ago that Booker Washington and Dr. Du Bois had produced the two greatest books written in the South since the Civil War. Any college might be proud to have Prof. Kelly Miller on its faculty. The lyrics of the elevator boy, Paul Laurence Dunbar, are as much read as ever. Musicians everywhere admit their debt to the men and women of dark skin. The Philharmonic Orchestra last week played, in commemoration of the Proclamation, the New World Symphony of Dvorák, which owes much of its inspiration to the songs of the colored people; and a stirring, brilliant rhapsodic dance of the British negro composer, Coleridge-Taylor, whose premature death has been regarded in England as a national loss. In Will Marion Cook and J. Rosamund Johnson, of New York, two colored composers have been found whose promise is very great. In the field of painting, an American negro, W. O. Tanner, has won eminent honors, here and abroad. Only the other day a young boy, Richard Brown, astonished artists here and elsewhere by the skill of his untaught brush. Who can estimate what fifty years hence will be the contribution of this often poetic and ever musical people to the intellectual wealth of the nation?

Long before the next half-century shall have passed the country will, we trust, have awakened to the resources it has in this still lowly race. As they have made the best soldiers in our regular army, so the South may yet realize that, by kindness, by the abolition of lynching, peonage, and the horrible chain-gangs, by reasonable wages, and by the inspiration of civic and political rewards, its negroes may be made into thoroughly efficient labor. Common sense alone will urge a different course from that of to-day in the fields and factories where negro labor is abundant. In the North negroes will be valued as a bulwark against union-labor tyranny and labor anarchy, and as an asset of the Protestant Church. As they are encouraged and helped forward and aided in freeing themselves from the conditions of life which make for inefficiency and immorality, our colored Americans will repay, even in a purely material way, those who aid them upward. Just as their gratitude for the Emancipation Proclamation is measured to-day not by the meetings they hold, but by their material and intellectual advance, so the nation can best express its gratitude to Lincoln and his generation by taking hold of this so-called negro problem as a whole and hastening its solution in accordance with the dictates of democracy and of justice.

THE NEW GOVERNOR.

Gov. Sulzer, of New York, takes office with a somewhat amusing byplay of being just "plain Bill," but we do not think that this, or anything else in his past career, will prevent the people of the State from giving him fair play. He protests that he is the same man he always has been, and this may readily be believed. He has still at command those minor political arts which the judicious smile at rather than condemn; his little affectations, his conscious poses, at Albany are only what he has long accustomed us to at Washington; and they are among those rather comic "devices of popularity" which, Burke said, "diffuse occasional gayety over the severe brow of moral freedom." But by none of these things, nor even by his political antecedents, will the new Governor of New York be finally judged. His mannerisms and his boastings will all easily be passed by, provided that he shows real capacity and vigorous honesty, both personal and political, in administering the affairs of the State. No one will begrudge him, and every one will wish him, success.

His beginnings are plainly significant of good intentions, though neither in his inaugural address nor in his message to the Legislature did he get much beyond the region of large but vague promises. But it would be premature to form a complete judgment from this, because Mr. Sulzer himself admits the need of being more specific in future messages, and implies that he shall be. It is well to preach economy, and to hold out the hope that by retrenchment the need of a direct tax may be avoided; but somebody is bound to show what are the definite savings that can be effected, what particular offices may be abolished, and what public appropriations can be cut down. So of many other recommendations made by Gov. Sulzer. They are nearly all in general terms. But they will have to be made precise, if they are not to add to the number of New Year's resolutions, made only to be forgotten. And the incidental evils of a plan that sounds promising will also have to be fully considered by some one. Thus Mr. Sulzer favors a scheme of wages boards, to fix the minimum rates in given industries, and to allow no one to work for less. On this subject Professor Seager read a paper—generally favorable to the project—before the American Economic Association, in which he admitted that a necessary part of this plan seems to be that the State would have to assume the support of those whom it forbids to work at less than the minimum wage. Has Gov. Sulzer ever thought of this?

All that he has so far given us to go upon is evidence of his general attitude towards legislation and towards administrative work. As regards the former, it is evident that he intends to favor policies that he thinks are "popular" and that in general are along the line of what has come to be called progressive legislation. In all this we do not ques-

tion his sincerity, nor do we doubt that he will be able to accomplish something. We are content to wait for the proof of the pudding in the eating. But in addition to planning, there is always the difficulty of execution. It is one thing to devise changes in the law, and another to get the right men to carry out the law. The danger of a breakdown on the administrative side is one that ever besets a Governor, and it is evident that Mr. Sulzer is peculiarly exposed to it.

Proof of this is seen in his remanning of the State Civil Service Commission. On the general subject, he expressed in his message admirable sentiments. He was for maintaining and extending the law establishing the merit system; and he wished the Commission to coöperate freely with county and municipal authorities. That was promise; what is the performance? That was a theory on paper; who are the men selected to give it concrete embodiment? Men utterly unknown to the reform. They have no record except as regular party politicians, and no evidence is given, with their appointment, that they have ever had any interest in civil-service reform, or any comprehension of it. They may turn out to be better than any one now believes them to be; but it is plain that the Democratic spoilsmen do not think so. The latter are now chuckling over the new Commission as one that "will not need to be watched." Now, our point is that Gov. Sulzer might have named men whose appointment would everywhere have been recognized as meaning the rigid upholding of the civil-service laws. The Governor might have followed up high professions by high selections. And there was the more reason for doing so in that the Civil Service Commission had been brought under suspicion and under fire during the past two years. A really intelligent and determined civil-service reformer would, in Gov. Sulzer's place, have seen the necessity of striking hard at the beginning, and of getting Commissioners whose names would speak of knowledge of what was needed, and of resolution to see that it was done.

Gov. Sulzer plainly desires it to be understood that he is his own master, and independent of Tammany. But the facts will speak louder even than his loud words about this. The story is current that a kind of theatric encounter is to take place between Sulzer and Murphy, the former to chase the latter with "the cheap numerosity of a stage army," and strike at him with a tin sword, the two thereafter to get together and "do business" amicably. But this could impose upon nobody. If Gov. Sulzer is honestly to fight Tammany there must be real weapons and real blood, and at the end a real corpse.

PATRONS FOR GENIUS.

The *Independent* recently printed a letter from an aspiring youth who was in search of a patron. None has yet appeared, at least openly, and now the same magazine publishes a letter from an older and wiser man who also was once in quest of a Mæcenas. Ten years ago, he writes, he had an idea for a great romance. He knew it to be original. No story had been written even suggesting the plot or the treatment he had in mind. This, by the way, might have been sufficient to put him on his guard. The extreme of the unfamiliar could hardly be much better than the extreme of the familiar. But he was wrapped up in his glorious dream. He piously believed that God had granted him the theme he had prayed for. He was confident of his ability to handle it. All that he lacked was time, and for that he begged, he says, in words not unlike those of the letter that has brought his own struggle back to him. What was the result? "I didn't get the help, and I am heartily glad that I did not." What an anti-climax this will be to those who cannot look down upon it from the calm vantage-point of ten years later! How it will seem to them but one more illustration of that fearful, yet seemingly inevitable, chilling of the noble flame that burns so brightly as one starts out to conquer the world! That at twenty-five this correspondent should not have succeeded in finding a Mæcenas is natural enough—only too natural, they will think; but at thirty-five to be heartily glad that he didn't—is not this treason to the spirit of Youth?

Superficially, it might seem so, but the correspondent himself has a further word about it. The romance, he still thinks, was a worthy theme. It was himself that was wanting. "I was not ready to write it," he says. "I was striving for self-glorification. I wanted time and ease in which to make people lionize me." Now, if the story ever comes to paper, it will be better for the years in which he has carried it in his heart. But here again the youthful enthusiast will demur. Is success incompatible with any except the highest motives? Do all poets write purely for the joy of the writing, and without ever a thought of self-glory? Are there no mixed motives in the turning out of novels, even novels with a purpose? Why should no admixture of selfishness be allowed the ambitious youth without a patron? There was Horace himself, the man who made Mæcenas famous. Did he write with no eye for posterity? Or did he make use of the generous assistance of the Father of Patrons all the more gladly because it enabled him, as he sang, with charming candor and superb self-confidence, to build an enduring monument to his name? Practically, it does not matter. One seeking a patron would naturally take care to put the best motive foremost, if it were not the glorious distinction of youth to be conscious of no motives but the best. And patrons have a way of scattering their favors that seems to take no account of motive, and to be guided by no rule but chance.

It would ordinarily be as idle as cruel to ask the attention of a Mæcenas-seeker to the point of view of Mæcenas. Now and then a patron arises who is apparently gifted with power to gaze upon the seeds of time, and say which of them will grow, and which will not. Horace, for instance, turned out to be very good fruit. But how was the Earl of Chesterfield to know that the awkward figure whom he had encouraged and who was now threatening ruin to his fine carpets, as well as to his reputation as an associate of the well-bred, was to develop into the petted bear, if not the lion, of London society? Being a Mæcenas is very much like being a gold-hunter: it is so easy to spend a fortune in hunting one. Thus the fallibility of the judgment of the patron combines with the fallibility of the judgment of the patron-seeker in reference to himself to make the path of the aspirant difficult and lonely. His loneliness, too, is usually increased by the conviction that no one was ever in his position before. The talent, as he believes, which has been committed to him, he keeps in a napkin, not from choice, but from necessity.

His case is made worse by the apparently unlimited supply of Mæcenases for certain kinds of activities. The man who is curious about the habits of a hitherto misunderstood earthworm; his fellow who takes an equal interest in the proceedings of the town meeting of Penobscot in the winter of 1784; and their associate who is fired with enthusiasm for the bibliography of literary criticism in Polynesia prior to the explorations of Captain Cook—for these men there is a patron in almost any street. For them Institutions and Foundations are created, college chairs are endowed, and travelling fellowships scattered. But the man or woman with an unsung poem or an untold tale, a painting or a statue that exists only in the imagination, must dream in solitude. The unlit lamp and the ungirt loins of these draw no sympathy from the more fortunate. Occasionally, one can get revenge on one's own unappreciative generation by leaving behind a treasure that posterity will place among the masterpieces, but this is at best a somewhat unsatisfactory method, particularly since one can never be quite sure what posterity will do. And even this does not meet the problem of the word that waits forever for the moment of leisure in which alone it may be made worthy to be uttered.

"A CERTAIN WITTY FRENCHMAN."

"A certain witty Frenchman, on one occasion, said," etc. Not that he always said the same thing at this one supreme moment. But we don't expect consistency from any one so clever as he. It is enough that we feel gratitude for all the poor jokes which, recounted in his name, have somehow been spared the fate of falling flat. He is in a class with "a London specialist," flitting nameless through the press, at whose prescription bachelors cheerfully try to raise hair and young women to grow thin. With most people the reputations of both men are firmly established, and it is only a question of deciding whether the Frenchman was wittier than the London specialist is scientific. The tenses of the verb applied to them are important. For the one thing known about our two benefactors is that the Londoner still lives, while the Frenchman belongs to the past. The former is invariably quoted as *saying*, the latter as *having said*. There's the rub for the modernists, who are just now having things much their way—to see their witticisms passed by for those of a dead Frenchman! What consolation they can get from the situation comes from sometimes recognizing their own words in those said to have issued from lips long sealed.

But this is not enough. The modernists have lately broadened the question. They ask, Is the humor of bygone days really as good as that of Broadway in this present year of grace? Are the jokes in "The Rivals" as "snappy" as those of a certain (not nameless) pair of living comedians? Far be it from us to give an answer on compulsion, for it is perfectly evident what one is expected to reply. But in a narrower form we have been attracted to the discussion by a volume come to our notice from the middle of the eighteenth century, entitled "The Oxford Sausage, or Select Poetical Pieces, Written by the Most Celebrated Wits of the University of Oxford." It is perhaps possible to make some comparison of the college humor of a century and a half ago with that of to-day. As might be expected, academic fun still clings to some of the old lines. Corresponding to certain well-known Harvard tributes to John the Orangeman is the following ode to one Tyrrell, a famous Oxford cook:

> How I congratulate fair Isis,
> That such the taste for mutton pies is!
> Hail glorious Ben! whose genius high
> First plann'd a genuine mutton pie!
> Born to combine with matchless taste
> The charms of pepper and of paste!
> Was but the motion of my pen
> Quick as thy rolling-pin, O Ben!
> O, could my thoughts thy pastry ape,
> And slide, like yielding dough, to shape;
> My genius, like thy oven glow,
> My numbers, like thy gravy flow;
> Or, in the twinkling of an eye,
> I cook an ode, as you a pie, etc.

And one is reminded also of Milton's mock seriousness in memory of Hobson, the Cambridge postman.

Quite as profane as the Yale student's caricature of Wordsworth's reverence for the commonplace, in the form of "Meditations of a Banana-Peel on Being Run Over by a Dump Cart," is the Oxford man's fling at Gray's "Elegy":

> The curfew tolls the Hour of closing Gates,
> With jarring Sound the Porter turns the Key,
> Then in his dreary Mansion slumb'ring waits,
> And slowly, sternly quits it—tho' for me.

"Integer vitæ" proves, at the hands of another Oxonian, to be "the man who not a farthing owes." Most of the selections have to do with the reading to which a boy in those days would naturally be attracted—Pope, Swift, Young, Thomson, though all of the life which came under his eye was perfectly good grist—the liveryman, the wigmaker, the tavern-keeper, and the bar-maid. And not infrequently he praised his ale or tobacco, while ostensibly imitating a dignified poet.

The one point of difference between college humor then and now, at least to judge by this volume, is that to-day it is much nearer to the humor of the world at large. "The Oxford Sausage" contains an occasional reference to London or to European politics, but in the main reflects university life. Every one knows the changes which have been made since then, and especially how close the college has grown to the world without its walls. We recall the modest admonition of a dean of one American institution that the stories in the college paper would greatly profit if they employed as heroes students who at least spent their nights in the college town. Yet, whatever professors may desire, it appears inevitable, under the present circumstances, that students should take on color from the world at large, and particularly that they should adjust their jokes to those of the stage and the popular periodicals. Save for the few lingering forms of literary burlesque, already described, college humor may be said to-day to differ from the professional variety only in the freshness, the delightful inconsequence, which youth can normally muster. Yet the modernists must wait for an answer to their question whether college fun at present is not superior to what it was a century or two ago. One point, at least, we are willing to concede—namely, that the "witty Frenchman" was not all that he has been cracked up to be.

THE AMERICAN HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION.

Providence, R. I., December 31, 1912.

The meeting of the American Historical Association at Boston, December 27-31, promised from the start exceptional interest in the fact that the president of the Association was Theodore Roosevelt. Beyond the reminder, however, still as necessary as it is commonplace, that literary attractiveness is not incompatible with scholarly worth, and

that a book must be readable if it is to be widely read, Mr. Roosevelt's address on "History as Literature" offered nothing of special interest to the historian; nor was it an important contribution to literature. There was no mistaking the warmth of the reception accorded the speaker by an audience mainly representative of the East, but it may nevertheless be hoped that the presidency of this great national learned society will hereafter be reserved for scholars rather than for political leaders.

The programme of papers and conferences, which presented an unusual array of distinguished names, exhibited to advantage the manifold activities of the Association. The Public Archives Commission, organized at the Boston meeting fourteen years ago, and with reports on the archives of two-thirds of the States to its credit, has begun to concern itself with other archival interests. This year, for example, the conference of archivists paid particular attention to a proposed manual of archival administration, and to the effort, unfortunately not yet in a very forward state, for a building for the national archives at Washington. Dr. Herman V. Ames, after ten years of service, retires from the chairmanship of the Commission, and is succeeded by Victor H. Paltsits. The Historical Manuscripts Commission, which continues under the chairmanship of Worthington C. Ford, promises, among other things, an edition of the private correspondence of William Vans Murray, Minister to France in the administration of John Adams.

Instead of the usual programme of formal papers, several of the section meetings dealt with the present condition of historical study in their respective fields, or pointed out new paths still awaiting the investigator. Oriental and Græco-Roman history, the Middle Ages, modern commerce, American history from 1815 to 1860, were all surveyed in this comprehensive way, with a resulting wealth of suggestions for doctoral dissertations and special studies. Prof. Edwin F. Gay frankly characterized as fiction a good deal of what had passed for instruction in the history of commerce. In the field of American history, Prof. William E. Dodd, of the University of Chicago, and Prof. Ulrich B. Phillips, of the University of Michigan, emphasized the need of a more thorough study of slavery on its economic side, though differing sharply in their views regarding the economic profitableness of that institution. Professor Dodd's paper, bristling with suggestions of work yet to be done, was nevertheless a striking illustration of the tendency, rather sedulously encouraged in certain academic quarters, to minimize almost to the vanishing point the abolition movement and the moral opposition of the North to slavery, and to write the history of the anti-slavery movement primarily in terms of economic development. Prof. T. C. Smith, of Williams, while sweepingly repudiating such a treatment as that of Von Holst, very properly questioned the contemporary prominence of the plantation system as a factor in national politics; and Prof. Allen Johnson, of Yale, wisely deprecated the sectional treatment of American history in any period. Constitutional history, once regarded as a serious and dignified branch of learning, and obviously of importance in a country like the United States, found no champion in the discussion. A largely attended section on military history, however, evidenced a marked increase of interest in this neglected field; and a forthcoming report on the study of military history in colleges and universities will be awaited with keen expectations.

An otherwise informing paper on "Religious Forces in the American Revolution," by Prof. C. H. Van Tyne, of the University of Michigan, developed a curious inaccuracy in the use of terms; the author devoting the larger part of his attention to the political influence of the New England clergy, and reaching the subject of religion only at the latter portion of his paper, where the opposition of Samuel Adams and others to Roman Catholicism, and of various dissenting sects to episcopacy, was interestingly touched upon. Prof. George L. Burr, of Cornell, on the other hand, offered a brilliant and all-too-brief discussion of the religious and theological conception of the state in the Middle Ages, and the position of Lutheranism in relation to it. Of another sort was the concise and straightforward paper by Henry P. Biggar, of London, on "The New Columbus," traversing the recent hostile criticisms of Vignaud, and upholding the older view that the discovery of America was accidental, and that the Indies were the region of which Columbus was really in search. Charles Francis Adams, with his usual incisiveness and more than his usual eloquence, pointed to the victory of the Constitution over the Guerrière as the birth of the United States as a world power.

The section on Historical Bibliography developed a novel and lively discussion over the reviewing of historical books. Prof. Carl Becker, of the University of Kansas, who opened the question, had no difficulty in demonstrating the shortcomings of much which to-day, especially in daily newspapers, passes for book reviewing, but his solution of the problem hardly matched the keenness of his criticism. What Professor Becker desired, apparently, was two distinct kinds of reviews: the one of the utmost brevity, restricted almost entirely to bibliographical specification; the other a more or less elaborate essay which should be not merely an appraisal of the book, but a critical contribution to the subject. He failed to take any satisfactory account of the fact that, while reviews of the first class would undoubtedly meet the needs of bibliographers and specialists, and those of the second must be as rare as great literature itself, the needs of an intelligent public, joined to practical conditions of space and proportion in every periodical, create a legitimate demand for reviews which, in modest compass, shall nevertheless be both critical and informing. That there is abundant need for reform in this direction every editor knows, but it was not with this phase of the matter that Professor Becker and most of those, nearly all of them reviewers, who discussed his entertaining paper appeared to be chiefly concerned.

The New England History Teachers' Association, which held its semi-annual meeting in connection with the American Historical Association, offered a contribution of special significance to teachers. A committee, the chairman of which was Prof. John O. Sumner, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, undertook the task of showing the kind of equipment which the study and teaching of history and economics in secondary schools requires, by fitting up at Simmons College a series of model classrooms. Separate rooms for ancient, European, American, and economic history, a library, map, and study room, and a history room for rural schools, were furnished with carefully selected maps, charts, pictures, casts, and other illustrative material, besides a liberal provision of books. An informal report by Professor Sumner (the full report will appear later), embodying the returns from a *questionnaire*, showed on the whole encouraging gain in equipment in the secondary schools of New England, notwithstanding that in the majority of schools no adequate provision for teaching history is yet made.

The reports submitted at the business meeting indicated that, while the membership exceeds 2,800, the financial resources of the Association do not at present justify the assumption of any new undertakings. Encouragement is to be found, however, in the fact that the *History Teachers' Magazine*, taken over by the Association a year ago, promises shortly to be self-supporting; and the series of prize essays, separately issued, bids fair to pay for itself. The Justin Winsor prize was awarded to Dr. A. C. Cole for an essay on "The Whig Party in the South." A committee on the preparation of teachers of history in schools, headed by Prof. Dana C. Munro, of the University of Wisconsin, will shortly report in print. The meeting of 1913 is to be held at Columbia and Charleston, S. C., with Prof. William A. Dunning, of Columbia University, as president; and the meeting-

places for 1914 and 1915 have also been decided upon, the former at Chicago, and the latter, in the summer, at San Francisco in connection with the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

THE PHILOLOGISTS AND ARCHÆOLOGISTS AT WASHINGTON.

GRANVILLE, O., January 4.

The annual sessions of the American Philological Association and the Archæological Institute of America were held in the rooms of the new building of the National Museum, in Washington, December 26-31. The weather was pleasant with the exception of one rainy day, the usual forms of social recognition were extended to members of the several organizations, and the authorities of the Library of Congress placed on exhibition for the occasion a selection from its facsimiles of ancient and mediæval manuscripts. Three long sessions each day, however, left comparatively little time for outside attractions. As usual, the main feature of the first evening meeting was the address of the retiring president of the Philological Association. Prof. Thomas D. Goodell, president for the past year, took for his subject "An Athenian Critic of Life," and gave to his hearers a very scholarly and effective appreciation of Sophocles.

Prof. William Gardner Hale, whose active interest in effecting a readjustment of linguistic terminology is well known, presented a scheme for the classification of sentences and clauses. The current classification as declarative, interrogative, imperative, and exclamatory, he assailed as not resting upon any one consistent basis of division, and for various other defects. In its place he would put a three-fold division, based on the fact that each sentence or clause either tells something, asks something, or assumes something. The terms declarative and interrogative would therefore be retained from the present classification, and the term assumptive added. Each one of the three, without losing its basic character, may become exclamatory under pressure of strong feeling. The whole matter of proposed changes in grammatical terminology will come formally before the Philological Association next year in a report from a joint committee of this Association, the Modern Language Association, and the National Educational Association. The main purpose of the movement is to procure a uniformity of grammatical terminology for the various languages taught in our schools and colleges, but it is not unlikely that the fundamental desirability of such uniformity will be strongly assailed when the report comes up for action.

The attendance of members of the Philological Association was less than the average, New England sharing with the Middle West and the South in responsibility for the shortage. The question of a meeting place for next year was left with the executive committee, with the suggestion that a joint meeting with the Modern Language Association would be desirable, if suitable arrangements could be made. This does not indicate the intention to break away permanently from connection with the Archæological Institute, but it was held that there might be gain in the occasional cultivation of other affinities, and perhaps in occasional meetings alone. Prof. Harold North Fowler was elected president for the coming year, with Profs. Frank F. Abbott and Carl D. Buck vice-presidents. Prof. Frank Gardner Moore, of Columbia University, was continued as secretary.

Washington is naturally favorable to a successful meeting of the Archæological Institute, and the session just closed is regarded as the most satisfactory in the history of the organization. The report of the president, Prof. Francis W. Kelsey, of the University of Michigan, gives a most inspiring sketch of the growth of the Institute since 1902, the date of certain changes in methods of administration in the interest of a more effective forward movement. Since that date the regular income has more than doubled, and the membership has risen from a little above one thousand to nearly three thousand. President Kelsey's five years of service have been marked by unbounded energy and enthusiasm, and in laying down the office he expresses the belief that the Institute "has only begun to realize the possibilities of its twofold mission, the advancement of knowledge in a most important field of human achievement and the wide dissemination of the highest ideals of art and learning." Among the recommendations of his report to the Council were the formation of a Committee on Egyptian Archæology, coördinate with the existing Committee on Mediæval and Renaissance Studies, the investigation of the possibility of procuring funds for the establishment of an American School in Peking, and the formation of a Committee on Museums, consisting of experts who will hold themselves in readiness to render assistance to affiliated societies in this part of their work. The Council took favorable action on all these suggestions.

On the last day of the year the absorption of the School of Classical Studies in Rome with the American Academy became complete, and thus the school passed finally out of its subordinate relation to the Institute. It is confidently expected that the movement to procure endowment for the School in Jerusalem will make such progress during the current year as to relieve the budget of the Institute of further expense except for the fellowship which it provides. A similar hope is entertained for the school in Santa Fé. The interesting fact was brought out that the representatives of the Institute in Santa Fé have been repeatedly appealed to for assistance in bringing the architecture of the city into harmony with its historical traditions and in recasting the naming of the streets to the same end.

Possibly the most important item of all in the work of the past year is the finding of a long bilingual inscription in the Lydian and Aramaic languages. As the accumulation of Lydian inscriptions now in hand is large, the importance of this key will readily be realized, especially when we consider the tradition of the Lydian origin of the Etruscans.

During the past year the demand came to the Institute for several series of "Extension Courses" of lectures on archæological subjects, and the success of these courses was so great that ten similar courses have already been arranged for the coming year, lasting from one to three weeks each. This movement, beginning in Colorado Springs and confined to the West, so far, is of course in addition to the regular system of lectures provided by the Institute under the direction of the general secretary, Dr. Mitchell Carroll, of Washington, and is likely to be of great service in strengthening the local affiliated societies and interesting a wider circle in the work.

The presidency of the Institute was filled by the unanimous choice of Dr. Harry L. Wilson, of the Johns Hopkins University, who, as vice-president, has had charge during the past year of the work of excavation and exploration.

W. H. JOHNSON.

THE SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

WASHINGTON, December 30, 1912.

The meeting of the Society this year (December 27 and 28) in conjunction with the Archæological Institute of America and the American Philological Association had the effect of bringing a larger number of its members to the sessions than usual. The social intercourse with numbers of colleagues in other fields at afternoon teas and evening receptions was also a pleasant feature, the nature of which, as an offset to the specializing tendency of modern scholarship, is not to be underestimated. On the other hand, there are some who feel that the distinctive and *intime* character of the scientific sessions is unfavorably affected by the somewhat restless spirit that accompanies large and promiscuous gatherings. Perhaps as a compromise, a combination of kindred scientific bodies should be planned at certain intervals, but not as an annual occurrence.

The feature of the opening session is

always the president's address, which this year, given by Prof. L. B. Paton, of Hartford Theological Seminary, proved to be particularly valuable and suggestive. Professor Paton chose as his subject "Israel's Conquest of Canaan." Beginning with an analysis of the two accounts of the conquest, one in the Book of Joshua and the other in the Book of Judges, which cannot be reconciled with each other by any sound scholarly method, he passed on to a consideration of the evidence from outside, chiefly Egyptian, sources for the presence of Hebrew tribes in Palestine, which parallels the apparent contradictions in the Biblical sources. Some of this evidence points to the conquest of tribes forming part of the later Hebrew federation during the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty, while other phases of the evidence lead us to the Nineteenth Dynasty. The solution proposed by Professor Paton, with a due consideration of the entire material, was to assume two conquests, an earlier and incomplete one by the tribes grouped around the name of Leah as one of the wives of the traditional Jacob, and a later supplementary one in which the Rachel tribes form the chief factors. The former, recounted in Joshua, he would place in the Eighteenth Egyptian Dynasty, the latter, described in Judges, in the Nineteenth Dynasty. This bare outline cannot do justice to the scholarly polish and charm of Professor Paton's presentation of one of the most difficult, though also one of the most fascinating, problems of ancient Hebrew history.

Prof. Paul Haupt's contribution at this session was on the visions of the Prophet Zachariah, which he interpreted as referring to internal dissensions in the Persian Empire during the reign of Darius I (522-486 B. C.), which it was hoped by the Jews would lead to the overthrow of the Empire and the triumph of the Jerusalem priesthood over that of the rival sect, with its religious centre in Samaria.

An incisive investigation of the alleged medical language of the Gospel of Luke and Acts was contributed by Prof. Henry J. Cadbury, of Haverford College. Ever since the days of Hobart, an American New Testament scholar who died in 1830, the thesis has been maintained that the medical terms in Luke and Acts confirm the tradition that the books were written by a physician. Professor Cadbury took up a detailed study of the language of these two books, with the result that the so-called medical terms are neither such as are peculiar to distinctly medical writings nor such as a layman could not be expected to know. Applying the same test to other writers, such as, *e. g.*, Lucian, who we know was not a physician, he found by statistical word studies that Lucian's Dialogues and Essays might have been written by a physician. The conclusion reached, therefore, was that the long-accepted thesis was unsound. The rejection of it does not prove that Luke was not a physician or that he is not the author of these works, but merely that the language is of no avail in settling the two questions.

Prof. Morris Jastrow, of the University of Pennsylvania, presented the outlines of a study of the thirteenth and fourteenth chapters of Levitieus, which form a little group by themselves, detailing (a) the symptoms of various skin diseases, as well as spots in garments, stuffs, or houses, and (b) the purification ritual in connection with those phenomena. He showed that the starting-point was a little *Torah*, or a series of priestly decisions regarding the manner of treating one supposed to be afflicted with leprosy, and what he was to do in case he was healed. This "stock" of the two chapters antedates a temple organization, as is shown, first, by the fact that the purification ritual takes place outside of the camp, where the suspect is obliged to dwell, and, secondly, by the circumstance that in this earliest form of the ritual the cleansing from disease (placed on a level with sin) is accomplished by the primitive method of transferring the disease to a bird, just as the scapegoat carries the sins of man with him into the wilderness. The elaboration of this little *Torah* into the detailed analysis of various skin diseases, and the attachment of an elaborate temple ritual for purposes of purification, were the work of many hands and many generations—the result of successive attempts to distinguish on the one hand and to amplify on the other.

At the second session, Prof. B. W. Bacon, of Yale University, gave a conclusive demonstration that what has hitherto been held a prologue to the Gospel of John in the earliest codex of the Latin version of the New Testament was in reality a subscript to the Apocalypse, ascribed to John. The formula forming the epilogue was written between the Apocalypse and the Gospel, and by a careless scribe was attached to John instead of being regarded as the conclusion of the Apocalypse. The practical agreement of this epilogue with one found in an Ethiopic version of the Apocalypse made the demonstration complete. Prof. M. G. Kyle, of Xenia Theological Seminary, laid before the Society the evidence from excavations conducted by Flinders Petrie at Heliopolis in the spring of 1912, at which Professor Kyle assisted, to show that this most ancient capital of the Egyptian kingdom contained traces of Hyksos occupation of the same character as the Hyksos settlement at Hres—the modern Tell-el-Yehudijeh—only a few miles from Heliopolis. This evidence comes from the character and measurements of the wall traced at Heliopolis and from the style of the pottery.

Several papers falling properly into the category of Biblical studies were read at the Oriental section of the Archæological Institute, which met with the Biblical Society on Saturday morning. Mention should be made of an uncommonly convincing argument to show that in its original form, Tatian's "Diatesseron," which is the earliest Harmony of the Gospels, did not contain the genealogy of Jesus as given by Matthew and Luke. The two genealogies, therefore, represent later additions to the Gospels and refer to distinct sources, though both are based on Jewish material.

Prof. George A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr College, was elected president of the Society of Biblical Literature for the ensuing year. M. J., JR.

CENTRAL DIVISION OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION.

URBANA, Ill., December 30, 1912.

About one hundred teachers, representing sixteen Central, Western, and Southern States, attended the eighteenth annual meeting of the Central Division of the Modern Language Association, held at Indianapolis, December 26-28. The Central Division was this year the guest of the State University of Indiana, of Purdue and De Pauw Universities, and of Wabash, Earlham, and Butler Colleges. Such a combination made possible the entertainment of the Association on a generous scale without imposing an unreasonable burden upon the modern language faculties of the separate institutions. The local committee representing the various institutions of higher learning in the State was assisted in its work by the modern-language faculties of the Indiana high schools; and the departmental meetings of Friday afternoon were, therefore, appropriately held in the rooms of the Shortridge High School.

These departmental sessions, which have become an important feature of the annual meetings, are peculiar to the Central Division, the Eastern meeting never having set apart any time for the discussion of the pedagogical problems connected with modern languages. At the departmental gatherings this year, the members discussed such matters as "Philology versus Literature" and "The Use of Phonetics in the Teaching of German," together with other topics of interest to

Philologers who chase
A panting syllable through time and space.

The English section has undertaken to deal methodically with certain problems connected with the teaching of that subject; it has appointed committees to carry on an extended investigation, the results of which have from

time to time been published. The committee appointed two years ago to investigate the labor and cost of composition teaching presented its final report this year. The report showed, among other things, that English is the least expensive subject taught in the high school, the average annual cost of supplying a pupil with instruction in English being only seven dollars, as compared with an average annual outlay of sixteen dollars the pupil for chemistry, and of twelve dollars for combined vocational subjects. This committee was continued for the purpose of investigating the conditions of composition teaching in colleges.

The chairman of the section presented a report of an investigation of the preparation of college teachers of English. Fifty-four per cent. of those doctors of philosophy who answered the inquiry sent to them believed a change in the training of graduate students for the teaching of undergraduates desirable. Of the college presidents who replied, 52 per cent. expressed a similar discontent with the present system. Both groups agreed, in a general way, that the graduate schools have overstressed scientific research. They believe that there should be more emphasis upon composition, and proportionately less upon linguistic training. As a result of these criticisms, a committee was appointed to investigate and formulate on the constructive side some definite suggestions for the improvement of graduate training of future teachers of freshman English.

The Central Division meeting was in one respect unique in the history of the Association. The programme was actually finished by Saturday noon, and the final session was, consequently, omitted. Such alacrity was made possible by the small amount of discussion that followed the various papers. This was due in part to the crowded condition of the programme, and in part to the high degree of specialization of which the papers were the expression. One questions whether the future programme should not be arranged on a somewhat different plan. The alternative would be to limit still further the number of papers presented to those certain to be provocative of discussion, leaving others to enlarge the list of those to be read only by title. Such a modification of the programme would be quite within the discretion of the secretary, and would almost certainly increase the interest of the meeting.

The next meeting of the Central Division will be held at Cincinnati. The officers elected for the ensuing year are Prof. T. A. Jenkins, of the University of Chicago (chairman), and Prof. C. B. Wilson, of the State University of Iowa (secretary, reëlected for four years). As members of the executive committee were elected Profs. F. G. Hubbard, of the University of Wisconsin; A. F. Kuersteiner, of the University of Indiana, and G. O. Curme, of Northwestern University. EDWARD C. BALDWIN.

Correspondence

CABINET OFFICERS IN CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your excellent comment on President Taft's suggestion that Cabinet officers should appear in Congress, you point out that this plan "has long been urged here, from the time of Judge Story down." Perhaps it may not be improper for me to remind readers of the *Nation* of the many years during which my father advocated the measure which at last seems to be coming within reasonable distance of realization. In the late sixties, shortly after the war, he began writing to the *Nation* on the subject, and both in your columns and elsewhere he discussed the proposed reform from every point of view, defended it with arguments as thorough as they were rational, and answered innumerable objectors with fairness, brevity, and point.

As time went on, he became convinced that the change of political machinery he advocated would be even more beneficial in the cities and States than in the national Government, and he devoted his last years with energetic and passionate effort to the attempt to make Massachusetts the leader in a reform which he believed must surely come and would afford a cure for many of the evils now besetting our great experiment in democracy. The collection of his papers recently presented to the Massachusetts Historical Society is a remarkable illustration of long, patient labor for a patriotic object, with little hope or prospect of reward. "The Lesson of Popular Government" collects the results of this labor in definite, tangible, readable form.

It may well be that my father exaggerated the advantages of the end he aimed at. All reformers do. In his calmer moments he would have been the first to recognize this. No universal panacea can be found for the vast ills that necessarily beset an organization so huge, so complex, and so nervously sensitive as the self-government of one hundred millions. But my father had limitless confidence in the honesty and good sense of the mass of the people and he was convinced that the only thing needed to bring these qualities into effective action was the careful perfecting of the governmental machinery. In other words, he thought the cry that the best men are willing to take no part in politics was all wrong, that the best men were kept out of politics by a system which set a premium on dishonesty and incompetence, and that the change he urged would at least facilitate improvement. He would often point out, what you justly observe, that all civilized Governments except our own bring executive and legislature into direct contact; and he further believed that some points in the constitution of our Government would enable us to do this more effectively than almost any other nation.

My father often said to me that he did not care who got the credit of his plan, so it was tried, and that he did not expect either reward or glory from it. Yet now that those in authority are turning to it, it seems only just that his name should be mentioned, and especially in the *Nation*, where he fought the best and longest of his battles. GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

Wellesley Hills, Mass., December 30, 1912.

[We print this letter with pleasure. No attempt was made in our editorial note to follow the history of the movement, and we took it for granted that our readers would recollect Mr. Bradford's long series of letters published in the *Nation*, the latest of which was dated July 27, 1909.—ED. NATION.]

CONDITIONS IN CUBA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent letter in the *Nation* Mr. Sydney Brooks protests that the State Department of the United States is too prone to interfere in Cuban affairs, and that too elastic a construction has been placed on the Platt amendment. He cites the recent protest of an English railway company, operating the Cuban Central Railroad, which has registered an objection, through the British Foreign Office, to a concession granted to a rival company.

Perhaps Mr. Brooks is not familiar with the conditions of that grant. The Cuban Central Railroad put in a bid for the concession, guaranteed building a better road at a lower rate, and had been virtually assured of the concession. But the concession was suddenly swung to the North Shore Railroad Company of Cuba, incorporated in Delaware. It gives the new company the right to parallel the Cuban Central for about three hundred miles, from Nuevitas to Caibarien, and is altogether contradictory to the terms of the charter of the Cuban Central. A liberal subsidy has been granted to the company. On these grounds, the protest was made to Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador at Washington, who officially requested the State Department to investigate the conditions of the grant.

Mr. Brooks does not refer to the Amnesty bill which is to come up before the Cuban Senate on January 13, and which has already passed the Cuban House. This provides for granting general amnesty to criminals whose crimes were committed during the six years that Gen. Gomez has been President of Cuba. It may be news to Mr. Brooks that the State Department is now investigating the scope of this bill, and will undoubtedly interfere if any attempt is made to carry the measure through and put it into force.

Various other concessions were granted under the Gomez régime which would not stand the light of investigation. In the new Administration lies the hope of the republic of Cuba, but till Gen. Menocal takes the oath of office, the Department of State is striving to prevent trouble. By interfering when unfair concessions are granted, and by investigating arbitrary measures, such as the Amnesty bill, it is hoped to avert more serious complications.

JOHN NEVILLE.

New York, January 1.

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your review of "The Works of Thomas Deloney" (December 5, 1912) you credit the phrase, "better bread than could be made of wheat," to Sancho Panza. Although he does use the phrase in the sixty-seventh chapter of Part II of "Don Quixote" (published in 1615, not, as your reviewer says, in 1600), yet the knight's niece gets the start of him in the seventh chapter of Part I (1605). Joseph de Perott.

Worcester, Mass., December 27, 1912.

"NAPIER'S BONES."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial on "A Mathematical Centenary" (December 26, 1912) may make pertinent the following information: At auction sale, last November, in London, of the library of the late Dowager Lady Napier and Ettrick, "some interesting relics of the inventor of logarithms appeared. Among them were the original wooden and metal numbering rods, called 'Napier's bones,' used by John Napier in his 'Rabdologiæ, seu Numerationis per Virgulas libri duo,' in 1615, and forming the first attempt at a calculating machine. For these £121 was paid by Mr. Quaritch." (*Antiquary*, December, 1912, n. s., VIII, 441-2.)

Rockingham.

Boston, January 6.

AN ELASTIC CURRENCY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your financial article of December 12 you state the case for attributing the recent slump in stocks mainly to money market conditions, *i. e.*, to the dearth of money at the critical moment of moving the crops. If the point is well taken, what is this but another example of the mischief due to an inelastic currency? The Government persists in failing to apply to the currency problem such a measure of financial capacity and efficiency as we see successfully applied in most European countries, and in every important group of British Colonies.

We all know that the losses to the country in the panic of 1907, due to the currency chaos, were simply incalculable, but how about the annual losses due to the same cause?

The "rich men's panic" of 1907 left four bad years in its wake—years of hard work for everybody and thin profits for the most, and of heavy exports to pay foreign debts and interest on foreign loans, while business remained bad long after the return of trade activity in Europe, and in spite of rising merchandise prices.

At every slump in American stocks Europe buys, to unload later at higher prices. The profits thus harvested by European investors must amount to many millions annually—all paid for by exporting the products of American soil, mines, and labor.

At the same time, the richer and clearer-headed financiers at home gather in sound stocks at cut prices. These conditions clearly favor the big men at the cost of the general public; they tend to build up a "Money Trust," and yet Congress, instead of meeting the urgent demand for a proper currency, such as is possessed by every other commercial country, spends public money and wastes the valuable time of busy men in a futile "Money Trust investigation." F. R. Welles.

Paris, December 27, 1912.

[It is going altogether too far to assume that, because money stringency occurs in the autumn crop-moving period under the present currency system, therefore the currency system is exclusively responsible for it. The truth is that some such autumn stringency would presumably recur, even with a scientific system of central reserve and rediscount in operation. Our reasons for thinking so are, in the first place, that autumn is a season of money stringency in European countries as well as in our own, despite the central banks of those communities, and, in the next place, that the particular "harvest demand" is for paper money in small denominations (a need which banknotes do not fill) and for "lawful money" to build up interior banks' reserves at a time when their home loans are expanding.

A scientific currency system would doubtless mitigate the stringency of an active autumn season; but would hardly remove it altogether. The panic of 1907 was not caused by a defective currency system, and, granting the same financial practices and abuses as preceded it, the panic would not have been averted by an ideal currency system. What such a model banking system might have done is to have checked the reckless and mischievous practices of our most powerful financiers before it was too late, and to have prevented the bad effects of a currency-hoarding mania—as the Bank of France is doing today.—Ed. Nation.]

SHAKESPEARE AND ARISTOTLE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida," in a speech by Hector, occur the following lines (ii, 2, 165-7):

> Not much
> Unlike young men, whom Aristotle thought
> Unfit to hear moral philosophy.

For some time (*vid.* Holmes's "The Authorship of Shakespeare" *et al.*), Baconians have pointed to these lines as evidential of Bacon's authorship of the plays. They call attention to the fact that, in Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" (first printed in 1605), Aristotle, as in "Troilus and Cressida" (first printed 1609), was misquoted, and in a similar manner. Bacon says, "Is not the opinion of Aristotle . . . to be regarded wherein he saith that young men are no fit auditors of moral philosophy?" (Aristotle had said that young men are unfit to *study political* philosophy. "Nichomachean Ethics," i, 8.)

But the misquotation goes back to a date some eighty years earlier than 1605. Erasmus, in his "Colloquia Familiaria," in his address to the reader entitled "De Utilitate Colloquiorum" (Basil, 1526), says "velut irrepens in animos adolescentium quos recte scripsit Aristoteles inidoneos auditores Ethicæ Philosophiæ." And again a few lines farther on he says: "Aristotelis Ethice non est apta pueris."

In regard, then, to the lines in "Troilus and Cressida," Erasmus, not Bacon, was responsible for the misrepresentation of what Aristotle wrote. ("Troilus and Cressida," though not published till 1609, was certainly acted much earlier, *vid.* Malone, Furnivall, Halliwell, *et al.*)

Daniel Ford.

University of Minnesota, January 2.

Literature

MEMOIRS OF H. H. BANCROFT.

Retrospection. By Hubert Howe Bancroft. New York: The Bancroft Co. $2 net.

Mr. Bancroft, now eighty years old, gives in this book his own story of his extraordinary and useful career. "I hardly know," he says, "what first led me into collecting books. Perhaps it was because I was a crank." Whether he was "a crank" or not, he served his age well, and his account, written in most informal style, descending sometimes to slang, is absorbing.

Born in Ohio of New England parents, he established himself in early manhood in the book-trade, at San Francisco. He prospered greatly, finding time from business to read, write, and collect. This work grew on his hands, and he pursued it for fifty years and more with diligence ever increasing. He amassed a library at last which is one of the wonders of our Western coast. It relates to the western half of our continent from Central America to Alaska, and in respect to history is as nearly exhaustive as human energy can make it. Mr. Bancroft has worked unremittingly himself and employed copyists, translators, and investigators by the score, often scholars of a high rank. He has bought manuscripts, pamphlets, printed books, often whole libraries, in America and Europe. His agents have taken dictations in the huts of the Eskimos and Aztecs, ransacked the old Spanish missions, set down the stories of pioneers, English, Spanish, Russian; explored government archives whenever there was a hint of material, and stopped at no outlay which would procure even a scrap likely to be of value. The mass of information has been intelligently connected and indexed, and carefully prepared histories summarize and supplement where needful. The time was propitious for such a labor, the moment when the Anglo-Saxon advance was displacing in the West what had gone before. The entire collection is now the property of the University of California.

Mr. Bancroft interests us most when describing his library and its formation, but he does much more. His

Retrospection goes through the whole of his long and wide experience of American life, and indeed takes into view our history from the beginning. To a large extent his chapters are not retrospective, but discussions of matters of present moment, and he does not withhold himself from prediction. In these excursions, breezily and roughly set forth, our author lays himself open to criticism. His knowledge is comprehensive but not accurate. Witches were never burned in Massachusetts; no John Owen founded the community at New Harmony on the Wabash; the pioneers of Kentucky were not allured by any landscapes of blue grass, for, if we may trust good Indiana historians, blue grass was carried into Kentucky as an exotic by soldiers returning home from the campaign of Tippecanoe in 1811. But passing over small errors, we find more serious faults. Mr. Bancroft lays down an excellent principle. Whoever, he says, discusses contemporary or proximate events should confine himself to statements of fact, with authorities; he cannot do more without danger of dogmatism and prejudice. Having thus declared himself, our author straightway plunges into a handling of men and events independent and audacious to the last degree, in which, to any calm judgment, dogmatism and prejudice run riot. As to the races which have come to America, he holds the negroes to be slothful, unstable, and licentious, at the present moment in our society hopeless economically, politically, and socially. Their deportation from Africa was a passage from the depths of cannibalism and degradation far worse than any Egyptian darkness to what was relatively a Canaan of ease and security. They prospered and multiplied under slavery, and now that slavery is gone, they remain only as a dismal encumbrance, not to be assimilated or employed for the purposes of a high civilization. In contrast with this gloomy view of the Africans are Mr. Bancroft's convictions as to the Asiatics, of whom he considers in particular the Chinese. These he holds to be industrious, most capable, cleanly, and peaceable. Their coming in large numbers to our Western coast was of vast benefit. They worked contentedly and effectively for small wages, affording to the new communities a most useful form of cheap labor. He minimizes their vices, and holds that a main argument for their exclusion, the fact, namely, that they do not desire American citizenship, but universally return with their small savings to China, is strongly in their favor.

As to individuals, Mr. Bancroft's characterizations are equally incisive and uncompromising. Seward was probably the best and brightest man who ever sat in the chair of the Secretary of State. McKinley was a magnanimous spirit whose policies and intentions were sound. For Taft there is mention of "his ponderous flesh and sickly smile," his "narrowness of mind," "his childish wilfulness and petulance." Roosevelt, on the other hand, is one "of the greatest men that ever lived," and Hiram Johnson followed Roosevelt "as Christ followed John the Baptist." There is, in fact, little to relieve the gloom of the outlook but the presence in our firmament of such stars as these. Rockefeller and Leland Stanford are "carbuncles," morbid excrescences on the body of society, and Carnegie, of whose libraries our author speaks contemptuously, is perhaps no better.

We think that Mr. Bancroft's great desert in the field of history is as a collector, compiler, systematizer, and in directing and inspiring the labors of others. A calm, judicial poise, the primary requisite for him who shall write history greatly, is not evident in this book. The New West, Mr. Bancroft's special field, has risen in Miltonic fashion, "like an exhalation," over night. Exhalations almost of necessity connote miasma, and we unquestionably have been breathing very bad air. Asphyxiation, however, we may hope, is not imminent. In the physical world we are coping with malaria and the "cobras of the air" that distribute yellow-fever, typhus, and infantile paralysis. As to moral malaria, is there less reason to hope? To weigh these things rightly requires of the historian of our period infinite coolness and discrimination. We think Mr. Bancroft over-nervous sometimes in his fears. Some of his heroes we think *bêtes noires*, and vice versa. We distrust his judgment in dealing with past events and in interpreting the signs of the present. Where we cannot follow we find him always stimulating. He has his human limitation. In his proper field he has done his country and his age a great service, rendered with force, ability, and purpose of the highest. We rejoice in the vigor unabated, if sometimes impatient and eccentric, of a champion so eminent and venerable.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Social Cancer (*Noli me Tangere*). By José Rizal. Translated by Charles Derbyshire. New York: The World Book Co.

The Reign of Greed (*El Filibusterismo*). The same.

Here are two books that every American should read; not simply because a Malay novelist is a great curiosity, but because these romances contain a serious exposition of the conditions which prevailed in the Philippines just before the American occupation. Those who readily believe in racial superiorities and inferiorities may find in these novels some stimulus to reflection. For here is a Filipino, with no European blood in his veins, who writes with the compelling charm of a Galdós, who has a considerable store of European culture and a perfect understanding of European ideals; who strikes chords of emotion that no American could find exotic; who believes passionately in all that Western civilization stands for, and whose appeal for the fraternity of races has not a trace of cowardice or pose.

We feel even that if José Rizal seems foreign to us at all, it is because certain literary motives that in the West have become sodden from over-cultivation return in his works with the fresh sincerity of youth. Few of our contemporary novelists could describe with such true exultance the beauty of Oriental moonlight, a tropical spring, all that distinctive local environment that so moves men like Pierre Loti or Lafcadio Hearn. This exquisite delicacy, so characteristic of Rizal's temperament, is all the more remarkable when we try to estimate the amount of furious passion that must have been behind his novels. For, after all, they are romances of most sombre outline, and their tragic appeal is intensified by the apparent effort for reserve, for sobriety, and kindliness of judgment.

A Spanish imperialist would, of course, maintain that Rizal's novels are a gross slander on Spanish rule, and that his execution in 1896 was justified by his revolutionary associations and by the inflammatory spirit of his works. We are probably still too close to the events involved to reach valuable conclusions on such questions. But we should observe that the major theses of Rizal are distinctly pro-Spanish in every essential. He attempts to prove first that everything good in Filipino civilization is due to Spain; and then that permanent advancement must come not from political convulsions, not from endless and abortive revolutions, but from an assimilation of Spanish civilization which automatically will place the Filipinos on a footing of equal opportunity with their rulers. So his great case against the Spanish is their refusal to disseminate their civilization, their use of the Islands preëminently for commercial and social exploitation, their exclusion of them from a respectable place in the Spanish Empire, and their inhibition of any national spirit, even of any Spanish national spirit, among the natives. He is fighting less for Filipino independence than for a Spanish school system on democratic lines.

We believe that this is the only fair interpretation of Rizal's position in his novels; though it must be confessed that the emotions aroused by them are not those best suited to guiding pacific reforms. If we are to believe his biographers, his own life experiences have entered too directly into the principal

episodes of his books not to have left in them some of the wild passions which his own sufferings, ending in martyrdom, must have created. And perhaps the calm reflection that shapes the plot around a constructive plan for social betterment in his countrymen, is obscured by the violent emotional reactions caused by the narrative of oppression, sorrow, and death. We can see how a remote public might find here a strong dose of melodrama. But if these episodes are based on facts, and some of them are documented by Rizal himself, how are we to calculate the effect they must have had on a suffering people knowing them to be true?

This portrayal of Filipino life gives permanent interest to these books. The characters are taken from every branch of society, including the Spaniard of noble ideals and the native of barbarous instincts. We are not sure that psychologically these people are very deeply or acutely drawn; but their exteriors at least are real and vivacious. If we do not carry away from among them any lasting friendships, we do gain a picture of life in the Philippines that is varied and complete.

The translation is accurate almost to literalness. Yet it might have been more appreciatively worked in the spots where the spirit becomes most distinctively local. Here, in fact, the translator missed a fine opportunity for editorship. His notes are too frequent on the commonplaces of European erudition; at times too personal in their views; most often entirely neglectful of those characteristic features of Oriental life which necessarily recur in the narrative, and which only people of long residence in the Philippines can be presumed to understand. The few Filipino words that appear are interpreted in a useful glossary.

Scientific Sprague. By Francis Lynde. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

This volume continues the history of the inter-mountain railway which played title rôle in the "Taming of Red Butte Western." Re-christened the Nevada Short Line, that indispensable and now thoroughly regenerate branch of the Pacific Southwestern might have enjoyed deserved prosperity had not its ancient enemy, the avid Transcontinental, marked it for its prey. Many and fiendish were the devices by which the "pirates of high finance" sought to render the Short Line amenable to assimilation through the depreciation of its stock. Wrecks were mysteriously incited by fake messages on the train dispatcher's wire, important papers en route to a directors' meeting were intercepted, a tunnel was to be demolished by nitroglycerine, a dam by dynamite, whiskey was surreptitiously fed to men and vitriol to engines, and, these expedients failing, the big system made a last audacious attempt to swallow the little road whole, alive and violently kicking, and to retain it by process of law. In every case it was Scientific Sprague, the Government soil-tester, and amateur detective, who foiled the agents of the enemy and identified the long arm of criminal enterprise with its directing brain-centre in New York.

In spite of his friendly services to the Nevada Short Line, and his admirable endowments of size, muscle, and modesty, it is doubtful whether Sprague as a personality will strongly impress himself upon the popular mind. Few readers are likely to share the gaping mystification with which the other people in the story follow his unerring steps towards prevention and detection, or to be as profoundly impressed as is the author by those seizures of sphinx-like immobility in which Sprague did his best thinking. The "appeal" of the tale lies neither in the mysteries of crime nor the ingenuities of the sleuth, but in an abundance of situations boldly designed to raise the reader's hair with apprehension.

Dawson, '11: Fortune-Hunter. By John T. McCutcheon Pictured by the Author. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Dawson is a farm-grown boy just out of college and in search of a city job. Most of the story is told in the form of letters to his mother—genuine boy-letters, full of the conglomerate humor which is the special art of the undergraduate. The city does not welcome him with open arms, and he has a struggle to get a foothold—and to hide the extent of his troubles from the little family group at home. When he does find work he is tempted to trickiness by more than one employer, but the high moral ground he takes pays in the long run—in a somewhat shorter run, it may be, than is common in real life. A thread of romance is connected with the plot, and the pictures characteristic of Mr. McCutcheon almost tell the story by themselves.

SPORT AND ADVENTURE.

The Journal of a Sporting Nomad. By J. T. Studley. With thirty-nine illustrations. New York: John Lane Co. $3.50 net.

The Complete Wildfowler. By Stanley Duncan and Guy Thorne. Fully illustrated with practical drawings and diagrams and with many illustrations in half-tone. New York: The Outing Co. $3.75 net.

The Book of Winter Sports: An Attempt to Catch the Spirit of the Keen Joys of the Winter Season. Edited by J. C. Dier. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

By Flood and Field: Adventures Ashore and Afloat in North Australia. By Alfred Searcy, author of "In Australian Tropics." New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

If we may put one of these sporting authorities against another, Mr. Studley's "Journal of a Sporting Nomad" must be relegated to a distinctly inferior position at once. He has ignorantly spoken of "a gaggle of geese on passage," whereas a "gaggle" of geese never exists except on the water; transforming itself into a "skein" immediately on rising for passage, in the parlance of every sportsman whose tongue is truly attuned to the shibboleths of up-to-date wildfowling. And Mr. Studley is still further discredited by the admitted discovery that his birds were not geese at all, gaggle or skein, but merely sand-hill cranes. A day or two of watching, however, brought him another discovery which would be of importance to the naturalist if authenticated. "It was perfectly evident to me that on arriving at this particular place some old bird of the lot, who knew his way about, was showing the birds of the year some of his landmarks that would enable them to find their way for the future." This and various other passages indicate that the author can draw a heavier percentage of conclusion from given premises than the trained naturalist would sanction, but in his various wanderings he has picked up much that is interesting, nevertheless. His sporting career began in Newfoundland with six close-range shots at a caribou, which walked calmly off unscathed when the fusillade was over. Seven chapters are given to Africa, where he went in 1894 as private secretary to Sir Claude Macdonald, and came into contact with about all the varieties of big game for which that land is famed. In 1896 he accepted an invitation to accompany Sir Martin Conway to Spitzbergen, where whale, seal, and reindeer were the chief objects of interest; the voyage was varied by a visit to the ill-fated Andrée and his balloon, at Danes Ghat, where he spent two months. Several pages are given to a detailed account of the balloonist's outfit and operations. Visits to the Florida Tarpon region, different parts of Canada, and Alaska are also described.

"The Complete Wildfowler" will make its best appeal only to those who have some acquaintance with the ways of the fowler and the fowl on the other side of the Atlantic. We shall not recommend too highly to "the general public" a book which declares with a tinge of acidity, on its initial page, that it is not intended for such. The authors seem unnecessarily sensitive on the subject of mistaken criticism of the sport to which they are devoted, as involving cruelty, butchery, etc. One does not need to be a technical expert on the subject to know that a continuance of conditions existing in a not remote past

would soon have left no game or wild-fowl in existence. Cruel and useless slaughter was rife everywhere, and men who classed themselves as sportsmen, with no challenge to their claims, were not ashamed to boast of feats of killing which could not be repeated today without great scandal. If this reaction, which alone has made the preservation of material for hunting, angling, and fowling possible, has naturally involved a certain amount of unintelligent and unduly severe criticism of these sports, no level-headed sportsman should be disturbed by that. On guns and their care, ammunition, wild-fowl dogs and their training, and the various other branches of their subject, the authors write from extended personal experience, and their book may be accepted with confidence as a safe guide.

"The Book of Winter Sports" is a compilation from at least a score or two of writers, including such well-known literary names as those of Charles Dickens, R. D. Blackmore, John Addington Symonds, A. Conan Doyle, Robert Burns, James Hogg, and "Christopher North." The most interesting pages are those which deal with some of the newer types of ice craft, such as those driven by the aeroplane type of propeller, or those which pull upon the ice itself by a chain around the tire of an automobile, or by a spiked wheel; or, again, the "scooters" of the Great South Bay, little flat-bottomed boats with runners attached underneath, which, with a good wind, can take the water from the ice or the ice from the water with equal facility and can be pulled over the ice by hand or rowed through the water when wind is wanting. Devised first, we are told, for life-saving purposes in dealing with the difficulty of the Great South Bay shore-ice driven by the tides, the "scooter" has naturally been taken up as a means of sport, chiefly along the shore of the bay where it had its birth. Ice sports of all types and in all lands are considered, and the book is well illustrated with half-tones, drawings, and colored plates.

"By Flood and Field" is an extremely interesting account of the author's adventures in the northern territory of Australia, some twenty-five years ago, grewsome in parts but of value to any one concerned with the problems of contact between civilized and uncivilized peoples. Blown out to sea in a dinghy from Selaru Island, picked up when almost exhausted by a boat-load of Malays caught in the same storm, compelled to live for some time among the blacks, reduced at last in wearing apparel to the simple breech-cloth of the natives, Mr. Searcy had opportunity to know at first hand of the native life to which a good part of his book is given. After a time he was taken by the blacks to Port Essington, and from there was finally able to reach Port Darwin, where he found men of his own race, and was taken into service in the Customs House. Here his chief duty was the circumvention of opium-smugglers. Later he joined the police force and was occupied in the region of the McArthur and Roper Rivers, to the west of the Gulf of Carpentaria. As the narrative is confessedly written for the most part from memory, after the intervention of about a quarter of a century, one cannot help feeling that certain of the sensational adventures recorded may unconsciously have taken on additional color in the meantime; but on the whole the book is doubtless a trustworthy picture of conditions then existing.

Problems of Men, Mind, and Morals. By Ernest Belfort Bax. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50 net.

The miscellaneous essays contained in this volume are on the whole good reading because of the frank directness with which the author states his views; but they cannot be said to be marked by either profundity or originality. The view of Ethical Evolution set forth in the first chapter is not "the entirely new view" which the author leads us to expect, but simply the view at present current among the majority of moralists of the sociological school; and the essay on Speculative Thought is nothing more than a good summary of the history of philosophy for a small encyclopædia. The essay on Modern Feminism, though slight, contains some refreshing common sense. It is indeed a question how far an already over-privileged sex is entitled to the further privilege of the vote.

A certain unity of motive may, however, be derived from the circumstance that ten of the fifteen essays are concerned, more or less directly, with the defence of Socialism—against its enemies, but chiefly against the more timid of its friends. Socialism is accused of being unpatriotic, atheistic, and in favor of free love. Apparently, Mr. Bax resents this way of putting it—at least as regards the last term; but all his efforts are directed to proving that the formulation is correct. Socialism stands for internationalism as against patriotism, because patriotism is a form of capitalism. Nevertheless, Socialism is not a purely economic doctrine, but a theory of society based upon modern science. Hence, while permitting liberty of opinion, it is necessarily opposed in sympathy to all theology or transcendental metaphysics. In sexual relations, however, while not positively recommending looseness, Socialism stands for unrestricted freedom; that is, for freedom qualified only by certain considerations connected with offspring. Apart from these considerations, sexual relations are nobody's business, provided there is mutual consent. Marriage is to be simply a private contract. New contracts may be formed as often as you please, and they may be frankly and exclusively contracts for animal gratification—or perhaps there may be no contract; they are to be secure from interference and even from criticism. It is rather hard to see why this should not be called "free love."

And upon looking deeper we find a certain strain of tendency running through the volume which is at once amusing, repelling, and illuminating. The book is a vindication of Socialism from the standpoint of individual freedom. Those who think of Socialism as a system of organized interference into private affairs are slapped in the face with the assertion that Socialism proposes to regulate only those actions which concern society, leaving private conduct free. But all this assumes naïvely that human actions can be divided and distributed into two boxes—as if there were any private action wholly without effect upon the lives of others or any communal action without some effect upon every individual! And those who reflect upon the extensiveness of the economic interests which Socialism proposes to control will wonder what is to be left for the individual when society has taken its own. From reading Mr. Bax they will be led to infer that the chief item in freedom is sex. And when they note in particular his justification of sexual intercourse from the standpoint of mere animal enjoyment, his rather undisguised indifference to any higher aspects (in "Sex and Sentiment"), and (in "Modern Feminism") his open assertion of the organic inferiority of women, they will doubtless conclude that socialistic freedom presents a very pretty picture.

Notes

The Putnams will publish early in the year: "An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy," by W. Tudor Jones; "The Positive Evolution of Religion," by Frederic Harrison; "The Personality of Napoleon" (Lowell Lectures, 1912), by J. Holland Rose; "The Problem of the Sexes," by Jean Finot; "The Evolution of States," by J. M. Robertson; "The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century," a study of social conditions, by E. S. Roscoe; "The Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon," arranged by Douglas Sladen; "Mishnah—a Digest of the Basic Principles of Jewish Jurisprudence," translated and annotated by Hyman E. Goldin, and the following novels: "Ashes and Sparks," by Percy White; "Who Laughs Last," by Ashton Hilliers, and "The Port of Dreams," by Miriam Alexander.

"Patsy" is the title of a new novel by S. R. Crockett, which Macmillan will soon have ready.

The editors of the Catholic Encyclopedia,

the last volume of which has just come from the press, are preparing an exhaustive index of the work.

"Zone Policeman 88," by Harry A. Frank, which the Century Company will issue shortly, recounts the author's experiences as plain-clothes policeman and census-taker during five months in Panama.

Among the books shortly to appear from the press of Longmans, Green & Co. are the following: "The Wondrous Passion," by the Rev. F. W. Drake; "The Sympathy of God," by the Rev. Forbes Robinson; "Help from the Sanctuary," by the Rev. Jesse Brett; "Child of Storm," by Sir Rider Haggard, and "Essentials in Early European History," by Samuel Burnett Howe.

Miss Elizabeth Kendall has placed with Houghton Mifflin her new book on "China."

An Oxford edition of Browning's "The Ring and the Book" comes to us from Henry Frowde. For this volume Prof. Edward Dowden has written an introduction, and there are four facsimiles from the Yellow Book.

A book which both the special student of the Elizabethan age and the general reader will welcome is "The Correspondence of Philip Sidney and Hubert Languet," which the Merrymount Press, of Boston, has published in a handsome volume with marginal headings in red type. The text is a reprint of the translation from the Latin made in 1845 by Steuart A. Pears, Fellow of Christ Church, Oxford. Sidney first met the Burgundian at Frankfort in 1572, when Sidney, just out of Oxford, was a youth of eighteen and Languet was fifty-four. The correspondence was continued with fair regularity until the elder man died, eight years later. It is a lasting monument to both, but is of special interest for what it reveals of Sidney's extraordinary capacity for knowledge developed at an early age, and may be read and reread with steady inspiration. We also recommend anew the two letters, at the close of the volume, written in English by Sidney to his younger brother, Robert, when the latter was travelling abroad. More than any documents which we recall, they serve to correct the natural impression that Elizabethan life lacked delicate instincts. The book is provided with an informing introduction, by William Aspenwall Bradley, which describes the political situation of Europe of those days. Those who have followed the growth of The Humanist's Library will heartily welcome this fifth number of the series as being well up to the standard of editing and beautiful press-work which was in the original plan.

The drawing of historical parallels is proverbially as difficult as it is fascinating, and we cannot think that Robert W. McLaughlin, in his "Washington and Lincoln" (Putnam), has been more successful than most writers who have essayed such alluring tasks. The trouble lies, of course, not in pointing out resemblances or differences, but in making comparisons that are really significant. We are unable to agree with Mr. McLaughlin that either a philosophical or a biographical study of "the central problem of constitutional government," namely, "power in its derivation, expression, and abuse," forms in the present instance the indispensable common ground; for the reason that, instead of being a distinctive problem of 1789 recurring in 1861, it is rather the primary problem of government at all times and everywhere. On such a basis, one might profitably work out historical parallels between almost any two political leaders. At the same time, Mr. McLaughlin's analysis of the conditions under which Washington and Lincoln worked, the methods they employed, their public friendships, and their qualities of mind and heart, is interesting and instructive; it may well contribute something to the appreciation of the characteristics of their administrations.

In 1905, Sir Ian Hamilton published his "Staff Officer's Scrap Book," a personal record of the Russo-Japanese war. The book had a well-deserved success, and merited a translation into German. It is now republished in slightly abridged form, and in one volume only, by Longmans, Green & Co.

For the proper understanding both of the course of Jewish religious thinking in the two centuries just preceding our era, and of some aspects of the teaching of Jesus, especially the self-designation Son of Man, the composite pseudepigraph commonly known as Ethiopic, or 1 Enoch, is admittedly of immense importance. Competent editions of this document have been published in German by Beer (1900), and in French by Martin (1906); but, without question, the best edition is the present volume, "The Book of Enoch" (Frowde), from the hand of one of the few experts in the field of Jewish apocalyptical literature, R. H. Charles. Since 1893, when he published his first edition, with an English translation, based on Dillmann's Ethiopic text, Dr. Charles has issued his own Ethiopic text, edited from twenty-three manuscripts, together with the fragmentary Greek and Latin versions (1906), and has discovered that the original language of Enoch, like that of Daniel, is both Hebrew and Aramaic, and that much of Enoch is poetical in structure. These and other findings of long-continued investigation, together with the use of six additional Ethiopic manuscripts, induce the editor to say of the present volume that it is "not so much a second edition as a new book," and that "alike in the translation and in the commentary it forms a vast advance on its predecessor."

The best of the eight chapters in the recent volume by Prof. Alexandre Moret on the "Kings and Gods of Egypt" (Putnam) is the last, on The Reading of Hieroglyphics. It gives an account of the decipherment of the picture-writing of the Egyptians, and contains considerable detail, both of the history and process. It is both full and lucid. This is a subject in which a Frenchman may justly take pride, since the major part of the credit for finding the key belongs to Jean François Champollion, a fellow countryman. The other seven chapters deal with as many subjects: the temple of Queen Hatshopsitu at Der-el-Bahri, the ancient Thebes; the religious revolution of Amenhotep IV, who attempted the introduction of a solar monotheism into Egypt to the exclusion of all other gods, and particularly of Amon; the Passion of Osiris, the earliest passion-play; the mysteries of Isis, and their adoption into the circle of Roman religious practice; the immortality of the soul, and moral retribution through the ages; some legendary travels of the Egyptians in Asia; and the Egyptian origin of many incidents and statements in the poems of Homer. These chapters give sectional pictures of Egyptian art, culture, religion, thought, and history. Essentially, there is not much new material in the volume, and some of its statements have become antiquated, on account of the more fundamental results reached by Professor Breasted in his recent lectures on "Religion and Thought in Ancient Egypt." Nevertheless, Professor Moret's works deserve a place in the popular literature of Egyptology; this in spite of the absurd appearance of the native names, transliterated according to the French system.

At a time when a career was open to talents there were many cases of men who rose from obscurity to dazzling prominence; no case, perhaps, is more extraordinary than that of the son of a poor cooper who rose to the envied position of Marshal of France and Prince of Moskowa. The steps in Ney's career, his daring success in the capture of Mannheim, his share in the wonderful concentration which resulted in the capitulation of 60,000 Austrians in the campaign about Ulm, his immortal defence of the rear column in the retreat from Russia, his desertion to Napoleon after his foolish boast that he would fetch his former master to Paris "in an iron cage," his delays and wild mistakes at Quatre Bras before Waterloo, and his noble bearing as he stood up against a wall to be shot as his penalty for treason, are all well told by A. Hilliard Atteridge, in "The Bravest of the Brave" (Brentano's). The author makes, however, no pretention to any original contribution; he draws mostly from the well-known works of Bonnal, Houssaye, and Weil, and from the usual memoirs. He has found it necessary to burden his biography with a good deal of general military history of a rather amateurish sort. He is more successful in portraying the personality of his hero than in describing the hundred military events in which Ney took a prominent part.

An admirable, succinct statement of the main facts of the advance in democracy, agriculture, industry, and social legislation which Europe has made since the French Revolution is given by F. A. Ogg in "Social Progress in Contemporary Europe" (Macmillan). He succeeds in giving a good introduction to such subjects as the English Industrial Revolution and its progress and results in the other countries of Europe, old-age pensions and sick insurance, the immense increase of population in the nineteenth century, and the progress of socialism. His treatment is topical rather than by countries, and is supported by well-grouped facts and figures. It is just the kind of book which is suitable for Chautauqua reading groups, by whom it has been already adopted, and might also be successfully used in college courses as a parallel study of economic development along with the ordinary text-books which confine themselves chiefly to political development. Each chapter is furnished with a good bibliography intended for beginners rather than for research students.

In "Short Story Writing" (Macmillan) Prof. Walter B. Pitkin presents a rare spectacle. A professional lecturer on philosophy and an occasional student of Dewey's psychology, he offers a manual for increasing the already alarming production of short prose fiction. With the well-known modesty of the man with a hobby, he vigorously insists that his is the first exposition of the real technique of the subject. In the first section, "The Art of Short Story Writing," he does indeed explain and apply a theory of "integration" which is true enough as psychology and fits in well with the current doctrine of the "short-story," properly hyphenated, but has little relevancy to what some academicians call "tales." But this technique is clearly beyond the intelligence of the persons the author has in mind in the second part, which discusses the business side of the subject. He presents calmly the commercial status of short fiction, as seen by a practical journalist. He very sensibly admonishes his aspiring readers to eschew religiously Poe, Maupassant, and other short-story classics; to give their days and nights to the study of the *Saturday Evening Post* and the *Argosy*, and to write stories as rapidly as possible and publish all that are accepted in any quarter. An unimpressionistic critic might observe that the writer's psychology has done the world a real service in making him miss the psychology of the would-be producer of penny-a-word fiction. However that may be, his style shows the coloring of his magazine diet, notably in the topsy-turvy incongruities in the manner of O. Henry that are sprinkled through even the gravest parts of his handbook.

"The American Short Story" (The Editor Company), by Dr. Elias Lieberman, has its value for the author. He is learning to write. Such high praise cannot be meted out to his attempts at investigation and criticism. The enticing sub-title of the volume is, "A Study of the Influence of Locality on Its Development." But the pages following thereupon do not indicate in what sense there has been a development of the literary *genre* in America. They do not furnish, aside from a few excerpts from previous writers on the subject, even an inkling of what the influence of locality has been on the form. Besides, the nine chapters dealing with the fiction representing different localities from old New England to new Alaska discover no traces whatsoever of study, of rumination, or cogitation. In short, the book is distinguished by a plentiful lack of ideas.

As stated in the publisher's preface, the present edition of "Illustrious Dames of the Court of the Valois Kings" (The Lamb Publishing Company) is a reprint, in less expensive form, of Katharine Prescott Wormeley's translation of Brantôme's "Vie des dames illustres," or, as the author himself called it, "Le Livre des dames." This contains, also, in the shape of a "seventh discourse," under the title of "Various Illustrious Ladies," the chapter on "The Widows" in Brantôme's companion work entitled "Les Dames galantes." To each of the longer, as well as to several of the shorter sketches, Miss Wormeley has added Sainte-Beuve's comments on the persons described, from the "Causeries du Lundi," thus rounding out and rectifying Brantôme's picturesque but partial characterizations. For the volume she has written a biographical introduction based upon the introductory essays of preceding editors, quoting at length the remarks of one of Brantôme's earliest commentators, Castelnaud, who was almost a contemporary. According to him, Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé de Brantôme, was descended from a King of France named Marcomir and Tlloa Bourdelia, daughter of a King of England.

But though the scion of an ancient and honorable family of Périgord, Brantôme, like his father before him—of whom the *chroniqueur* tells the amusing story of his amicable and familiar relations with Pope Julius II—was a simple soldier and gentleman. He worked hard for the honors and advancements he did not obtain and felt himself a lifelong victim of destiny. It was only towards the end of his life that, by way of consolation, he composed the works through which he has become famous and which are of such value in helping us to reconstruct the spectacle of courtly manners and morals under the Valois kings. He did not publish them himself, though he freely showed his manuscripts to his friends and patrons, and even his heirs were evidently as fearful as he of causing scandal. In violation of his testamentary injunctions, they let the manuscripts lie for fifty years later in their "five volumes covered with velvet, black, tan, green, blue, and a large volume, which is that of 'The Ladies,' covered with green velvet," until, after they had found their way into the cabinets of collectors, they finally were printed in Holland. Miss Wormeley's translation, although occasionally awkward and guilty of minor inelegancies, is, on the whole, satisfactory, and succeeds in retaining something of the spirit of the original. She adds several appendices, one of which contains a literal translation of Marie Stuart's lament on her sorrows after the death of her husband, François II, "En mon triste et doux chant," and the book is embellished with photogravures of several famous paintings and portraits illustrative of the text.

Readers of Mrs. Hugh Fraser's "A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands" will not need to be assured that there is excellent entertainment in the supplementary volume, "Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife" (Dodd, Mead). We have the familiar medley of genealogy, anecdote, personal recollection, and hearsay presented with Mrs. Fraser's usual good-natured toryism. Nobody can lead one so readily up or down a family tree, witness the sketch of the Moltkes. Reminiscences of Vienna, of her brother Marion Crawford's villa at Sorrento, and an extended sketch of diplomatic residence in Chili are the chief topics. Within equal compass it would be hard to find a keener and more enlightening account of Latin-American society. Ghost stories are not absent, among them a singularly grewsome tale of a were-wolf picked up on the Roman Campagna. It is suggested by an actual experience with a *lycanthrope* in Chili. He howled most wolflike in the street, even if he did not actually change his form before the author's expectant eyes. An interesting observation is that the inner circle of European diplomats is still obedient to the traditions of Metternich, Beaconsfield, and Bismarck. One of the best anecdotes concerns Princess Metternich, who once criticised the Empress Eugénie for smoking. A Frenchwoman protested, "And what about the Empress of Austria—she even smokes big cigars?" "Oh, nothing at all, of course," was the reply. "*My* Empress has a right to do as she thinks best in such things. But, then—she is a *real* Empress, you see!"

There is little excuse for any one remaining longer in ignorance of the countries of Central America and its adjacent islands. The Panama Canal has called forth the attention of the literary world quite as much as the scientific and mercantile world to this part of the continent. Among the best books we have noticed of the many which cover more or less carefully this territory is Stephen Bonsal's "The American Mediterranean" (Moffat, Yard). It is more comprehensive than some, taking up the northern countries of South America, the various island groups, and the mainland as far north as Mexico. Twelve appendices contain valuable statistics which will prove useful to students of these countries. There is an amazing amount of information contained in the book, which seems in most cases to be correct. "The whole-souled love and appreciation of education which is characteristic of all Mexicans and is particularly strong in the lower or less fortunate classes," may be questioned, and the statement that the Mexicans have much affinity with the Japanese is, to our mind, incorrect.

In opposition to the talk in favor of disarmament and arbitration as a possible panacea for all international difficulties, Capt. A. T. Mahan offers some historical and theoretical counter arguments in a somewhat rambling volume, entitled "Armaments and Arbitration" (Harper). The ten chapters have already appeared as magazine articles in the *North American Review* or the *Century Magazine* during 1911-12. They aim to demonstrate the inevitable and often beneficial use of force in the settlement of international questions. He thinks that arbitration cannot always be a practical or beneficial substitute for armaments in the settlement of questions in which the policies of two countries conflict, and in which there is no established rule of law. His method of argument consists largely in the discussion of international settlements which have been made by armies used either actually in war or potentially as a club—settlements which the world has now generally agreed were beneficial, but settlements in which he thinks arbitration would have been either wholly impractical or would have resulted in solutions much less satisfactory. One chapter is devoted to a refutation of some of the pacifist illusions of the author of "The Great Illusion," another to strong military arguments in favor of fortifying the approaches to the Panama Canal, and another to a labored argument to prove that Mr. Roosevelt's support of the Panama Revolution in 1903 was not "A Chapter of National Dishonor"; the main point of his thesis is that Colombia's impotence and misrule at Panama and the world's need for an undisturbed transit across the isthmus made it expedient and justifiable for the United States to support and recognize the rebelling inhabitants of Panama.

Science

A BIOLOGICAL ASPECT OF CANCER.

Cancer is a phenomenon of growth, abnormal growth to be sure, but growth nevertheless, and therefore a biological problem quite as much as medical. The cure of cancer, yet to be found, will be empirical and purely medical. The pathological effect of cancer on the organism is also a medical matter, and quite beyond the realm of a biologist. These are secondary aspects of cancer, and, biologically, are not a part of the cancer problem as a phenomenon of growth. The explanation of this growth and the nature of the causes producing it are distinct biological problems, and if they can be solved and the cause of malignant growths discovered, new avenues for experimentation in cure or prevention will be opened.

Certain tissues of the body, or, better, the cellular units of these tissues, begin to grow, until an abnormal mass of cells results; this mass is malignant or non-malignant, according to the nature of the growth and of the tissues involved. After an injury of slight character, such as an abrasion, the surrounding cells grow and replace the lost or injured parts. This is termed regeneration, and the underlying biological principles are the same as in abnormal growth or cancer. The essential difference is that regeneration is a limited growth under control, whereas malignant tumors or cancers are unlimited growths which get beyond the control or regulation of the organism. The processes of regeneration may develop into cancerous processes as is frequently seen in cancer following surgical operation.

In science, when exact knowledge of causes is inaccessible or absent, hypotheses are formulated. The value of such hypotheses depends upon the area covered in the field of observed phenomena, and if accepted as working hypotheses, they are valuable in stimulating search for ultimate causes. If, on the other hand, they are conceived in a dogmatic spirit, and if investigation is limited to the search for phenomena which fit the hypothesis, then they are not only valueless, but pernicious.

The cause of cancer is not known; but many different working hypotheses, some valuable, some pernicious, have been formulated. The valuable ones have stimulated research and have been most useful in focussing searchlights from every angle on the cancer problems. Of the pernicious type none is more harmful than the pessimistic view that the cause of cancer will be known only when the secret of life is revealed. A divergent branch from a stream may be traced back to the boulder which divides the stream, without the need of chemical analysis of the water, or search for the source of the stream. So with cancer the cause of the divergent process of growth, like the boulder, may be and will be discovered without the need of solving the riddle of life.

It is not my purpose here to discuss or criticise in detail the various hypotheses of the cause of cancer. The Cohnheim theory of dormant embryonic tissue; the parasite theory; Ribbert's theory of tissue tension; theories of malnutrition and disordered vital functions, and a score of others, all have value as working hypotheses and are more or less supported by observed facts. The general criticism is that all current hypotheses are either too broad to be useful, as is the case with theories based on malnutrition or deranged metabolism, or else they do not cover a sufficiently large field of observed facts.

A biologically satisfactory working hypothesis of the cause of cancer must explain not only the different types of malignant and non-malignant tumors, but must also account for the phenomena of regeneration. We find it difficult to believe that there is a "self-perfecting" principle in living matter which insists upon the production of the normal type; we think it more probable that some stimulant to growth is produced through the abnormal condition of the injured part. We formerly thought that the presence of food in the intestine stimulated the pancreas to secrete, but we now know that the acid food irritates the lining cells of the intestine, causing them to secrete a subtle chemical body called secretin, belonging to a group known as hormones. This hormone, or enzyme, is carried by the blood to the pancreas where it stimulates the pancreas cells to activity. Knowledge of these chemically elusive bodies, termed enzymes, is still fragmentary and vague, but enough is known to intimate that they will play a most important rôle in the biology of the future.

Many vegetable galls caused by the presence of insects or thread worms are due to the abnormal development of the plant cells. Something derived from the sting of the maternal insect, or as an exudation from the developing larva or worm, has stimulated the cells of the plant to unwonted division. In some cases the stimulants have been determined as enzymes or, specifically, nucleo-proteids or products of the chemical disintegration of protoplasm. Here is a biological fact that may have some bearing on the problem of the cause of cancer, viz., a chemical substance formed from disintegrating protoplasm stimulating adjacent normal cells to abnormal division. Regeneration following injury may be interpreted as due to stimulants in a similar way, the injured cells and tissues undergoing chemical disintegration into amino acids and their derivatives and purin bases and their derivatives, some of these or all acting as stimulants to the adjacent normal cells and causing them to proliferate and to develop under control and regulation into the norm.

This, in brief, is the underlying principle in a recent hypothesis of the cause of cancer advanced last May by Dr. Bullock, Dr. Rohdenburg, and myself. We believe that it is the most widely applicable of all the existing theories of cancer. It offers a common biological interpretation for the manifold varieties of tumor growth and brings into harmony the facts observed by advocates of the different hypotheses of tumor origin. Chronic irritation produced by injury, by X-rays, by parasites of many kinds, by betel-nut chewing, by hot rice eating, by smoking, by mammary or uterine irritations, etc., all leading to injury and death of cells, and this to the disintegration or autolysis of their protoplasm, produces the chemical substances or enzymes responsible for the stimulated division energy of adjacent cells. Normal regeneration following the initial injury becomes chronic regeneration or a tumorous growth with continued irritation; and, once started, a tumor grows with increasing momentum by virtue of the chemical substances derived from its own degenerating cells. Oertel asserts that he traced the development of a liver cancer from degenerating liver cells. A mouse tumor transplanted into normal mice, grows, in a varying percentage of cases, into fatal cancers in the otherwise normal mice. With every transplantation, degenerating cells are transplanted with the living cells, and the transplant thus carries with it its own stimulants for cell division. The mouse furnishes food and oxygen for the growing tumor, and absorbs more and more of the poisonous products of degeneration until, overcome by cachexia or general poisoning, it succumbs.

Amino acids and purin derivatives are produced by successive oxidations of the nucleo-proteids making up protoplasm. Hence, in active, malignant tumors, some parts of which are degenerating, oxidation processes are more active than in normal tissue cells, which accounts for the greater avidity for oxygen on the part of cancer cells as contrasted with normal cells a discovery made by Ehrlich and Wassermann last year.

GARY N. CALKINS

The Sarah Berliner Research Fellowship for Women, of $1,000, is offered now every year. The successful candidate is the most promising among those who present themselves in the field of physics, chemistry, and biology, some preference being felt by the committee for these subjects in the order named. The chairman of the committee is Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin, No. 527 Cathedral Parkway, New York.

from whom further information may be obtained.

The Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women offers this year, for the sixth time, a prize of $1,000 for the best thesis written by a woman on a scientific subject. The thesis must embody new observations and new conclusions based on independent laboratory research in biological, chemical, or physical science. This prize has been named the Ellen Richards Research Prize, in honor of Mrs. Richards. The Association also maintains a research table for qualified women students at the Zoölogical Station at Naples. The chairman of the committee is Dr. Lilian Welsh, Goucher College, Baltimore. The prize is offered every two years.

Dr. William Henry Watson, ex-regent of the University of the State of New York, is dead at his home in Utica. He was a native of Providence, where he was born in 1829. He graduated from Brown University in 1852, and was one of the founders of the New York State Homœopathic Asylum for the Insane, at Middletown. In 1880 he was surgeon-general of New York. Among his publications are many contributions to medical journals.

Dr. Lewis Swift, astronomer, died on Sunday in Marathon, N. Y., aged ninety-two. He had discovered 1,300 nebulæ and eighteen comets. Several years ago he was stricken blind, and forced to give up his work. Dr. Swift came into prominence in 1862, when he discovered the comet which took his name. He went to Rochester, where he set up an observatory on Duff's cider-mill. Though in the hardware business at the time, he discovered a comet each year from 1877 to 1882. For three successive years the Imperial Academy of Vienna awarded him its medal for contributing most to astronomy. He was the author of "Simple Lessons in Astronomy."

Drama and Music

Ono of tho most successful pieces of the present season in London is the "Jelfs" of Horace Annesley Vachell. Judged by the printed copy (Doran), it is not easy to account for the favorable critical comment it has procured from some generally fastidious judges. Considered as a whole, it belongs to a very commou order of semi-sensational drama with a conventional, if fairly interesting, story and personages who, although they have long been accepted as actualities in the theatre, are but faint reflections of their living prototypes. For categorical purposes it is enough to say that the hero is a young rancher who, suddenly finding himself at the head of an old-established conservative private bank in London, proceeds to use it as a means of winning a fashionable bride and cutting a figure in the ranks of the idle rich. After recklessly courting ruin by identifying himself with all manner of financial reprobates, he receives the support of the Bank of England and triumphs in every way. Manifestly tbe play owes most of the notice it has obtained to a scene between the hero, his betrothed, and a secret lover of the latter, in which the question of marriage and the mutual responsibilities of the contracting parties are discussed with frankness and a large measure of common sense. The situation is indisputably fresh, if not very probable, but, of course, the subject is not one upon which it is possible to say much that is new.

"Pearls" is the name of a new sketch by Stanley Houghton, in which Arthur Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh are appearing.

Macdonald Hastings, one of England's rising young dramatists, seems to be wasting his ability in the invention of morbid and unnatural situations. Thus in "The Tide," which has just been produced in London, he imagines a reckless young girl, who becomes a mother without any knowledge of the name or identity of the father. Of the child she sees nothing for seventeen years, when she discovers her at a fashionable watering place, and becomes her rival in the affections of a gay young officer. In the end, however, she marries the physician who had helped her in the first place to recover her lost daughter. The piece is said to be very cleverly written in places, but it is not likely that a fiction so improbable and disagreeable could be redeemed by mere literary excellence.

Sir John Hare delivered an optimistic speech on the British drama at the Actors' Benevolent Fund dinner. He said that for nearly fifty years he had been an actor on the London stage, for twenty-five years a London manager, and, in his opinion, at no time during that long span of years had the stage in England been in so healthy a condition as regards the ability and promise of the younger men and women who acted on it and the literary gifts of those who wrote for it. The time had passed when the French stage was held up as a model, and he contended that Paris itself could not boast of six theatres where better acting and more perfect ensemble could be shown than at the St. James's, His Majesty's, Royalty, Wyndham's, the New, and the Savoy at the present moment. Compare the condition of things with the early sixties, with the turgid melodrama and its indifferent translations of indifferent French plays, only relieved by the genius of that pioneer of the new and natural school, Tom Robertson. Compare it with the early pre-Victorian period and tbe sufferings of Macready, who recorded in his diary that he went from each performance "weary and incapacitated in body, sunk and languid in mind, compelled to be a party to the blunders, the ignorance, and wanton buffoonery which degrade the poor art I am laboring in." We live in happier times, and had Macready been living now, he would have been proud, not asbamed, of the profession to which he belonged.

English newspapers bring word of the deatb of George Rignold, the English actor, whose Henry V, as performed in Booth's Theatre, is still fresh in the memory of older playgoers. It was a mightily effective impersonation to the eye—although it had not much art or brains behind it. He appeared here also as Claude Melnotte, William in "Black-eyed Susan," and other characters, but his work in these had no distinction and made no deep public impression. But he was by no means a bad actor. Born at Leicester, in England, he was first connected with the Theatres Royal at Bath and Bristol, where in 1863 he played a long series of Shakespearean characters. In 1870 he made bis first London success in "'Twixt Axe and Crown." Having migrated to the Queen's Theatre, he played Caliban in "The Tempest," Posthumus in "Cymbeline," Romeo, and Cromwell in the play of tbat name, among other parts.

Some years ago the French Government undertook to abolish military bands; whereupon both the army and the public protested so vigorously that the bands were left in peace. Lately, in England, the abolishment of military bands has been advocated. Sir Alexander Mackenzie has come to the rescue by pleading that England "owed a great deal more of the immense improvement in the public taste and understanding of the art all over the country to the military bands than had ever been acknowledged. It would be nothing short of a disaster if anything were ever to happen to disturb or check the splendid work regimental bands were doing." Lord Roberts has also spoken of the exhilarating effect of band music, as witnessed by him in war time, as in peace.

Leon Rains, the eminent bass, has arrived in this country to begin a first season of concert and recital work. Mr. Rains brought with him Roland Bocquet, tbe Anglo-American composer, who will act as accompanist. The first New York recital will be given at Æolian Hall January 11. The first orchestral appearance will be made at the New York Philharmonic Orchestra's special festival concert, which they will give for their subscribers only, on January 29. Leon Rains, who enjoys great distinction abroad, will, at his recital next Saturday evening, sing Schubert's "Wanderer" and "Doppelgänger," and songs by Brahms, Wolf, Strauss, and others.

Hans Richter's decision not to conduct any more music seems irrevocable. When he was invited last summer by Schulz-Curtius to conduct the gigantic concert which is to be given in London on May 22, Wagner's hundredth birthday, he wrote: "My dear friend Schulz-Curtius: The ancient Greeks burued their ships in order to make a return impossible; so, after the 'Meistersinger' performances at Bayreuth, I shall burn all my bâtons. With best greetings, your old Hans."

The musical critic of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* having passed some very severe strictures on a concert given under Mengelberg, the leading musical organization of Frankfort, the Museums-Gesellschaft, demanded an apology. This being declined, the critic was not admitted to subsequent concerts of that society. To assert their critical independence, all the Frankfort newspapers thereupon declared a boycott on the concerts of the Museums-Gesellschaft.

Richard Wagner once wrote that he could think of the violin only in the plural, and a distinguished Boston critic used to express his belief that violin concertos were doomed to join the now obsolete concertos for flute, oboe, and other orchestral instruments, which were often seen on programmes until about a quarter of a cen-

tury ago. Of the fulfilment of this prophecy there are no signs at present. Last Sunday, Efrem Zimbalist played the Mendelssohn concerto with the Philharmonic Orchestra, while the New York Symphony Orchestra's soloist the same afternoon was Mischa Elman. Both these artists enjoy great popularity, and they play concertos not only with all the orchestras in the land but often at their recitals with piano accompaniment. They are only two of half a dozen or more superior violinists who have made New York their centre for excursions this season. Albert Spalding was the first. He started the concert season in October, and then went to Europe. Another distinguished American violinist, Maud Powell, will be heard later. Spalding was followed by Elman and Zimbalist. Then came Louis Persinger, and finally, by way of climax, the greatest two of them all, than whom perhaps no greater have lived—Eugène Ysaye and Fritz Kreisler. Having been brought over on exclusive contract by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Kreisler played only concertos, the one exception being a recital he gave to aid the Music School Settlement. He returns next season for a recital tour. Ysaye is an older man, but his tone and his technique are as young as ever, and his popularity is unbounded. He, too, has been heard, as a matter of course, at Sunday concerts, of which there are now usually five, six, or seven. A few years ago it was an unusual thing to have more than one.

Art

Jade: A Study in Chinese Archæology and Religion. By Berthold Laufer. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History. Publication 154; Anthropological Series, Vol. X.

Of all the precious minerals, none possesses more historic interest than do nephrite and jadeite, commonly combined under the single denomination jade. From prehistoric times they have attracted the eye of man, and their qualities of color and composition have rendered them favorite materials for ornamental use. And, over and above this merely artistic value, these substances were regarded in early times, and are still regarded in certain Eastern lands, as possessing a mysterious potency, a talismanic virtue, and also as exercising a singularly effective therapeutic action. Indeed, both the physical and the spiritual welfare of human beings were supposed to be furthered by the ownership of an object made of nephrite or jadeite, more especially when it had been worked into a form symbolizing certain natural forces.

Much has already been written on this subject, and we need hardly call attention to the monumental work describing the unrivalled Heber Bishop collection, "Investigations and Studies in Jade," privately printed in 1906, a work registering the results of a careful study of these fascinating minerals, as well from a mineralogical standpoint as from an historical one. The present book by Dr. Laufer not only completes and amplifies the part devoted to Chinese jade carvings, but offers much new and valuable information in regard to them.

Dr. Laufer was well fitted to prepare a study on this intricate subject. He was born in Cologne, in 1874, and received his degree of doctor of philosophy in Berlin. He took part in the Jesup Expedition to Siberia, in 1898-99, and the East Asiatic Expedition to China, 1901-1904. From 1904 to 1908 he was assistant curator of the ethnological department of the American Museum of Natural History; from 1905 to 1908, lecturer on anthropology at Columbia University, and from 1905 to 1908 assistant curator in charge of the Asiatic department of the Field Museum in Chicago. His trip for the Field Museum was a most successful one. The present work presents the fruits of years of travel and study.

While Dr. Laufer freely acknowledges that the great Bishop Collection of Jade, in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, is the most extensive collection in existence of such objects, yet he thinks that the jades gathered by him in Si-yan-fu, Shensi Province, for the Field Museum, while conducting the Mrs. T. B. Blackstone Expedition to China and Tibet, from 1908 to 1910, include a number of interesting types of jade amulets of the dead not represented in the Bishop collection.

The special significance of the various jade ornaments is illustrated in the case of the girdle-pendants, which were not merely ornamental, but were thought to emit musical sounds as they struck together when the wearer was in motion. In the Li Ki it is said that gentlemen in olden times always wore these suspended jade ornaments, and that, while those on the right side emitted the notes *Chih* and *Kio*, the fourth and third notes of the Chinese scale, the jade objects on the left side gave forth the first and fifth notes, *Kung* and *Yü*. The melodious intermingling of these notes was believed to banish all depressed thoughts from the soul and to instil virtue into the wearer's heart. The color of these jades was strictly determined by the rank of the wearer—white jade being reserved exclusively for the Emperor's wear; jade of a green hue, like the green of a wooded mountain, belonging to princes of the first and second rank; water-blue jade to prefects. To the heir-apparent a special jade was also assigned, while plain officials had to comfort themselves with inferior greenish minerals, probably a variety of prehnite, or bowenite, a serpentine. Moreover, these girdle ornaments, according to a first-century writer, symbolized by their shape the occupation of the wearer—farmers wearing ornaments representing plough-handles or shares, and workmen those figuring axes or adzes. An almost endless variety of forms for these girdle ornaments were invented by the Chinese in the course of centuries—fish-forms, dragon-forms, various animal-forms, etc., each having many symbolical meanings. Certain of them were love-tokens given by husbands to their wives, and these were sometimes interred with the wife's body as protecting amulets. As Dr. Laufer writes: "The relations of a husband and wife did not cease at the moment of death; they continued to be united even beyond the grave, and expected to resume their marital relations in a future life."

In regard to the jade objects buried with the dead, denominated by Dr. Bushell "tomb-jades," the author calls attention to what he believes to be a misunderstanding of the Chinese designation *han yü*, interpreted to mean "jade placed in the mouth (of a corpse)." He asserts that this name always means either jade of the Han period or jade of a kind particularly used in this period, and he does not believe that there is a single, large comprehensive class of "tomb-jades," but several widely distinguished groups of jade objects found in Chinese tombs.

Much valuable information is given touching the hammer-shaped tablets of jade. Originally, in China, as in many other parts of the world, this shape was brought into connection with solar worship. The Chou emperors (1122-249 B. C.) are said to have worshipped the sun by holding in their hands hammer-shaped jade symbols of sovereignty. The hammer form was so conventionalized in process of time that it is now often difficult to determine whether a given ceremonial tablet belongs to this category or to some other.

Regarding the source of much of the old Chinese jade, Dr. Laufer, in accord with others who have treated the matter, admits that it probably came from ancient Chinese quarries, all traces of which have now been lost. He states that Chinese antiquarians fully agree with the view that the jades of the Chou and Han dynasties came from mines in Shensi Province, and points to Lan-t'ien and Feng-siang-fu as the chief ancient mines, although we know that at present neither jade nor jadeite is found within the confines of China proper.

The so-called *Nephritfrage* is treated briefly in the introduction. The discovery of masses of jade *in situ* in various parts of Europe clearly indicates the source of much of the prehistoric jade found in European countries, and chemical analysis has confirmed this, notably the 4,700-pound mass of nephrite jade found at Jordansmuhl, Silesia, by Dr. Kunz in 1899, now in a Heber R. Bishop collection exhibited at the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Laufer, however, inclines to the belief

that the first worked jades were probably acquired from an Asiatic source, and furnished the inducement to seek for a home supply of the material.

Although it was not Dr. Laufer's aim to treat of the mineralogical characteristics of nephrite or jadeite, but to confine himself to the cultural and religious ideas and concepts associated with them, and largely governing their use for ornamental purposes, it is somewhat to be regretted that he did not have analyses made of some of the specimens, so as more definitely to determine their source and affinities. However, collectors are justified in hesitating to trust their jades to the tender mercies of the analyst.

The numerous, well-chosen, and excellently executed illustrations, 68 plates (six of them in color) and 204 text-figures, display all the principal forms of Chinese carved jade from historic times, and serve as invaluable aids to the student, making this work an eminently useful guide-book for those seeking information upon this important and difficult subject.

Two art books will be brought out shortly by the Putnams—"The Technique of Painting," by C. Moreau-Vauthier, and "The Childhood of Art," by H. G. Spearing.

The energy and consistency of Romain Rolland's "Life of Michelangelo" (Dutton) have brought it promptly the honors of translation. The work, saving bad transcription of Italian names, is tolerably done by Frederic Lees. That Michelangelo's life was one long tragic maladjustment between great genius and a hesitating will, is M. Rolland's thesis. It is ably supported from the sonnets and the well-known facts of the master's life. The style is emphatic, nervous, at times torrential—in striking and refreshing contrast to the usually placid tone of French monographs on art. Many will feel that M. Rolland forces the note of tragedy. At least, he deserves the credit for a reading that is coherent, suggestive, and masterly.

Louis B. Akin, an artist who received the commission, two years ago, to do mural paintings of Indian life for the American Museum of Natural History, died a week ago in Flagstaff, Ariz. He had just completed the work, which includes a sixty-foot panel. Born in 1870, he first received public recognition in 1907, after an exhibition in Chicago of a year's work among the Hopi Indians.

Finance

TWO IMPORTANT DECISIONS.

In its weekly budget of decisions, handed down by the United States Supreme Court on Monday, there were two of great importance. The ruling of the Court on the proposed plan for disposing of Southern Pacific Railway stock in the Union Pacific's treasury, and its decision that the Anti-Trust law, in its criminal provisions, necessarily applies to an attempt to corner commodities, open up far-reaching possibilities. It is more clear in the case of the corner decision, than in that of the Union Pacific merger, what the broader consequences of Monday's decree will be.

In the Union Pacific matter, counsel had proposed that the company, in divesting itself of its Southern Pacific holdings as previously ordered by the Court, should be permitted to allot or sell that Southern Pacific stock pro rata to Union Pacific shareholders. In defending this method of compliance with the Court's decree, argument naturally rested on the Supreme Court's own approval of the pro-rata distribution, as applied in the dissolution of the Northern Securities and Standard Oil holding companies. In the first of these dissolutions, the scheme of distributing the assets pro rata to the holding company's shareholders was contested, carried up to the Supreme Court, and upheld by that Court in 1905; in the second of them, the Court itself, in its original decision, recognized that method of disintegration as proper.

In rejecting the application of a similar plan to the Harriman merger, the Court draws distinction between a holding company which is required to part with all its holdings of stock in two or more competing corporations, and a railway company which has merely bought control of one competitor through purchase of its stock. From the language of Monday's opinion it appears that if, for example, a separate holding company had been organized to hold the stock of both Union and Southern Pacific, and if that holding company were ordered dissolved, the assets might be distributed pro rata; but that the same expedient is inadmissible where the chief party to the suit is a powerful corporation which continues in the field.

There is obviously a line of distinction here; though it may be that the Court has surrounded with a good many difficulties its future adjudication of similar cases. It is true, last Monday's opinion positively restates the Court's position that "each case under the Sherman Act must stand on its own facts," and there is also to be remembered the Court's declaration, in the Standard Oil opinion, that "one of the fundamental purposes of the statute is to protect, not to destroy, rights of property." But it is at least conceivable that rights of property may be impaired, though not destroyed, through departure from the pro-rata rule. That would inevitably be so in a case where forced public sale of such holdings, with the parties most interested eliminated from the bidding, was the only alternative recourse. The Union Pacific has no such prospect before it, since not only its own shareholders, but holders of the 54 per cent. of Southern Pacific stock which Union Pacific does not own, are interested in obtaining a fair value on the sale. But how the same rule would operate, in a case where all the stock of one railway were held by another, it is not altogether easy to foresee.

The Supreme Court's decision regarding corners in commodities, under the Anti-Trust law, is entirely plain, and the scope of its future application is not at all difficult to foresee. The defendants in this case had combined in 1910, after a disastrous shortage in the American cotton crop, to obtain control of the cotton actually available on the market, in quantity sufficient to make them masters of the price. The purpose and method of this conspiracy were perfectly well known on the cotton exchanges. It had the result, first, of advancing the price of cotton from 13½ cents a pound in November, 1909, to the utterly preposterous figure of 20 cents a pound in August, 1910—a price never reached, outside of paper inflation days, since 1836; and, next, through the virtual blockading of supplies except at the prohibitive corner prices, of emphasizing the world-wide depression in the cotton-spinning trade. The operations of Messrs. Patten, Brown, Haynes, and Scales did not primarily cause the troubles of the trade, but they unquestionably aggravated the situation. To put the matter in another way, a vicious and brutal attempt was made to extort speculative blood-money from the misfortunes and necessities of the cotton consumer in a trying season.

The Court does not pass upon the accuracy of the facts alleged; it merely gives its judgment as to the applicability of the Sherman Act, assuming the facts to have been correctly stated. The lower court had ruled that the corner manipulators were not engaged in interstate trade; that corners stimulate instead of restraining competition, and that any effect of a corner of interstate trade could be only indirect. But Monday's decision takes ground very positively that cotton as a commodity was cornered, and that cotton is a subject of interstate trade; replies that even if corners stimulate competition, they do so through methods as obnoxious as the suppression of competition; and concludes by reaffirming the principle that people "engaging in a conspiracy which necessarily and directly produces the result which the statute is designed to prevent," are properly "chargeable with intending that result."

It is difficult to see how any future attempt to corner a commodity market can escape the scope of this decision. As the Government's Solicitor-General points out, such undertakings will hereafter be subject to restraint, in their inception, through Federal injunction. The speculator who should try again the

experiment of 1910 in the cotton market, or of 1909 in the wheat market—or, we may add, of 1906 in the copper market—would have to be an unusually bold and reckless adventurer.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ackerman, G. E. Christmas Praises and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Bjerregaard, C. H. A. The Inner Life and the Tao-Teh-King. Theosophical Publishing Co. $2 net.

Blythe, S. G. The Making of a Newspaper Man. Philadelphia: Altemus Co.

Bradley, R. M. The English Housewife in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. Longmans. $3.50 net.

Brewers' Association, Year Book of the United States. New York.

Clemen, Carl. Primitive Christianity and Its Non-Jewish Sources. Trans. by R. G. Nisbet. Scribner.

Clifford, John. The Gospel of Gladness. Scribner.

Concordanza delle Rime di Francesco Petrarca. Compilata da Kenneth McKenzie. New Haven: Yale University. $10 net.

Griffin, G. G. Writings on American History: A Bibliography of Books Published During 1910. Reprint from Annual Report Amer. Historical Assn., 1910. Washington.

Harvard University Catalogue, 1912-13. Cambridge.

Heywood, Louise. Here and There a Leaf. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.20 net.

How, Louis. The Youth Replies, and Other Verses. Boston: Sherman, French.

Jastrow, Morris, jr. Bildermappe zur Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.

Kauffman, R. and R. W. The Latter Day Saints. London: Williams & Norgate.

Kunze, J. The Apostles' Creed and the New Testament. Tr. from the German by G. W. Gilmore. Funk & Wagnalls. 75 cents net.

Lamb, Charles. Old China. (Riversido Press edition.) Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Lawton, Lancelot. The Empires of the Far East. 2 vols. Boston: Small, Maynard.

Leets, Juan. United States and Latin America: Dollar Diplomacy. New Orleans: The Author.

Library of Congress—Check List of American Eighteenth Century Newspapers. Compiled by J. Van Ness Ingram. Washington: Government Printing Office. 50 cents.

Library of Congress. Report for fiscal year ending June 30, 1912. Washington: Government Printing Office.

Living Church Annual and Whittaker's Churchman's Almanac, 1913. Milwaukee: Young Churchman Co.

Lohr, Otto. The First Germans in North America and the German Element of New Netherland. Stechert & Co.

Mason, J. A. The Ethnology of the Salinan Indians. University of California.

Myrick, Herbert. Coöperative Finance. Orange Judd Co. $2.50 net.

Nobel Institute. Catalogue de la Bibliothèque. I, Littérature Pacifiste. Putnam.

Paredes, J. E. The Morgan-Honduras Loan. Part III. The American Claims. New Orleans, La.: The Author.

Parker, S. C. Textbook in the History of Modern Elementary Education. Boston: Ginn. $1.50.

Riverdale Hymn Book. Edited by I. S. Dodd and L. B. Longacre. Revell.

Robinson, J. H., and Beard, C. A. Outlines of European History. Vol. II. Boston: Ginn. $1.60.

Rosett, J. The Middle Class: A Play. Baltimore, Md.: Phœnix Publishers.

Scheltema, J. F. Monumental Java. Macmillan.

Smithsonian Institution. Annual Report of the Board of Regents, for year ending June 30, 1911. Washington.

Starkweather, A. M. Leaves from the City Beautiful. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.25 net.

Strindberg's Lucky Pehr: A Drama. Trans. by V. S. Howard. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.50 net.

The Puritans' Farewell to England. Reprinted in facsimile for the Members and Friends of the New England Society, New York.

Thorburn, T. J. Jesus the Christ: A Reply to Professor Drews' Die Christusmythe. Scribner.

Vila, A. F. The Former Countess (of Navarre): A Romance of the French Revolution. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.40 net.

Villari, Luigi. Gli Stati Uniti d'America e l'Emigrazione italiana. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

Wallin, J. E. W. Experimental Studies of Mental Defectives. Baltimore: Warwiek & York. $1.25.

Watts, M. S. George Frederic Watts: The Annals of an Artist's Life. 3 vols. Doran. $10 net per set.

Work, M. C. Auction of To-day. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Gohdes and Buschek's Sprach- und Lesebuch

By W. H. GOHDES, Head of Department of Modern Languages in the Horace Mann High School, New York City, and H. A. BUSCHEK, Head of German Department in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Preparatory School. x+370 pp. 12mo. $1.15.

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NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1913.

The Week

The decisive vote of the Senate, finding Judge Archbald guilty on five of the thirteen articles of impeachment, will almost surely be looked back upon in coming years as a landmark. The removal of the impeached judge, with his disqualification ever again to hold an office of honor or trust under the United States, serves at once as a salutary warning, a notification that the ancient remedies of the Constitution have not lost their virtue, and a revelation that the people are aroused and vigilant as regards anything that may stain the purity of the judiciary. Nor can Judge Archbald complain that he did not have a fair trial. Ample time was allowed him, and he was ably defended. His lawyers addressed themselves to the evidence, and were able to break down some of the charges, but their chief dependence was, confessedly, a narrow interpretation of the clause of the Constitution governing the impeachment of judges. No one accused Judge Archbald of any crime for which he could be punished in a court of justice. There was no direct charge of bribery, or the indirect sale of decisions. The only legal question was whether the conduct of which he was shown to have been guilty came under the general head of "misdemeanors," or of a breach of that "good behavior" upon which judicial tenure depends, in such a way that the Senate could properly remove him from the bench. Any one who has read the arguments of counsel on both sides must be aware that the issue is something more than technical. Hereafter it will never be doubted that the Senate has power to impeach a judge against whom no indictable offence has been proved. It will be understood, in future, that there are certain things which the Senate will hold to be "misdemeanors" in a judge, sufficient to warrant his removal from office, even if he could not be criminally prosecuted for them.

It is commonly said in Washington that Judge Archbald could not have been impeached ten years ago. The acquittal of Judge Swayne, in 1905, is pointed to as proof that there has been a great change, and that the fear of God has been put into the Senate. We do not think so meanly of that body. The case against Judge Swayne was incomparably weaker than that against Judge Archbald. No doubt some effect must be conceded to the ardent advocates of the recall of judges. Such agitations start upon a mistaken theory and go wide of the mark, yet they sometimes help to bring about indirectly something better than their direct aim. One reason, we heard all along, why we must give to people power to recall their judges is that removal by impeachment is virtually impossible. Senator Owen, in the *Yale Law Journal* for last June, declared that "impeachment is wholly inadequate for practical purposes." Yet within seven months he was voting "guilty" in an impeachment proceeding, the results of which it would be hard to exaggerate "for practical purposes." For it has written large before the country both the high and solemn conception of the judge's duty and the adequate vigor of the remedy for judicial delinquency which our fathers handed down to us.

"This Committee cannot legislate on your fears," Chairman Underwood told one timid manufacturer who spoke of the dangers involved in revising the particular tariff schedule he happens to be interested in. It is a phrase which illumines many a dark corner in the intricate structure of our tariff policy. Protectionism was built up largely on fear, fear of what would happen to our industries if we were not saved from foreign competition. It has been maintained largely on fear, fear for the loss of his job implanted in the workingman, fear for the loss of his prosperity implanted in the business man, fear for the loss of his share of the Government's bounty implanted in the heart of the legislator who would not go into the protective log-rolling and pork-barrel game. And now that the mind of the country is so thoroughly made up as to the necessity of tariff revision, there are still men to bring forward the fear of something terrible that is bound to happen if a sacrilegious hand is laid on the sanctified structure.

Prof. Emory R. Johnson who, as Special Commissioner on Traffic and Tolls for the Panama Canal, is recognized as an authority on the subject, made an address on Wednesday of last week before the Western Society of Engineers at Chicago in which he strongly opposed the exemption of coastwise vessels from tolls. He based his argument purely on commercial grounds. The question of what we are bound to do under the Hay-Pauncefote treaty he left for others to discuss. But taking the matter up exclusively as one of freight-rates and the expense of the Canal upkeep, he contended that the remission of tolls to coastwise ships would be most unwise. At best, according to Professor Johnson's estimates, it will be fifteen or twenty years before the tonnage of all origins using the Canal will be great enough to meet, at the rate of $1.20 a ton, the fixed charges. But if the American coastwise tonnage, expected to cross the Isthmus, now fixed at 1,000,000, and reckoned to be 2,000,000 by 1925, is to be exempt from tolls, there is no chance of anything but a perpetual deficit. Furthermore, Professor Johnson's analysis of the nature of freights by water and rail, and of the charges which either form of traffic will bear, leads him to the conclusion that the exemption of coasting ships will not have the effect, except in a few instances and even then to a very slight degree, of reducing freight rates by the Canal. What Congress has voted not to collect, the shipowners will coolly put in their pockets as a subsidy, and a vicious kind of one at that. Professor Johnson's whole argument is well worth studying, and it should help along the movement to induce Congress to undo its blunder by repeal.

The potentialities of modern methods of business organization are not yet exhausted. Mr. Frank A. Munsey finds in the device of the holding company an instrumentality which can be made as effective in politics as in finance; and, as it is impossible to imagine any interpretation of "restraint of trade" which would bring the formation of a holding

party under the prohibitions of the Sherman act, he has not the fear of the law before his eyes when he proposes that Republicans and Progressives pool their issues. Divided, he sees little prospect of power for either of them; united they cannot be, he declares. But why not retain their separate existence in form, while merging with each other in fact? The thing has been done in business, and there is no reason, Mr. Munsey thinks, why it should not be done in politics. "The platforms of the Republican and the Progressive parties," he says, "are in many respects much the same. On economic policies they substantially agree." The Progressive platform is "freer from the slavery of tradition," but the differences between the two are not too great for reconcilement, if the sensible men of both parties but get together and see what can be done. Perhaps Mr. Munsey is right; but one almost wonders why he did not include the Democratic party likewise in the merger, and thus avoid political friction altogether, and the enormous waste attending it. But the Colonel refuses to be merged.

A modest but meritorious amendment of the Constitution of the United States is recommended by Gov. Baldwin of Connecticut. He simply proposes to do away with the device of Presidential Electors, leaving the real mechanism of the choice of President just what it is. This is a reform that certainly ought to be adopted, there being literally no reason whatever against it. The only thing, we imagine, that will stand in the way is the feeling that will be entertained by some that, while we are about it, a greater change should be effected. But to any change that would alter the real basis of the Presidential choice there are extremely serious objections, however strong may be the considerations in its favor; and so it would be a good thing to get this little improvement in mechanism at all events, leaving to the future the question of any deeper change. Gov. Baldwin would have the whole vote of a State—reckoned just as it now is—cast for the Presidential candidate getting a plurality of the votes in that State; so that the only change from the present method would be the elimination of an absolutely useless bit of machinery, the naming of and the voting for Presidential Electors. And while this is absolutely useless, and obviously cumbrous, it does occasionally give rise to trouble on account of technicalities, and also to possibilities of improper deals in unusual situations. In the case of an extremely critical and close election, the institution might prove a source of real danger to a just and peaceful settlement of the result.

As Gov. Harmon left the State House on Monday, he certainly had some things which he can look upon with satisfaction. Since the organization of the Republican party, no Democratic Governor of Ohio except Harmon has ever obtained a reëlection, or turned over the office to another of his own party. Unquestionably, Harmon brought about an improvement in the character of public administration in Ohio. It will be long before the people will again tolerate the lax and dishonest methods which he has exposed and reformed. Considering the nature of the legislators with whom he had to work, the amount of reform legislation which he procured was remarkable. His independence in appointments to office secured in general a high degree of efficiency. On the other hand, there must be charged against him a few appointments and dismissals wholly out of keeping with his general tone. The American Library Association felt itself justified in severe criticism of his removal of the Ohio State Librarian. The place was filled by a man of no qualifications whatever for library work. In an ordinary Administration such lapses would scarcely have been noticed. If Gov. Harmon suffers from them, it is because he himself has set up a high standard.

In the light of the varied comment, in the press and elsewhere, on Mr. George F. Baker's testimony before the Pujo Committee, there are two facts in regard to the concentration of banking capital which need to be kept in mind, especially when proposals for legislation are heard. One is, that this concentration of capital grew up to a large extent automatically, in connection with what may be called the recapitalization of American industry, between 1898 and 1902. Gov. Wilson said, in his speech of acceptance, regarding these financial and industrial confederacies:

> They have come about very naturally, generally without plan or deliberation, rather because there was so much money to be invested and it was in the hands, at great financial centres, of men acquainted with one another and intimately associated in business, than because any one had conceived and was carrying out a plan of general control.

In the main, this description is correct, though it must also be observed that any such process of centralized domination would be bound to inspire, in the minds of those conducting it, the wish to extend its scope. In the railway and industrial fields, a tendency to extend the consolidation process to its utmost limit was plainly visible during the period, after 1899, when the present condition of things financial really had its origin. It would have been strange if a similar tendency had not disclosed itself in connection with the movement of consolidation and centralization in control of New York's banking institutions.

The questions which properly arise, in a situation of that sort, are, first, whether the tendencies observed are wholesome in themselves; next, whether they do or do not embody future possibilities of evil if they continue to prevail and extend; finally, whether or not they are in need of public regulation. Mr. Baker, in his testimony of last Friday, contended that, under present management, such concentration of credit facilities as exists to-day is not unwholesome; but he added that "it had gone about far enough," and that, though in good hands its extension would do no harm, "if it got into bad hands, it would be very bad." This latter possibility he admitted to be not entirely a comfortable situation for the country. We believe that Mr. Baker put his finger on the actual danger-point, and that reform of existing methods is altogether advisable, so far at least as regards the supervision of future banking amalgamations, and, if necessary, a veto on them, by responsible public authorities. This is no new proposal; it was brought to public attention very forcibly but, unhappily, with slight result, during the "Morse bank scandals" of 1907, and a Morse in the banking field on a vastly larger scale than in 1907 is at least conceivable. We were told in 1901 that the huge consolidations of capital in industry would be safe, because, with so great a capitalization, an existing management could never be dislodged, and existing managements were conservative. Yet with-

in a year the public was favored with the view of one such management's monstrous financial experiment of turning the Steel Corporation's shares into mortgage bonds, and of another's equally stupid series of exploits, in the making of artificial prices at its own expense by the Amalgamated Copper.

How much more important in the growth of trade are natural causes than dickerings of diplomacy is plain to any one who thinks. Almost any foreign-commerce bulletin of the Bureau of Statistics might serve as an illustration; the one telling of automobile exports is striking. Our exports of automobiles and parts thereof amounted to 30 million dollars in 1912, against 22 million in 1911, 15 million in 1910, and 9 million in 1909. If any such leap had been made by our trade with any part of the world, following upon some political event with which it might be supposed to be connected, what a crowing there would have been over the result! But here we have a gain of 21 million dollars in 1912 over 1909, in a single line of manufacture, and it is set down simply to "the popularity of the American automobile." Already this export of automobiles is greater than the average annual total of all our exports to China for the five years 1907-11, which was 26 million dollars, and does not fall very far short of our average total exports to Japan during the same period, which was 41 million. All this is no reason for neglecting to advance our foreign trade by intelligent measures, but it is a very good reason for objecting to the kind of talk which represents "dollar diplomacy" as a factor of importance in the advancement of national prosperity.

It is a very poor discussion of the cost-of-living problem that does not bristle with statistics; but they are very often statistics that cannot be taken seriously. To the Long Island farmer who complains that he gets fifty cents for a bushel of beans that sells for $4.50 in New York, some one makes the tart reply that the farmer must be a fool, since beans fetch four dollars a bushel at the country store right at his own door. Apples that bring the orchard man $2.50 the barrel are sold in small quantities to the consumer at a price which brings the corner grocer more than thirteen dollars a barrel. President Yoakum, in what should be an authoritative treatment of the subject, speaks of melons which bring the farmer five cents apiece and sell in town for eighty cents. Obviously, there is exaggeration here on both sides. The difference between the producer's and the retailer's prices cannot be so great, if we strike an average for all food commodities, or else there must be some explanation for the enormous difference other than the greed of the middleman. We need a study of commodity prices not by isolated instances, but in a scientifically sufficient number of cases. The investigation need not be exhaustive. But an investigation covering, let us say, a hundred farmers, a hundred retailers, and a few hundred families should furnish a fair basis for intelligent discussion.

Gov. Tener has again spoken out manfully against the Coatesville lynchers. In his annual message he urges that the charter of the borough of Coatesville be revoked for its failure to punish any of the persons implicated in the burning of Walker in August, 1911. The Governor asserts that the "people of this borough, by fomenting murder and consorting with murderers," have forfeited the right to be a separate administrative entity. In this he voices the conscience not only of his own State, but of law-abiding men and women everywhere. This is the proper answer to men of the Blease type. As to dealing with the borough as a whole, the cry will doubtless be raised that this means the punishment of innocent and guilty alike. No such action has yet been taken anywhere. The nearest approach to it is in Ohio, where a law has been passed making it possible to sue civilly a community for damages for a mob murder. In Coatesville there are some good men and women who have dared to withstand the prevailing opinion; but they will be the last to oppose such a measure of discipline as Gov. Tener suggests; they know that to be redeemed the community must expiate its crime in some way.

Frenchmen of recent years have been congratulating themselves on the fact that the country has definitely passed out of the shadow of the famous and unhappy *Affaire*. The resolute spirit of the French people in the succession of severe international crises which they have been compelled to face in the last half-dozen years, has been cited as proof that the rancors and feuds engendered over Dreyfus have ceased to be important in the life of the nation. Yet on the very eve of a Presidential election, the dramatic emergence of one of the principal actors in the Dreyfus affair has brought about the resignation of a Minister, menaces the existence of the Cabinet, and is expected to affect the choice of a successor to M. Fallières. But it would be easy to exaggerate the significance of the reappearance of Col. du Paty de Clam in the public eye. There may still be dynamite enough in the Dreyfus business to make or unmake a Presidential candidate, though even that is doubtful. But it is plain that, whatever effect the incident may exercise, it remains only a temporary bit of underground politics of the kind with which public life in France is rife. The fact remains that there has been an appeasement among Frenchmen. The depths of national feeling can no longer be stirred by the appeal to ancient passions.

The Japanese people, for all their devotion to Bushido and the Emperor, react in a very human way when it comes to a choice between food and glory. When the Saionji Ministry recently made way for a Cabinet headed by Prince Katsura, leader of the Imperialistic party, the issue was one of military expansion. The Jingo element clamored for the increase of the army by two entire divisions and for an accelerated programme of Dreadnought building. Marquis Saionji insisted, on the other hand, that the great need of the country was fiscal reform for the purpose of lightening the heavy burden of taxation under which the Japanese have labored ever since the Russian war. He also advocated the development of public works for the purpose of increasing the productive capacities of the country. With the army element almost solid against him, Saionji found himself helpless and was compelled to resign. Yet it has not taken very long to convince his successor that the country will not submit to an increase in military expenditure. The Japanese taxpayer has his limits of endurance. The play of international politics has so decidedly shifted from the Far East to the Near East that there seems less reason than ever why the country should be called upon for additional sacrifices.

THE NATIONAL STATE OF MIND.

One thought stood out clearly in Gov. Wilson's Chicago address on Saturday. It is that the great problems with which his Administration will have to deal are as much psychological as political. What are the people thinking, feeling, demanding? That, said Gov. Wilson, "is the hardest nut to crack." It is the national state of mind which, in the long run, will decide what Legislatures and Congresses and Presidents shall do. Hence the duty—though it is far from being the whole duty—of one placed in high administrative position to seek to read true the temper of the nation. As Gov. Wilson said, he will sit in Washington doing his best to preside over the ongoings of government, but the thing that will really determine, let us say, the relations of legislation to business, will be the final attitude of the business men of the country.

These sentiments are, of course, to be found in the commonplace-book of every statesman in a democracy. But the test comes in their application. The skilled interpreter of public sentiment who is also an honest public man, will find on many occasions that the prevalent opinion of the hour is misinformed, sometimes even dangerous. Is he meekly to yield to that, simply because it seems for the time to be a settled conviction? He will surely discover, if he takes his functions conscientiously, that some apparent popular demands have to be, not complied with, but resisted. It seemed possible to Bishop Butler, even in his day, that a whole nation might go suddenly insane. We moderns have far greater facilities for upsetting the nervous equilibrium of the public; and it is more than ever necessary for the genuine statesman, as distinguished from the quack, to be able to tell a temporary craze from a permanent movement.

Another thing which every responsible statesman should write down on his tablets is that a given national state of mind may be genuine, yet be "induced." In politics, too, there is such a thing as hypnotic suggestion. After people have been told for a long time that they think thus and so, and are determined to have one thing or another done, they come half to believe it. They are good "subjects" for political hypnotism. Yet it is not to be forgotten that a rival practitioner may come along and induce an apparent public consciousness very different from the one of a year or even a month before. This is among the dangers of those who assiduously study public opinion as a guide to action. They may be rashly helping to create the power, by playing upon it and feeding it, which they afterwards explain is too strong for them. Any man in public life who is aware how his immediate audience may be swayed by what he says, and then communicate its impulse to wider circles, will guard his words as jealously as the wise man advises those to do who stand in the presence of the king.

It is, confessedly, an enormously difficult task to make out at any one moment the actual temper of the nation. The diagnostician has to divest himself of class feeling. It is not what he thinks, or the circle of his friends, but what the great and dominant mind of the people believes. And there are diverse and even conflicting manifestations to be studied. To do all this, and to arrive at a practically accurate result, is truly a hard nut to crack. Yet we think that Gov. Wilson was substantially correct in the cautious interpretation which he gave at Chicago of the popular desire and intention, as respects certain things. He is surely not mistaken in saying that the people of this country have decided to husband, yet administer, their natural resources. It cannot be a wrong reading of the national purpose which sees in it the doom of monopoly. Nor is Gov. Wilson deceived when he sees in Americans the old thirst for equality of opportunity still unslaked. The full report of the Governor's speech in the Chicago newspapers shows that he placed all these matters in due and orderly connection. He spoke with the fervor of a reformer, yet with the restraint befitting a man who admits that he is feeling his way.

Granting that he rightly read the signs of the times, it does not follow that there must be upheavals in the effort to carry out policies which he indicated. It may be admitted that the sentiment of the country is at present radical. Gov. Wilson evidently believes that it is; Roosevelt is sure of it. They are good doctors. But we believe that it would be an entire mistake for either of them, or for any man, to jump to the conclusion that the national temper is to-day destructive. The country is prosperous, and nobody wants to interfere with the good times. Labor is well employed, the few strikes we have, here and there, being really a sign of prosperity, in the sense that the workers ask for a greater share in the gains of business. No doubt a certain amount of discontent persists; it had been lashed in one way and another to such heights that it could not have been expected to subside entirely. But the best evidence is that it is to-day neither widespread nor violent. The nation wants certain things done. Gov. Wilson is right about that. But it has no such rage that it would, in order to punish some, engulf all in a common ruin.

CONGRESS AND SOCIAL LEGISLATION.

Every year a few bills slip into Congress devoted to pure questions of humanity. They represent an attempt to bring a complex civilization face to face with some of those obligations which have been lost to sight, it may be, in the dust of advancing prosperity. Such bills usually are backed by a lobby of women's clubs, national societies with jaw-breaking names, indicating at once to the practical if not better half the visionary character of their membership, and by other groups of disinterested persons to whose sympathies the neglect of these matters is a challenge they cannot ignore.

Legislators are extremely loath to accept lobbies of this kind at their face value. To those who followed the struggle over the Esch-Hughes "phossy-jaw" bill last session, the most exasperating and disheartening feature of the opposition was the thorough misunderstanding that seemed to exist in the minds of many Congressmen of the purpose of the measure. Several gentlemen appeared constitutionally incapable of grasping the fact that the real and the ostensible purposes of the bill were identical. For above a year they successfully opposed its passage while they hunted in every nook and cranny for the "joker" on which some match manufacturer or phosphorus producer might intend to ride to fortune. They found none, but, faithful to their suspicions, they fought the measure to the end, and the margin by which it finally passed the House was very narrow. In the case of the opposition, last session, to the Children's Bureau bill, one Senator declared from the

floor that when uplift people and women's clubs got through running Congress, there would not be a shred of the United States Constitution left. Yet the awful conspiracy won, and Miss Julia Lathrop, in her position as first woman chief of a Federal bureau, is attacking on a national scale some of the overlooked problems of childhood.

One other battle was lost. For five years there has been a struggle to enact a reasonable usury law in the District of Columbia. The reformers' bill takes the rather curious form of increasing rather than decreasing the legal rate of interest on small loans. This is in order that reputable capital may compete within the law instead of leaving the field to loan sharks who evade it. The bill finally struggled through the House last session in an amended form which defeats its purpose, and it will presumably be allowed to die. Three important measures of social legislation will be pushed this session. These are: the bill introduced by Mr. La Follette in the Senate and Mr. Peters in the House limiting the hours of labor of women in certain employments in the District to eight a day; the new child-labor bill for the District of Columbia; and the joint resolution calling for an appropriation for a hospital ship for the fishermen of the Grand Banks.

The eight-hour bill for women was drafted under the auspices of the National Consumers' League. It is this kind of legislation which always has met and probably always will meet with strong opposition, not only from those directly interested, but also from people who will not yield to demonstration. Eighty years ago, when Lord Ashley fought fifteen years for a statute limiting the working day of women and children to the ten hours which strong men now think about 30 per cent. longer than is good for themselves, it was opposed as spelling ruin to the manufacturer. History has proved the groundlessness of these terrors, yet opposition of the same kind shows itself in America every time a State attempts to catch up with the England of eighty years ago. The District of Columbia, though non-industrial, in boldly trying to outstrip the England of the thirties, will doubtless have Ashley's battles to fight over again.

The new child-labor bill for the District, introduced by Mr. Cox, who goes from this session to be Governor of Ohio, is another bill of the same character. The prohibition of child labor is, fortunately, not a step of which many of us are ready to question the wisdom any more. The District has now a law full of defective exemptions, permitting, for instance, a youngster of ten to remain out of school to "support" his widowed mother. The Cox bill contains no untested clauses, but all the best provisions of the laws now in force in those States which have come to perceive that there is no wisdom in mortgaging a child's future, in a way to perpetuate poverty, through illiteracy, even unto the third and fourth generations.

The hospital-ship appropriation, which Mr. Gardner of Massachusetts hopes to see voted before the session closes, represents one of our national responsibilities too long overlooked. Every year some seven or eight thousand fishermen sail from American ports for the Banks of Newfoundland, where they spend winter and summer supplying the American market with cod. The occupation is hazardous in the extreme, even more so than coal mining or war. What we have neglected to notice, however, while we admired this hardy race of men as pictured in fiction and poetry, is the large number of totally unnecessary deaths and disabilities, due to the lack of prompt surgical care of the kind which Dr. Grenfell's chain of hospitals give further north on the coast of Labrador. Congressman Gardner has challenged every fish-eater of the nation with his bill, and the matter should not be dropped until the hospital ship is built and equipped and turned over to the Public Health and Marine Hospital Service.

THE EFFICIENCY NOSTRUM.

"Harvard professors and instructors," so went a newspaper story the other day, "are thoughtfully rubbing troubled brows to-day while they ponder over an intricate network of blanks and spaces whereon Assistant Controller Taylor has requested them to record the exact disposition which they make of all time spent in the interests of the university." The Assistant Controller stated that he desired these data for the purpose of using them "as a basis for pro-rating salaries to the various classified functions"; but, after supplying a formidable array of blanks to be filled with this end in view, he wound up with a request for information concerning "Contributory Activities," the giving of which was optional. These activities were to include the number of hours spent on "research work carried on personally by the instructor," and certain other things which, like this, "are of a quasi-private nature." The Assistant Controller recognized that the variations in such data due to the personal equation "would make impracticable the direct use of these figures for the purpose of distributing salaries," but nevertheless he was apparently of the opinion that they would be a comfortable thing to have, and so he asked for them. And quite right, too; for the optional of to-day may be the compulsory of to-morrow, and it is well to "get a line" on these professor people, even if you can't pin them down to exact facts and figures.

This news from Harvard seemed a pretty serious matter. There has been a great deal of groping in the dark over the problem of raising the standard of our universities and colleges, and here at last was light. What we had needed all along was some simple and yet profound guiding principle, and this the new move at Harvard was to supply. See that you get your money's worth out of each professor—this is the philosopher's stone, which, firmly and steadily applied, will transmute into gold all the baser metal of our university Faculties. It seemed serious; and then, suddenly, it was turned into bad comedy. President Lowell sent to the members of the Faculty a statement which amounted to something like a repudiation of the inquiry issued in the name of the Assistant Controller of the University. He assured the alarmed professors that "answers were intended to be wholly voluntary," and that "the recent circular was issued under a misunderstanding."

The episode is one that Harvard should be glad to forget, except in so far as it drew out—as it did, though we are not informed to what extent—threats of resignation on the part of men who had a proper conception of the professor's calling. It is humiliating to think that such a protest should have been made necessary at our country's oldest seat of learning; we trust that the feeling of self-respecting professors has been made so manifest as to preclude the possibility of any revival of

the foolish scheme at Harvard in the near future. But this mania for "efficiency" is in the air, and sooner or later it will have to be met at our universities, and squarely faced, and settled.

To be a university professor has hitherto meant, in this country as in all the world, to give to the university yourself—your personality, your talent, your capacity to interest, to instruct, to inspire. Many professors have, to be sure, fallen wofully short of fulfilling this ideal; many have been deficient in ability, many in character. But the one great thing that has made the calling attractive to the best who are in it has been that this was the plane on which it was understood to rest. It offers none of the glittering material rewards of other vocations; it seldom holds forth the allurement of fame. In this country, its dignity has been far below that which belongs to it in Europe, thanks to an exaltation of the idea of management and administration elsewhere unknown; but the recognition of the personal nature of the professor's work, of a distinctively personal measurement of his value, has never been abandoned. It is Agassiz, or Child, or Martin, or Gibbs, or Norton, or Gildersleeve—not so many hours of their labor—that Harvard, or Yale, or Johns Hopkins has had the good fortune to possess; and every faithful and competent professor has a right to feel that the same is true of him in his degree. But how long would that feeling survive under a system which required each professor to make report of every hour that he spent upon his work, and have his pay doled out to him accordingly?

It is easy to accuse those who object to the introduction of this efficiency nostrum of being reactionaries—upholders of the doctrine that whatever is is right. But it is still easier to reply to the accusation. Not because our universities and colleges are all that they ought to be, but because the proposed remedy is crude and barbarous, do we reject that remedy. We ought to have more competent teachers, we ought to have more inspiring leaders of research; but we shall not get them by means of time checks or card catalogues. The American professor is already far more subject to managerial control than his fellow in Germany or France; but it is in America, and not in Germany or France, that the cry of incompetent professors and inefficient instruction is continually heard. What is needed, above all things else, is to make the professorship attractive to superior men—men of originality, men of power, men of enthusiasm. When you have got all your time-card and efficiency-measure mechanism going, you may be able to compel every professor to come up to a certain standard; but you cannot compel the men whom you ought to have as professors to enter the calling. You may get the same amount of "results" out of the Faculties for less money, or a greater amount for the same money, so far as "results" can be measured by your mechanical methods; but what you have lost you will never be able to measure. And what shall it profit the university to have gained countless student-hours and experiment-units and to have lost what is highest and best in it?

FOOD-TAXES.

While our coming tariff struggle is to be partly one to get taxes taken off food, the absorbing fiscal fight in England is to prevent their being put on again. Sir Robert Peel's proud consolation in the wreck of his own party, and in his own fall from leadership, was that he had at least the satisfaction of knowing he had made the bread of workingmen sweeter for being untaxed. For more than fifty years no responsible English statesman ventured to propose a reversal of that policy; but when the Conservatives, under the initiative of Joseph Chamberlain, began to toy with protectionist doctrine, they could not evade the problem of protecting agriculture—that is, of laying a tax on wheat and meat. But, from the day of its first broaching, this has been an issue full of strife and danger for the party. Just at present, it is as a sword thrust into the vitals of the Conservative organization. Its life and its leader are threatened. A meeting of Lancashire Conservatives is to be held within a few days, and if they persist in their resolute opposition to anything in the nature of a food-tax, Mr Bonar Law announces that he will at once retire from the leadership of the party. Certainly, he could not cling to it with any hope of success. As goes Lancashire, so goes the country, has not become a proverb for nothing.

It is probable that Mr. Law himself is a good deal puzzled at the violent insurrection of formidable elements among his following, in consequence of his recent speech nailing his flag to the mast in the matter of food-duties. He really said nothing which he and other Conservative leaders had not said before. Indeed, he may even have thought that he had found an ingenious way to shelve the issue, for he declared that the Conservatives had no desire to impose food-taxes, and would not do so unless the Colonies demanded it as the only way to set up and round out a system of "preferential trade" within the Empire. The doubt that the Colonies would do this is at least great enough to warrant the hope that the matter might never be forced to a practical conclusion. But Bonar Law linked this with the fatal assertion that the question would not be referred to a vote of the people. He frankly transferred the taxing power over English workingmen to the Colonies. This was, indeed, taxation without representation! No wonder that Lancashire and Yorkshire rose in arms. The Liverpool *Courier*, one of the oldest and stanchest of provincial Conservative newspapers, at once took the position that the plan would never do. And the revolt spread with amazing rapidity, so that the London *Times* soon gave figures to show that six-sevenths of the Conservative members of Parliament were against the policy of their leader. The casting down of party hopes was tremendous. Only two months ago, all the talk was of the Conservatives speedily returning to power. Now there is universal dejection and a feeling that Bonar Law has dished the party's chances.

Yet his speech was ostensibly delivered, and was in fact, in the interest of political honesty. If the party was soon to take office, the country was entitled to know what it proposed to do. And Bonar Law, with that immoderate valor which has so often in him swelled into a fault, bluntly stated his plans. The very fact, no doubt, that the time for action seemed so near at hand was one reason why his words gave so much offence. The leader of a hopeless Opposition may say hazardous things about what he will do in the improbable event of his getting again into power. But when apparently on the eve of taking office, he must be more guarded. And it was partly because Mr. Law, under such circumstances, was sweeping and even

reckless in his speech, that he is felt to have committed a blunder worse than a crime. At a time when he should have sought to be soothing and conciliatory, he alarmed the whole country and split his party asunder. The fighting man who was to show the Conservatives what they had gained by the retirement of the hair-splitting and too polite Mr. Balfour, has merely got his party into a worse mess than before.

The successive attempts which the English Conservatives have made to pack in cotton the dynamite of food-taxes are both curious and instructive. In 1903, Mr. Chamberlain based the saving of an otherwise doomed Empire upon the taxing of foreign—not Colonial—wheat and meat (not bacon, however). The English consumer was to have it made up to him by remitting to him the taxes on sugar, tea, etc. By 1906, this programme had been changed to include a tax on Colonial food-products, though at a lower rate than on foreign. In the general election of 1910, both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Balfour gave what was, in effect, a personal pledge that the net effect of food-taxes would not increase the cost of living to the working classes. Later Mr. Balfour veered to the doctrine that there would be no tax on Colonial wheat. Afterwards, he gave his famous promise that no food-tax at all would be imposed without a referendum. But in November Lord Lansdowne threw over that promise, and last month Bonar Law distinctly repudiated it.

When such a tortuous course has been necessary in connection with a single issue, the plain man will wonder why the party does not drop the troublesome thing altogether. But it cannot. Once start the protectionist log a-rolling, and every interest will demand a share in the pastime. The agricultural interest is very powerful in the Conservative party, and would never consent to protective taxes on manufactures unless the land should also come in for legislative favors of the kind. And it is this necessity of placating the farmer by taxing the workingman for his benefit that has harried the Conservative leaders for the past ten years, and brought them to their present melancholy plight. Their discomfiture is completed by the fact that English trade, which they have steadily predicted would go to the dogs under free trade, surpassed all records in 1912—especially in that over-sea commerce where England was going to be hopelessly beaten if she did not abandon the outworn shibboleths of Adam Smith and Mill, Cobden and Gladstone.

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

The women of America are summoned to a new war of independence. This time it is not against the domestic despot who holds the vote and pays the family bills. The new enemy lives far across the seas, in the Rue de la Paix, the Place Vendôme, and the Avenue de l'Opéra. There the Parisian dressmaker sits and plots his fell designs, which designs are immediately copied by the dressmakers of the rest of the world. It is proper that our own country should be the first to rebel against this ancient tyranny. In the first place, we are, on principle, the enemies of foreign domination. In the second place, we spend more money in the Paris shops than any other nation. In the third place, we are the one nation that can afford to take the chance. For it is inconceivable that American women will ever be badly dressed, whereas if the women of Great Britain or of Germany were to cast off the Gallic yoke, there is a presumption that they might not quite be able to shift for themselves. They need a leader. Thus it is probable that the motto, "See America's milliners first!" may become the slogan of a world-wide movement of emancipation. With America at the head, the nations may press forward to another historic siege of Paris. The conflict will undoubtedly be severe. The Parisians will defend themselves with characteristic gallantry. There will be heavy fighting on the barricades in the Rue St. Honoré and the Champs Elysées. But there should be little doubt of the outcome. The dressmakers of Paris will utter their *dernier cri*, this time of anguish, as the flags of the allies are raised above smoking ruins of chiffon.

Dreams of foreign conquest are, however, somewhat premature. For the present it would be enough if our creators of fashions were to achieve their own independence. In their favor is the fact already cited that American æsthetic ideals have attained perhaps their highest development in the domain of clothes. The extravagance of the American woman has become a commonplace. But putting aside the question of expense, the men of this country are almost as interested in clothes as the women are. Certainly they give more thought to clothes than the men of any other nation, bulk for bulk. It is a sad imputation to bring against a people which loves to think of itself as exceptionally red-blooded and masculine, but the truth must be told that when it comes to clothes the American man is a good deal of a coquette. He demands of his tailor a flare of line and surface, an effect of easy grace, a harmony of coloring which the average European would consider altogether effeminate. We prettify. We strive after the flannelled elegance of Mr. Gibson's broad-shouldered, close-collared, well-creased heroes. Not that there is anything seriously blameworthy in the fact. Foreign visitors are always urging us to strive after beauty. Well, compare that distinguished German visitor's utterly ridiculous shoes with the product of our own factories, or his pinched-in shoulders with the fine military sweep of our own well-padded garments. As a nation we not only dress better than any other nation, but we allow no exceptions. The German professor's inalienable right to be a little more slovenly than the next man is not tolerated. Our college professors dress as well as their neighbors, and it is never easy to tell whether the man next to you teaches Sanscrit or sells automobiles.

Given this universal interest in clothes, and given the enormous extent of our domestic market, there should be no difficulty in evolving a standard of American fashions. As we have seen, the men's tailors in this country, while they may be influenced by the style of the hour in London, strive to adapt that style to what may be called the genius of American clothes. Why should the same privilege be denied the women of America? Why should Longchamps impose its ideas upon Detroit? Longchamps's moral outlook is so different from that of Detroit; and in the last resort, clothes, if they are to be something more than a protection against weather, must express a moral outlook as well as an æsthetic ideal. The present revolt against the domination of Paris is undoubtedly due in large measure to the extreme styles which Paris has latterly been sending us, styles for which the

inspiration apparently has come from the Egyptian dancing girls on the monuments in the Louvre. If the Puritan blood, which must still be current in these United States, revolts against the Bayadere styles, it is a legitimate spiritual manifestation. And there is the modern woman. Surely, she must sometimes grow aware how incongruous it is to demand a broader, freer existence for yourself and at the same time incapacitate yourself for the elementary business of crossing a crowded street by putting a hobble around your feet. Logically, the American woman ought to develop her own ideal of clothes, as our American cities are beginning to develop our own style of architecture.

So much for logic. As a practical problem, we have to face the snobbish instinct which is implanted in the heart of man and woman. Why does Paris impose itself upon the world? Precisely because it is Paris, and not Berlin or New York or Chicago. Develop a distinctive American standard in dress, and the temptation of Paris will be stronger than ever to a powerful minority. Will the majority stand for this form of class distinction? Will it refrain from fourth-rate Parisian imitations, and, by accepting the native standard, mark itself down as provincial?

FRENCH HISTORICAL BOOKS.

PARIS, January 4.

"Philippe II, roi d'Espagne" (H. Champion), by Charles Bratli, is a study of the life and character of its subject with a view to verifying or revising the judgment of history for 300 years. Neither in form nor in substance is it a book of literature. Its author is a Danish investigator, who, for twenty years, has sought throughout Europe, as well as in Spain, to acquire a complete knowledge of the case. Baguenault de Puchesse, of the Institut de France, presents his work to the public with the remark:

> We cannot say that he tries to rehabilitate Philip II completely. If he defends his memory, it is as an examining judge who seeks for proof in the documents of the case, instead of holding by public opinion, which so promptly asserts what it does not know.

M. Bratli has worked out this principle of historical investigation in his book. He has not written out his conclusions in continuous narrative. It is his critical examination of what historians have already said, his documentary and bibliographical references, which make his compendious work indispensable to all who attach other than controversial importance to the truth of history. In a first part he treats at length of the original authors out of Spain, and of modern historians who, similarly out of Spain, have sat in judgment on Philip II; and only then does he take up the history of Philip II in Spanish literature. In a second part he studies directly Spain of the mid-sixteenth century: its interior situation, the infancy of Philip II, his preparation for kingship, and his life as king. The third part will, perhaps, prove most profitable to the general student; for it comprises running notes on the compendious assertions made in the text; documentary appendices; an alphabetic bibliography, and a complete index of names and subjects mentioned in the entire book. While the book should aid in forming an independent opinion, it is not likely to please those who hold the seats of authority.

"Histoire de l'Inquisition en France" (Bloud), by Th. de Cauzons, is another work on an ill-famed culprit of history. This time it is an institution whose very duration through different centuries makes difficult, if not impossible, those clear-cut judgments which delight the general reader of history. The author is a Roman Catholic, already known by his study of the "History of Magic and Sorcery in France." The present (second) volume on the Inquisition indicates a work of considerable extent. Its separate usefulness is great, whatever may prove to be the merit of the work as a whole. Except for the introduction, it is devoted entirely to a systematic exposition of the legal "Procedure of the Inquisition" in France. With his usual competence and grasp of historic evolution, this subject has been treated by Professor Esmein in his "History of Criminal Procedure in France," but from his technical point of view and not in its relations with religious and general history. The part played by "trial by inquisition"—a subject by no means coterminous with the tribunals of the Inquisition—has been treated in this or that detail with considerable completeness by writers on English law, as in the great work on "Evidence," by the American Professor Wigmore. The late president of the French Court of Cassation, M. Tanon, has also given this vital question of procedure its due importance in his "History of the Tribunals of the Inquisition"; but all this has not supplied the need for a work explaining from the official acts the Inquisitorial procedure at each period of the tribunal's existence. Whether the present work is a step forward towards satisfying this need, due criticism must determine. It certainly avoids the error of Molinier, who deliberately began his study at a fixed year without attending to the hundreds of years of previous growth. Our author notes:

> Most singular of all, it is impossible to fix a date for the institution of the procedure of inquisition. . . . The tribunal of this name was created insensibly; and the mode of proceeding which gave the name also implanted itself without our being able to point out how it took birth (page 41).

In the single criticism (in a note, page 166) on the work of Henry Charles Lea, M. de Cauzons, in connection with this necessity of writing history latitudinally—that is, studying facts of the same generation together—makes this remark:

> The mixing up of times and places, which this completest modern historian of the Inquisition is far from having avoided, has two grave inconveniences. First, it renders the reading of the book exceedingly difficult; and next, it falsifies the reader's ideas. . . . In such a way of presenting things, the French may, at will, be a people of brigands or a society of saints. In reality, there were among them both the ones and the others.

M. Bratli says of Lea: "He cites papers and documents from nearly all the archives of Europe, without its being known that he anywhere undertook personal researches"—an insinuation which may have point where persons like Philip II are concerned, but is to no purpose in matters concerning the Inquisition. M. de Cauzons, in fact, uses without question the results of documentary collectors of recent date—Lea, Fredericq, Molinier—while rectifying the meaning of the documents according to the definitions and underlying ideas of their age, where the science of such collectors is not always adequate. It is curious, as he notes, that at the time an inquisitor who was a theologian and lawyer was thought preferable to a canonist. He is also justified, in this field, where "objectivity" is apparently impossible, in demanding that history shall be written by analysis of the documentary facts, and not by a controversial synthesis of them. His own work, at least in the present volume, is controversial defensively—that is, he attempts to show the consistency of the procedure of this tribunal of justice with the ideas of justice which guided consciences through the different ages of its very varying activity.

Every one must acknowledge that M. de Cauzons blinks neither facts nor documents, and this to a degree sufficiently disconcerting to the outsider, who is sure to be on his guard. The establishment of inquisitorial procedure, its sources and sorts, and its application to heresy; the judges and their powers, their auxiliaries and familiars and other officials, and their relations with bishops; the crime they

judged, the search, examination, and defence of guilty or accused; the use of torture, the sentences and penalties in life, liberty, fortune, and their execution; appeals, commutation, pardons—all are taken up in turn in this inevitably overloaded volume. Two serious criticisms remain to be made. First, there is no index of names, although the notes contain full bibliographical references at the foot of the respective pages. Secondly, the "Avant-propos," or introduction, is written in language that will cause many to close the book without reading further. Yet its eight kinds of Catholics who face the Inquisition and its history, and the "four serious parties hostile to the Church," are all well worth knowing. Why cannot those who explain so fearlessly the religion in which they have confidence use language which outsiders can understand? This criticism, applicable to the majority of religious writers of every stamp, applies scarcely at all to the present book in its main text.

"La Question du Sel pendant la Révolution" (H. Champion), by Otto Karmin, of the University of Geneva, is a documentary and statistical study of one of those economical questions which had so much to do with the popular movement in the French Revolution. In 1783, the eve of the general uprising, Buffon wrote of the *gabelle*, or state monopoly of salt:

> A fiscal law opposes itself to so legitimate a right as that of using what nature offers us with profusion—a law of proscription against man's ease and the health of animals who, like ourselves, should share in the benefits of the common mother, and yet, wanting salt, only half live and multiply; an unhappy law, or rather death sentence against generations to come, a law based only on miscalculation and ignorance, since the free use of a product so necessary to man and all living beings would work far greater good and prove more profitable to the state than all the revenue from prohibition. . . . The *gabelle* does more harm to agriculture than hail and frost.

The history is instructive, for the wages of monopoly and fiscal tariffs is still discontent working popular revolution. The twenty-fourth document, printed at length, is a decree signed by Roland and Danton in 1792, "the fourth year of liberty," inflicting a minimum on those who bid at the sales of "national salt and tobacco, on account of the considerable losses of the public treasury at such sales—the result of a coalition of several citizens who combined not to bid; wherefore the National Assembly, wishing to put a prompt end to such a disorder, decrees urgency in the matter!"

"1871—la Commune à Paris et en province" (Tallandier), by Lieut.-Col. Rousset, is a clear and complete narrative of the bloody weeks of the Paris Commune from its outbreak in February until it was wiped out in May. It cannot be called a complete history, for the history of those weeks and the men who played a part in them is as difficult to write as that of Philip II or the Inquisition or the Ferrer riots of three years ago. There is no better history, however, yet written for the general reader, since the events are related in soldierly order as they occurred, and to the actors in them is given their proper place. While the author recognizes the siege fever which left Parisian public opinion all but delirious, he does not, perhaps, insist enough on the uncertain position of what was called the National Government under Thiers. It was a Government still laboring under the doubtful legitimacy of the half-dozen lawyer politicians, who, as one of them said, had picked up authority where they found it lying—in the street—after they had driven out the only organized authority left from Sedan. He does insist on the carrying over of popular hatred of the Empire to the supposedly Monarchist National Assembly; and we see sufficiently the essential work done by agitators, without whom, as Dr. Le Bon has lately shown us, revolution is impossible. All this is needed to explain the action of such men as Clemenceau, Méline, Tirard, Ranc, during the early days of the Commune. It is not the same for those who persevered, like Paschal Grousset and Vaillant, and lived to be amnestied and sit in the present Parliament; it is difficult to absolve these from responsibility in the bloody massacres ordered by their associates.

Besides the memoirs of escaped Communists, there are other valuable histories of the movement, like that of Edmond Lepelletier; but they linger over their sympathies or excuses for persons and views, and these do not properly constitute history. It is one thing that civil war was engaged in by some whose motives are still the admiration of many; it is another thing that civil war once engaged had to be fought out to the bitter end. But to condone wanton massacre, because we share the slaughterers' hatred of the victims, or to condemn bloody repression, because the authority exercising it does not please us, is consistent neither with the truth of history nor with justice or fair play. No history of the facts of the Commune can satisfy those who have taken the fashion of sympathizing with it. At the time the Freemasons of Paris tried to adopt it in their rôle as schoolmastering Jacobins; but their pupils proved unmanageable, and the Grand Orient closed its doors, waiting for a more biddable Republic.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In *Notes and Queries*, 1883, Sixth Series, Vol. VII, pages 406-7, Mr. Austin Dobson inquired concerning a pamphlet advertised as follows: "An Answer to one Part of an infamous Libel reflecting on Captain *Vinegar*, and the late worthy *Jonathan Wild*, &c. By *Hercules Vinegar*, of *Hockley in the Hole*, Esq.; pr. 6*d*. [July, 1731.]" Mr. Dobson remarked that the advertisement "is extremely tantalizing, as it suggests that there was a 'Hercules Vinegar' interested in the famous thief-taker long before Fielding assumed the part of the Captain in the *Champion* of 1739-40, or published in 1743 the 'History of the Life of the Late Mr. Jonathan Wild the Great.'" Apparently no reply to Mr. Dobson's query has been offered. I have looked in vain for a copy of the pamphlet.

Further importance is given to the piece by the matter of an article of mine shortly to appear in the Cambridge *Modern Language Review*. There I shall show that "Captain Hercules Vinegar" was the name or the alias of a prize-ring champion or an entertainer at ring exhibitions, well known in London in 1731, and advertised in the newspapers regularly in a broadly jesting tone; and that, by adoption of the name and occupation of Vinegar, Fielding assumed at the outset and repeatedly sustained in the *Champion* a farcical association that is odd in face of the fact that many of his papers were written very seriously and were intended to be taken seriously.

In the *Grub-Street Journal* of July 29, 1731, under "Books and Pamphlets published since our last," is the notice: "24. An Answer to one part of an infamous Libel, reflecting on Capt. Vinegar, and the late worthy Jonathan Wilde, &c. by Hercules Vinegar of Hockley in the hole, Esq; Price 6d." The pamphlet is announced in the *Gentleman's Magazine* Register of Books of July, 1731. In the *Daily Post* of Saturday, July 24, 1731, col. 4, is the following notice hitherto not reprinted:

> This Day is publish'd, An Answer to one Part of a late infamous LIBEL, reflecting on Captain Vinegar and the late worthy Jonathan Wilde. In a Letter to Mr. James F-gg [Figg], the supposed Author thereof. In which Letter the Character and Conduct of the Gentleman, alias Captain Hercules Vinegar, are fully vindicated. By Hercules Vinegar of Hockley in the Hole, Esq.; Sold by A. Dodd at the Peacock without Temple-Bar. Pr. 6d.

I venture to suggest that possibly this pamphlet was a parody on a political pamphlet that was much to the fore at this date. Early in 1731 Pulteney and his opponents carried on a controversy following a pamphlet, "Sedition and Defamation Displayed. . . ." Later, on May 22, 1731, the *Craftsman* printed an article by Bolingbroke (see Dict. Nat. Biog. *s. v.* Pulteney) that aroused a considerable pamphlet war. There appeared a reply, "Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication of his Two Honourable Patrons in his Paper of May 22, 1731." The two patrons were Pulteney and Bolingbroke (see Coxe, "Memoirs of Walpole," 1800, I, 166). This was followed by Pulteney's (see Dict. Nat. Biog. *s. v.* Pulteney) "An Answer to one Part of a Late Infamous Libel intitled Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication of his Two Honourable Patrons, in which the Character and

Conduct of Mr. P. is fully vindicated"; by "A Final Answer to the remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication and to all the Libels which have come or may come from the same Quarter against the Person, last mentioned in the *Craftsman* of the 22 of May, 1731"; and by "Observations on a Pamphlet intitled An Answer to one Part of a late infamous Libel, etc." Copies of these pamphlets are in the Yale University Library.

The Vinegar pamphlet was actually published not later than July 24 (see advertisements quoted above). The *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1731, page 272, lists Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." as published June 19; "A Final Answer. . . ." June 23; "Observations on a Pamphlet intitled 'An Answer. . . .'" June 27. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of July, 1731, page 277, shows Walsingham in *The Free Briton* of July 1 attacking "An Answer. . . ." as by Pulteney; and at pages 286-7 shows that at the end of the second week of July the Grand Jury brought an indictment against various political libels, among which Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." is dealt with as the most offensive. According to the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1731, p. 307), as a result of this indictment, Walker, Rayner, Lynn, and Slow were arrested on July 7 for publishing "Robin's Game," and on July 12 Francklin, printer of the *Craftsman*, appeared for trial for printing the *Craftsman* of January 9 indicted by the Grand Jury. In the *Daily Post* of July 28 is noticed the fact that on Monday, the 26th, Francklin was brought up by *habeas corpus* proceedings to be bailed after arrest for printing and publishing Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." (see also on this Dict. Nat. Biog. *s. v.* Pulteney, p. 30, col. 2, and Coxe, *op. cit.* I, 169-70). Further, in the *Daily Journal* of July 29, the date of the *Grub-Street Journal* that notices the appearance of the Vinegar pamphlet (see above), appears: "Just Published, [Price Six-Pence], A Letter to Mr. P. in which the Controversy betwixt the Friends of the present Administration and him is fairly stated; occasioned by a Pamphlet, call'd, An Answer to one Part of a late infamous Libel, intitled, Remarks on the *Craftsman's* Vindication of his two Honorable Patrons, etc. . . ." This all shows that the Vinegar pamphlet followed Pulteney's "An Answer . . ." and (as reading of the abstracts from the periodicals in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July will confirm) that it appeared in the heat of the political controversy, while Pulteney's pamphlet was very prominent in the public eye.

In 1731 few if any would be concerned seriously to deal with a vindication of the rogue Jonathan Wild, hanged at Tyburn in 1725. When we read again the full title of Pulteney's "An Answer . . .," quoted above, and the full title of the Vinegar pamphlet in the *Daily Post* of July 24, quoted above, we are struck with the similarity of their phrasing. It looks as if the parallel of phrasing and the occurrence of the names of Vinegar and Wild parallel with the occurrence of the *Craftsman's* "Two Honourable Patrons," were adopted for the purpose of parody by some one (probably on the Ministerial side) who was following in the steps of Gay in his "Newgate opera," the "Beggars' Opera," and who substituted for the political heroes in the controversy the Hockley-in-the-Hole heroes Vinegar and Wild and the man Vinegar's actual "patron," James Figg, the prize-ring champion and promoter. At the date of the Vinegar pamphlet every one who read the newspapers must have associated jesting and the mock-heroic with appearance of Vinegar's name. The coupling of his name with that of the still celebrated Wild, is what a parodist might readily adopt. I remind of the use of Hercules Vinegar's name as pseudonym by the authors of the 1742 pieces against Pope, "The Cudgel: or a Crab-tree Lecture" and "Blast upon Blast, and Lick for Lick" (see list of books in the *Gentleman's Magazine* and the *London Magazine* for August, 1742, and British Museum Catalogue, 1890). It is of interest here that in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1731, page 495, are six quatrains, "The Prize-fighters. A Simile," in which the Ministerial writer, Osborne, and Caleb D'Anvers of the *Craftsman* (both fierce contestants in the strife of the year) are, in their fiery defiances and threats of each other and in their actual sole aim of pecuniary gain, likened to the prize-ring champions (especially Sutton) who issue their "weekly bills From *Figg's* or *Stokes's* room."

JOHN EDWIN WELLS.

Correspondence

MAN THE PARADOX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The astonishment referred to in your editorial of August 22, touching the work of the late Dr. Howard Furness, is interesting not only in itself, but also as a phase of the inexplicable human paradox.

It is indeed, as you say, "an astonishing thing that more of those who are blessed with independence and who seek after pleasure in a kind of bewildered ignorance of their needs do not see the joy of an intellectual purpose steadily followed year after year, binding day to day in orderly interest, and leaving no approach to the ravaging attacks of ennui"; and, one might add, less approach to the ravages of misfortune.

But why are we astonished at this very familiar phenomenon? The explanation is found in the fact that the cause of the astonishment is not in the conduct of man, but in his constitution—not in his conduct in thus following his own dominant desires, but in the inexplicable and preposterous conduct of nature in thus enslaving him to such undesirable desires, endowing him with lofty and noble faculties and at the same time carefully rendering those faculties abortive by so constituting and environing him that he shall always lack either the opportunity or the inclination to cultivate or use them. It is as though man's higher faculties were given him in jest or in derision. From long familiarity with this fact, we have ceased to be astonished at anything that man does, but we are so constituted that we can never cease to be astonished at what he is.

We are unable to rid ourselves of the primal intuitive impression that the world is the product of intelligence, and that therefore the life of man must be ordered according to some intelligible plan and purpose; but, being wholly unable to discover any design that will square with the facts of man's existence and performances, we are in perpetual astonishment at the seemingly aimless and senseless prodigality of nature in furnishing him with a nature so inharmonious, and so grotesquely out of keeping with what he is destined to accomplish.

Observation constantly reminds us that not one person in a thousand realizes a tithe of the possibilities of his higher faculties or has any real desire to do so; that, although equipped in some ways for a far higher destiny, man's grosser appetites so preponderate that he almost invariably spends his life ministering to his lower, rather than his higher, nature; that, indeed, the vast majority of mankind are so environed by nature that they have no opportunity to cultivate their higher faculties, because the struggle for mere existence absorbs all their energies. Even when this is not so, when the few fortunate ones are relieved from this struggle by material prosperity, or, as you put it, "become blessed with independence," nature has so ordained that the very blessings which give this independence shall breed in their possessors indolence, love of luxury, and a new supply of lower appetites, which forestall the use of the higher faculty. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, our optimistic expectation still persists, and in extremely rare cases, such as that of Dr. Furness, the expectation is realized. In the wise use which he made of his opportunities, he did just what we obstinately expect everybody to do, and know very well that they will not do.

Implanted as they are in a nature filled with hostile elements, the higher faculties, when they survive, usually render their possessor the storm-centre of a thousand conflicting desires, by which he is drawn hither and thither in endless vacillation and inconsequence. Unable to free himself from this internal conflict, he goes on:

> Forever tortured by the unquiet breast,
> Which neither deadens into rest
> Nor ever feels the fiery glow
> That whirls the spirit from itself away,
> But fluctuates to and fro:
> Never by wisdom quite possessed
> And never quite benumbed by the world's sway.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, December 30, 1912.

THE ETHICS OF NEWS-SUPPRESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The nation-wide publicity that was given to the cry, "To hell with the Constitution!" shouted by Gov. Blease at the recent Governors' convention in Richmond, is a forceful reminder of what I believe to be a deplorable situation with our American press. This instance is bad enough, but it is hardly typical of what comes to us on every hand every day. Must everything be published? May not our newspapers give us something besides stories of crime or scandal, or cease to flaunt in our faces glaring accounts of sham derringdo? Indeed, it seems to me that our press is fast becoming no more than an open sewer contaminating our very atmosphere with its airing of putrid "news," which should be allowed to flow underground to the sea of quick oblivion.

But the newspaper man must have "a nose

for news"; even your "cub reporter" will tell you that. Speak to him about the suppression of any type of news, and he is righteously indignant. And many of our increasing number of text-books on journalism emphasize the necessity of the "news instinct." But what they and the press in general need to emphasize above everything else is a discriminating news instinct; an instinct that will not only ignore a type of news that the public does not want, but a type of news that the public ought not to have. Now the "public" is a hard thing to define; but some one has well said that it is only a big baby. And because this big baby will devour unwholesome news, swill-tainted fiction, and gaze at indecent picture shows or vaudeville, is no reason whatever that it should be aided in doing so, especially by a power which ought to be a leader of thought and a bearer of light in our national life.

And not until our newspapers realize this fact and cease to tell us in flaring headlines of the fourth or fifth marriage of Lillian Russell; of foolish, notoriety-seeking suffragettes who make a record-breaking walk of fully one hundred and twenty-five miles, or of a Governor who desired exactly the kind of advertisement he got—only then will they regain in a measure the respect of intelligent people. And more especially, not until they reduce to a minimum accounts of ingenious and suggestive crime, will they cease to serve an immoral purpose with the weaker and criminally inclined elements of our population. For crime is not made odious by constant exposure, but it is made to appear common; and whatever seems common is bound to be regarded with little aversion, or even welcomed as a solution of difficulty.

And, finally, I believe that the press, like politics and the stage, must find its reformation in the young men of our colleges. Why should not our collegiate schools of journalism teach our young men of courage to give a wide reading public not those things which will appeal to or remind men of their baser natures, or urge them to cheap notoriety, but mainly those things that are honest and of good report?

CHAS. V. STANSELL.

Ottawa University, Ottawa, Kan., January 1.

SHAKESPEARE AND HERBERT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your number for December 5, Miss Charlotte Porter calls attention to two passages in Rowland Whyte's letters which she thinks have been overlooked. The first passage was, however, taken account of by Mr. Tyler, and an allusion to it may be found in a foot-note in his volume on Shakespeare's Sonnets; unfortunately, I write under conditions that make it impossible for me to give the exact reference.

The passage appears to Miss Porter to give evidence that young Herbert was sent off to Leiden instead of coming to London, and that therefore "an intimate friendship between Shakespeare and Herbert can no longer be assumed to occur until the middle of 1599." Tyler, however, thought *Leiden* to be merely an error for *London*—with some show of reason, if I remember correctly. Evidently the matter needs further sifting. If Miss Porter's conjecture is right, Tyler's theory of the composition of the "Sonnets" will require material modification. We should have a swift succession of the events of Shakespeare's friendship and its wreck in the latter half of that year in which Jaggard got hold of two of the later sonnets and printed them in "The Passionate Pilgrim," and there would be no provision for the sonnets of which Meres made earlier mention. I have neither inclination nor facilities to discuss this further, but if there is a single conclusive bit of evidence in this perennially baffling mystery, we want to know it.

A. G. NEWCOMER.

New York, January 3.

DRYDEN ON FANCY AND IMAGINATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The passage from Dryden cited by B. S. M., in the *Nation* of December 19, as an example of an early attempt at distinguishing between fancy and imagination, is interesting in a way, but there is nothing in it to suggest the distinction hinted at in Beattie's "Dissertations," a passage from which I cited in my letter of November 28. Dryden is trying to define wit, and makes it virtually synonymous with the faculty of imagination, the product of which, or *wit written*, includes, he says, three things: invention, fancy, and elocution or expression. The sole point of the distinction between the two terms here is that *imagination* is used to indicate the activity of the faculty in its widest range, *fancy* to denominate the same activity within narrower limits. There is no suggestion of two faculties, nor even of two phases of the same faculty. The term *fancy* retains its common meaning, and is obviously used to avoid the awkwardness involved in employing the term *imagination* in two senses in the same sentence. Ordinarily, as for instance in the first passage cited by B. S. M., Dryden uses fancy and imagination as equivalent terms, though he uses the former rather more frequently than the latter. In the following passage from the preface to "An Evening's Love" (1671), fancy is used in somewhat the same general sense as in the preface to "Annus Mirabilis":

> The forming it [the story of the play] into acts and scenes, disposing of actions and passions into their proper places, and beautifying both with descriptions, similitudes, and propriety of language, is the principal employment of the poet; as being the largest field of fancy, which is the principal quality required in him. . . . Judgment, indeed, is necessary in him; but 'tis fancy that gives the life-touches, and the secret graces to it; especially in serious plays.

EDWARD FULTON.

Urbana, Ill., January 6.

THE CABINET IN CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of President Taft's suggestion that Cabinet officers should be granted the right to appear in Congress, the following bit of history, as giving an early indication of President-elect Wilson's sympathy with that administrative theory, may be of general interest. When Wilson was a student and fellow at the Johns Hopkins University, he organized a debating society for training the students in the department of history. He organized it in the form of a legislative body, and, passing over the Congressional order, he chose the norm of the English House of Commons, as "representing the most perfect example of a legislative body extant." This expression of his judgment may have more than academic value.

OSCAR WOODWARD ZEIGLER.

Baltimore, January 8.

Literature

CRISPI'S MEMOIRS.

Francesco Crispi: I Mille (da Documenti dell' Archivio Crispi). Milan: Treves. 1911.

Francesco Crispi: Politica Estera. Memorie e Documenti raccolti e ordinati da T. Palamenghi-Crispi. Milan: Treves: 1912.

The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi. Translated by Mary Pritchard-Agnetti from the Documents Collected and Edited by Thomas Palamenghi-Crispi. Vol. I: Exile—The Thousand. Vol. II: The Triple Alliance. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co. $7 net.

These two volumes contain some important and much interesting material. The interest, for the person who has been behind the scenes in recent Italian history, lies often not so much in the facts stated in the documents as in the dexterity with which the editor has picked and arranged those documents so as to exhibit a white-washed Crispi. The nephew-editor is simply the latest of several apologists who have been working to transmute apology into panegyric. They have undertaken an impossible task, and that they have an inkling of this fact appears on one side from the character of the material which they suppress, and, on the other, from the growing effrontery of their statements. Having reached the stage where "Claim everything!" is their watchword, they exalt Crispi as the colossus of the Risorgimento, beside whom Garibaldi and Mazzini were but heroes in 18mo, Victor Emanuel a mediocre figurehead, Cavour a very negligible quantity, while Manin, Farini, Minghetti, and Ricasoli —to mention no others—were beneath mention. In a world which has always reasons enough for being grave if not down-hearted, the unconscious humorists who stir unexpected laughter deserve our thanks. Of such is T. Palamenghi-Crispi.

The career of Francesco Crispi falls into two periods of almost equal length, but of conflicting contents. Born in 1819, he was a conspirator and exile until the autumn of 1860, when the Two Sicilies were united to Italy. Elected to the Italian Parliament in 1861, he filled a conspicuous place thenceforth until his second and final expulsion from the premiership in 1896. The last five years

of his life he spent in retirement, execrated by all classes of Italians for having brought upon Italy the Abyssinian disaster, not to speak of the shame of the bank scandals which he had tacitly allowed to go on, or of the general corruption in public life which flourished under his ascendency, or of the social and industrial revolt which, hardly suppressed during his régime, he left as a legacy to his successors.

It being the editor's purpose to present Crispi under only the most favorable light, he masses his material in the first volume on the Sicilian Expedition, in which Crispi's talents as a conspirator culminated. We could wish that the information about the ten years' exile were more detailed. Little is added to what was already known. Crispi's relations with Mazzini, for instance, which really determined the younger man's policy, are only sketched. That Crispi, while accepting Mazzini's gospel of unity under a republic, refused to be a blind disciple, is the only important fact revealed—and that could be inferred long ago. Vital matters, on the other hand, remain sealed.

Thus, after the fatuous Mazzinian attempt at Milan, in 1853, the Piedmontese Government expelled Crispi, to whom it had given asylum for above three years. Crispi complained of unjust treatment, on the ground that it could not be proved that he was plotting; but by the showing of the expurgated documents here printed, he never ceased plotting. He was not, indeed, directly implicated in the Milanese fiasco, because he regarded it as too hazardous, and so kept out of it. But he knew of it.

Failure to convict was, in his reckoning, equivalent to a certificate of innocence. Di Rudio, one of Orsini's accomplices in the attempted assassination of Napoleon III, declared that Crispi, then a refugee in Paris, threw the third bomb. The Paris police evidently suspected him, for they arrested him at once and only released him for lack of proof. A year later, he was journeying through Sicily, teaching the conspirators there how to make and use Orsini bombs: for he had then neither moral nor sentimental scruples against political assassination—or tyrannicide, as he would have called it. But his nephew discreetly passes this matter over in silence. He lets us infer throughout that Crispi was a high-minded, unselfish patriot, who despised the ordinary methods of conspiracy—a James Otis or John Adams—instead of the actual Sicilian incendiary of history.

In the account of the Sicilian Expedition, which fills two-thirds of this volume, we can but admire the skill with which the nephew-editor constantly clears the stage in order to leave only his uncle in view. We forget at times that that epic adventure was not exclusively a Crispian achievement, so artfully are Garibaldi, Medici, Bixio, and Bertani thrust into the background, or reduced to the rôles of walking gentlemen. Historically, the relative proportions are not quite exact.

We look in vain for fresh light on the spurious telegram by which Crispi prevailed on Garibaldi to sail with the Thousand; but we find much inedited material for the period from May to October, 1860, when Crispi was indisputably Garibaldi's political mentor, exercising over the liberator an influence almost hypnotic. From behind the shelter of Garibaldi's power he could at last display with impunity the domineering qualities which he had hitherto been forced to curb.

Crispi's conduct had three motive springs: the maintenance of his personal ascendency, the assertion of Sicily's superior claims, and the promotion of the control of the movement by the Party of Revolution up to the latest possible moment. He brooked no rival; he listened to no suggestions. When the other members of the Sicilian Cabinet, incensed by his arrogance, threatened to resign, Garibaldi found it wiser to remove him from the Cabinet to the post of private secretary, a post in which Crispi could act as he pleased, unrestrained by law or public opinion, so long as he retained the Dictator's support.

The nephew-editor presents the material bearing on these critical months in such a way as to make it appear that Crispi alone had the statesman's knowledge; that those who differed from him or opposed him were traitors; and that even Garibaldi's contagious patriotism needed to be guided by the private secretary in order to be effective. The great question of the annexation of Sicily to Victor Emanuel's Kingdom appears as if it had only one side—Crispi's. The expulsion of La Farina, the hectoring of Depretis and of Pallavicino, are set forth as the shining acts of an incorruptible patriot. You would suppose that Crispi was George Washington and that they were Benedict Arnolds. In fact, however, La Farina and Pallavicino had already achieved far more than Crispi for Italian independence; and Crispi's assault on La Farina had personal vindictiveness rather than patriotism behind it. For politicians to identify their private hatred with patriotic righteous wrath is, of course, a common spectacle.

But the deeper criticism of the action of Crispi and his fellow fire-eaters does not concern the rightness or the wrongness of immediate annexation: it concerns the spirit in which they acted. If Garibaldi succeeded in his adventure, the Two Sicilies, or certainly Sicily, would become a part of United Italy. A patriot, therefore, would have done nothing to stir up sectional animosity, which would inevitably react as a blight on the union. Crispi, on the contrary, did his utmost to enrage the Sicilians against the North Italians, and where discords had not already sprung up he planted them. He bade the Sicilians to beware of Victor Emanuel and Cavour, whose purpose, he insinuated, was not to free Italy, but to Piedmontize her. They worked, he declared, for dynastic, not patriotic, aggrandizement, being the tools of Napoleon III, to whom they would turn Italy over at the first opportunity. The Sicilians must refuse to join the Kingdom of Italy except on their own terms. This was Crispi's idea of the best way to promote durable concord among a people whom envenomed sectionalism had kept asunder for centuries. His defenders may say that his opponents also indulged in vituperation and calumny, but this does not excuse him. Neither the Northern nor the Southern revilers during the Civil War could sweep Lincoln from action which should make reunion easy, "with malice towards none, with charity for all."

If the editor of these memoirs had not taken *nil nisi optimum* for his motto, he would at least have allowed us to infer the savage quality of Crispi's methods as well as the sinister effect which such a stimulation of sectional passions had on the subsequent welding of Italy into a united nation. Crispi's purpose during the summer is sufficiently expressed in the following sentence from a letter he wrote on July 9 to a fellow-revolutionist, Luigi Orlando (Italics are ours): "Let us all work together *in the cause of the Revolution, and the Revolution will be crowned with victory*" (I, 331).

But Crispi was too much of a realist in politics not to respect the accomplished fact. In his early days he had clung over-long to his Sicilianism; then he had clung to Mazzini's republic-or-nothing doctrine after the majority of the republicans had turned, under Manin's guidance, to Piedmont; he had even signed a protest against the Piedmontese alliance with France in 1859—that alliance which immediately freed Lombardy, Emilia, and Tuscany, and paved the way for the Sicilian Expedition itself. But after the annexation of the Two Sicilies had proved that the Italian monarchy was stronger than the Revolution, Crispi saw a new light.

Elected to Parliament as a Radical, in 1861, he soon realized that the Mazzinian creed was out-of-date. "The Monarchy unites us; the Republic would divide us," was his famous reply to Mazzini's reproach. Nevertheless, Crispi was an unwilling convert, and he did not refrain from relentless attacks on the Government, which caused confusion and bitterness at home and often endangered Italy's relations abroad. The death of Cavour in June, 1861, proved even more injurious to Italian recon-

struction than Lincoln's death proved to American Reconstruction; and during more than a decade, when patriotism and common-sense alike called for a spirit of mutual trust, conciliation, and compromise, Crispi was easily first as a sower of rancor. He surpassed Thaddeus Stevens—our eminent Reconstructionist—in partisan intolerance; he outdid Benjamin F. Butler in cunning vindictiveness. He upheld the fatuous Garibaldian enterprises which collapsed at Aspromonte and Mentana. Secure in his Deputy's seat, he filled to perfection the rôle of parliamentary privateer.

This rôle, which is a favorite one among the politicians of Continental Europe, often gives to its player a factitious importance. He need have no fixed principles; but he must have pertinacity, combativeness, a dogged indifference to consistency and to scruples. If he lacks the rapier of sarcasm, he will be quite as well served by the bludgeon of abuse. Even courage, which seems at first an indispensable quality, may turn out, on closer examination, to be either obtuseness or effrontery.

It was by playing this rôle for some fifteen years that Crispi came to take rank as the most formidable of Italian public men. He could unmake reputations and Ministries, though he could make none: and he availed himself to the full of the outsider's privilege of condemning captiously the party in power, and of demanding changes and concessions which he well knew neither himself nor any one else could bring to pass.

The nephew-editor glides over this long period, without a knowledge of which we cannot understand the fierce antipathies which largely determined the rest of Crispi's career, in order to introduce him, in 1877, as visiting Berlin, Paris, London, and Vienna, on the secret diplomatic mission out of which issued, we are led to assume, the Triple Alliance several years later. Crispi returned to Rome, believing that he had not only made a deep impression on Bismarck, but also penetrated his secrets and procured his support. How mistaken Crispi was appeared in 1881, when Bismarck consented to the seizure of Tunis by France—a consent which wounded Italy's pride and roused her enmity against the French, while, by requiring a large addition to the French army in Africa, it lessened the power of France to attack Germany. Bismarck was, in fact, not quite so simple as Crispi and his nephew suppose.

For ten momentous weeks, at the beginning of 1878, Crispi was Minister of the Interior, rendering energetic service in upholding Italy's prestige after the death of Pius IX. But almost immediately thereafter he was literally hurled from office on a charge of bigamy. In the law-suit which followed, it was shown that in 1853 he had been *religiously* married to the washerwoman's daughter whom for twenty-five years he acknowledged as his wife; but he escaped by the quibble that there had been no *civil* marriage. We cannot go into the scandalous transaction here; but we ask why the nephew gives no hint of it? The biographer of a public man is not required to burrow into the private affairs of his subject; but, when what was private becomes a matter of great public concern, the biographer who hushes or evades it is guilty of rank dishonesty. Any record of Parnell without a statement of the Kitty O'Shea scandal, which wrecked Parnell and the Home Rule cause, would be laughed at. Crispi's nephew is well aware that the suppression of truth is often the most effective way of deceiving: nor can he escape by protesting that he deals only with foreign policy; because he devotes a large part of this volume to arguing that Italy's foreign policy would have been very different if Crispi had been in office. The trial for bigamy was the prime reason which kept Crispi out of office for nine years.

But while Crispi had no Ministerial responsibility during these years, he exerted greater or less influence. He approved of the Triple Alliance, forgetting that he had formerly berated the leaders of the Right as traitors for their subservience to France. How the upholders of subservience to Germany, of which the Triple Alliance was the sign, were to be regarded not as traitors, but as patriots, is not explained: and the nephew-editor seems not to perceive that since 1882 the Triple Alliance has served chiefly to protect Italy against her allies, Germany and Austria; for she has never been in serious danger, despite Crispi's tremors in 1889, of an attack from France.

Much of the material referring to foreign politics during Crispi's long eclipse is interesting: but we do not accept his own assurances that, if he had been in office, he would not have made this or that blunder, because we remember that from 1887 to 1896, when he was Prime Minister most of the time, he showed himself only too fallible and plunged Italy into the worst calamity in her history as a nation. It is easy for Crispi to declare that, if he had been listened to, France would not have got Tunis in 1881, or that Italy would have joined England and France in Egypt in 1882: such declarations sound to the historian too much like the excuse of the sportsman who would have shot a stag if his gun had been loaded. Perhaps Crispi deceived himself as to the real influence produced by his interviews and diplomatic correspondence. The Prime Ministers of Europe could not help listening to so aggressive a colleague; they said graciously that Italy's interests must be promoted; and then they followed their own devices.

The nephew-editor collects much evidence in regard to the commercial rupture with France, which led to strained political relations. The first break occurred when Crispi was out of office, but while he protests in the documents here printed that he had no ill-will towards France, he gave free rein to the Gallophobia which he inherited from his Mazzinian days. The tariff war caused Italy immense damage, from which she did not recover until after Crispi's death, and it no doubt inflamed the conditions which led up to the riots in 1898. Crispi himself was in so fevered a state that in 1889, believing that France was about to attack Italy, he placed the Italian army and navy on a war footing, and, not daring to trust even a ciphered telegram, he hurried off a trusty messenger to Bismarck for help. Bismarck, better informed and clearer-sighted, calmed the ex-conspirator by assuring him that France would not commit suicide in that way just then.

So in regard to many other projects which Crispi's restless mind agitated: we search this book in vain for proof of his lasting influence on international politics. Only in his dealings with the Vatican was he uniformly decisive. In 1889, when Leo XIII's reactionary advisers gave out that he could tolerate no longer his "imprisonment" and must seek an asylum outside of Italy, Crispi sent word to the Pope that, if he went, he should be escorted with royal honors, but that neither he nor his successors should ever return. Cardinal Hohenlohe, who conveyed the message, added that, as the Almighty had decreed that the Temporal Power could never be recovered, the Catholic hierarchy ought thenceforth to devote themselves to the salvation of souls instead of to worldly schemes. When Hohenlohe's letter reached the Pope, despite the efforts of his entourage to isolate him from all but their influence, he abandoned the "farce of the departure"; and it has never since been seriously considered.

Jingoism lay at the bottom of Crispi's notoriety—Jingoism preached and promoted by a man of ruthless personal temperament, whom even his supporters submitted to rather than respected or loved. So far as he instilled into the Italians a spirit of self-reliance, and of patriotism, he did well; but, unfortunately, he taught them to mistake swagger for dignity and to put their trust in the external trappings of a Great Power. For all his truculence, he had no moral courage. So, although he had earlier denounced standing armies and militarism, he endeavored, as Prime Minister, to give Italy a large military establishment; and though he knew the folly of colonial expansion in Abyssinia, he lacked pluck to resist it. He displayed a similar moral cowardice in the

case of the bank frauds, which he allowed to go on. Although he was too clever to be caught with incriminating spoils upon him, his wives, and familiars, and his political favorites for the time being, profited by the countless opopportunities for graft. He was energetic in the physical exercise of his authority: as when he suppressed the starving Sicilians by martial law; and whenever he returned to office there was a sudden bustle and hum, as of mighty workings. But Jingoism, like the drug habit, requires larger and larger doses, and the activity it generates is often deceptive. Having filled Crispi's two Administrations with sound and fury, it left little constructive legislation, almost nothing beneficent, to show for his long political ascendency. It ended in the terrible disaster of Adua, which brought the Italians only one compensation: it freed them forever from Crispi.

Whether Signor Palamenghi-Crispi will print another volume containing an apology of Crispi's conduct in home affairs, seems doubtful. If he does, it will necessarily require even more "doctoring" than these two, which will never command the trust of historians. Crispi was so crafty that we cannot be sure that he did not make changes even in his diaries. It is known that, on becoming Prime Minister, he sent to Turin and had abstracted from the archives there many documents which have since totally disappeared. The Italians have too high a respect for his cunning to pretend that these documents contained good things about himself which he wished to hide under a bushel. After Adua, he spent the last five years of his life arranging his papers, suppressing here and destroying there, so that the apologists might conjure from them a fictitious Crispi—farseeing, dauntless, wise, righteous, canonizable. The nephew-editor has manipulated this material still further to meet the exigencies of to-day, when the fact has been recalled that Crispi, among many suggestions, said that Italy ought to possess Tripoli.

The psychologist's interest in Crispi's career is this: he never outgrew his conspirator's nature. So his life was cut in two, the second half a denial of the first. As lawmaker and constitutional Minister he was continually doing that which, as a Mazzinian conspirator, he had denounced Cavour for doing—that is, insisting on the supremacy of the national Government and on the maintenance of law and order. Although he accepted the monarchy, he was never more than a reluctant convert: his head, weighing expediency, approved; his heart remained republican. Deeper still than his political convictions was his temperament. From youth to age he never belied his Albanian ancestry or his Sicilian apprenticeship. Proud as Lucifer, self-dependent, tenacious in wrath, scornful, domineering, crafty, vindictive, he treated his supporters like lackeys and his opponents like outlaws. His public career was a perpetual vendetta; his private life a scandal.

We should add that Signora Agnetti's translation is readable; but it is not always precise. Occasionally she misses the meaning altogether; so that students should be warned to turn to the original text wherever important statements are involved.

CURRENT FICTION.

A Picked Company. By Mary Hallock Foote. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

According to "Who's Who in America," Mrs. Foote's address reads, with surprising appropriateness, "North Star Mines, Grass Valley, California." Writers about the Far West commonly prefer to dwell in the East, but this novelist, though she was born in New York State and educated in New York City, has spent most of her life in the region from which her subjects are derived. "The Led Horse Claim" appeared (does it seem possible?) thirty years ago. Since then this writer's output has run to a scant dozen books (she is, of course, an illustrator as well). There is not a big story among them, but they have an atmosphere, and a gentle distinction of style which now grows rather old-fashioned.

In "A Picked Company" Mrs. Foote has gone back to the forties and the followers of the Oregon trail. A band of New England villagers, under the leadership of their old pastor, set out in the footsteps of Dr. Whitman, to found a pious colony on the farthest frontier. The old man is an enthusiast and a visionary, fit to inspire a pilgrimage, but helpless in practical matters. A villain (of, it must be owned, pretty conventional type) associates himself with the party from mercenary motives, as guide and manager, and becomes the mainspring of a rather sensational romantic action. This involves the seduction of a girl of the company and the eventual death of the villain at the hands of virtue. We could have wished more made of the pioneering experience of the band as a whole, and less of the personal episode. Stella, the girl who goes wrong, is painted in great detail, and is a good picture of the worthless, selfish butterfly type, foredoomed from birth to a paltry fate.

The Inner Flame. By Clara Louise Burnham. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Without subjecting this gentlest of tales to a too searching analysis, we may venture to say it was the inner flame that for twenty-five years had kept poor, solitary Aunt Mary alive and enthusiastically painting unsalable pictures. After her unobserved light had failed, and the fuel was handed on in the shape of a legacy to her nephew, who had it in him to paint pictures of recognizable value, it was the self-same inner flame that sustained the hardworking young art student in buoyant spirits amid the social rigors of a New York winter. It illuminated with contentment his town quarters in a Gramercy Park stable, and when fortune landed him radiant but penniless for the summer in a painter's paradise off the Maine coast, the divine spark even fired him with the rare courage to turn a henhouse into a studio. Again, it was the inner flame that revealed to Kathleen, his fair, intellectual cousin-by-marriage, certain fairy-tales of educational value that might be based upon microscopic research and illustrated by an able but impecunious young artist. A kindred irradiation—this time an extraordinary vocal gift—lighted her nonchalant brother into the pleasant paths of financial independence, and with a more tricksy gleam led the nimble feet of the young instructress in the art of dancing, who made the fourth member of this youthful quartet. What, we beg the patient and presumably juvenile reader to consider, would it have profited either pair to meet in New York and to summer together on Brewster's Island, had there been lacking that sympathetic understanding engendered by the inner flame? As to the faithful servitor Eliza and the mother who in Western exile unselfishly fostered her son's ambition, while these lacked the glory of the artistic impulse, it is well understood that these had "lights" of their own, and that they also shine as luminous examples.

The Soldier from Virginia. By Marjorie Bowen. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Not long since this writer produced a romance the scene of which was laid in mediæval Italy. It was a fustian affair, but not intolerable. It is easier to romance with some degree of plausibility about a "Viper of Milan" than about a Washington of Virginia. A fact apparently understood upon the stage is that a good deal of absurdity may be allowed a "costume play"—a more antique and fantastic toggery allowing of grosser follies in speech and action. One would hardly take the trouble to consider the credibility of Miss Bowen's Milanese reptile, with his outlandish armament and haberdashery; but it is less safe to take liberties with the knee-breeches and queue, the conduct and vernacular, of the father of one's country:

> Hesperian curls, the front of Job himself,
> An eye, like March, to threaten at command—
> A station like Harry Mercury—

There is no charm of a romantic hero

which Miss Bowen hesitates to visit upon the memory of the great Virginian; and he stands out from her pages a very pretty and clever little man—or manikin.

With the Merry Austrians. By Amy McLaren. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Here, as in "Bawbee Jock," the writer has produced a creditable story in the mild later-Victorian style. The school of William Black, Walter Besant, *et al.*, is, it seems, not yet extinct. The "merry Austrians" and their outlandish scene merely afford contrast and freshness of setting to the pair of young Britons who, with hearts of oak and manners to match, play out their little British drama according to very ancient rules, indeed. She is the young widow whose well-born husband has been disinherited for marrying her. When his death leaves her in poverty—that is, with only enough money to live on—she does not care for herself; but that her child should be deprived of his "rights," namely, the inheritance of superfluous wealth, fills her with a bitterness which all faithful students of English fiction will understand. Still, being proud as beautiful, after a single useless gesture of abasement before the inexorable grandfather of little Benjie, she retires in the direction of the Tyrol, and Belgravian rumor knows her no more. Then the grandfather dies. Then the supplanter, the presumably unpleasant person into whose pockets Benjie's patrimony has been diverted, undertakes that supreme feat of transatlantic heroism—the feat, to put it vulgarly, of shelling-out. He pursues the widow, he finds her, melancholy among her merry Austrians, he falls in love with her, and, after reluctances and misunderstandings, he marries her. The Austrian lady who covets Him and intrigues against Her, the Austrian officer who adores Her and triumphs over passion for her sake, are well enough as accessories, but chiefly serve to intensify the Briticism of the tale.

TWO BOOKS ON CARIBBEAN SOUTH AMERICA.

Venezuela. By Leonard V. Dalton, B.Sc., Fellow of the Geological and Royal Geographical Societies. With a map and 34 illustrations. (The South American Series.) New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3 net.

Guiana, British, Dutch, and French. By James Rodway, F.L.S. With a map and 36 illustrations. The same.

These two volumes belong to a useful series of treatises descriptive of the various countries of South America, one of which, Mr. Koebel's "Uruguay," was reviewed in these columns about a year ago. Both are the work of authors who know well the countries they describe, and contain a great deal of information which will be serviceable to persons desiring to know something about the regions dealt with. They are not records of travel, though they contain pretty full topographical accounts.

Mr. Dalton's "Venezuela" gives a sensible, careful, and, where it touches historical questions, impartial description of a country of great natural beauty and immense natural resources. The physical geography, the plants and animals, and the aboriginal Indians are duly described. A chapter is given to the country under Spanish rule and another to its fortunes as an independent republic since 1811. Eight chapters treat of the different regions and states, and a general survey, which winds up the book, discusses the prospects of material development, including the means of communication and transport. Some statistics of population, trade, and finance are placed in an appendix, which would be useful if the governmental figures could be relied on. Even so, they are at least better than nothing. An interesting bibliography, the fulness of which shows how many travellers and writers from the beginning of the sixteenth century have occupied themselves with the country, adds greatly to the practical worth of the book. It will thus be seen that there is something in it about Venezuela in nearly all the aspects which a country presents, except those which may be called by the modern name of "sociological." A short paragraph is given to education, but one perhaps not disproportionate to the provision for public instruction made in the republic where there are only 1,404 elementary schools, with less than 50,000 pupils in a population of 2,665,000. We hear less than we should have wished about the racial characteristics of this population, *i. e.*, what are the proportions of persons of pure European blood, of mixed European and Indian blood, of mixed Indian and negro blood, and of pure Indians. This is a point of much importance in considering the social and political phenomena of the country, as well as in attempting to predict its development, and although no trustworthy figures regarding it are attainable, any light the author could give would have been welcome.

We are told very little about the politics of the country, with its twenty-two states and a small Federal District round Caracas, the capital; and the historical sketch is a monotonous record of faction fights which ended in nothing but the fall of one and the rise of another military adventurer, all more or less corrupt and rapacious. Venezuela is one of the oldest settled parts of the Western Hemisphere; and it is one of the few in which the traveller doubts whether things are any better now than they were under the rule of Spain, whether order is more secure, justice better administered, instruction more widely diffused, the development of the country better promoted, the life of the people any happier. Nevertheless, its condition during the last few years does seem to show some improvement from the days of Castro, and there is probably more prospect of further progress than can be discovered in such republics as Ecuador or Nicaragua.

Mr. Rodway's book on Guiana stands on much the same literary level as Mr. Dalton's on Venezuela. It is a description of the country, not a tale of travel or adventure, and, considered as a description, it tells the reader the things which most readers wish to know. The author has written about the country before, has lived in it, has formed views about the people which sometimes, as in his treatment of the case of the missionary Smith, may be thought to disclose partisan sentiment, but which have the effect of giving a certain freshness and "local color" to his writing. He tells us less about the several districts of Guiana, their physical character and their products, than Mr. Rodway tells us about the several districts of Venezuela, but he enters much more fully into the history of the country, and presents a more graphic account of its social conditions. The two books are worth reading together, for they call attention to three remarkable contrasts between the countries. In the first place, while Venezuela shows the results of republican independence in a Spanish-American country, Guiana shows the results of dependence on European Powers. Secondly, while the population of Venezuela is almost entirely of either Spanish or Indian origin, that of Guiana has a large negro, and in some districts a still larger Hindu, element. Thirdly, while administration in Venezuela is notoriously corrupt, it is in Guiana, or at least in British and Dutch Guiana, quite honest. To explain how these things come to be would require more space than we can spare for the purpose, but the facts suggest many reflections as to the value to be attributed to the name of republic. Mr. Rodway's comparison of the conditions in the three Guianas, French, Dutch, and British, is interesting. He may be, of course, and probably is, partial to his own countrymen; but the facts he states, if correct, reflect little credit on the management by France of her colony, to which she still continues to send out convicts; while they show that the Dutch dominion, though less prosperous as well as much smaller than the English, has latterly begun to make progress and has found in Malays from Java a source of labor supply almost as good as that which India has provided for the British plantations. In none of

these colonies, according to Mr. Rodway, are the negroes of much use for regular plantation labor. The East Indian, with habits of industry formed during many generations in his own country, appears much more available.

What Mr. Rodway tells us regarding the scenery of Roraima, the lofty sandstone mountain on the confines of British Guiana and Brazil, and about the vegetation round the magnificent waterfall which is the glory of that region, is well worth reading. But the most interesting problems raised by the account given of the three European colonies, are those which bear on the quality and capacity of the three races here placed in juxtaposition, Indians, negroes, and Asiatics, on the possibility of making the country fit for white settlement on a larger scale than at present, and on the kind of mixed race which will ultimately arise out of a fusion of these various elements.

A Miscellany of Men. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50 net.

One or two recent collections of Mr. Chesterton's essays have given us an uneasy feeling that the burliest of Tory-Democrats, the jolliest of living Englishmen, was growing weary. Though glorious Jack Horner was still lustily thrusting in his thumb, he seemed to be pulling out plums in less profusion than of yore, and to be more attentive to his thumb than to his pudding. His latest offering is not entirely reassuring, for it is largely made up of articles written some time ago—"from the South African War to the first impudences of eugenics; a time in which the liberal tradition, as I hold it, was not only dying, but committing suicide." Furthermore, he closes the book with an essay called The Angry Author: His Farewell, in which he threatens, with certain reservations, to desert the Fourth Estate, and become a romancer pure and simple: "I wish to gather up into this last article a valedictory violence about all such things; and then pass to where, beyond these voices, there is peace—or in other words, to the writing of Penny Dreadfuls; a noble and much-needed work."

But, at any rate, here once again is the earlier fiery gusto, the whiff and glitter of a keen blade not sporting idly with feathers, but hot with the conflict and bent on unseaming the adversary from the nave to the chaps. Here again is the masterful brushing aside of party catch-words, the steady drive at realities, the scorn of Utopists and doctrinaires, the unrelenting hatred of national oppression and hypocrisy—a head-on collision, in short, between a ruddy, human liberalism, and the allied forces of canting Christians, visionary rationalists, and shifty, calculating imperialists. Mr. Chesterton's *casus belli* and his mode of attack are too well known to require further commentary. Let this serve as a taste of his valedictory violence—of his "Don'ts for Dogmatists; or Things I am Tired Of":

> Don't use a noun and then an adjective that crosses out the noun. An adjective qualifies, it cannot contradict. Don't say, "Give me a patriotism that is free from all boundaries." It is like saying, "Give me a pork pie with no pork in it." Don't say, "I look forward to that larger religion that shall have no special dogmas." It is like saying, "I look forward to that larger quadruped who shall have no feet." A quadruped means something with four feet; and a religion means something that commits a man to some doctrine about the universe. Don't let the meek substantive be absolutely murdered by the joyful, exuberant adjective.

The Problem of Edwin Drood. By W. Robertson Nicoll. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Death took a hand in a fine piece of mystification, by stilling the voice of the great story-teller in the middle of "Edwin Drood." The world has been tolerably well content to leave half-told the story of Cambuscan bold, but the tale of Drood has been completed—in fancy—scores of times: the mystery of him is infinitely more absorbing than if Dickens had been permitted to solve it for us. Dr. Nicoll appends to his present study a bibliography of some hundred titles—adaptations, sequels, solutions, scholarly citations of evidence, wild speculations of every conceivable sort. Among the authors responsible for this mass of Drood literature one notes many distinguished names. The late Andrew Lang appears in the discussion a dozen times or more. Other well-known contributors are Mrs. Meynell, Mr. Chesterton, Mr. Archer, Beerbohm Tree, Hall Caine; and in the course of the text opinions are quoted from John Forster, Joseph Hatton, Hugh Thomson, and others. Professor Nicoll himself is anything but a dabbler, and the seriousness of his present undertaking is evident, not only from the character of the text, but from the fact of its dedication to Lord Rosebery.

The chief element of mystery in the story, as planned by Dickens, had to do with the fate of Drood. "Was he murdered?—if so, how and by whom, and where was his body hidden? If not, how did he escape, and what became of him, and did he reappear?" This is the direct Drood question left unanswered by Dickens's death. If he had lived, the question would have been distinctly answered. The corollary mysteries: who was Datchery, the stranger who appeared in Cloisterham after Drood's disappearance, and was manifestly destined to solve the initial problem; and who was the opium-woman, known provisionally as the "Princess Puffer"—these problems might have been left more or less shrouded, even at the end of the tale. The mysteries of Drood and of Datchery are dealt with in this book.

On the basis of a thorough marshalling of evidence, the writer shows that Drood was undoubtedly murdered. Dickens told John Forster that in the projected story a nephew was to be murdered by his uncle. "The murderer was to discover that his crime was useless for its purpose, but he was not to be convicted in the ordinary way. It was by means of a gold ring, which had resisted the corrosive effects of the lime into which the body had been cast, that the murderer and the person murdered were to be identified." Mme. Perugini, the novelist's daughter, corroborates this testimony, and says that it is impossible to suppose that, in view of the close relation between Dickens and Forster, Dickens would have changed his plan without informing his confidant. Neither Mme. Perugini nor her first husband, Charles Allston Collins, doubted that Drood was murdered. "Edwin Drood" was to be issued by Chapman & Hall in twelve shilling numbers. Six numbers were actually published. Collins designed the original wrapper, or cover, which enclosed the numbers really issued. Further, Charles Dickens the younger "positively declared that he heard from his father's own lips that Edwin Drood was dead"; and in that belief dramatized the story (in collaboration with Joseph Hatton). Also Sir Luke Fildes, the sole illustrator of the story (except for the wrapper), has testified that Jasper was provided with a double-length necktie because "Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it." Furthermore, there is a note by Dickens himself to the effect that "Jasper lays the ground for the manner of the murder to come out at last. Night picture of the Cathedral."

After all which, Professor Nicoll concludes, "the proof that Edwin Drood was murdered is to my mind mainly to be found in the pages of the story"—which seems to be leaving little to the credit of the Dickens testimony, elder or younger. But it appears that there have been careful and prayerful students of the subject who, while they are ready to admit that Jasper did his best to erase his nephew with the aid of quicklime, and rejoiced in the belief that the method had been effectual, suggest that he may have been more sanguine than sanguinary. Hence a legion of conjectures as to the time, place, and manner of the lamented Edwin's return. They are here assembled, and, one would think, finally disposed of.

Professor Nicoll believes that "Datchery" was Helena Landless in male disguise, and argues the point, if not with absolute finality, at least very ingeniously and credibly.

Continental Legal History Series: Vol. I: A General Survey. By Various Authors. Vol. III: A History of French Private Law. By Jean Brissaud. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $6 net; $5 net.

If the next generation of lawyers are not far more learned than their predecessors, the fault will be their own. Not only are law schools multiplying, but their requirements for admission as well as for graduation are increasing, and the quality of their instruction is improving. The law student of to-day enjoys educational advantages which Blackstone and Kent would have envied. And the end is not yet. Legal educators are insisting that the prescribed law-school work, extensive and strenuous as it is, has not proved to be sufficient; that it needs to be supplemented in many respects. Accordingly, the Association of American Law Schools has undertaken the task of mapping out a course of study in Continental Legal History, and of preparing translations of some of the best works on that subject. The volumes before us are the first fruits of this endeavor.

In volume one we have a general survey of events, sources, persons, and movements in Continental legal history. It is not the production of a single author. No European scholar, we are assured by the editor, has ventured to write such a book, out of his own studies. The volume has therefore been constructed by fitting together chapters separately written, each by a specialist in his own field. Some of the chapters have been prepared expressly for this volume. Most of them, however, are reproduced from standard publications; although, in "weaving them together into a connected and inclusive story," the translators and editorial committee have taken frequent liberties with the author's arrangement of topics, and at times have curtailed the text.

Notwithstanding the title, the historical outline in this volume does not embrace the entire continent of Europe. It is limited to the portion west of Russia and the Balkans—the portion in which the codified law of Rome and the customary law of the Germanic tribes have blended to produce a legal system, "which now broadly divides with Anglo-American law the spheres of influence in the eastern hemisphere." The reasons given by the editors for omitting any sketch of the legal systems of Eastern Europe—the Slavic, the Byzantine, and the Hungarian—are briefly as follows. These have remained quite separate and distinct from the legal systems of Western Europe, so that there has been no interchange of ideas between the two groups; no blending of legal rules; no reciprocal influence.

The story of the volume begins at the close of the Roman Empire of the West, near the end of the fifth century, and comes down to the present time. It is divided into nine parts. The period of political amalgamation from Justinian to Feudalism forms Part I of the narrative. Part II tells of Italy; Part III of France; Part IV of Germany; Part V of the Netherlands; Part VI of Switzerland; Part VII of Scandinavia; Part VIII of Spain, while Part IX traces the Canon Law Sources.

Although none of these sections could be omitted without detracting from the completeness of the story, it must be confessed that they differ widely in interest and importance. The first three parts and the last will be read with most zest, we believe; and are worthy of careful study. It is true that Professor Brissaud's sketch of early French law traverses a part of the field covered by Professor Calisse in his account of early Italian law, but the student will not feel that his time has been wasted by this duplication. On the contrary, after reading both authors, he will thank the editors for not limiting his acquaintance to either.

The third volume of the series, entitled "A History of French Private Law," is the work of a single author, Professor Brissaud. Here, again, the editors have taken liberties with the text. The original work is in two volumes, divided into three general parts—The Sources of French Law, Public Law, and Private Law. The introduction to part second has been taken from its original setting and made to serve as an introduction to part third. This rearrangement is not altogether felicitous, for it brings such topics as Anglo-American Townships, The Russian Mir, and the Village Communities of India into immediate connection with obligations, ownership, and the various other topics of private law.

In passing, we cannot refrain from a word of surprise at the absence of all reference to American publications on the subjects of townships and of the transition from collective ownership to individual ownership of land. Professor Brissaud cites a number of English and French writers, but seems not to have heard of the more valuable literature which has appeared on this side of the Atlantic. We are sure that his discussion would have been enriched by an acquaintance with the famous Johns Hopkins Studies upon these themes. They would have supplied him with additional evidence in support of his view, that "the abandonment of collective ownership has everywhere coincided with general progress"; that "the modern phalansteries have not succeeded in restoring it to honor, and the recent experiments made with the object of returning to this archaic system are not at all encouraging."

The main portion of this volume is worthy of all the praise lavished upon it in the editorial prefatory note by Dean Wigmore and in the Introduction by Mr. Holdsworth. After lauding the author's wonderful breadth of research, and his catholic and cosmopolitan use of every source of authority wherever found, Mr. Wigmore declares that these enable "him to show us the inter-relations of the individual principles. Everything is explained as a growth. Nothing appears as a merely arbitrary fact of law. It is the very antipodes of the formal lifeless treatment of the legal historians of fifty years ago. In the philosophic study of causes and conditions, Brissaud exhibits the best type of the modern legal historian. Law is expounded, not mechanically, but as 'a felt necessity of the times.'"

Notes

Prof. C. H. Grandgent will soon complete his edition of "The Divine Comedy"; Heath promises shortly the "Paradiso."

The same house will issue Bolt's "Peterli am Lift," illustrated, with notes and vocabulary by F. Betz.

"Socialism and Democracy in Europe," by Samuel P. Orth, is in Holt's list.

"With Master Minds," announced by the Universal Series Publishing Co., is a volume of interviews held by Herman Bernstein with many celebrated men.

"The Eternal Maiden," T. Everett Harré's first novel, is announced for early publication by Mitchell Kennerley.

A story of Western adventure, by Ridgwell Cullum, will be brought out shortly by Jacobs & Co. Its title is "The Night Riders."

Prof. Roland G. Usher is publishing, through Houghton Mifflin, a book on Pan-Germanism.

Four new novels are promised for this month by the Appletons—"Adnam's Orchard," by Sarah Grand; "General Mallock's Shadow," by W. B. Maxwell; "Everbreeze," by Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene, and "The Ghost Girl," a detective story by Henry Kitchell Webster.

Little, Brown & Co.'s forthcoming list of fiction includes: "Joyful Heatherby," by Payne Erskine; "The Happy Warrior," by A. S. M. Hutchinson, and "The Day of Days," by Louis Joseph Vance.

Among the new novels to be issued this month by Duffield & Co. are the following: "The Street of the Flute Player," by Dr. H. de Vere Stacpoole; "The Silver Dress," by Mrs. George Norman; "The Wooing of Margaret Trevenna," by Roy Meldrum, and "Wild Justice," by Frances Clare.

Prof. Paul Terry Cherington, of the Harvard School of Business, has a forthcoming book on "Advertising as a Business Force" (Doubleday, Page).

February publications of Frederick A. Stokes Co. include: "Bobbie, General Manager," by Olive Higgins Prouty; "The Life Mask," by the author of "To M. L. G."; "Smith and the Church," by Harry H. Beattys, with an introduction by Meredith

Nicholson, and "Cooncan" (a card game sometimes known as "Rum"), by R. F. Foster.

The following titles are included in the announcements of Sturgis & Walton Co.: "The Love-Seeker, A Sentimental Handbook," by Maud Churton Braby; "Tad Sheldon, Scout, Stories of his Patrol," by John Fleming Wilsou; "Education for Economic Democracy," by Prof. Arland D. Weeks; "Getting Together," essays by British and American Churchmen, Christian and Jewish; "Constructivo Rural Sociology," by Prof. John M. Gillette, and "Memoirs Relating to Fouché, Minister of Police under Napoleon," which was originally published in September 1824, with the title "Mémoires de Joseph Fouché, duc d'Otrante, ministre de la police générale."

The Villon Society, of London, which is issuing, uuder the supervision of Mr. John Payne, an anthology of French verse from the twelfth century to the present time, is about to publish the fifth section. This, in two volumes, will include translations, in like metres, of selections from 150 contemporary French poets. Sections two and four—"The Renaissance Period" and "The Romantic Period"—have already appeared. The other sections, which will follow regularly, are the first, "The Beginnings" (twelfth to fifteenth centuries), and the third, "The Dark Ages" (seventeenth and eighteenth centuries).

Prof. Ernest D. Burton has been succeeded in the post of editor-in-chief of the *Biblical World* by Prof. Shailer Mathews.

Empires may vanish and provinces may be swallowed up, but the "Almanach de Gotha" goes on unchanged. The present volume, for 1913 (published by Justus Perthes of Gotha, imported by Lemcke & Buechner), bears, indeed, the proud inscription: CENT CINQUANTIEME ANNEE, and by way of introduction presents the reader with its history from 1763 to 1913. The portraits exhibit Alexandrine, Reine de Danemark; Christian X, Roi de Danemark; Marie-Adélaïde, Grande-duchesse de Luxembourg, and Alexis, Prince de Bentheim et Steinfurt.

The English "Who's Who, 1913" comes to us from the Macmillans, one of the most welcome books of the year. The present issue is printed on a larger page, which lowers the number of pages somewhat from the edition of last year. We need scarcely inform our readers that this work does not confine its biographies to citizens of Great or Greater Britain, but contains eminent names from all the world. In one point we think the book might be made more serviceable: the pronunciation of the names might be indicated.

In its journeys through the "realms of gold" the Oxford University Press has now come to Tennyson, offering two publications which are particularly attractive. One of these, in the green-and-gold series, "is an exact (but not a page-for-page) reprint of the Bodleian copy of the 1842 edition. The half-titles and advertisements are not reproduced, and line-numbers have been added to some poems. A few trifling errors of spelling, punctuation, and numeration have been corrected silently." The two volumes of 1842 have their separate title pages preserved in this pleasant reprint. The other publication from the Oxford Press gives the "Poems of Tennyson, 1830-1870." The print is exceptionally good; the illustrations include two pictures in color after G. F. Watts, and ninety-one cuts from Millais, Rossetti, and others. T. Herbert Warren, president of Magdalen College, furnishes an introduction. With the exception of the omission of poems later in date than 1870 (for copyright reasons we presume), this is almost an ideal one-volume edition of the poet.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson belongs to the one type of critic not obnoxious to authors. That is to say, he makes it his function merely to facilitate friendly intercourse between books and readers. In his "All Manner of Folk" (Kennerley), he flutters from subject to subject, kindling a little blaze before each, never says anything disagreeable, seldom pronounces judgment. If you were to give a great literary *soirée*, you would be glad to hear him moving among the guests, with his breezy and genial *parlage*, making every one feel *chez soi*. We do not mean to intimate that he has no personality or preferences. He has a decided taste for red. If you wish to give him a thoroughly enjoyable evening, you must invite artists and authors who are in the "movement." A sketch of Whistler serves as his frontispiece, and half way through you fall in with Max Beerbohm—the elever young man who in his early twenties felt that he was "outmoded" and must give way to "younger men with months of activity before them." Mr. Jackson is a modernist, though tinctured with discretion and humor. He is in love with the energetic, the picturesque, the unexpected, the defiant, the eccentrie. He will fling his cap—a little while—for any one who has produced a variation in species, and not inquire too curiously whether it may not be a *lusus naturæ*. He intoxicates himself with a cocktail made by mixing a dash of Whitman, Emerson, and Nietzsche in a tumbler full of Mill's "Liberty." Richard Jefferies writes: "Erase the past from the mind, stand face to face with the real now—and work out all anew"; and Mr. Jackson finds the utterance "full of suggestion and in line with the ripest thought of the day." He holds that the "real enemies of society are custom and precedent." A clever observation, with a kind of centennial sound—where have we heard it before? He clasps hands with John Synge, Poe, Edward Carpenter, Thoreau, William Morris, Henry Mayers Hyndman, Jo Davidson—and any one else who is not a merely respectable member of the herd. Besides all this, he laughs in a cheerful and reassuring fashion, with Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, and admits that the Superman is as yet only "an exuberant and tragic ghost pervading the twilight of humanity." It was an error to say that there is nothing disagreeable in his book. He declares that shameless "lionizing" prevails in the United States: "personal distinction is there received with a rapturous adoration which has small reference to the thing achieved by the adored one." In England "a healthy and keen sense of humor keeps the habit within the bounds of seemliness." We fail to see how such a nice man as Mr. Jackson could have permitted himself to say anything so horrid.

Volume XIX of the "Journals of the Continental Congress" (Washington: Library of Congress), edited by Gaillard Hunt, comes to hand two years after its predecessor; the delay, as the editor explains, having been due to the state of the appropriation for library printing. The period covered, January 1-April 23, 1781, was one of progress in national organization, notwithstanding the imminence of national bankruptcy. A Department of Foreign Affairs, the Secretary of which was to have liberty "to attend Congress," was provided for January 10, followed February 7 by the appointment of a superintendent of finance, a "Secretary at War," and a Secretary of Marine. February 16 an attorney-general of the United States was recommended, together with a Federal court for the trial of civil offences; while on April 5 Federal courts for the trial of piracies and felonies on the high seas were created, and two days later rules for the conduct of privateers adopted. On the first of March, following the ratification of Maryland, the Articles of Confederation were signed, and the Continental Congress became the Congress of the Confederation. So greatly had conditions changed, however, since the adoption of the Articles by Congress more than three years before, that almost immediately (March 6) a committee was appointed to prepare additional articles.

The overshadowing question, however, was that of ways and means. On February 3 Congress proposed to the States an amendment of the Articles, authorizing the imposition of a 5 per cent. duty on certain imports, the proceeds to be applied to the discharge of the principal and interest of the debt. The resolution, which Mr. Hunt in his prefatory note erroneously ascribes to January 24, was adopted only after a resolution declaring that the right to levy such duties should be vested exclusively in Congress, and that the duties ought to be uniform among the States and for specific purposes only, had been negatived. A circular letter of January 15 had already set forth the dire straits of the treasury, and the failure of the States to pay their requisitions; and on February 19 came an itemized statement of the debt, aggregating in specie, so far as the items could be ascertained, $26,617,812. Five days later the rates of postage were doubled. In March, with the outlook darker than ever, it was resolved that payment of the debt thereafter should be made at its specie value: and the States were urged to amend their laws regarding bills of credit, so that such bills might no longer have a legal tender standing save at their rating in specie. The further history of these well-meant efforts lies beyond the chronological limit of this volume.

The expedition, of which M. W. Hilton-Simpson gives an interesting account in "Land and Peoples of the Kasai" (McClurg), was made in 1907-09 for the purpose of studying the primitive natives of the Southwestern Congo, and making collections for the ethnographical department of the British Museum. Its remarkable scientific results have already been published by its leader, E. Torday. The basin of the Kasai (the great southern tributary of the Congo) was chosen for investigation because it contained an extensive *terra incognita*. This rare opportunity for the study of the negro who has not come into contact with the white man has opened up a new chap-

ter in the history of African culture. The expedition found the Bushongo, for instance, governed by a wise king, controlled by a sort of parliament of about 140 members, with an upper chamber of a very few of the highest dignitaries, such as the prime minister and the commander-in-chief of the warriors, and with a lower chamber in which were representatives of outlying districts, of the arts and trades, as well as women and slaves. Their art, says Mr. Torday, had attained a level never suspected in Africa outside Egypt, and their moral code was ideal. To prevent treacherous murders in the darkness it is forbidden to carry a knife when there is no moon, a wooden imitation of a knife at such times being stuck in the girdle.

The roof of the palace is supported by massive wooden pillars, elaborately carved, and in the centre of the little doorway is a beautifully carved door-post dividing the entrance into two. Door-posts such as this, some of them of great age, are common at the Mushenge (the capital), and one often sees specimens of woodcarving of an artistic quality, worthy of place in any European mansion, supporting the doorway of the most dilapidated leaf huts.

Cannibalism, according to Mr. Hilton-Simpson, is generally dying out and many of the tribes show possibilities of great development. Very different conditions prevail from those in the other parts of the Belgian Congo. The atrocities, of which the world has heard so much, are virtually non-existent here. "We came across no brutality on the part of white men towards natives during our journey in the Kasai district." What is needed is white men "of the *best class*" in the Congo service, and especially men who can give instruction in farming and will introduce new and useful crops. The book is attractively made up and has eight full-page color plates, 74 half-tones, a map, and an excellent index.

"The Book of Wooderaft and Indian Lore" (Doubleday, Page), by Ernest Thompson Seton, is a revised and enlarged edition of the author's "Birch-Bark Roll." It forms a bulky volume, in which the American youth who is "tormented with an insatiable instinct for the woods" may find an inexhaustible store of information and incentive, from forest ceremonies to "wild-wood remedies" and camp-fire stories. And the adult amateur camper, as well as the boy scout, will learn much from these heavily-loaded pages. The illustrations, half a thousand pen sketches, are as neat and accurate as Mr. Thompson Seton's usually are. From its predecessors the new edition differs mainly in the inclusion of a deliberate attempt to rehabilitate the Indian ideal, in which attempt the author seems to us zealous rather than wary.

In the preface to his "Essentials of International Public Law" (Macmillan), Dr. A. S. Hershey states that "the work aims to furnish the teacher and student with an up-to-date text adapted to the needs of the classroom, and also to present the specialist as well as the general public with a scientific treatment of the subject." Pursuant to this design, the author divides the law of peace into subjects and objects of international law; the law of war into land, maritime, and aerial warfare, and treats of the settlement of international disputes as the adjective law of nations. The chapters in which the up-to-date quality of the book is quite apparent are those entitled The Law of Aerial Space in Time of Peace and Aerial Warfare. Each chapter is short. The author offers no new or startling suggestions, but he reviews the various theories that have been advanced, and presents a very full bibliography of each topic. We do not find any reference here to the first American statute on aerial navigation. This omission is specially noticeable because its author, Gov. Baldwin, is often referred to in the notes. As the statute was enacted June 8, 1911, and embraces the regulation, numbering, and use of airships, as well as the licensing of operators, and defines the liability for injuries inflicted upon persons and property by the owners and operators, we should expect to find some reference to it in this up-to-date work. Still, we may well waive complaint on this score, as the notes and bibliography throughout the volume are unusually extensive; but we must complain of the author's dry and unattractive style, which, besides, is not always clear. In this respect the book is inferior to some of its predecessors, for example, the handbooks of Lawrence and of Woolsey.

Italy so abounds in charm that few scribbling tourists go wholly amiss, and Credo Harris finds at least a new frame for the old scheme, in "Motor Rambles in Italy" (Moffat, Yard). A fine young chap, crippled in the hunting field, seeks health in Italy, taking along in the motor a Kodak and a medical Austrian baron. Zigzagging across the peninsula from Como to Rome, they skim the cream of things, and the invalid sends back jocose and sentimental travel letters to a not wholly relentless Polly in a Como villa. The traveller is a Van Bibberish person with well-developed sensibilities, and engagingly untutored likes and dislikes. Worthy of the admirable Van Bibber, also, is the scornful misprinting of about half the Italian names. Between lovers these trifles are negligible. We leave the hero about to go on the operating table. Doubtless all young persons who read the book will agree with the reviewer in hoping that the hero's spine was put right and the car speeded for the Como villa.

"New Rivers of the North" (Outing) is a narrative of a journey made by Hulbert Footner and Auville Eager, during the summer of 1911, along portions of the Fraser, Peace, and Hay Rivers, to the west and north of Edmonton, Canada. The text is by Hulbert Footner, the photographic illustrations are mostly by his companion. The Fraser was followed from near its head waters to Giscomb portage, where it abandons its northwesterly course and turns to the south. At Giscomb portage a carry of six miles brought the explorers to Summit Lake, one of the sources of the river Peace. After descending the Peace to Fort Vermilion, they carried their collapsible canvas boat north to the waters of the Hay River on horseback, and explored the Hay from the end of this portage to Alexandra Falls, a distance of about 180 miles. Returning, they followed the same route to the junction of the Peace and Great Smoky Rivers, and then turned southeast, by way of Lesser Slave Lake, to Edmonton, their starting point. The interest of the volume lies rather in its narrative of personal adventure than in any considerable amount of carefully gathered information as to the characteristics and possible resources of the region traversed.

"Among Congo Cannibals" (Lippincott), by John H. Weeks, is the best and most trustworthy account of the natives of Central Africa with which we are familiar. For thirty years the author, a missionary, lived in close touch with the cannibals, his aim from the start having been to win their confidence and affection. After a brief narrative of his personal experiences in founding a station at Monsembe, about 600 miles up the Congo, he describes his struggle to learn the language of the Boloki and to reduce it to writing. Through the help of old and young he was able to collect "close upon 7,000 root words, which, with their derivatives, give us a vocabulary of nearly 40,000 words," and he says that the natives do not, as is generally supposed, "talk a gibberish like a lot of monkeys, but have at their disposal a magnificent language that excites the admiration of every student." Light is thrown upon moral conditions by the fact that "among the Congo languages there is no proper word for virgin." Then follow interesting accounts of the arts and crafts, government, ordeals, mythology, religious beliefs, and games. Fifteen of the numerous folk-lore stories are told, each one of which has its own little plot and exhibits some characteristic trait of native mind and habit. Much space is given to charms and to the magic of the medicine man, and it is significant that the latter "cures just that class of ailments that the different branches of 'faith healers' cure in Europe and America." In his brief reference to the burning question of the ill-treatment of the natives permitted by the Free State Government, he says that it would be impossible to publish "the outrageous and abominable details that were brought to light by those who were living in the midst of them." Throughout the book it is shown that the natives have far more intelligence and finer qualities than they reveal to the casual traveller. There are forty illustrations, mostly reproductions of photographs, and an excellent map.

The death is reported of Dr. David Henry Mueller, professor of Semitic languages at the University of Vienna. He is remembered for his numerous contributions to the history of Arabia and for works on Sabæan archæology.

Science

Stokes will add next month "The Rock Garden" to the Garden Flowers in Color series.

"Trees in Winter," by A. F. Blakeslee and C. D. Jarvis, is announced by Macmillan.

Mr. Henry T. Finck has completed his book on "Flavor in Food"; it will be brought out in the spring by the Century Company.

Mrs. Linda Hull Larned has rewritten her book, "The Hostess of To-day," and will bring out the new edition next month, through Scribners, with the title, "The New Hostess of To-day."

That Dr. James G. Mumford, after writing

many interesting essays concerning medical biography and on other topics more or less closely connected with medicine, besides some valuable contributions in his special field of surgery, should wish to let himself out more freely in a literary fashion was almost inevitable. He calls the outcome "A Doctor's Table Talk," and the Houghton Mifflin Company has made it into a pleasant little book, handy to read or carry. The form is not of the table talks of the Autocrat and some other literary forebears, but largely the talk and discussion of various of his friends ("Primrose," "Ely," and others) whom the reader will be glad to know. The topics are chiefly those of medical training and practice, the desire to put in a little descriptive writing occasionally getting the upper hand. The result is generally good, but would be better if a sharper file and somewhat finer sand paper were used in polishing. Dr. Mumford's views are in the main sound and well presented, although we think he lacks a clear understanding, not to say appreciation, of the attitude of the investigator. What he has to say concerning the general practitioner, his decadence and possible rehabilitation, and concerning nurses, where one has the feeling that much is held back, were worthy of a more extended elaboration. The general reader, besides enjoying the sensation of getting behind the curtain upon the stage of medical endeavor and among the actors and the "props," will derive much pleasure and no little profit from incidental discussions on the question of female suffrage and of socialism.

"The Sexual Life of the Child" (Macmillan) is a translation of the book which Dr. Albert Moll published four years ago last autumn, and which was well known to students of such subjects. The translation has been made by Dr. Eden Paul, a person of some experience in this line of work. In a special introduction Prof. E. L. Thorndike, of Columbia University, points out the usefulness of the book for parents and others who have to meet the complications and solve the problems most intimately connected with this phase of childhood. Intelligent readers of this class will certainly be much helped in understanding conditions which are now much less obscure than formerly. They will have read a good deal of bluntly frank detail and, as Thorndike points out, there is a quite possible danger that the enthusiasm of fresh knowledge may convert a few mole hills into ranges of mighty mountains. The translation is free and occasionally somewhat heavy, but an extended careful sampling shows that it is not often seriously misleading, although it distinctly loses in precision and fineness towards the end. It is hardly possible to do the book justice without going much more into particulars than our space permits or the subject would quite justify. It may, however, be said that Moll here as elsewhere seems to take a somewhat exaggerated view of the importance of some details, but possibly he is altogether right. He suggests that diaries, private autobiographies, and similar documents may well be the source of valuable information concerning the development of the sexual life of the writers. The value of diaries and similar papers depends upon so many conditions that all such material must be used with the utmost caution, and, it may be added, there is a considerable period of childhood for which an actual diary cannot exist and retrospective records are decidedly untrustworthy. Of more general interest is Moll's attitude to the question of education in sexual matters, about which so much has been said in recent years. Moll does not believe that this matter belongs to the school teacher, public or private, but regards such instruction as the proper function of the parents or those who for some special reason take the place of the parents. He thinks that the efforts to make this subject (the *sexuelle Aufklärung*) a part of the work of the school have already shown themselves to be harmful in Germany, where also, we may add, there are distinct indications of a growing agreement with him on this point.

Drama and Music

The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1851. Edited by William Toynbee. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2 vols. $7.50 net.

These two portentous volumes, containing more than a thousand pages, are chiefly remarkable, perhaps, as a monument of editorial indiscretion and bad judgment. For the publication of much of the matter in them no excuse can be made on the score either of interest or of information. The valuable stuff, of which the proportion is not large, has to be dug out by the conscientious reader from a great mass of reiteration and triviality. Quantity, not quality, seems to have been the main object of the compilation. It is true that the restored passages in the diaries—suppressed for obvious reasons of friendship and good taste by Sir Frederick Pollock in his well-known edition of the actor's letters and diaries—throw a fierce light upon some of the most undesirable and familiar traits in Macready's character, but they serve no other purpose, and as these personal infirmities in no way affect his artistic standing, or the reputation of others, the necessity for reviving the memory of them now, when he has been nearly forty years in the grave, is not obvious. He was not one of the world figures whose idiosyncrasies are influential in the destinies of nations.

In a prefatory note Mr. Toynbee says that the diaries "present a series of character sketches unsurpassed in the pages of Greville." They do nothing of the kind. They abound, indeed, in mention of a vast number of celebrities, literary, dramatic, and political, of the Victorian era, but Macready, who, except on rare occasions, viewed everything and everybody through the medium of his own jaundiced temperament, furnished no trustworthy sketches except of himself, and those, of course, all unconsciously. He was, as all readers of Sir Frederick Pollock's book know, a man of extraordinarily complicated character, an interesting study for an expert psychologist. Mr. Toynbee reveals him in no positively new aspect, but confirms earlier estimates of him by additional testimony. He must have been one of the unhappiest of mortals, loathing his profession as he did, and being continually tormented by his sense of public neglect, his fears of failure, habitual suspicion even of his friends, and his innumerable jealousies. The offences into which he was led by his ungovernable temper were sources of almost endless remorse. With the highest sense of personal honor he was ever ready to attribute the meanest intentions to others. Deeply devout, and fond of dilating upon the beauties of Christian charity, he was rabidly intolerant of all other forms of religion but his own. Enormously egotistical, and convinced of his own genius, he habitually stepped upon the stage with mistrust and suffered the direst pangs of jealousy if any fellow-player won applause. A ferocious radical in politics, he craved the social distinctions he pretended to despise, and, even in the days when he was the honored guest of the most distinguished men and women of the time, he was forever deploring his exclusion from Court. A stickler for good manners, and proud above all of the title of gentleman, he was capable, when roused, of the coarsest language and even of disgraceful physical violence, as in the case of Bunn, which might have had very serious consequences.

A few extracts will show his attitude to his contemporaries. Of Edmund Kean's death, he says that "it scarcely awoke a passing thought; he has lived his own choice of life; even his indecencies have found eulogists." (But, nevertheless, he acted as chief mourner at the funeral, "feeling in thrall to public opinion.") William Hazlitt, who praised him insufficiently, was "a writer of conceited trash." Of Sir Joshua Reynolds, he notes that he was, "as usual, shrewd, humorous, and indecent." He "always believed that the erudition of John Philip Kemble had been falsely attributed to him." William Farren, the elder, was "hard and harsh as a crabstick and artificial to the last degree." The Kemble monument in Westminster Abbey is "a sorry affair, but in my opinion quite good enough." The statue of Kean is "a disgusting bit of quackery," to which he adds that "Kean was the greatest disgrace to the art of all the disgraceful members who ever practiced it." An unfavorable review of the Werner of Vandenhoff moves him to say: "It gave me satisfaction to see this vindication of myself. This man is no artist; he is a very vile imitator, a servile slave of the press, and, I believe, an utterly low and worthless character." Of the same actor's Iago, he remarks: "A poorer, more unmeaning,

slouching, ungainly, mindless, unimaginative performance I have never witnessed." Fanny Kemble's journal is marked "by presumption, conceit, vulgarity of mind, and quackery." Commenting upon the prosperity of Charles Kemble, he describes him as a man "of moderate talent, without learning or one amiable or estimable trait." He subscribed, however, to a piece of presentation plate for him, while bemoaning his own lack of principle in doing so. Even his closest friend and ally, John Forster, to whom he owed much, did not escape this vituperation when he ventured to praise others. He is called "a mere hooter on of any successful person" for showing friendliness to Sheridan Knowles, one of Macready's choicest abominations. Such quotations might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but they make melancholy reading.

It is pleasanter to revert to his finer characteristics, to his integrity, his intense zeal for the elevation of his art, his indefatigable energy and conscientious study, his devotion to his family, and his courage in adversity. It is not surprising that a man of his exacting, jealous, and volcanic temperament should have been on ill terms with press representatives, who were in his day too often vulgar, greedy, and venal. His refusal to conciliate them was to his credit, but their antagonism hurt him badly throughout his career. Charles Kean and others were wiser in their generation, and, by making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness, got good notices, while some of the noblest efforts of Macready were neglected or abused. For years he played to bad houses, and it was entirely upon his merit that he won at last. The main facts in his career are too well known to need rehearsal, but it is interesting to the stage student to note in these diaries the foresight and labor which he expended in the preparation, not only of new pieces and of his own particular character, but of the oldest plays. No matter how familiar he was with a part, Hamlet or Macbeth, for instance, he made it the subject of long preliminary study before every performance. It is clear that he left little or nothing to inspiration. All his efforts were the result of elaborate calculation, and this was why he could so easily be disconcerted by the careless or incompetent players, who were so frequently the objects of his furious denunciation. He took extraordinary pains with the manuscripts of Browning and Bulwer Lytton, both of whom were indebted to him for a large measure of their success. The former had a temper and a will of his own, and had some lively encounters with the actor, but the men remained fairly good friends. Forster was involved in the disputes over "Strafford," and these became so warm that it was doubtful at one time whether the piece would ever get to the footlights at all. After its production Forster angered Browning by criticising it somewhat coolly, and Macready laments Browning's ingratitude.

With the production of "The Tempest" and "Henry V" at Covent Garden, Macready established his supremacy over all living rivals, and at the public dinner which followed, with a Royal Duke in the chair, he delivered an address which was a fine vindication of his career. Considerable space is devoted, of course, to his American excursions which followed. His complaints of the supporting casts provided for him are incessant and bitter. He speaks of "battling against the odious and disgusting contagion of these senseless drones and beetles buzzing about the scene." He deals with the discomforts of travel in the Southern States in a vein of exaggerated humor equal to anything in "Martin Chuzzlewit," although at an earlier date he had written in strong disapprobation of Dickens's diatribes, which he feared might destroy his own chances of success in this country. On the subject of American journalism he grows exceedingly angry. Nevertheless, it appears that in 1847 he was seriously contemplating a permanent settlement in the new world. Any such plan was ended by the disastrous outcome of his New York engagement in 1848, with its riots and bloodshed. His diaries are full, of course, of his controversy with Forrest, but the verdict in that case was given long ago, and it is not necessary to review it. He does not strengthen a good case by the violence of his language, which is in strong contrast with the peaceable and politic utterances made by him in this city and Philadelphia.

This book will bring no satisfaction to the admirers of Macready. It shows him an aspiring and highly accomplished artist and a conscientious but weak, vain, passionate, unstable, and envious man. To his family he was staunchly loyal, but his lamentations over his dead children are among the many things which might better have been omitted. His friendships were easily chilled. A conspicuous instance is found in the case of Helen Faucit, with whom he was long on tender but entirely honorable terms. In those days he praised her abilities enthusiastically, but when she drifted from him, it was not long before he found her as devoid of talent as of gratitude. These diaries would have brought great disillusion to one of Macready's most fervent worshippers, Sir Theodore Martin, if he had survived to read them.

A volume of one-act plays by George Middleton, bearing the title of one of the pieces, "Tradition," will be published in February by Henry Holt & Co.

"The Spy," an English version, by Peter Le Marchant, of "La Flambée"—the play by Henry Kistemaeckers, about which much fuss has been made in European newspapers—was presented here in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening. It proved to be a melodrama, very unskilfully made, with one highly effective scene, based upon somewhat violent premises. Monique Felt, a good and religious woman, has been chilled and estranged by the egotistical tyranny of her husband, Col. Felt. She is in love, platonically, with the brilliant deputy Marcel Beaucourt, and would marry him if the Church would sanction her divorce. She invites him to meet her in her boudoir at 1 A. M., to consider their future course. Hither comes, unexpectedly, at the same hour, her husband, to confess that he has just strangled in the adjoining bedroom his chief creditor, Julius Glogau, a German spy, who had tried to bribe him to betray the defences of the fortifications of which he is in charge. He confesses also his suspicions of Beaucourt, while asserting his own undiminished love for her. The spectacle of his suffering, and her sympathy with his outraged honor, somehow rekindle the flames of dead and gone affection, and she not only throws herself into his arms, but volunteers to aid him in concealing the crime. Her lover, Beaucourt, becomes her confederate, holding that the killing of a spy is a glorious deed. So the happy ending is effected. Unquestionably the scene of the midnight confession is striking, and it was vividly enacted by Cyril Keightley and Edith Wynne Matthison, but even the latter could not make the sudden conversion of the wife convincing in the circumstances. There may be something in the original French to make it more natural and human. Apart from this episode the piece is of very ordinary material and quality.

The new Repertory Theatre, at Birmingham, England, will be opened with "The Merry Wives of Windsor," by a carefully selected company. This will be followed by various plays of Shakespeare, Jonson, Ibsen, Galsworthy, and others—"Strife," "The Silver Box," "Hedda Gabler," "An Enemy of the People," "Candida," "The Cassilis Engagement," "Nan," "The Scornful Lady," "Chains," "The Alchemist," and "Twelfth Night." The ideas, however, of Mr. Barry Jackson, the moving spirit in the affair, go farther than this. He hopes for the discovery of new authors and musicians—for one-act operas find a place in the scheme—the establishment of a definite school of dramatic art, and, in short, all the uses of the theatre in the wider sense. There may be coöperation, too, with the Repertory Theatres at Liverpool and Glasgow, with exchanges of ideas and of companies. The building itself has its distinctive features. So far as the auditorium has any model at all, it is fashioned upon that of the Kuntzler Theatre at Munich, and in place of the orthodox division into stalls, circle, and pit, there are only two tiers of seats, with the slightest curve, arranged so that it is possible to approach the dress circle directly from the stalls. The lighting arrangements of the stage also are based upon a German model.

"La Femme seule" is the name of the

latest play by Brieux. It has just been produced at the Gymnase, in Paris, and deals with certain aspects of the feminist movement.

The dignity of the House of Molière in Paris has been ruffled by the brusque action of the dramatist, M. Henri Lavedan, who the other day suddenly wrote to M. Jules Claretie, the director of the Théâtre Français, and withdrew his new piece, "Servir," which had been accepted by the committee for representation. M. Claretie now publishes a letter which he has addressed to the *sociétaires* of the State Theatre, whom M. Lavedan had accused of lukewarmness with regard to his new dramatic venture. M. Claretie complains, first of all, that M. Lavedan published his letter of withdrawal before it had reached the hands of the director. It is quite true, he admits, that the piece when it was read to the committee was not received exactly with enthusiasm. The reason was that the committee thought it rather audacious to produce on classic boards, where words carry far, a piece which, however well intentioned, was "disquieting" in respect of its action and the political tirades in which it abounds. It should appear from M. Claretie's letter that in M. Lavedan's piece an officer in uniform delivers "humanitarian and Anarchist" speeches, and that these proceedings, which can only be an echo of the Combiste régime, take place on the eve of a war, the declaration of which is announced on the stage by an actor representing the War Minister in person. M. Claretie assures M. Lavedan that there is no want of patriotism in the committee of the Théâtre Français. That is precisely the reason why the members of the committee "had some scruples about letting the first cannon shot be heard behind the scenes as a piece of theatrical effect on the eve of a day when the declaration of war might easily be no playing matter." The piece will be produced at another theatre and is certain to attract a considerable measure of public attention.

Doubleday, Page & Co. will bring out this month in a cheap edition Rupert Hughes's "The Music Lover's Cyclopedia."

A monograph, entitled "Foreign Trade in Musical Instruments," has just been issued by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. The subject is handled under three headings: (1) Pianos, piano-players, and player-pianos; (2) phonographs, and (3) organs and string and band instruments.

In the days of Mozart it was customary to compose airs and whole operas to order for a particular singer, after the fashion of tailor-made gowns. This is no longer done except in the case of operettas; but sometimes the repertory of an opera house is shaped largely with reference to a particular singer. Caruso fills the house, no matter what he sings, but other vocalists, though they be as good and as popular as Tetrazzini, draw only in certain parts that seem to have been written to order for them. For the present season the repertory at the Metropolitan Opera House was arranged largely with a view to giving the newly engaged Frieda Hempel a chance to show why she has been for some years so great a favorite in Berlin. Her best rôle apparently is that of the Queen of Night in Mozart's "Magic Flute" (one of the made-to-measure parts for a particular singer). Illness prevented her from crossing the ocean in time to make her début at the first performance of that opera this season, which was unfortunate, for when she subsequently did appear in it she made a better impression than she made in the parts that she sang before this, particularly in that of Rosina, in "The Barber of Seville," in which her colorature was by no means impeccable and her acting lacked the Southern grace and vivacity indispensable in this rôle. She appeared to better advantage in the "Huguenots," another opera revived for her sake, with a big cast, including Caruso, Destinn, Alten, and Scotti. She is certainly an admirable artist, yet neither in beauty of voice, nor agility of execution, nor general charm of style is she the equal of the world-famed colorature singers who have preceded her at the Metropolitan.

With the possible exception of Theodore Thomas, no one has done so much to give Americans a musical education as Theodore Presser, of Philadelphia. Thirty years ago he founded the *Etude*, a monthly magazine devoted to the interests of music teachers and students. It carried the gospel of art to every town and village throughout the land, teaching correct methods, telling how the world's greatest artists won success, and arousing enthusiasm for the best in the musical productions of all countries. Its freedom from bias has been most commendable, and there has never been a trace of sensationalism or resort to charlatan methods to attract attention. It is therefore a satisfaction to know that it has probably the largest circulation of any musical periodical in the world. Its success refutes the current notion that to make a musical periodical profitable it is necessary to appeal to the vanity and the pocketbooks of singers and players. The January issue of the *Etude* is a jubilee number. It contains, besides the usual number of useful articles and 25 pages of music, several pages of congratulations from most of the leading American and many European musicians and writers of note. George Henschel gives his personal recollections, Moszkowski tells how fine editions help, Godowski writes on the place of technique in piano playing, A. J. Silver discusses the brain-training value of music, and a group of prominent writers recount anecdotes from personal experience by way of illustrating the difference between our musical life now and thirty years ago.

In a recent address, the Rev. Dr. Lyttelton, of Eton, England, quoted Edward Speyer, a German by birth, who was an admirably trained musician and a competent judge, as having said that nowhere in Germany could they get such an intelligent audience for classical music as in London. The recent improvement of popular taste in London goes to show that there was a large element of literal truth in that observation. Indeed, Erasmus said that the English were the musical nation, and the Germans the drunken.

One of the strangest things about Spain is that it has never produced a great composer, although the nation is fond of music, German and French as well as Italian. But now comes Ernest Schelling, who is referred to in *Musical America* as having discovered a Spanish Chopin during his recent concert tour. Granados is his name, and, said Mr. Schelling, he

> seems to be doing for the music of Spain what Chopin did for that of Poland. His works are amazing in their intensely Spanish quality and atmosphere—though they are not merely Spanish in the conventional manner. I have been busily studying his set of piano pieces called "Goyescas," which were inspired by the paintings of Goya. They are exceedingly difficult—difficult not only technically but also in conception. Although one feels in them the influence of the innumerable folksongs of Spain, his work is distinctly of his own creation. Granados has also written an opera and some orchestral works.

Art

Scribners bring out this month "Art Museums and Schools," being lectures by G. Stanley Hall, Kenyon Cox, Stockton Axson, and Oliver S. Tonks; also G. Maspero's "Art in Egypt," a new volume in the General History of Art series.

"Rossetti" will soon be added to Stokes's series of Nineteenth Century Art Books.

From the Lippincotts we receive two numbers of a new art series, French Artists of To-day. "Puvis de Chavannes" contains a critical introduction by André Michel, and notes on the cuts by J. Laran; "Edouard Manet" is introduced by Louis Horticq and annotated by J. Laran and Georges Le Bas. The work, which is done with Gallic brevity and pith, suffers somewhat in translation. The small quartos are attractively bound in blue boards, and contain each forty-eight illustrations. The series seems in all respects well planned, but we hope the English manufacturers will in subsequent numbers provide half-tone cuts of better and more even quality.

A quiet and well-bred deftness is the leading characteristic of the brief essays collected in Stewart Dick's "Master Painters" (Small, Maynard). Three Monkish Painters, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Giorgione, Albert Dürer, Velasquez, Rembrandt; Watteau, The English Portrait Painters, Turner, Rossetti and the Pre-Raphaelites, are the subjects. The essays suggest rather the outlook of a man of culture and tactful use of obvious sources than any closer contact with the matter in hand. The method is biographical, and the tone that of high-class encyclopædic compilation. A few errors may be noted. Cavenaghi's researches while cleaning Leonardo's Last Supper prove that this work, tradition to the contrary, was painted, not in oils, but in tempera. The Syndics, by Rembrandt, is misdated. Luca della Robbia, being dead before the "bonfire of the vanities," naturally could not have attended it.

We have already reviewed at length Rodin's talks on art, as reported by Paul Gsell (*Nation*, September 21, 1911). It remains to say of the English edition published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, that the translation by Mrs. Romilly Fedden is satisfactory, and that the handsome quarto has especial features in the way of fuller illustration and an index which make it more useful than the original French edition. Rodin's reflections range widely

over the field of art, and this book will be a valuable possession for any art lover.

Rodin's rhapsody, "Venus: to the Venus of Melos," comes to us in the authorized translation of Dorothy Dudley. The work is adequately done, but errs on the side of literalness. This is an important little tract, for it contains in epitome most of the views on his craft which the master has elsewhere expressed more diffusely. As an example of the thought and of the translator's style, we choose this:

> The ancients have obtained by a minimum of gesture, by their modelling, both the individual character and the grace borrowed from grandeur that relates the human form to the forms of the universal life. The modelling of the human being has with them all the beauty of the curved lines of flowers. And the profiles are secure, ample, like those of great mountains; it is architecture.

This pretty booklet is published by B. W. Huebsch, of New York, with a portrait and two other plates.

The scope of "A Text-Book of Design," by Charles Fabens Kelley and William Luther Mowll (Houghton Mifflin), may be judged by the chapter headings. After chapters on the problem and principles of design follow: Spot Composition, Line Composition, Area Composition, Value, Color, Lettering, Design in Architecture. There are many illustrations after interesting and unhackneyed originals. The book is planned for college classes and mature readers. It differs from many manuals in approaching practice through theory. We judge it reflects the teaching of Dr. Denman Ross. To the academic student of design it will undoubtedly be serviceable. How far the doctrinaire approach is available for actual practitioners is another question. It has at least the high sanction of Leonardo da Vinci.

Finance

THE "MONEY TRUST."

Whatever any one may think of the merits and the tangible results of the "Money Trust Committee's" investigations—and opinions on those points are surely almost as diverse as the people one meets on a walk down Broadway—no one of an observant temperament can have failed to notice the wholly extraordinary nature of the existing status of the inquiry. On the one side a group of financiers who appear to be utterly unconscious of anything that is wrong or intolerable in the quite abnormal system of things that has grown up in the money market, and has spread until the very men who undertake to control and direct it are, so to speak, caught in the meshes of the net and dragged along with it. On the other side, a newspaper-reading and cheap-magazine-reading public which has been educated in the school of the Lawsons, the La Follettes, and the Lindberghs, until it believes that the very air we breathe is tainted with the machinations of the millionaires, and that the private citizen's rent and grocers' bills are secretly marked up by a malign Money Power.

Between the two, an investigating apparatus which excites alternately admiration for its cleverness, distrust for its particular methods, and irritation over a certain lack of breeding which frequently pervades it. At one moment we are summoned to watch a fencing of wits between counsel and witness, over questions which every Wall Street man knows are the most awkward and delicate problems of the day; at another, to hear testimony on the commonplaces of modern finance, so ingeniously manipulated that the simplest and most familiar phenomena and institutions of the market are made to appear in the headlines and editorials of the penny papers as cool and calculated conspiracy. To the observer familiar with the facts, the witnesses frequently seem to be unaware of the force and nature of their own admissions, and not to have the faintest conception that they have damaged their own case. On the other hand, a considerable part of the outside public seems to leap to the inference, on every such occasion, that a crime had been unearthed.

The fact is, that the large financiers understand their critics as little as the outsiders understand the financiers. They do not think in the same terms, and would merely be puzzled at overhearing one another's ordinary conversation. To a good part of the public, the New York bankers who testified at the hearing are regarded as malign conspirators from whom unwilling confessions were being dragged. By a good part of the immediate community in which these financiers are themselves accustomed to move, the outside public's attitude is ascribed merely to hopeless ignorance and incendiary agitation. The one notion is about as accurate as the other.

The inquiry is itself in some respects a puzzle. That certain men are brought to testify is no less surprising to the well-informed than the fact that other men, even more essential to the purpose of the investigation, are not. At times, the inference that a spectacle has been staged with more regard to the bringing of star performers to the footlights than to the getting at the facts by the shortest road, becomes irresistible. This happens when a capitalist in whose views of finance Wall Street itself has never taken great interest, and who is known to be seriously ill, is hunted like an escaped malefactor, whereas everybody knows that two or three other men, far better qualified to testify on the questions for which he has been summoned, can be brought to Washington overnight.

It is hardly to be wondered at, that intelligent people watch this extraordinary episode with very mixed feelings—not less so, when the dumb Committee, who might equally have fulfilled their office had they been wax figures, are supposed to be the repositories of the remedial legislation which is to correct all the evils brought to light by the investigation, and to undertake the extremely delicate problem of overhauling the financial machinery of the day. All these things being so, it is quite inevitable that the thinking part of the community should feel a sensation of profound relief that this has happened in the last weeks of an expiring Congress, and not in the first weeks of a new one. No more mischievous situation could be imagined, from every point of view, than one in which a body of hastily constructed legislation on such a question should be in a way to impulsive enactment.

Yet no one is likely to deny that many highly important facts—largely kept secret hitherto, and bearing on a position of affairs which, in one way or another, must some day be dealt with in sober restrictive legislation—have been brought to light on the basis of authoritative testimony. These facts are in some respects more striking than the financial community had expected; in others much less so, for the Money Power has been an object of much legend and superstition, even on the floor of the United States Senate. But those of the facts which have been established—taken along with such comments on them as Mr. George F. Baker's—give the basis for some very necessary and judicious consideration of the problems which the community will presently have to solve; notably the problem of surrounding the banking field itself with such proper and conservative restrictions as will prevent its exploitation, now or hereafter, under the auspices of ambitious concentrated ownership.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, C. F. Seward and the Declaration of Paris. From Proceedings Mass. Historical Society, Boston.

Alexander, Henry. Place Names of Oxfordshire. Preface by H. C. Wyld. Frowde. $1.75 net.

Allingham, William. Poems, selected and arranged by Helen Allingham. Macmillan. $1 net.

Baikie, James. The Sea-Kings of Crete. Second edition. Macmillan. $1.75 net.

Bindloss, Harold. Ranching for Sylvia. Stokes. $1.30 net.

Botsford, G. W. and L. S. Source-Book of Ancient History. Macmillan. $1.30 net.

Bradbury, Frederick. History of Old Sheffield Plate. Macmillan. $12 net.

Catalogue of the Ancient Sculptures Preserved in the Municipal Collections of Rome: Sculptures of the Museo Capitolino. Text and Plates. By Members of the British School at Rome. Frowde. $5.75 net, with plates $19.25.

Cook, E. C. Literary Influences in Colonial Newspapers, 1704-1750. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Cook, E. T. Homes and Haunts of John Ruskin. Macmillan. $6 net.

Curtis, I. G. The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth. Chicago: F. G. Browne Co. $1.25 net.

Dictionary of National Biography. Second Supplement, Vols. II and III. Macmillan. $4.25 net, each.
English Homes of the Early Renaissance. Edited by H. Avray Tipping. Scribner.
Gause, F. A., and Carr, C. C. The Story of Panama. Boston: Silver, Burdett. $1.50.
Glover, T. R. Virgil. Macmillan. $2 net.
Gómara, F. L. de. Annals of the Emperor Charles V. Spanish text and English translation edited, with notes, by R. B. Merriman. Frowde.
Gray, W. F. Books That Count: A Dictionary of Standard Books. Macmillan.
Hardy, E. G. Roman Laws and Charters. Trans., with notes, by E. G. Hardy. Frowde. $3.40 net.
Hourwich, I. A. Immigration and Labor. Putnam.
Howe, S. B. Essentials in Early European History. Longmans. $1.50.
Hunt, B. Folk Tales of Breffny. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hutchinson, A. S. M. The Happy Warrior. Boston: Little, Brown. $1.35 net.
Hutton, Edward. Highways and Byways in Somerset. Macmillan. $2 net.
Hyndman, H. M. Further Reminiscences. Macmillan. $5 net.
Industrial Combinations and Trusts. Edited by W. S. Stevens. Macmillan. $2 net.
Keble's Lectures on Poetry, 1832-1841. Trans. by E. K. Francis. 2 vols. Frowde.
Lamborn, E. A. G. Story of Architecture in Oxford Stone. Frowde.
Leary, R. W. Italian Lanes and Highroads. McBride, Nast. $1 net.
Leonard, W. E. Aesop and Hyssop. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Macdonald, J. R. Syndicalism. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co.
Maimonides on Ethics (Shemonah Perakim). Edited and translated by J. I. Gorfinkle. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner.
Moody, John. How to Invest Money Wisely. The Author. $2 net.
Murphy, Louise. A Little Book of Bird Songs. Longmans. $1 net.
Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. Chosen by Arthur Quiller-Couch. Frowde. $1.90 net.
Philips, G. M., and Anderson, R. F. The Silver-Burdett Arithmetics. Books 1 and 2. Boston: Silver, Burdett.
Reid, Whitelaw. One Welshman; Inaugural Address, University College of Wales. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Renton, Richard. John Forster and his Friendships. Scribner.
Riggs, A. S. Vistas in Sicily. McBride, Nast. $1.10 net.
Royal Historical Society. Transactions. Third Series, Vol. VI. London: The Society.
Ruskin, John. Works. (Library Edition, 39 vols.) Edited by E. T. Cook and A. Wedderburn. London: George Allen.
Schiller, F. C. S. Humanism: Philosophical Essays. Second edition. Macmillan. $3.25 net.
Serl, E., and Evans, V. A Primer: Day by Day with Sam and May. Boston: Silver, Burdett. 30 cents.
Shakespeare's Comedies, Histories and Poems, Tragedies. General Introduction by Algernon C. Swinburne. 3 vols. Frowde.
Shakespeare's Timon of Athens, edited by R. H. Fletcher; Venus and Adonis, edited by Carleton Brown. (Tudor edition.) Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.
Shakespeare, Tudor edition. All's Well That Ends Well, edited by J. L. Lowes; Taming of the Shrew, edited by Frederick Tupper. Macmillan. 35 cents net, each.
Singh, Bhawani. Travel Pictures: The Record of a European Tour. Longmans. $2 net.
Speir, Francis. In Colima, and Other Poems. Privately printed.
Stephens, James. The Crock of Gold. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Stevens, John. Journal, containing a brief account of the War in Ireland—1689-1691. Edited by R. H. Murray. Frowde.
Tapp, S. C. The Truth About the Bible. Kansas City, Mo.: Burton Pub. Co. $3.
Tennyson. Poems published in 1842. Frowde.
Tennyson. Poems, 1830-1870. Introduction by T. H. Warren. Frowde.
Terman, L. M. The Teacher's Health. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents net.
Warner, H. Y., and Porter-Ross, F. The Story Song Book. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $2 net.
Who's Who (in England), 1913. Macmillan. $3 net.
Wiley, Belle. Mewanee, the Little Indian Boy. Boston: Silver, Burdett.
Woodward, F. C. The Law of Quasi Contracts. Boston: Little, Brown.

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The Week

The argument in favor of advancing the date of inaugurating a new President of the United States is by no means so strong as the argument in favor of bringing a newly elected Congress together earlier than is done now. In the first place, the period of retardation is much less in the case of the President, who assumes office four months after his election, whereas Congress waits just thirteen months, in the absence of a special session. In the second place, the President is elected for a term twice as long. Indeed, from his own point of view, since Presidents are only human, he is elected for a provisional term of four years more. Is it too much, then, to give a man four months time in which to plan a policy and a programme that may extend over eight years? To rush a candidate from the hurly-burly of a campaign straight into the White House would take him at a disadvantage. The mere task of deciding upon his Cabinet selections requires time and study. And he is all the more entitled to a fair period of preparation when we think how much depends on the first impression a new Executive creates in the public mind. It takes months and years to atone for a false start.

Senator Root has introduced a bill to repeal that part of the Panama Canal act which exempts American coastwise vessels from the payment of tolls. The sentiment is widespread that the honor of the nation demands such repeal, or, if not, the submission of the question to arbitration. There is almost literally no indication of public approval of the exemption, still less of an insistence upon it and refusal to have it passed upon by an impartial tribunal. But, so far as the feeling in the Senate is concerned, it seems that, if any step is to be taken, a straight-out repeal would be more acceptable than arbitration. We doubt not that, if the sentiment of the country is brought adequately to the notice of Congress, the repeal will be effected. The exemption has been earmarked both as a violation of the nation's plain promise and as the grant of a subsidy to an interest already completely screened from foreign competition.

There was a time when the Panama Canal was thought of chiefly as a means of promoting the world's commerce. Then its advantage to us from the point of view of naval power became a leading consideration. Even then, a very respectable element, quite apart from the promoters of the peace movement—an element entitled to a hearing in military circles—urged that the canal strip should be neutralized and not fortified. That seems long ago now; we are all thoroughly accustomed to the idea that the canal must be defended by tremendous fortifications, duly manned. But until last Sunday, the idea that we were in for the maintenance of a canal garrison equal in numbers to those of the entire United States regular army up to a few years ago probably never crossed the mind of a single individual among the general public. Yet that is what Col. Goethals nonchalantly tells the House Committee on Naval Affairs, as though it were the most natural thing in the world. Indeed, we do less than justice to his position, for, if correctly quoted, what he says is that "at least" 25,000 men would be needed to guard the canal properly. There is standing room on the canal strip for more, and doubtless the time will come when 25,000 will seem an absurdly inadequate safeguard.

It was to be expected that the election of Congressman Weeks to the United States Senate from Massachusetts would widen the breach in the Republican party. Able as Mr. Weeks is conceded to be, and popular as he is with those who know him, particularly in Congress, he is none the less identified with large business affairs and with the interests of State Street. Hence, it was a foregone conclusion that the choice would be far less satisfactory to the Progressive Republicans than that of ex-Congressman McCall. The first effect of Mr. Weeks's election has been to drive Joseph Walker, a former Speaker of the House, and Republican candidate for Governor in the last campaign, into the Bull Moose party. This is a serious defection, because Mr. Walker is a man of independence and courage, who has not been identified with the inner Republican ring, and has always been well thought of in the State. In a statement explaining his action, Mr. Walker declares that the election of Mr. Weeks can have but one meaning:

> The Republican party in Massachusetts is to be permanently dominated by the old reactionary leadership, with which I have no sympathy and in which I do not believe. There seems to me now no hope for reorganization of the Republican party in which progressive principles or progressive leadership will be recognized. If the Legislature can be dominated by private and special interests in the election of a United States Senator, it can be dominated by the same interests in matters of legislation.

Had the "Money Trust" hearing been part of a criminal suit instead of a legislative inquiry, one would be tempted to suspect that Mr. George W. Perkins had been put on the stand by the defence in order to prove that concentrated capital was too inattentive to its own affairs to be dangerous to anybody else. Mr. Perkins admitted that he had been for ten years a partner in J. P. Morgan & Co., for a longer period a director of the Steel Corporation, and an original member of the voting trust which controlled the Bankers' Trust Company. But he only "knew in a general way about what the Stock Exchange was and what was done there; he had been so long out of Wall Street that he did not clearly know how new securities were distributed in underwritings by financial institutions." Considering that Mr. Perkins now classes himself as a "student," and considering what were his opportunities in Wall Street for study and knowledge of these various fields of inquiry, it must be admitted that the result is disappointing. Even the statement that a bond issue based on the desert of Sahara and issued under the auspices of the firm with which Mr. Perkins was affiliated would find a ready market and would make money for its takers, is not convincing after his profession of inability to master the subjects of Wall Street's every-day interest

and information. But perhaps the vocation of "angel" to third-party candidates obscures and confuses recollection of things like these.

Age cannot wither nor defeat stale the infinite optimism of Uncle Joe. In comparison with him, even President Taft is a man of gloom. Reorganize the Republican party? Never. In the humble judgment of the only member of the Old Guard who defiantly refuses either to die or to surrender, there is but one course to pursue: submit to the inevitable, let the majority have its way, and wait for the hour in which, disgusted with what it has done, it gladly returns to its old love, and everybody packs his grip for Washington again. It must be conceded that the ex-Speaker has a good deal of history on his side. In 1892 even he was caught in the shadow, but in 1894 the sun came out from behind the clouds and shone with tolerable brightness for another long day. How could things go otherwise? You have, by hypothesis, two "great" parties. You put one of them in charge of affairs, and after you have stood it as long as you can, you look around for another to take its place, and there being only one other, you try it, and so on and on *ad infinitum*. Is not patience, as the veteran philosopher of Illinois says, the great virtue? No matter which party happens to be "in" at any given moment, is it not as certain as fate that it will be voted out sooner or later?

Our exports to South America have recently been increasing at a remarkable rate. A bulletin just issued by the Bureau of Statistics points out that, in the comparison between 1902 and 1912, this trade shows a far greater percentage of increase than does our export trade to any other grand division of the world. Even the absolute growth makes an impressive figure—a round hundred million dollars; our exports to South America having advanced from 38½ million dollars in 1902 to about 138 million in 1912. This is an increase of nearly 260 per cent. (not "nearly 300 per cent.," as the bulletin states), while our exports to Europe have increased only a little more than 50 per cent. But, striking as is this showing, there is nothing marvellous about it. It is precisely in these ten years that the country has been developing into a great exporter of manufactures; and naturally the increase in that line would show far more heavily in our commerce with highly prosperous and rapidly developing agricultural countries than with old and comparatively stationary manufacturing countries. Our export of manufactures for the year 1912 amounted to about 1,100 million dollars, as against about 450 million dollars ten years ago, an increase of 145 per cent., while the rest of our export trade grew from about 900 million to about 1,200 million, an increase of only 35 per cent. Thus the facts pointed to in the bulletin are in the main—though of course not exclusively—a manifestation of a general process of economic development, both here and in South America. We have been rapidly developing our manufacturing power, they have been rapidly developing their agricultural wealth; and the result is what might be expected.

The *Survey* this week contains an interesting retrospect of the first year of Mayor Blankenburg's Administration in Philadelphia. It has been most gratifying to note that the Mayor and his coadjutors have retained, without impairment, the confidence and support of the good citizenship of Philadelphia, and that apparently none of those untoward complications have arisen which sometimes discredit reform administrations that set out with high hopes and excellent intentions. In the *Survey* article, a number of concrete illustrations are given of what it has meant to make a clean sweep of "politics" and put the management of the various city departments into the hands of men chosen for fitness only. Thus Director Cooke, of the Department of Public Works, reduced the garbage contract, which had been $516,000 in 1911, to $278,000 for 1912 and to $225,000 for 1913; he has radically improved the street-cleaning service; and in the Bureau of Highways his forty inspectors are all engineers, whereas not one of the forty he found when he took hold was an engineer. A remarkable improvement has taken place in the police force, and especially in the handling of the vice problem. Methods of letting contracts which were manifestly in the interest of fraudulent contractors, who were able to underbid honest firms because their failure to come up to specifications would be connived at by the city officials, have been abolished. It looks as though the hope entertained by all lovers of decent government that the election of Mayor Blankenburg would mark the beginning of a new era in Philadelphia's history were to be fully justified.

The question of Federal control of quarantine at this port is raised again, not only by the reappearance of cholera in Europe, but also by outbreaks of bubonic plague in Central America and Cuba. They reinforce the argument that the United States should adopt the most efficient system of safeguarding its citizens from such diseases. Now, the consideration that particularly influences such experts as the members of the Public Health Committee of the New York Academy of Medicine is the necessity of divorcing quarantine control from politics. In the words of this Committee: "It is universally recognized that scientific work of any kind can be done efficiently only under the condition of permanency of office." State control insures no such condition, while Federal control does, and in addition provides for uniformity of policy, supervision of administration, and interchange of information. These considerations would seem sufficient to decide the question. When to them we add the tremendous importance of this port and its management to the entire nation; the fact that, other than Boston, it is the only port not under national control in respect to quarantine; and that even in New York the general Government controls all the services incident to the administration of the port with the single exception of quarantine, the duty of Congress appears plain.

The proposed substitution of officers for civilian instructors at the Naval Academy is indefensible from every standpoint—except, indeed, that of the men in the Department who desire to minimize the civilian influence in naval affairs, and to increase the spirit of militarism. The net result of this policy would be that officers would be withdrawn from their natural duties to attempt a task for which many, if not most of them, are unfitted by either inclination or training. What would be the consequences to the midshipmen of pursuing courses in English, chemistry, and mathematics under the guidance of instructors who would be every moment under a strain not to show that they did

not know what they were talking about? That this is not an extreme view is evidenced by the statement of a prominent officer of the Department, who finds advantage in the very fact that, as these officers might be "rusty" in such subjects, the assignment to teach would force them to "brush up" their knowledge.

The profit of this situation to the officer is, indeed, manifest, but the benefit to those fated to sit at his feet is anything but clear. In addition to this, there would be frequent changes in the teaching staff, since officers would not be assigned permanently to any of these positions. Even the argument of economy is lacking, since the places of officers detailed to give instruction at the Academy would have to be filled by new appointments. Taking into account the difference in pay between a civilian instructor and an officer, the change in contemplation would double the cost of instruction. Is this the real motive behind the proposal—to get more officers—just as the Department is always moving heaven and earth to get more battleships? It is to be hoped that such representations will be made to Congress as will result in the restoration to the Naval Appropriation bill of the item providing for the ten civilian instructors of the junior grade now at the Academy, instead of the four to which it is proposed to reduce them.

Gov. Wilson has given an unusual proof of his courage—doubtless in Washington they are calling it "nerve"—in the position which he has taken in reference to the inaugural ball. To declaim against bosses, even to wage unrelenting war upon them, is comparatively easy; but to lay hands upon a social custom—what is this but to trifle with fate? Every four years, since a time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, the citizens of Washington have enjoyed the privilege of paying five or ten dollars for admission to the Pension building, when Congress was not so unkind as to make them go elsewhere, and of seeing, for a fleeting moment, the new President and his wife as they appeared upon the balcony for a look at the dancing throng. Every four years the merchants of the District have spent, or rather invested, thousands of dollars in preparations for the inauguration, relying upon the proceeds of the inaugural ball for reimbursement. Upon all this Mr. Wilson has frowned. The arrangement does not strike him as befitting the dignity of an inauguration, and he makes bold to hint as much. Outside of Washington at least, there will be many to agree with him.

The question of incendiary fires, which has recently been assuming such prominence, demands attention from the standpoint of insurance methods even more seriously than from that of the criminal law. The shocking exposures that have been made in New York in the past week or two have their counterpart in Chicago, where, according to statements from responsible public officials, the practice of arson and fraudulent insurance has been carried to the point of a regular and extensive business. Chief Deputy State Fire Marshal Bock makes the explicit assertion that the business of incendiarism is organized on a regular percentage basis, and that there are three men known as insurance adjusters who "often get to fires before the firemen," having received tips that a fire is about to be started. For the prevention and punishment of these unspeakably atrocious crimes, no exertion of the power of the criminal law should be spared; but an equally necessary step is such change in fire insurance methods, and in the laws relating to fire insurance, as will remove, so far as possible, the motive for incendiarism. There are foreign examples which we might well copy in whole or in part.

"This mountain empire now occupies geographically the top of this continent. The creation of such a university as we propose will place it intellectually at the top of the greatest republic of the world." These are the final words of a statement by the Association for the Creation of a Greater University of Montana. The great obstacle to be removed is the present situation of the four existing higher institutions of learning at as many places. The University is at Missoula, 70 miles from the Idaho line; the School of Mines is 100 miles southeast of Missoula, at Butte; the Normal College is 60 miles south of Butte, at Dillon; and the Agricultural and Mechanical College is 85 miles northeast of Dillon, at Bozeman. The plan is that these departments should be consolidated at some suitable point, not only for the sake of economy, but in order to give such opportunities for higher education as would keep Montana students from going to other States. The houses of the departments that would be abandoned, it is suggested, could advantageously be taken over as polytechnic high schools. The four departments mentioned have still unsold 270,000 acres of public lands, "the picked lands of the State," and for the public schools there is still a heritage of more than 3,000,000 acres. No wonder that the creators of a Greater University of Montana look pityingly upon the inadequate campuses of Yale, Harvard, and Columbia, and talk about a "domain" for their university "of at least 5,000 acres," although 10,000 "would be far better," and "see upon Montana's soil the largest, the greatest, the most splendidly endowed and equipped university of America, if not of the world."

When John Redmond, on Thursday of last week, declared his confidence that the Home Rule bill, which the House of Commons was about to approve, would become a law within the life of the present Parliament, his prophecy was not jeered by the Unionists, as it would have been two months ago. They have had their own bitter family quarrels within that time, and if not now in a chastened mood are at least not hopeful. They are no longer talking of turning the Government out in the spring. The strategic advantage has passed to the Liberals, and their ability to keep themselves in power two years more is not seriously questioned. If they do, they can make the Home Rule bill law, even if the Lords twice throw it out, as they are, of course, expected to do. This is what Mr. Redmond meant when he said that, though the House of Lords still had some teeth left, it could not bite. Under the Parliament Act, the Commons can enact a law, by repassing it, despite the refusal of the Lords to assent to it. And this fact is the reason, too, why Bonar Law laid so much stress upon the Ulster threat to resist Home Rule even if it becomes the law of the land. What could not be beaten by argument and voting, would be beaten by rioting and revolution. The Orangemen appear to be in dead earnest, but their position is too untenable to be long maintained.

EXHORTATION AND GOVERNMENT.

Gov. Wilson's Chicago speech has been received with enthusiastic applause in some quarters, with caustic criticism and severe condemnation in others, and with a certain friendly deprecation among a large class of hearty well-wishers of the President-elect. Its reception would have been widely different from all this if a few passages in the speech had been omitted, or even if these had been taken with their full context, instead of being lifted into special prominence in the dispatches. For the speech was in the main an exhortation to the great business men of America to show that kind of regard for the common welfare, and that kind of readiness to conform to the spirit as well as the letter of the law, which every right-minded man must feel is no more than the duty of the wealthy and prosperous citizens of a republic. And moreover it is a fact, indeed one of the salient facts of the time, that the realization of the kind of responsibility to the public on which Mr. Wilson was insisting has made extraordinary headway in recent years, and must make more if we are to grapple as we should with the problems that confront us. The mere fact, therefore, that the speech was in the nature of an exhortation to virtue could not justly be made the occasion of serious criticism.

It may be taken for granted that Mr. Wilson's own course as President will be actuated by the spirit which he seeks to promote among those whose duty is less imperative than his own. If anybody ever entertained the idea that he was going to allow himself to be influenced by "the interests," or by anything but a sincere desire to promote the general welfare, surely this must have been dispelled long ago. There was little occasion for a mere reassertion of his general attitude. And here comes in the secret of that division of feeling which his speech at Chicago —like his speech at Staunton and his speech at Trenton—has aroused. For, while these utterances were all in the main hortatory, each of them also contained a touch of the threatening. When he said at Staunton that the business men of America are "not going to be *allowed* to make any money" unless they rendered an equivalent service to the country, and that "the Government —that is to say, the moral judgment of the majority—must determine whether what they are doing is a service or not a service," he passed from the inculcation of principles to the indication of a programme. When, at Chicago, he declared that "the banking system of this country does not need to be indicted, it is convicted," he said a thing which, understood in one way, is undeniable, but which was unquestionably understood by the majority of plain Americans as meaning a kind of condemnation of the American banking world the sponsorship of which we are sure the President-elect would be most unwilling to assume. And many solid old-fashioned persons—persons who may be engaged in large business enterprises and yet be patriotic citizens of the republic, persons who are not business men at all but who understand the gravity of business questions—have been set to wondering whether there was any specific purpose behind such statements as these, and others of similar nature.

Only a few weeks remain before Mr. Wilson will be called on to shoulder a responsibility heavier than that which rests upon the holder of any other office in the world. The power of an able and popular President to shape the course of public events is almost without limit; and to every word he utters that bears on the effective issues of the time an importance is attached which he cannot control and which is sometimes far beyond his intention. What he may intend as a mere expression of general attitude may awaken expectations that are doomed to disappointment, or arouse apprehensions for which he did not mean to give any ground. Propagandas of economic change are, of all things, most prolific of such consequences. There is a place for exhortation or agitation, and there is a place for proposals of specific action. The dangerous thing is to mix the two, and when the President of the United States does that, he cannot count on the necessary corrective being applied by the public. Mr. Wilson's general purposes have been amply asserted; they have been enforced with rare eloquence and impressiveness. He is under no obligation now to go beyond these pledges of general intention; but if he does speak about banking, or taxation, or the like, what the country looks for is some specific indication of a programme. And if people are prone to find such indication when he had no intention of giving it, the fault is neither with over-zealous applauders nor with over-critical objectors, but is in the nature of things.

It is not by accident that the three foremost figures in the leadership of popular sentiment in this country in recent years are all of them given quite as much to moral exhortation as to political discussion. The fact corresponds to a certain need of the times, and to a certain change that is going on—a change for the better—in the tone of thought and of conduct. In no previous stage of our history, probably not of that of any country, can any counterpart be found to the phenomenon presented by the sermon-speeches of Bryan and Roosevelt and Wilson. But whatever of good there may be in this, and whatever of natural, there is a point beyond which it cannot go without danger, and cannot go without failure. Out of key as it may seem with the tone of the moment, the Anglo-Saxon tradition —the tradition which demands the concrete and not the abstract, the definite application and not the general principle—is by no means extinct. Social justice, equality of opportunity, and the like, may do very well to talk about for a while; but when the time approaches for something to be done, we all wish to think of the thing in terms of specific laws that may be passed, or specific executive acts that may be performed. When a man talks of social justice or equality of opportunity, he may mean anything he pleases. It all depends upon the tone of voice, and we don't care to vote either for or against a tone of voice. Wholesome as has been the moral upheaval that has been going on, it has been unwholesome, too; for it has put into the background, for the time being, that unsentimental weighing of political questions, that quiet measurement of the practical results of proposed policies, which is indispensable to sane and successful government.

REINVIGORATING THE CRIMINAL LAW.

A few years ago, President Taft, in a public address, declared that the administration of the criminal law in this country was a disgrace to our civilization. There was nothing novel in the substance of this declaration; but so emphatic an utterance, coming from the

head of the national Government, gave to the criticisms that had long been current a standing and an effectiveness which nothing else could have so sharply brought about. And it is not taking too favorable a view of what has happened in the past few years to assert that to-day the temper of any responsible declaration on the same subject would be widely different from what it was when Mr. Taft pronounced his judgment. There has been no specific reform, there is a vast amount of room for improvement; but there has unquestionably been a remarkable toning up of the criminal law in its actual working.

In New York this revitalizing of the administration of criminal justice has been peculiarly striking. The vigor of District Attorney Whitman's prosecution of police corruption furnishes the most conspicuous element; but the expedition of Judge Goff in the procedure of his court is equally important, and the headway that is made in bringing to justice the vile gang of systematic practitioners of arson furnishes another instance. Were the matter limited to such cases—cases in which what is generally thought of as "the underworld" is the primary factor—it might have less of hopeful significance; but the MacNamara trial at Los Angeles, the trial of the forty labor-union men at Indianapolis, and the trials of Cummins, Reichmann, and Hyde, in this city, all tell the same story—the story of a new vitality in the processes of criminal justice, whether related to high or low, rich or poor, the friendless or the influential.

The change that has been taking place is an instructive illustration of the degree in which the good or evil of governmental institutions turns on the influence of public sentiment. There are doubtless specific statutory reforms that ought to be made; but the evils that had grown up were largely the result of bad habits. The undue exaltation of technicalities, the preposterous drawing out of the process of selecting a jury, and even the readiness of juries to let a trial fail through disagreement, were habits that had been allowed to thrive through indifference or inertia. There is such a thing as evil, as well as good, imperceptibly broadening down from precedent to precedent. But it is seldom that the structure of precedent becomes so solid that it cannot be broken through by the vigorous assertion of common-sense on the part of judges; and in this way a new set of precedents is introduced, which will restore the vitality sapped by the evil precedents.

Along with this reinvigoration of the criminal law there has been going on a decline in a certain phase of humanitarian agitation on the subject of crime. A few years ago, the doctrine that the only justifiable end of penal enactments was the reformation of the criminal seemed to be making great headway. In more than one conspicuous utterance, either from judges or from serious writers, it was roundly asserted that punishment has no deterrent efficacy whatever. With such a view boldly put forward by earnest men and women, and gaining serious attention, it must be difficult to infuse into the execution of existing laws that vigor which is necessary to their effective enforcement. And, while it might be impossible to trace any specific causal connection between the diminished prominence of this agitation and the increased efficiency of our criminal administration, we feel sure that the concurrence of the two things is something more than a mere coincidence.

We would by no means, however, be understood as placing under this criticism the whole movement for prison-reform. On the contrary, this movement is continually gaining head, and it is most desirable that it should be encouraged. The recent action of the Governor of Arkansas, though open to serious objection in point of method, was fine in spirit and reflected the sentiment of all right-minded people in regard to the barbarous convict-contract system. And elsewhere, there is room both for more humanity and for more intelligence in the treatment of prisoners. Hardly a day passes without bringing reports, from one State or another, of efforts to introduce honor-systems, or farm-labor colonies, or of plans for letting the convict's labor supply the means of support to his family, or some other expedient for humanizing prison life and giving the convict a chance to redeem himself. All these efforts are in the highest degree praiseworthy; and along with them there ought to be a constant strengthening of the endeavor to get the best possible class of men for prison officials. But, so long as the varieties of men are what they are, it would be madness to overlook or belittle the primary function of the penal system—the function of deterrence. And in this respect recent experience affords a rich material for instruction; only the wilfully blind can imagine that the corrupt police official, or the labor leader going into a dynamite plot, or the dishonest banker, or the systematic fire-insurance incendiary, is uninfluenced in his conduct by the question whether or not his crime is likely to land him in the penitentiary.

GENERALS AND TROOPS.

The conference of army generals which has been going on in Washington for the last few days is unique in itself, but is particularly interesting in view of the fact that much of the discussion has had to do with the future duties as generals of those participating. That a detailed scheme of army reorganization has been worked out by the General Staff is but little known, although Mr. Stimson attached to his annual report as Secretary of War the outline of the plan. It is so elaborate and in some aspects so revolutionary that the War Department itself is going at the matter in piecemeal fashion. One important subject of discussion has been the proposal to reform the housing of troops and also the military separation of the country into geographical departments and divisions.

That has been the unvarying military custom in this country in time of peace. Departments were arbitrarily set apart to be commanded usually by a brigadier-general, and there were also divisions embracing two or more departments and presided over by a major-general. This was a delightful expedient for the creating of additional red tape, since official papers then had to go from a post to a department commander, thence to division headquarters, and finally to the War Department. The department or division head was often hundreds of miles from the nearest army post in his territory, unless, as at St. Paul, there happened to be a post near his city. As a result, the American general in the years between the Civil and Spanish Wars was an anomaly among generals the world over. For he was a mere head clerk

under the War Department; he might not see a company on drill or wear his uniform in a year's time. Promotion to the rank of general usually meant not, as abroad, close association with active troops, but separation from them—unless an Indian campaign required a Crook or a Sheridan to take the field.

In Europe, on the other hand, the general lives with and commands a brigade, or a larger body of troops, drills it constantly, leads it to manœuvres and to the grand army manœuvres, and has to demonstrate to his superiors not only that he is himself capable of commanding his men, but that he has brought their drill to the highest standard, and that he has ability as a strategist. In this country, the army was until lately too small and scattered to make this possible. Now it is proposed to adopt the European system: to abolish geographical commands and to assign generals to troops. Last year, it will be remembered, Secretary Stimson tried to get Congress to do away with most of the present army posts, which are not barracks in any sense, but extremely expensive suburban villages, located in large and handsome parks, the cost of the upkeep of which is enormous, and makes great drains upon the time of the soldiers who do the work of the posts. Partly because of politics, partly because of the great sums involved, no action was taken; local prejudices were aroused, and Senators of the Warren type who had built up great posts in their States blocked the whole matter. Obviously, it was of such importance as to require careful thought and study; the policy involved was too great an innovation to be entered upon lightly.

Until, however, this question of rehousing the troops is solved, the affiliating of the generals with troops can only go on in limping fashion. There seems to have been in the conference at Washington substantial agreement that the Continental plan is correct, but a marked difference of opinion as to whether the scheme should partly be put into effect or await a complete reorganization of the stations of troops. To our mind, the change should, for the sake of efficiency and economy, be adopted as far as possible at this time. Some brigade posts are already in existence, others can gradually be created. In New York State Gen. Bliss commands coast artillery in sea-coast defences, and three regiments of infantry scattered in four or more posts. We can see no reason why the coast artillery, which has no duties in common with mobile troops, should not be put into the proposed "inspection districts," and the three infantry regiments be given to Gen. Bliss as his brigade, to be brought together in summer time for drill as a complete organization. True, some officers might hesitate to give up control over thousands of officers and men and territory, from Maine to Washington, D. C., and Fortress Monroe, which is the extent of Gen. Bliss's present command, for three regiments of perhaps 1,800 men. But so competent an officer as Gen. Bliss would, we are sure, prefer for every military reason to subordinate his own interests to the welfare of the service.

From the standpoint of economy, the policy of concentration cannot be too highly commended. As the army has grown in size, its cost per capita has increased, not decreased, as it ought in reason to do. It is the costliest army in the world for its numbers, and none other is so coddled or so lavishly supported. The development of our railways all over the land does away with any argument for widely distributing troops. The army problem can be worked out precisely like that of a civilian business or a manufacturing one, and with a consequent saving of millions to the taxpayers.

THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY.

The balloting at the palace of Versailles, which resulted in the choice of Poincaré as Chief Magistrate of the third French republic, took on peculiar interest this year in several ways. In the first place, there is the fact that one of the two leading candidates is the present head of the Cabinet. M. Raymond Poincaré is admittedly a man of calibre superior to the average run of French Presidents during the last thirty years. His election will thus impair to a considerable extent the tradition that the safety of the republic calls for the election of a man of mediocrity and safety, a *bon bourgeois* who shall be content with the highly ornamental duties of the office without striving after the reality of power. In the second place, the election has occurred at a time which may not be quite described as one of international crisis, but which nevertheless renders the conduct of French foreign policy more important than any domestic question of the moment; and foreign affairs is a field in which the President does make his influence felt. In the third place, the present election has been preceded by much discussion regarding the advisability of strengthening the President's functions so as to make him in fact as well as in name the head of the Government of the republic.

M. Poincaré's success will be taken as indicating a sympathetic attitude on the part of Parliament towards the enhancement of the authority of the Presidential office. It is doubtful whether the present Radical majority leans that way. M. Clemenceau, as the veteran exponent of Radical politics, is sharply antagonistic to M. Poincaré. This may have reacted in M. Poincaré's favor by swinging to his support the members of the Moderate and Reactionary groups. But the present head of the Cabinet is elected President with the aid of the Conservative elements, and this fact will be seized by his opponents as an additional reason why the powers of the Chief Executive should not be augmented. There is one almost fatal objection of a practical nature to all proposals looking towards the removal of the so-called abuses of the parliamentary system, and the substitution of a true nationally representative régime for the present system of chaffering and endless log-rolling among parliamentary groups. Whatever merit there may be in such proposals, they emanate from sources which, to a very considerable degree, have been suspected of hostility to the republican system of government in itself. The fear of Cæsarism is not so acute as it was during the early years of the republic. But the Dreyfus affair is not so very remote after all; and no reform programme that has behind it the men who in the dark days of fifteen years ago were suspected of hostility to republican principles can commend itself to the present Radical majority.

Still another consideration is the incompatibility of a powerful Executive with the principle of Ministerial responsibility. This principle, of course, obtains as absolutely in France as it does in Great Britain. Ministries are made and unmade by the majority in the Chamber of Deputies. To increase the

functions of the President, who is not responsible to Parliament, would be the same as increasing the functions of the Crown in Great Britain, a proposal which no British party would seriously think of bringing forward. The example of our own Presidents is not at all in point. They are representative in the sense that they are elected by the people after a prolonged contest in which public interest runs higher than on any other issue which is presented for popular decision. The President of the French republic is chosen indirectly by a body of something less than nine hundred men made up of the Chamber of Deputies and the Senate. The Deputies who took part in the present election were elected in May, 1910, nearly three years ago. The members of the Senate are themselves elected indirectly for a term of nine years, one-third of the Senate being renewed every three years. Of the three hundred Senators participating in the choice of a President, it is conceivable that one-third may have been elected as far back as eight years ago, or before M. Fallières was chosen President. Evidently, the candidate selected in this manner cannot pretend to be so representative of the popular will of the moment as a Cabinet dependent on an actual Parliamentary majority. Increasing the powers of the President at the expense of his Ministers would thus mean a step away from representative democracy.

But when all is said and done, the exact delimitation of power between the Executive and the Legislature is difficult. The element of personality is a factor which must be taken into account, and especially in France, which has a national habit of exalting principle by word of mouth and an equally strong habit of yielding to the fascination of personality. M. Poincaré as head of the republic may come to exercise a steadying and, within certain bounds, a directive influence on public affairs without overstepping the principle of representative government as embodied in a Ministry responsible to Parliament.

UTILITY AND DISCIPLINE.

Complaints of poor results in the teaching of modern languages, in American schools and colleges, have long been common and continue to make themselves heard. It is something of a novelty, however, to encounter them in the land where we have often been told such teaching is done to perfection. In France there is just now no small stir about the subject. At the very moment when the French Government is completing an arrangement with the Italian for the exchange of teachers of modern languages in secondary schools—whereby both the French master would teach his language to Italian pupils, and the Italian master to French, by the "direct method"—the success of the whole plan is called seriously in question. The fear is expressed that the ordinary student is getting neither a working command of the foreign language he is studying, nor the benefits of intellectual discipline.

The subject is handled vigorously by a recent article in the *Revue des Langues Vivantes*. The writer is one of the examiners for the degree of Bachelor of Letters, and sets forth particularly his experience in dealing with papers and essays offered in German. His report is pretty depressing. Except in a few cases, the work he declares to be "lamentable," and "the progress achieved is insignificant, puerile, or, in fact, non-existent." Not so good a knowledge of German grammar is displayed as is shown of Latin by candidates in the classics. This examiner asserts:

> For my own part, I have more than once in recent years been painfully surprised to find that young candidates for the degree manifested an inconceivable ignorance. They appear to be confronted with wonderful discoveries when they are told that there is a declension of adjectives in German, according to strict rules, or when they are informed that the German relative pronoun — a decidedly treacherous part of speech, they think—has a syntax of its own.

We have had dismal pictures painted for us of boys dozing over the Latin grammar and getting nothing out of their futile wrestlings with Greek except a general conviction that such a language once existed. But it appears that German or French grammar may have fully as soporific an effect upon the student, and that he may emerge from long struggles with the modern languages with little actual French—save as a thing of shreds and patches—and less German. Smattering for smattering, as much could be said for the graduate whose reading of Latin at sight was a purgatory to all concerned, as for the youth who thinks he knows Spanish or Italian because he can make his traveller's wants understood in it, and because the natives are too polite to laugh in his face at his murdering of the grammar. Let no one think that the French teachers of foreign languages have not been alert and fertile in devices to arouse the interest and spur the industry of their pupils. All the tricks of their trade they know and practice. Yet some of them sadly report that even the most varied and seductive instruction in modern tongues is no more attractive to the mind of youth than was the dreary grinding away at the Greek verb. Indeed, the *Journal des Débats* thinks that there are some signs in the French schools of a reaction towards the classics.

It would be as unfair to press this one set of facts, indicating disappointment of the hopes pinned to courses in living languages, as it would be to infer too much from statistics marshalled in favor of classical training. Picked men are picked men, whatever they study. When we are told that the men taking Greek in college easily outstrip the non-Greeks in the scientific schools, it is impossible to deny that one reason for their having taken Greek was that they had superior minds, which were bound to display their quality both then and later. But this truth at least appears clearly to come out of the whole dispute—namely, that if we think of the study of language not merely as the search for a tool, but the striving for a bracing exercise of the mind and a discipline of the perceptive and reasoning powers, the classical courses offer a robuster training than can be got by the ordinary boy out of any modern grammar.

There is no occasion to be sweepingly dogmatic about this. We have a lot of experimenting yet to do. The battle appears just now to be going strongly against Greek, which the archers of utility have sorely wounded. Yet if Greek is beginning to hold up its stricken head in France, it may do so in this country. The hope that it will may be cherished even by one who assents, in principle, to the doctrine of equivalency of subjects in education. Given the right kind of man and the right kind of teaching, discipline can no doubt be had from almost any study. But when we say so glibly, "other things being equal," we easily forget that they almost never are equal. It is barely possible, of course, that the idea of immediate utility and the idea of mental enrichment and strengthening may be

blended; but we have to admit that in actual practice they seldom are. The useful we must, of course, attain in one way or another. Even in the United States it is now admitted that instruction in modern languages is highly important. On the Continent, we know, it is regarded as absolutely necessary. But in doing what we must it is not wise to overlook what may be optional yet of the greatest advantage. And the educational disquietude in France which we have noted is an indication that the short road to discipline may be found the longest way round.

LITERATURE IN A VACUUM.

It all began about ten years ago when Mr. Chesterton published a volume on Browning. There had been amateur scholars before, but none till then had come into so direct a clash with professional scholars. The two sorts had existed side by side, peacefully despising each other: the one having to do with authors' feelings, the other with facts. But Mr. Chesterton changed all that. He confronted previous criticism squarely, questioning its facts and generalizations. Two or three years later Mr. Shaw attacked every variety of loose Shakespearean criticism, as well as the master himself. Mr. Belloc has since got after the mediævalists, and Mr. Harris, with his own special axe, has cut off the heads of some more Shakespeareans. The work of these men is not entirely alike. Mr. Harris, for instance, having new theories to establish, has sinned exactly in the fashion which he condemns in others. But so far as their criticism is destructive, and much of it is that, it partakes of a common method. To call this method rational would confuse it with something quite different which had full sway in the eighteenth century. The solid commonsense which Dr. Johnson often employed as a supreme test finds little place in the new discipline. It might better be termed the criticism of logic. Its main concern seems to be looking for logical leaks in the reasoning of other critics. It places literature in a vacuum, apart from the vapors of prejudice and tradition, and looks it full in the face.

On this side of the water, the pastime has received a democratic twist, of which Mr. Shaw, too, has not been guiltless, and has developed into a battle between ancients, by which are meant writers half a century or more old, and moderns. Scholars have been asked to say anew why Victorian fiction is superior to our best sellers. The latter have interest, certainly reflect life, and often reveal an admirable style. It will not do to rely chiefly on the steady hold which the Victorians have had on readers. Would they have fared so well if they had had so many contemporary writers to compete with as our moderns have? Besides, to consider the mere tradition of their popularity is aside from the point, is outside the vacuum. It is as if one were to call Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" great simply because Johnson got out of bed to read it. We all know that he would have robbed his sleep equally for one of our detective stories. Here are two works, come, let us compare them. What this putting of literature in a vacuum really means is illuminating it by strictly modern lights. But it must be confessed that the game has not been unprofitable. The English coterie in particular have shown a mental agility which has put the professional scholar on his guard against haphazard statement and has brought into a sharp light the various kinds of criticism that have flourished these many years.

After the death of Matthew Arnold scholarly criticism in England permitted certain fundamental elements to be largely impaired, if not thrust into a subordinate position. The life of an author and the philosophy connected with his thought, which at the hands of truly famous critics have always been brought intimately into a discussion of his works, were in no small measure replaced by gossip and bibliography. For all his valuable services this has often been the method of Professor Saintsbury, and every one knows that when the lovable Dr. Furnivall looked up from his severe textual work and surveyed the sweep of literature, he was apt to approach it through a pleasant experience of his own, sculling on the Thames or drinking tea. This is not implying that the literary gossip of an age has no proper place in criticism; but it is time to remonstrate when it assumes the inconsequential form of the social programmes, given so freely to the world, of our young contemporary writers. As for the emphasis placed on bibliography, this, as we are all aware, was made in Germany, and involves this country quite as much as England. It has produced "scientific criticism." It makes the boast that it has corrected a vast number of errors which, if they had been known to Pope and Hazlitt and Pater, would have saved them from the ridicule of a later age. This is no doubt true, and yet it is noteworthy that when the scientific critic permits himself to speak broadly, which he does all too infrequently, he is likely to utter in only a slightly different way impressions of long standing, and by lack of sharpness to lay himself open to the quick logic of a Chesterton or a Shaw.

Then there's the "household critic." Above all, he is pleasant. And, as his audience is large, it is good to be able to add that he is quite harmless. His manner is hard to describe. He has good taste, in a puritanical sense of the word, is something of a man of the world, is a repository of anecdotes, has much that passes for ideas, and his criticism always ends happily. If he is writing of authors of the last fifty years, he has usually met them, and they are placed prettily in a setting of their own homes. The household critic is constitutionally what he is, he is born that way. He has his enthusiasms, and his appreciations are unquestionably genuine. If his scope is limited, that is through no lack of intention, but merely because his reactions upon literature are invariably ethical—again we are bound to say in the narrow sense of the word.

The household critic and the scientific critic, more than others, may take the blame to themselves if just now they are annoyed by the bustle and popularity of the vacuum critic. There never was a time better suited to robust criticism than the present day. An army of scholars have turned up the external facts of literature to such an extent that a learned man, if he cared to generalize, need not go far wrong. That uninstructed men are to-day attempting to fill in the lack is proof of a widespread yearning for criticism that is vital. If philosophy and biography in the best sense were more employed as the backbone of criticism, the confusion of the present day would be much less. Literature, to be properly studied, belongs no more in a vacuum than under a microscope.

GOMPERZ'S GREEK THINKERS.

It was Gomperz's intention to bring his history of Greek philosophy down to the foundation of the Stoic, Epicurean, and Skeptical schools in the third century B. C. His death, while the present volume* was passing through the press, concludes, with this monograph on Aristotle and his school, what will probably remain for our generation the most popular, if not the standard, history of the subject. Philologians will still consult Zeller for the details and the evidence. But workers in other fields and the larger educated public will take their impressions of Greek philosophy and their generalizations about the Greek mind from Gomperz.

I.

The qualities of Gomperz's brilliant work are well known and have been praised by many reviewers of the earlier volumes—the picturesquely imaged style, the wealth of apt allusions and pertinent modern parallels, the frank substitution of the point of view of positive science for Zeller's modified Hegelianism, the wide interest in ideas, and the treatment of each idea in turn, not as a fact in an historical catalogue, but as a claimant for recognition at the bar of absolute truth. Gomperz has few misgivings over the competence of the tribunal constituted by the "best modern scientific thought" as he conceives it. His distinctive note, his formula, as it were, is that he is a thoroughly trained German philologist who has also studied Grote and John Stuart Mill; and his explicit elucidations, from the standpoint of the philosophy of utilitarianism and the associationist psychology, of all problems raised by ancient philosophy sometimes remind even the sympathetic reader of that "offensive lucidity" which for Nietzsche was synonymous with the name of Mill.

These qualities and their corresponding defects were especially conspicuous in the first volume, which dealt with the infinite suggestiveness of the fragmentary remains of the Pre-Socratics. The critic might have his reserves, but to the general reader the book was as fascinating as a romance. Less successful, in the volumes on Plato, was the combination of this method with the highly specialized Platonic philology of the past two or three decades devoted to the determination of the evolution of Plato's thought by the ascertainment of the dates of his dialogues. To fit himself to do justice to Plato, Gomperz should have extended his English reading from Grote and Mill to Arnold, Jowett, Froude, Martineau, Pater, and Emerson. If, for example, he had appreciated Arnold's ironical preference of Moody and Sankey to Clifford, he would hardly have written in the present volume that "Aristotle is separated even from the purified theology of his master Plato . . . by a gulf wide almost beyond belief in the light of chronology." It is not a question of chronology at all: Plato and Schleiermacher and Arnold have no more dogmatic theology than Aristotle and Haeckel and Gomperz, but they prefer to speak of religion in a different tone.

The more matter-of-fact and direct work of Aristotle is less open to misconception. His true relation to Plato will continue to be misrepresented, and his final psychology and metaphysics will always be a problem. But the ordinance and content of his systematic treatises must remain much the same in every exposition. Gomperz here challenges comparison with the exhaustive work of Zeller, which has now been accessible to English readers for some fourteen years. Here, too, Gomperz is much more interesting in cursory perusal. But his inferiority for the purposes of the student is even more marked than in the volumes on Plato. Plato can be made intelligible to the English reader without the employment of technical terms. But Aristotle's philosophy, as distinguished from his ethics and politics, cannot be understood at all without a fuller and more precise explanation of his terminology than can be found even in the appendix to this volume. Life is perhaps too short to waste on the study of Aristotle's wrestlings with the problem of "universals." But there is not the slightest use in trying to understand it if you are not willing to go beyond English terminology and master the different meanings of τὸ καθόλου and distinguish the τί ἐστιν from the τί ἦν εἶναι.

II.

Gomperz's arrangement of material is in the main that of Zeller, proceeding from logic and ontology through the physical and biological sciences to ethics, politics, and rhetoric, with occasional digressions on topics of special interest. But the space assigned to the Aristotelian treatises is proportioned not so much to their intrinsic significance or their need of elucidation as to Gomperz's personal interests or their availability for literary presentation. He seems to have adopted the Horatian rule, "quæ desperat tractata nitescere posse relinquit." The logical works are dismissed in twenty pages and two brief chapters. In the first he mildly defends the categories against Mill's contemptuous gibe that they resemble "a classification of animals into men, quadrupeds, asses, horses, and ponies." The second, on the logic proper, consists solely of a few miscellaneous observations on the value of the syllogism in answer to the objection that it is merely a *petitio principii*, and on the "Topics" as illustrating the eristic strain in Aristotle, and the weakness and the strength of his dialectic. Now, it is true that formal logic is not a "nitescent" theme for the general reader, and Mr. Schiller is supposed to have given the Aristotelian logic its *coup de grace* in a big book which American reviewers are unanimous in commending, apparently in the innocent belief that the progress of the American schoolboy is still retarded by those mediæval exercises of argumentation in mood and figure denounced by the Oxford scholar. But whatever the absolute educational value of formal logic, it is not possible to understand either Aristotle's philosophy or the history of philosophy from Aristotle to Bacon without a fuller acquaintance with the terminology and problems of the "Organon" than Gomperz's two brief chapters impart or presuppose. Of the problem of the unity of the definition, for example, which the logic, after vainly trying to solve, transmits to the metaphysics, he has little or nothing to say.

The transition from logic to metaphysics is made through two topical chapters on the antithesis between the Platonist and the Asclepiad in Aristotle. The Asclepiad is represented by the passage of nominalistic psychology at the close of the "Analytics," which Grote was never weary of praising; the Platonist is made responsible for all the mystic metaphysics and *a priori* physics which Grote and Gomperz deplore as inconsistent lapses from the true psychological standpoint elsewhere won. The opposition of the two tendencies undoubtedly exists in Aristotle, but it is a misconception to make the survival of Platonism in his thought the *fons et origo* of all his errors. Plato, in fact, committed fewer gross fallacies in science than Aristotle, and the chief source of the errors of both is not so much false metaphysics as simply the lack of knowledge which their age could not possess. The complaint, repeated after Bacon, Lange, and Grote, that they rejected the great scientific truth of atomism, involves a confusion of thought. Ancient atomism never accomplished anything for science, as the history of the Epicurean school sufficiently proves, and it is unreasonable to challenge the right of Plato and Aristotle to criticise atomism as a final philosophy merely because they could not foresee its usefulness two thousand years later as a working hypothesis of science. The neglect of this distinction is, indeed, the chief obstacle to the modern reader's understanding of both Plato and Aristotle. They both use the absurd science of their day in the illustration and discussion of those ultimate concepts of science, ethics, and religion, in the analysis and correlation of which we have advanced little

*Greek Thinkers. By Theodor Gomperz, Vol. IV. Translated by G. G. Berry. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

beyond Aristotle, and not at all beyond Plato. The working scientist content with working hypotheses may dismiss all such disquisitions as logomachies or make his correlations "by the aid of that respectable Scottish sectary, Robert Sandeman." But no professor of philosophy who takes Herbert Spencer or M. Bergson seriously is logically justified in an attitude of condescending allowance for the immaturity of the thought of Plato and Aristotle. In his censure of Plato and in certain chapters of his logical and biological works Aristotle seems to speak the language of positive, empirical, and nominalistic science. But unless you are prepared to go the whole way with "Mill on Hamilton," it is uncritical to single out these passages for special praise as representative of the true Aristotle, and to lament with Gomperz that "after once gaining the shore, he could have slipped back into the vortex of doubt and allowed himself to be engulfed in the depths of Platonic mysticism." It was as impossible for Aristotle to accept "Mill on Hamilton" as the final philosophy as it was for Plato or is for Bergson and Maeterlinck; and the "vortex of Platonic mysticism" is simply that problem of the ultimate nature of conceptual thought which still baffles the powers of expression, if not the analysis, of the few psychologists who venture to grapple with it.

In a closely reasoned chapter on chance and necessity Gomperz argues for once against the view of Grote and Mill, who affirm that Aristotle denied the universality of causation and treated accident as an objective fact under the name of chance or spontaneity. He seems to be unacquainted with Mr. D. D. Heath's anticipation of his argument in the seventh and eighth volumes of the English *Journal of Philology*. The question is perhaps insoluble; for it turns first on Aristotle's doctrine of the freedom of the will, and, second, on the possibility of conceiving an unbroken chain of causation extending from the First Mover through all the seeming irregularities of the weather that obtains in the sphere of mutability below the moon. But if Aristotle's faith in the reign of law was as fixed as Gomperz assumes, why did he not more explicitly approve the pre-Socratic dictum which he quotes, that chance is merely a name for our ignorance of the real cause?

From the defence of Aristotle's scientific orthodoxy on this point, Gomperz passes to the doctrine of the four causes and the special sciences that arise from their application in different fields of investigation. The physical works proper, he passes over very lightly, using them mainly for the illustration of the limitations of Aristotle's mind and the defects of his method—that corruption of physics by logic of which Bacon complained. More interesting are the chapters on the great biological works, enriched by illustrations taken from Meyer, Pouchet, Lewes, and the author's own readings in modern biology. Gomperz here and elsewhere rightly protests against the misconception, encouraged by Zeller's equivocal use of the word "development," that Aristotle was in any fair sense of the term an evolutionist either in biology or general philosophy. The paradoxical juxtaposition in these biological writings of amazing knowledge and grotesque errors can be explained only on the supposition that Aristotle took over from his predecessors vast collections of facts which he had no time to verify.

The chapters on "Psychology" consist mainly of suggestive, but unsystematic, observations on special points of interest—dreams, memory, and recollection, the correlation of a sensitive skin with superior intelligence, and Aristotle's alleged anticipation of Berkeley in the belief that distance, size, and form are mediately perceived through inference. The insoluble problem of the *nous* or highest reason is brought no nearer solution, but supplies a transition to the chapters on theology and astronomy. Gomperz declines to prolong the lines of the "Physics," "Metaphysics," and "De Anima" to their meeting-point in the unifying dogma that God, the prime-mover and self-thinking thought, is identical with the totality of conceptual forms which are the Aristotelian equivalent of the Platonic ideas. The whole subject is distasteful to our author, and he takes his leave of "this uninspiring portion of Aristotle's doctrine" with the confession that "much in it remains for us utterly obscure."

III.

One hundred and sixty-four pages, nearly half of the entire exposition of Aristotle's thought, is devoted to a running analysis and criticism of the "Ethics" and "Politics." Little space is wasted on the philological problem of the composition and order of the books in the two treatises. Both, Gomperz thinks, are the publication from notes of pupils and manuscripts of the teacher of courses of lectures often repeated, sometimes in varying order. The existing arrangement of the books of the "Ethics" is, he maintains, excellent. If the discussion of the virtues was to be continuous, there was no other place for the book on self-control and for the two books on friendship except that which they now occupy. Similarly, though with less confidence, he rejects the transposition of the two unfinished books on the ideal state from their present place at the end of the "Politics." Aristotle may sometimes in his lectures have adopted a Platonic order, and treated existing states as degenerations from an ideal. But the empirical, scientific spirit would ordinarily lead him to describe what is before depicting what ought to be.

The summaries are well executed, and each idea as it emerges is judged at the bar of Gomperz's own enlightened modern liberalism. But this leisurely, diffuse treatment, though rich in interesting observations of detail, occupies space which would have been better given to an illuminating and comprehensive historical criticism of the works as a whole. The detailed exposition as Aristotelian doctrine of much that is mere Platonic commonplace is both superfluous and misleading. The reader who seeks only that can find it for himself in Welldon's translation of the "Ethics" and Jowett's translation of the "Politics." What we miss is the perpetual confrontation with the ideas of Plato and Isocrates, which is the first requisite of a truly historic and critical estimate of these books. For the "Ethics" the materials for such a comparison were in large part before Gomperz in the edition of Burnet, to which he awards high, but not excessive, praise, but he has not used them. There are, of course, many references to Plato, and Gomperz himself must have been aware of many coincidences which he does not mention. But, though such was doubtless not his intention, his résumés will leave upon the reader the impression that Plato's political and ethical thought was negligible as compared with the greater fulness and sobriety of his successor, that Aristotle solved problems which he merely evaded, or, in some cases that there is no problem. The first misapprehension results from his neglect to mention Plato's anticipation of ideas expounded in great detail as parts of the Aristotelian system; the second may be illustrated by his singling out for praise, and as proof of Aristotle's superiority "both over ancient and modern intellectuals," the sentence which he renders, "for reason alone sets nothing in motion." The true meaning of this is given by Welldon: "the mere intellect has no motive power; it must be intellect directed to a certain end." Aristotle, as a matter of fact, nowhere in the "Ethics" succeeds in clearing up the problem of the relations of "right reason" and will, or the "orectic" faculty, in the determination of conduct. Gomperz treats as the solution of this problem what is merely an evasion of it by the verbal distinction between the "theoretic" and the "practical" reason. Thirdly, Gomperz seems to ignore the existence of the problem, when, in praising Aristotle's tranquil acceptance of the formula (attributed to Thrasymachus in the "Republic") that "justice is the good of another," he adds,

"he does not trouble himself about any eudæmonistic foundation." But, though modern utilitarians persist in imitating the proverbial ostrich, the problem of the "eudæmonistic foundation," that is, the "sanction" which provides the individual with a motive for social conduct, will always remain, as it is in Plato, the supreme test of any ethical philosophy that endeavors to face the facts.

IV.

The brief chapter on the "Poetics" touches lightly on topics which Gomperz had treated more fully elsewhere. He assumes that the Katharsis question is settled in favor of the medical meaning, "purgation," and, like other advocates of the extreme rigor of this view, ignores the fact that purgation may imply, as it does in Plato, purification of what remains. He dwells upon Aristotle's neglect of lyric poetry, and, with the majority of commentators on the "Poetics," creates unnecessary difficulties for himself by misapprehending the Platonic and Aristotelian meaning of "imitation." By μίμησις they usually meant the representation or suggestion of the emotions and states of feeling that accompany the actions or are associated with the objects imitated. In this sense, a lyric may be as truly an imitation as is a dialogue. Gomperz thinks that it "was reserved for the genius of Aristotle to free the concept of poetry from the external mark of versification." Mr. Saintsbury would regard this as the loss of a valuable distinction of common sense. But, however that may be, Aristotle is certainly not the originator of the obvious generalization that assimilates artistic or imaginative prose to poetry. It is implied by Isocrates, and still more clearly in Plato's ironical application of the name poet to Lysias as author of the erotic discourse in the "Phædrus."

V.

The exposition of Aristotle concludes with a résumé of the content of the "Rhetoric," which Gomperz accepts entire and places last because he believes that it was, in fact, one of the latest works. In this he relies on references in the "Poetics" which imply that the "Politics" had been written and that the "Rhetoric" was still to come. But whatever may be the date of the composition of the extant treatise, there is a well-authenticated tradition that Aristotle lectured on rhetoric in the lifetime of Plato, and in a genetic exposition of Aristotle's life-work, the "Rhetoric" ought to be associated with the "Topics" in an introductory chapter describing his methods and the dominant interests of his mind. Gomperz sometimes suggests this way of interpreting Aristotle, but apparently shrank from the labor that such a redistribution of the immense material would involve. His book is thus a compromise between this method, the old encyclopædic method, and an exposition in the presumed order of composition of the extant works. The order of composition is uncertain, and in any case the extant works represent the systematic thought of Aristotle's maturity in which there is little observable development. Gomperz's one attempt in this direction is not encouraging. The biological works, he tells us, are later than the "Physics," and we may expect to find here a "culminating height of intellectual maturity." He finds it in an "extraordinary piece of self-correction. Fire is removed from the series of elements and now conceived as a phenomenon accompanying processes of which any of the three remaining elements may be the seat." This would be indeed extraordinary, if true. But it is a complete misunderstanding. All the elements are mixed in our experience. We do not know any in absolute purity; least of all, dwelling as we do in the region of earth, water, and air, can we know pure elementary fire. Its place is at the outer circumference of the atmosphere adjoining the sphere of the moon.

The encyclopædic method of Zeller is convenient for reference, and may usefully supplement a more penetrating analysis. But it envelops with a disguising robe of omniscience and objectivity what under scrutiny proves to be a very fallible and human, though almost superhumanly comprehensive and active, intelligence. What Plato says of Homer's inspired omniscience is true of all encyclopædic and universal philosophers: "When anybody tells us that he has met a man who knows all arts and sciences, we must assume him to be a very simple person who has been deceived by some pretence and imitation of knowledge." The first step towards the real understanding of an Aristotle, a Leibnitz, or a Herbert Spencer is to distinguish what they actually knew, what they studied and mastered before the age of thirty-five, from what they crammed or copied or deduced to fill up the compartments of their systems. What Aristotle knew best was Platonic dialectic, Isocratean rhetoric, and the practice of Athenian fourth-century oratory and debate. From these he generalized and systematized formulas, definitions, and methods, which constituted the content of his "Logic," "Topics," and "Rhetoric," and the framework of all his later study and thinking. Second to this comes, on the one hand, the great body of ethical, political, and philosophical ideas, dispersed through the Platonic dialogues, which he seems almost to have tabulated and indexed for use; and, on the other hand, the enormous collection of biological facts which it is customary to say was a part of his inheritance as an Asclepiad. From these sources, with elaborations and additions of his own, grew the "Ethics," "Politics," and biological treatises. The rest is encyclopædic and doctoral dissertation, valuable when, as in the "Constitution of Athens," it rested on a good compilation of facts, nearly worthless when, as in the "Physics," the logical mill ground *in vacuo*. An exposition on these lines would give us the real Aristotle. The studious reader could almost construct it for himself from the footnotes of Zeller. Gomperz does little more than suggest it, and the work still remains to be done. The present volume will none the less probably long remain the most attractive and stimulating account of Aristotle available to the general reader. It includes, in addition, chapters on the Old Academy and on the successors of Aristotle from Theophrastus to Strato, which I have no space to discuss. The translation was revised by Gomperz himself; it reads easily, and appears to be correct so far as I have tested it.

PAUL SHOREY.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The library of the late Matthew C. D. Borden, which, with his collection of paintings, will be sold at auction by the American Art Association during the winter, is in many respects a notable collection. Mr. Borden was not as intimately acquainted with his books as was Mr. Hoe, indeed he was a collector for a comparatively short time, but what he purchased he wished to be the very best of its kind. Instead of making up sets, book by book, of first editions, he generally preferred to have the preliminary work of assembling, collating, nd binding done by some one else.

His set of the writings of Charles Dickens is one of the most valuable ever offered for sale. It is the set brought together by Mrs. Norton Q. Pope, added to and bound uniformly after her death. It is especially rich in inserted drawings, either the originals of the illustrations of the first editions of the books themselves, or other drawings by well-known Dickens illustrators. The "Pickwick" contains no less than thirty-four drawings by H. K. Browne ("Phiz"), mainly the originals of the famous illustrations, besides twenty drawings by F. W. Pailthorpe and drawings or prints by Crowquill, Onwhyn, and Heath. The "Oliver Twist" contains twenty-six drawings by George Cruikshank, being the twenty-four illustrations of the book with two additional sketches, and twenty drawings by Pailthorpe, besides a series of twenty-seven pen-and-ink drawings by an unidentified artist. The set includes two manuscripts, "The Perils of Certain English Prisoners and their Treasures," of which chapters i and iii, 51 leaves, were by Dickens, and chapter ii, 39 leaves, by Wilkie Collins; and "A Curious Dance Round a Curious Tree," more than half of which is in Dickens's autograph, and the balance by W. H. Wills.

Mr. Borden's set of first editions of Thackeray is very fine. It includes the rare

"Floro et Zephyr" (1836), with an original drawing by Thackeray; complete sets of the *Snob* and the *Gownsman*, the two little college papers to which Thackeray contributed; "The Second Funeral of Napoleon" (1841), and other rarities.

Among other authors, collected sets of whose works are in the Borden library, are Goldsmith, George Borrow, Marryat, Lever, Ainsworth, George Eliot, Charles Kingsley, Leigh Hunt, Blackmore, Hardy, Swinburne, Stevenson, and Kipling.

Among the early printed books the first edition of Homer (Florence, 1488), 2 vols., folio, is easily the most important. Of early English books the library contains the four folios of Shakespeare; Holinshed's "Chronicles," first edition (1577); Gower's "Confessio Amantis" (1553); Painter's "Palace of Pleasure" (1566-67); "Paradise Lost," both issues of 1667, and first editions of "Comus," "Lycidas," and "Areopagitica"; and the first five editions of Walton's "Compleat Angler." Burns's "Poems," the first or Kilmarnock edition; the first edition of "Robinson Crusoe"; Wordsworth's first two books, "An Evening Walk" and "Descriptive Sketches" (1793), most interesting association copies; Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare"; Keats's three volumes of verse, and a long list of Shelley first editions, are among the books of the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

There are some remarkable extra illustrated sets, among which are the Augustin Daly set of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," four volumes extended to twenty-five; Boswell's Johnson; Lady Jackson's Works; Burns's Works, extended to thirteen volumes, and with several manuscript poems inserted; Irving's "Life of Washington"; and many others.

A collection of engraved views of New York City and vicinity, bound in twelve volumes, folio, is certain to bring a great price, as will also the collection of two hundred and twenty-five autograph military dispatches of Gen. Grant, 1864 and 1865, and correspondence of Grant and President Johnson, bound up in two volumes. These dispatches of Grant are the originals written out by him in his own hand, which were apparently preserved by the telegraph operator.

A complete set of John J. Gould's "Ornithological Works," forty-three volumes, folio, with about three thousand colored plates; Audubon's "Birds" and "Quadrupeds," the first octavo editions, bound from the parts; and Lilford's "Birds of the British Islands," are among the notable works on natural history in the collection.

Some ten years ago Mr. Borden acquired the remarkable collection of Cruikshank drawings and engravings brought together by John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, who was a close personal friend of George Cruikshank. Mr. Gough's interest was confined to the pictorial matter only, so that he preserved only the engravings and discarded the text in almost every case. This method is not in accordance with present-day collecting, but the great size and comparative completeness of the collection, together with the fact that many of the plates are autographed by Cruikshank himself, make it a rich prize and one the possession of which would make any library famous. After Mr. Borden acquired the collection he had it put into the best shape and handsomely bound by the Club Bindery at an expense of many hundreds of dollars. Besides this Cruikshank collection Mr. Borden's library contains many books with colored plates by Leech, Rowlandson, Alken, and others.

Of their more important books it has been the custom of the Grolier Club to print two, or at most three, copies on vellum. Mr. Borden was able to acquire a number of these vellum copies, including "A Decree of Star Chamber Concerning Printing," "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," "Peg Woffington," De Vinne's "Christopher Plantin," Richard de Bury's "Philobiblon," Matthews's "Modern Bookbinding," Conway's "Barons of the Potomac," Donne's "Poems," "Two Note-books of Thomas Carlyle," "Life of Count Hoym," and the "Catalogue of Books from the Libraries of Celebrated Bibliophiles." These were for the most part acquired at the Frederick W. French sale in Boston in 1901. The Kelmscott Press books are, many of them, vellum copies, and Mr. Andrews's "Among My Books" is one of the two copies printed on vellum. This is the only one of all the books issued by this well-known amateur of which any copies were printed on vellum.

Before his death Mr. Borden had had a catalogue of his library prepared and printed, two volumes quarto, fifty copies only, but it seems never to have been circulated by him, though the title pages are dated 1910. From one of these copies of the private catalogue these notes have been made. The American Art Association sales-catalogue is not yet ready.

Correspondence

SHAKESPEARE AND HERBERT AGAIN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The significance of the first passage from Whyte, which I cited (*Nation*, December 5, 1912), as "overlooked," has been effectively and universally obscured by the manner of Mr. Tyler's allusion to it in the foot-note to which Professor Newcomer refers (*Nation*, January 16). Its bearing either upon the facts or upon the Herbert theory was not clear to me until I had put beside it the complete citation. I venture to say without this it could scarcely be clear to others. Mr. Tyler says (p. 44):

> It was in the spring of the year just named [1598] that, according to Rowland Whyte (Sidney Papers, Vol. II, p. 43), William Herbert was to commence residing permanently in London.

His footnote upon this statement reads as follows:

> "My Lord Harbart hath with much adoe brought his Father to consent that he may live at London, yet not before the next Springe." And about a week later, April 27, 1597, Whyte again speaks of Herbert's coming to London "next spring," that is, if "Leiden" is a misprint for "London."

No reason is given for this lightly supposed misprint. It is a supposition airily enabling a warping of evidence directly opposed to that first quoted into a semblance of corroborating it. The passage thus obscured I cite again: "I heare that my Lord Harbart the next Spring shall come to Leiden." The newsman of Sir Robert Sydney corrects the first news he gave by this second news. So I read his letters.

I may add that I examined the "Sydney Letters" with relation to accuracy and typography and found more than usual carefulness on the part of the eighteenth century transcriber and editor of the original MSS., Arthur Collins. One evidence of it is his calendaring of old-style and new-style chronology; another, the preciseness of references to names of places, italicized throughout according to older customs.

I avoided bringing this obscuring foot-note in when writing before to the *Nation* because I desired not to involve with any controversial matter my space for a brief unvarnished record of the evidence. I desired to set the fresh facts in order with old ones in point, and put them only in such due relation to the context of the "Sydney Letters" as would afford a true glimpse of the affiliations there shown of the Pembrokes with the Low Countries and with Lord Herbert's uncle, Sir Robert Sydney, Governor of Flushing.

Charlotte Porter.

Cambridge, Mass., January 9.

TOO MUCH PREACHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recent utterances of President-elect Wilson indicate, it seems to some of us, a lack of appreciation of the conditions commercial and financial. His attitude is similar to that of the numerous brood of self-constituted and amateurish "uplifters" and "reformers" who swarm throughout the land and flood the editorial columns of our daily papers. Nobody objects to the general statement that wrong is wrong whether in big or little men, and further that there should be a power not ourselves to punish the iniquitous.

It is indeed true that the doughty rough-rider has accustomed us to Presidential preachments and almost daily proclamations on the exceeding sinfulness of sin. But it is a little disappointing to turn from the big-stick to the big-whip and the high-swung gallows of Haman, to turn from bombast to fustian. The preacher who is constantly exposing the fires of hell runs the danger of working his people up to a pitch of excitement ill-suited to that quietness and confidence in which strength lies.

Henry Leverett Chase.

St. Louis, Mo., January 15.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND PRIVATE PRACTICE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The difficulty of obtaining authoritative evidence in respect to certain political usages is often great. Rather longer ago than two years I called attention (*Nation*, September 22, 1910) to the question whether the Attorney-General of the United States would be violating any custom or rule of honor in accepting private practice in case he had time to do so. The custom was well enough known in early days, indeed up to 1853. But it was strongly disapproved by Caleb Cushing in 1854 (6 "Opinions of the Attorneys-General," pp. 326-355). A bit of new evidence on the subject may be found in "Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar: A Memoir," by Moorfield

Storey and Edward W. Emerson. On Fast Day, 1870, Attorney-General Hoar wrote to his wife as follows:

I have argued a case two hours to-day—that's instead of *preaching*—have received a small fee for it—it being for a private client—and so send you $100—that's for *charity*—which "begins at home" (p. 205).

Mr. Hoar, it may be recalled, served as Attorney-General under President Grant from March 5, 1869, to July 7, 1870. Perhaps some one of your readers can shed further light on the custom with reference to more recent days.

HENRY BARRETT LEARNED.

New Haven, Conn., January 13.

FRENCH FASHIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* is much mistaken if it thinks (see editorial, January 16) that the new American fashions are going to be provincial. How absurd it would be to say that American architecture is provincial simply because it is not Parisian! The naïve belief that good things in dress come from Paris is merely a relic of an undeveloped artistic sense, and now that the country has been fully awakened to its silliness, there will be no trouble in making it a thing of the past. My prediction against yours!

CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN.

Columbia University, January 17.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading H. G. Wells's latest, "Marriage," I uncarthed this precious gem of locution, in Book II, chapter the third; "My dear! *Aren't I* a feminist? Don't I want woman fine and sane and responsible?" The italics are mine. I remember meeting the same formula elsewhere in contemporary fiction, but have forgotten to note volume and chapter. Now, if Mr. Wells were of the *indocti*, one might swallow the formula as a mere Cockneyism. But he is supposed to represent, or at least reflect, Young Oxford, and his hero, Trafford, is the latest word in British science and culture. What, then, are we to do with such a barbarism? One of my colleagues, an Oxford man, suggests this explanation: Assuming the abbreviation *A'nt I* for *Am not I*, also assuming the heavy English *a* sound, we get a spoken *Ah'nt I*, of which the *Ahn't* may be mistaken for *Aren't*. Well, I have my doubts, but give the explanation as proposed, and pass on to the question, whether we Anglo-Americans are losing all sense of grammar. Anything "goes" apparently, if uttered in the tone of "authority," and no one seems able to think. Our utterance runs in grooves. Because we say: Isn't he, Aren't we, therefore we must say A'nt (Am not) I. Is there anything to prevent us from saying Am I not? Or shall we all jabber and scribble indiscriminately? Of course, every one knows the *jus et norma loquendi* doctrine. But every one ought to remember also that the same poet advises you to lock up your lines ten years before letting them loose, and took infinite pains to make his every word and phrase tally with the ultimate genius of his mother tongue. His authority was that of reason, not of blind following. And I am one of those relics of a past age who maintain that not even an act of Parliament or a constitutional amendment can make poor grammar and diction good. Accordingly, I appeal to *Nation* readers: Aren't I justified in rebelling?

J. M. HART.

Ithaca, N. Y., January 10.

Literature

A QUEEN'S DIARY.

The Girlhood of Queen Victoria: A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries Between the Years 1832 and 1840. Published by Authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by Viscount Esher, G.C.B., C.C.V.O. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $9 net.

The selection from Victoria's correspondence published five years ago revealed the Queen's character in its early maturity. The present extracts from her girlish diary, made by Lord Esher (co-editor with Mr. A. C. Benson of the Letters), show the conditions and influences under which that character was formed. The young Princess began to keep a journal at thirteen, when she must have had an inkling, at least, as to her destiny. Her mother, the Duchess of Kent, was an ambitious and not tactful woman, and had already begun to irritate King William by taking her daughter about the country in a series of what he called "royal progresses." She seems to have meant to make the Princess happy; but surrounded her with neutral or odious persons. She spared no pains in having her educated according to the best standard she knew; but that standard was low. "It was," says Lord Esher, "precisely what might have been expected from one whose youth had been spent in a small German court, and whose later opportunities had not brought her into contact with highly trained and thoughtful minds."

This is easy to understand: the odd fact is that the commonplace rearing of the heir to the English throne was not only permitted but approved by the England of that day. The Dean of Chester superintended the studies of her childhood; and when the Bishops of London and Lincoln were called upon to investigate the results, they did not hesitate to report favorably to Parliament upon her intellectual attainments, and to give the Duchess credit for due care. In fact, the Princess had the education then held proper for a lady: she learned to draw a little, to sing a little, to play a little—music then meant Italian music—and she got something more than a smattering of modern languages. Of great literature, of history, of politics, she knew nothing. Lord Esher believes that this may have been fortunate—agreeing with a foreign observer that the Queen might not have "maintained through life her admirable mental equilibrium if education had developed in her high intellectual curiosity or fantastic imagination." He adds:

The Queen's teachers were excellent, commonplace people, and they left precisely those traces on her mind that might have been expected. Her character was another matter. They could not and did not influence that, and it is the character of the Queen that places her in the small category of rulers who have not only deserved well of their country, but have left an indelible stamp upon the life of their people.

That the good Queen was morally great and mentally sound the world will never forget. That she had latent in her either intellectual curiosity or fantastic imagination is itself a fantastic, not to say humorous, speculation. Many a woman's taste for reading or zest for thinking has been born in her after she has reached the end of her teens. As Queen, Victoria had the widest opportunities for development; but in matters of taste or of high speculation, there was nothing to develop.

The earlier journals show her as a commonplace and even rather dull little girl. The entries record with deadly accuracy the daily incidents of life. Setting out upon one of their "progresses," they leave Kensington Palace at six minutes past seven; they reach Barnet at five minutes past half-past nine; at one minute to four they change horses at Dunchurch, etc. As for what is to be seen from the royal carriage, things are "very pretty" or "very dusty"; people cheer as they pass through some town; a mayor gives her a box full of Shrewsbury cakes; now and then it rains. It is well that the editor has given relatively little space to extracts from the journals of the earlier years. The fact that they were open to the inspection of the Princess's mother and governess accounts in part, no doubt, for their dulness.

Once the diarist becomes Queen, her tone changes, both because she has more to write about, and because she is writing for herself. It remains the diary of a young girl with rather narrow and personal interests. She takes her accession to the throne for granted, as she would have taken for granted the inheritance of great wealth. She writes fondly and even gushingly about the people and things nearest to her: not, one notices, her mother, but her governess, her singing teacher, her horse, her dog, this uncle or that cousin. But she is sentimental rather than devoted. She is troubled by such poverty and suffering as are thrust upon her attention, but does not think of them if she can avoid it. Her attitude towards persons outside the court circle is reserved and proud.

The truth is, if it were not for the appearance of a single figure in these

pages, they would be of very mild interest. The Princess, the young Queen, had little knack at self-expression; she was a recorder; and until Lord Melbourne came into her daily life she had found little worth recording. From the moment when his name is first mentioned, her diary begins to be literature in a sense in which nothing she wrote before or after was literature. Lord Melbourne was her sole masterpiece. At the time of her accession he was at the head of the Whig Government, a man barely past middle age, a seasoned courtier, and a statesman of no mean order. To him fell the delicate task of training the ignorant young Princess to play her part as Queen. From him she must learn her first lessons in politics and statecraft; the relations of the sovereign to the personnel of her court, and to the Government; and the principles of her conduct on public occasions. It was a fortunate chance which gave Melbourne this office. He at once gained the confidence and affection of his pupil, as Peel, for example, could not possibly have done, and guided her with almost unerring skill among the intricate paths of royal conduct.

But it is the young Queen's almost Boswellian portraiture of her Prime Minister which gives her journal of these years its distinct charm. From 1837 to 1840 it is chiefly a record of her meetings with Lord Melbourne, how he looked, what he did, and, above all, what he said. In critical or selective instinct the diarist seems to be deficient; yet her reports of Melbourne have the cumulative value of Boswell's on Johnson. He was the first person of strong native individuality with whom she came into close contact, and she promptly surrendered to his influence and his charm. He was still in his fifties, still handsome and full of vitality, a delightful companion as well as an invaluable counsellor. Everything about him interested her: his ancestry, his school-days at Eton, his lightest chat as well as his serious opinions. The latter were often whimsical and bluntly put. Courtly in the acts of composition and of public speech, he chooses the simplest vernacular for his intimates. It is odd to find at least a passive sense of humor developing in this matter-of-fact daughter of the house of Hanover. His sallies draw from her "fits of laughter"—due tribute of delighted and puzzled maidenhood to an acknowledged "case," on whatever social plane. She counts upon his companionship—wishes to have him always by her on public occasions—she "feels safer so"; and when he is obliged to warn her that she cannot expect a visit from him of a Sunday, she makes him promise to give her an extra day the following week "to make up for it." Many of the entries begin with "He said" or "He came"—there being plainly but a single owner of that pronoun in her intimate life. As for the paragon himself, he soon became engrossed in the task which had been undertaken as a duty. There was a tinge of romance in the relation between the accomplished man of the world and the young girl, of which the Queen was apparently a little ashamed in later years. To a passage in which the maiden Victoria exclaims: "God knows! *no Minister, no friend* EVER possessed it [confidence] so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine!"—Victoria the matron appended, in 1842, a note, the only note by her here printed, as follows:

> Reading this again, I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness mine was then, and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved Husband, real and solid happiness, which no Politics, no worldly reverses can change.

One naturally looks with some curiosity for Prince Albert's appearance in these journals. There are two or three early mentions of him as a favorite cousin, but his name first takes on importance in an entry of April, 1839. Victoria's uncle, King Leopold of Belgium, had long wished to bring about a marriage between his son, Albert, and his royal niece. The scene in which the young Queen broaches the matter to her chief Minister and chief friend is reported with characteristic directness and thoroughness:

> I felt terrified when it came to the point; too silly of me to be frightened in talking to him. Well, I mustered up courage, and said that my Uncle's great wish—was—that I should marry my Cousin Albert—who was with Stockmar—and that I thought Stockmar might have told him (Ld. M.) so; Lord M. said, No—Stockmar had never mentioned a word; but that I had said to my Uncle, I could decide nothing until I saw him again. "That's the only way," said Lord M. "How would that be with the Duchess?" he asked. I assured him he need have no fear whatever on that score; then he said "Cousins are not very good things," and "Those Coburgs are not popular abroad; the Russians hate them." I then said, Who was there else? We enumerated the various Princes, of whom not one, I said, would do. For myself, I said, at present my feeling was quite against ever marrying. "It's a great change in the situation," he said. "It's a very serious thing, both as it concerns the Political effect and your own happiness." I praised Albert very much, said he was younger than me. I said Uncle Ernest pressed me much about it; Lord M. said, if one was to *make* a man for it, one would hardly know what to make; he mustn't be stupid, nor cunning. I said, by all that I heard, Albert would be just the person.

So it is arranged that the Prince shall submit himself for inspection, and he reports at Westminster the following October: "At ½ p. 7 I went to the top of the staircase and received my 2 dear cousins Ernest and Albert,—whom I found grown and changed, and embellished. It was with some emotion that I beheld Albert—who is *beautiful*." The next day the fortunate candidate is reported as "quite charming, and so excessively handsome, such beautiful blue eyes, an exquisite nose, and such a pretty mouth with delicate moustachios and slight but very slight whiskers. . . ." The young man whom her commonsense had determined upon as "just the person" thus steps easily into possession of her heart. Cousin Ernest was a homely youth. Four days later the Queen informs Prince Albert of his destiny, and finds him "so kind, so affectionate." So she was to find him for twenty years—kind and affectionate and trustworthy and even strong on occasion. Much of what Melbourne had been to her in her public capacity, as adviser and mainstay, he became. But he was dull material for a Boswell.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Valiants of Virginia. By Hallie Erminie Rives. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

The Virginia of the Valiants is a curiously composite region. Occasional pages restore us to the happy land of the pickaninny and the mint julep, others introduce us to the exclusive society of the first families; at times we find ourselves in a realm of arcadian adventure, again in an atmosphere of ancestral tradition reminiscent of old England.

The Valiant whom we follow to the enchanted environs of Damory Court is a hero to satisfy the most aristocratic tastes. His personal appearance, his amiability, his talents, his latent strength of character (we are assured that "he might suffer, but he would be strong"), make exhausting demands upon our capacity for admiration. Forced by financial disaster to quit the career in which he has achieved fame as inventor of a vanity-box, leader of cotillions, and winner of polo matches, he magnanimously abandons his considerable private fortune to the insolvent corporation which bears his father's name, and, turning his back upon the barren splendors of New York, motors southward to reclaim the estate of his fathers. Needless to say, a companion paragon awaits him there. In jasmine-grown thicket Shirley sucks the poison from a moccasin bite on John's ankle, on garden terrace she encourages his manorial projects with sage horticultural advice, at county tournament (remarkable chivalric survival) she accepts from his victorious lance the crown of Queen of Love and Beauty. But ere John and Shirley can proceed to the altar, two momentous uncertainties must first be cleared up. Had Shirley's mother loved the man who fell in a duel

with John's father, a quarter of a century ago? Had John's father, upon that fateful occasion, so far derogated from the standards of a Virginia gentleman as to fire upon an intoxicated opponent? In the latter case, John would consider his escutcheon grievously blotted. In the former, Shirley would see an absolute bar to his eligibility. Nothing need be said of these delicious woes, their prolongation, and predestined termination, except that the midnight ride which ultimately brings Shirley to John's arms furnishes an appropriate finale to this somewhat antiquated series of pretty heroics.

The Street of the Two Friends. By F. Berkeley Smith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

That the glamour of the *Quartier* is not yet exhausted for the English-reading public is evident from the assiduity with which Mr. Smith and others continue to work the old vein. The most primitive methods appear to suffice: Mr. Smith makes his dirt pay tribute to the ancient pan. The two friends for whom his street is nicknamed are, of course, the student and the grisette, artist and model, of immemorial fame. Even of the sacred tongue he has no need to be lavish. The italics which blacken his pages mark Gallicisms like *bourgeosie, entre nous, en famille, mon Dieu, concierge, fiacre, voilà, bonjour, bon garçon, mon vieux;* and we are never many pages from an *apéritif.* "Cameraderie" is naturally the watchword by means of which we gain entrée to Bohemia. French girls are more fascinating and more satisfying than the daughters of that Anglo-American *horreur,* Mme. Grundy, because they do not ask, do not wish to be more than "good comrades" to the Anglo-Americans who (we gather) ask everything of them. Does Mimi pout? Take her to a café and set before her a salade and a bottle of ordinaire, and she is at once and adorably happy. A childish menu suffices for Mimi, and her author—and his public.

The Ordeal. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Miss Murfree's recent volume of tales, "The Raid of the Guerrilla," contained some work, at least, which was reminiscent of her best. "The Ordeal" is a rather painful attempt to make bricks without straw. A group of moonshiners, to be sure, play their part in the action, but their minds are on other things. As for the summering and sporting aliens in their luxurious camp, among the Great Smoky Mountains, they move as the inventions of a novice. The child who is kidnapped is a stage child, and the adult pair, estranged in former years, who are eventually brought together in the common search for the lost one, have little human reality. In her descriptions of mountain scenery and of the purely native types, Miss Murfree is, of course, at home. It is a mistake for her to wander from them; and departure from the short-story form is, with her, always a doubtful chance.

AN OXFORD POET.

Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Excluding the Eight Dramas. New York: Henry Frowde. 60 cents.

Outside of Oxford, where he now resides as a retired physician, Mr. Bridges has, we believe, never attained anything like popularity, and in this country he has scarcely been known except as a shadowy name. Yet his reputation has been spreading quietly among the refined for many years, and this cheap and attractive volume of his poems from the Oxford University Press will no doubt introduce him to many new readers.

It is not difficult to explain the exclusiveness, so to speak, of Mr. Bridges's fame. The fact is, his work falls between two stools. On the one hand, it has neither the swiftness of motion, the immediate impressiveness, the narrative zest, and facile emotionalism, which go to make up the style which is popularly and rather naïvely admired as "creative"; nor the esoteric intricacy and obscurity which commonly pass for profound. Lacking these qualities, it misses the great body of readers of verse. On the other hand, it does not quite hit such an audience as Matthew Arnold satisfied: it is intellectual without touching to the quick the deeper beliefs and doubts of the age; it is highly self-critical without being heavily freighted with thought. That is the negative count against Mr. Bridges, stated, perhaps, with a certain over-emphasis. In his favor he has great refinement, now and then a sober but exquisite sense of beauty, a kind of chaste sincerity with the Muse, an appealing modesty of self-confession.

In "Eros and Psyche" Mr. Bridges has employed with great dexterity the seven-line stanza which James Thomson adopted for his "City of Dreadful Night." It is slow-moving form, more lyric and reflective than narrative, but suits the relishing restraint with which the poet retells the beautiful old story of Apuleius. Anything more different from the light, almost breathless flow of William Morris's version of the tale could scarcely be conceived. At a first reading Morris will captivate where Bridges merely pleases, but it is not so sure that a second or third reading would leave the victory so absolutely to the earlier poet.

We cannot now criticise the sonnets and lyrics in detail, and from the studies of classical prosody we turn with abhorrent eyes. The space needed for such analysis may better be given to quoting at length one of the poems, "Indolence," which exhibits a certain dreamy languor latent here and there in Mr. Bridges's verse, and which associates him most intimately with the romance of Oxford:

We left the city when the summer day
Had verged already on its hot decline,
And charmèd Indolence in languor lay
In her gay gardens, 'neath her towers divine;
"Farewell," we said, "dear city of youth and dream!"
And in our boat we stepped and took the stream.

All through that idle afternoon we strayed
Upon our proposed travel well begun,
As loitering by the woodland's dreamy shade,
Past shallow islets floating in the sun,
Or searching down the banks for rarer flowers
We lingered out the pleasurable hours.

Till when that loveliest came, which mowers home
Turns from their longest labor, as we steered
Along a straitened channel flecked with foam,
We lost our landscape wide, and slowly neared
An ancient bridge, that like a blind wall lay
Low on its buried vaults to block the way.

Then soon the narrow tunnels broader showed,
Where with its arches three it sucked the mass
Of water, that in swirl thereunder flowed,
Or stood piled at the piers waiting to pass;
And pulling for the middle span, we drew
The tender blades aboard and floated through.

But past the bridge what change we found below!
The stream, that all day long had laughed and played
Betwixt the happy shires, ran dark and slow,
And with its easy flood no murmur made:
And weeds spread on its surface, and about
The stagnant margin reared their stout heads out.

Upon the left high elms, with giant wood
Skirting the water-meadows, interwove
Their slumbrous crowns, o'ershadowing where they stood
The floor and heavy pillars of the grove:
And in the shade, through reeds and sedges dank,
A footpath led along the moated bank.

Across, all down the right, an old brick wall,
Above and o'er the channel, red did lean;
Here buttressed up, and bulging there to fall,
Tufted with grass and plants and lichen green;
And crumbling to the flood, which at its base
Slid gently nor disturbed its mirrored face.

Sheer on the wall the houses rose, their backs
All windowless, neglected and awry,
With tottering coigns, and crooked chimney stacks;

And here and there an unused door, set high
Above the fragments of its mouldering stair,
With rail and broken step led out on air.

Beyond, deserted wharves and vacant sheds,
With empty boats and barges moored along,
And rafts half-sunken, fringed with weedy shreds,
And sodden beams, once soaked to season strong.
No sight of man, nor sight of life, no stroke,
No voice the somnolence and silence broke.

Then I who rowed leant on my oar, whose drip
Fell without sparkle, and I rowed no more;
And he that steered moved neither hand nor lip,
But turned his wondering eye from shore to shore;
And our trim boat let her swift motion die,
Between the dim reflections floating by.

American City Government. By Charles A. Beard. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

The Government of American Cities. By William Bennett Munro. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.25 net.

A few weeks ago (November 7, 1912) we noticed Henry Bruère's "The New City Government." Notwithstanding the similarity of title between it and the two volumes named above, the three books overlap only slightly. Mr. Bruère's is the most narrowly limited in subject-matter, being confined to a survey of ten commission-governed cities and to an examination of the movement for greater efficiency in municipal administration. Professor Beard and Professor Munro take a much wider range. The sub-title of Professor Beard's volume is "A Survey of Newer Tendencies," and he treats of the political, economic, and social functions of city government. Two-thirds of his space, however, is given to the non-political functions. The aim of Professor Munro is, in his own words, "to describe, in a summary way, the machinery of city government in the United States." His book, accordingly, stands between the other two in amount of ground covered.

In almost every other respect, however, Professor Munro's volume is decidedly more satisfying than either of the others. It is obviously the work of a scholar. He marshals the facts he has gathered in a way that makes for intelligibility and proportion; he arranges arguments pro and con, and suggests conclusions, in a manner that reveals careful thinking; and his text is continually fortified by references to sources. It is Professor Beard's treatise that suffers most by this comparison. While his chapters make a convenient, trustworthy collection of information on such topics as city revenue and expenditure, public utilities, streets, recreation facilities, and police, they fail to leave an impression of first-hand judgment upon questions in connection with these activities. A rather loose style adds to this effect as of a book compiled rather than composed. In a place or two, indeed, the author is upon the verge of contradicting a preceding statement, with his placidity undisturbed. Yet this is rather a limitation than a defect, and does not seriously impair the value of the volume as a manual in a field that must be frequently re-surveyed.

In "The Government of American Cities," Professor Munro is at once historian and judge. Expressions of opinion are common in his book, but nowhere does a reader feel that the author has descended from the chair to become an advocate. After an illuminating historical survey, he analyzes the social structure of the city, and then takes up the difficult question of the relation between the city and the State. Municipal politics occupies three chapters, and these are followed by studies of the various departments of city government, from Mayor to employees. Commission government has a chapter, as have direct legislation and municipal reform, respectively. Professor Munro has little sympathy with the doctrine of separation of powers as applied to city government, but on the other hand he is not carried away with the idea of commission government as a panacea. Nor does he think that much can be predicated yet of the workings of the initiative and referendum; he is, however, decidedly skeptical of the recall as an instrument for remedying conditions which have been created under a system of popular election of numerous officials.

His final chapter, on Municipal Reform and Reformers, is not of the sort that usually gets into books on government. It is particularly pungent, although it praises as well as blames. Here is Professor Munro's conclusion regarding this subject:

> Across the history of nearly every reform movement of the last twenty years may be found written the tedious chronicle of bickerings due to personal jealousy, class bigotry, and the failure of reformers to realize that vindictiveness has no place in the programme of a political agitation which seeks to be successful.

The most complete exception to this characterization is the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago.

It would be possible to quarrel with Professor Munro here and there, but his book is authoritative both for the history of the development of our city government, and for the presentation of the considerations for and against proposed changes in it. These considerations are set forth with an adequacy and fairness that make them historical, too, rather than polemical.

Religious Liberty. By Francesco Ruffini. Translated by J. Parker Heyes, with a preface by J. B. Bury. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

Professor Ruffini's treatise is a history of the progress towards religious toleration from the persecutions of the early church to the present time. All European nations and peoples are included in the survey, as well as the United States. The number of books and tracts in a score of languages listed, epitomized, and estimated is enormous. The appraisals of the worth of the arguments, the literary excellence, and the influence upon governmental action are discerning and fair. Two names stand out conspicuously: Socinus, the heretic and the father of toleration, and Locke, whose famous "Letter on Toleration" is the charter of religious freedom among English-speaking peoples.

If Professor Ruffini's volume were nothing more than an account of the endeavors of the protagonists of liberty in the realm of conscience and worship, it would demand recognition. But it has a larger and more practical interest for Americans in its keen criticism of the form which religious toleration has taken upon this continent. It is probably true that most Americans assume, without having given real thought to the subject, that complete legal separation of church and state is the system under which religious toleration best develops; if, indeed, it is not the only plan under which liberty of conscience is possible. Popularly an established church is regarded as the equivalent of religious inequality.

The Turin professor combats this view with force, and evidently from earnest conviction. He holds that, while every system of relations between the state and the church contains inherent defects, liberty is most truly secured under an Erastian system, where the state controls the church but decrees absolute freedom of thought to all from a conviction of its justice. He maintains even that true and complete religious liberty can exist only apart from Separatism, and points to "the defective and one-sided manner in which religious liberty is conceived in America." It is from this country, both the early Puritan colonies and recent legislation affecting ecclesiastical bodies, that he derives his argument and illustrations as to the impossibility of toleration where church and state are separate. One is prompted to inquire whether there were not other causes of Puritan intolerance than their separatist doctrine. And were the Pilgrims strictly separatists? Perhaps it was more a matter of persons than of doctrines, and Roger Williams might have fared differ-

ently if John Robinson had been in the place of Cotton Mather.

As to recent events and present tendencies, one may question Professor Ruffini's facts. He declares that the Catholic Church has succeeded in obtaining in America a far larger amount of effective power than it enjoys in Italy; further, that "the iron, absolutist hierarchy of the Catholic Church is recognized and protected in the United States in such a manner as rigidly to exclude any democratic or representative velleity of the lay element, and hence in a manner which has no parallel in the European states, unless one goes back to the Middle Ages." If that be true, the eyes of the majority of American Protestants are quite blinded, the assurances of the liberally minded Catholics who have disclaimed any such motive or desire are hypocritical, and the fanatic American Protective Association should be revived.

The intention is not to dismiss Professor Ruffini's volume with a cavil. Its merit as a history commands respect, and as an account of a movement of deepest practical interest to all Americans it should be received with gratitude. Were a society to be formed of all citizens of this republic whose ancestors have suffered under the persecutions here recorded, the organization would include the nation. The principles of religious liberty and the governmental modes under which it may best be fostered have been too much taken for granted, and the commonplaces of cheap orators have received too easy credence. The present volume is well calculated to stir more serious reflection on the subject, even by those who have suffered too keenly from the tender mercies of a church established by law ever to return willingly to any form of jurisdictional liberty.

Notes

The *Constructive Quarterly*, "a new journal of the faith and work and thought of Christendom," will make its appearance March 1, published by George H. Doran Co. Mr. Silas McBee is the editor. Among the contributors to the first number are Wilfrid Ward, Prof. Friedrich Loofs, Shailer Mathews, Bishop F. J. McConnell, and Prof. W. L. Bevan.

Three of Gov. Wilson's essays will be published by Houghton Mifflin in a limited, one-volume edition about the time of the inauguration. They are "Mere Literature," "The Author Himself," and "On an Author's Choice of Company."

Among Macmillan's forthcoming books we note: "The Secret of the Clan," by Alice Brown; "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby," by Kathleen Norris; "Social Religion," by Scott Nearing; "Lectures on the American Civil War," by James Ford Rhodes; "The Problem of Christianity," by Josiah Royce, and "The Science of Human Behavior," by Maurice Parmelee.

Included in Stokes's spring list are the following titles—Fiction: "Ranching for Sylvia," by Harold Bindioss; "The Frontiers of the Heart," by Victor Margueritte; "The Declension of Henry D'Albiac," by V. Goldie: "The White Thread," by Robert Halifax; "The Sixty-first Second," by Owen Johnson; "Roast Beef Medium," by Edna Ferber; "The Kingdom," by Harold Elsdale Goad, and "The Dream Ship," by Cynthia Stockley—Miscellaneous: "Complete Poems" and "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern," by Alfred Noyes; "A Guide to the Montessori Method," by Ellen Yale Stevens, and "Pedagogical Anthropology," by Maria Montessori.

The following titles are included in the list of books soon to be published by the Putnams: "Rahel Varnhagen," by Ellen Key, translated by A. G. Chater, with an introduction by Havelock Ellis; "Bible Reading in the Early Church," by Adolf Harnack, translated by the Rev. J. R. Wilkinson, and "The Story of the Borgias," by John Fyvie.

The same house will shortly issue several Cambridge books, among them: "Ancient Babylonia," by C. H. W. Johns; "L'Invasion ou le Fou Yégof," by Erckmann-Chatrian, edited with notes and vocabulary by A. Wilson-Green; Dryden's "Preface to the Fables," edited by W. H. Williams; Plato's "Ion," with introduction and notes by J. M. MacGregor; "Forfarshire," by Easton S. Valentine; "Key to the Exercises in English Composition," by W. Murison, and "Cambridge University Law Tripos Papers (1907-1911)."

Midwinter publications of Small, Maynard & Co. include the following: "The Balkan War: Adventures in War with Cross and Crescent," by Philip Gibbs and Bernard Grant; "The Confession of a Fool," by August Strindberg; "English Literature, 1880-1905," by J. M. Kennedy; the first volume of "A Modern History of the English People," by R. H. Gretton; "The Eurhythmics of Jaques-Dalcroze"; "King Edward in His True Colours," by Edward Legge; "The Law of a Household," by Eunice Beecher; "To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise," by E. B. Soane; "New Lives for Old," by William Carleton; "Our Book of Memories," by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed; "Problems of the Pacific," by Frank Fox; "Republican France: 1870-1912, Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes, and Social Life," by Ernest A. Vizetelly; "Ripostes," by Ezra Pound; "Syndicalism and the General Strike: An Explanation," by Arthur D. Lewis; "Tommy Tregennis," by Mary E. Phillips; "Uncharted Seas," by Robert Adger Bowen; "Whippen," by Frederick Orin Bartlett; "The Windham Papers," in two volumes, with an introduction by the Earl of Rosebery, and "Zebedee V," by Edith Barnard Delano.

On the first of next month Houghton Mifflin will issue the following volumes: Three novels by Richard Pryce, author of "Christopher," viz.: "Jezebel," "Elementary Jane," and "The Burden of a Woman"; "A Wayfarer in China," by Elizabeth Kendall; "Old Homes of New Americans," by Francis E. Clark; "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency," by Hugo Münsterberg; "The Diary of a Free Kindergarten," by Lileen Hardy; "The Satchel Guide to Europe for 1913," by W. J. Rolfe; "Vocations for Girls," by Mary A. Laselle and Katherine Wiley; "The Teaching of English Classics in the Grammar Grades," by Eugene Clarence Warriner; "Word Mastery," by Florence Akin, and "Selected Stories from the Arabian Nights," by Samuel Eliot.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in preparation: "American Nobility," by Pierre de Coulevain, translated by Alys Hallard; "The Fear of Living," by Henri Bordeaux, in a translation from the French by Ruth Helen Davis, and one volume in the Channels of Literature series, edited by Oliphant Smeaton—"The English Novel," by Prof. George Saintsbury.

Two new novels will be issued this month by Lippincott—"Sally Castleton, Southerner," by Crittenden Marriott, and "The Parasite," by Helen R. Martin.

Crowell's early spring publications include: three novels—"A Superman in Being," by Litchfield Woods; "The Debt," by William Westrupp, and "Princess Arthura," by Samuel W. Odell; "English Cathedral Journey," by Kate F. Kimball; "The Joys of Living," by Dr. Orison Swett Marden; "What Is New Thought?" by Charles Brodie Patterson; and a translation of Karl Mortensen's "Handbook of Norse Mythology."

From the Yale University Press we may expect shortly: "Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought," being the John Calvin McNair Lectures for 1912, fifth series, delivered by President Hadley at the University of North Carolina; "The Economic Utilization of History," by Prof. Henry W. Farnam; "Problems of Genetics," by William Bateson; "The Framing of the Constitution of the United States," by Prof. Max Farrand; "A Landsman's Log," by Robert W. Neeser, with an introduction by Admiral Charles J. Badger; "Studies in the Lyric Poems of Friedrich Hebbel, the Sensuous in Hebbel's Lyric Poetry," by Prof. Albert Gubelmann; "Catalogue of Early Printed Books," given to Yale University in 1894 by William Loring Andrews, and "Gawayne and the Green Knight," by Prof. Charlton Miner Lewis.

February 1 is the date of publication set by Doran for four works of fiction: "'Twixt Land and Sea," by Joseph Conrad; "The Story of Stephen Compton," by J. E. Patterson; "The Lee Shore," by Rose Macauley, and "Bunch Grass," by Horace Annesley Vachell—and for the following: "Modern Problems," by Sir Oliver Lodge; "The Private Life of Henry Maitland," by Morley Roberts; "Elements of Child Study," by William Walter Smith, and "The Case of Oscar Slater," by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Two more volumes (III and IV) of the Selected Writings of William Sharp (edited by Mrs. Sharp, published by Duffield Company) bring us the sort of literary work in which he was most at home and best showed his talents. He was not a critic of philosophic discrimination, but in the borderland between criticism and personal reminiscence he always wrote pleasantly. Both of the present volumes are in that field, one being called "Papers Critical and Reminiscent," the other "Literary Geography and Travel-Sketches." More particularly in the former of these he writes of his acquaintance with such men as Ros-

setti, Swinburne, Pater, Marston, Burne-Jones, and others, with a freshness of impression that makes his articles decidedly worth reprinting. Philip Bourke Marston, the blind poet, for instance, is little more than a name to most readers to-day, but he stands revealed in Sharp's essay for any who care to learn of his brave and saddened life. Another excellent and clear portrait is that of Walter Pater. The account of Sharp's visit to the critic's Oxford rooms is singularly vivid.

"The Oxford Book of Latin Verse" has the excellent form and the *multum in parvo* to which we have become accustomed in these authologies from the Clarendon Press. The selection has been made by H. W. Garrod, Fellow of Merton College, and ranges in time from the Saliar Hymns to the stanzas of Phocas prefixed to his Life of Virgil. The purpose of such an anthology would have been better served had the editor added a sufficient quantity of notes to make the reading of the selections easy for the half-scholar, and to this end the space might have been devoted which now contains a discussion of the Saturnian metre and a group of verse translations chosen from various sources. However, the book has sufficient merits to excuse this defect.

"Some six years ago," wrote George Moore in the preface to the first edition of "Spring Days," published in 1888, "I noticed that an artificial, vicious, and decadent society was represented by a restricted and conventional literature of no relation with the moment of which it chattered." "Spring Days" is the fifth of a series of "realistic works" which Mr. Moore wrote to supply the deficiency. It contains some admirable character drawing of the stupid, vulgar rich, conceived in the author's peculiar acrid humor. But the book spins out at too great length the intolerable tediousness and purposelessness of the life that it depicts, and it was damned by the critics, and finally abandoned by Mr. Moore himself, who, whenever he laid hands on a copy in the house of a friend, purloined it, and tossed it into the river. With the lapse of time, if we may trust the new preface, many admirers rediscovered the foundling. Mr. Moore re-read it, saw that it was very good, provided it with an interesting introduction in his latest manner, and Brentano's has republished it.

"Emerson's Journals" (Houghton Mifflin) are publishing at a faster rate without any appreciable diminution in richness. The two volumes just issued cover the years 1845-48 and 1849-55. In these years of the Mexican War, the Fugitive Slave act, of Emerson's successful lecturing tour in England, we find the sage sometimes torn between motives. But the strife helped to confirm his vocation as a liberator of the individual spirit. On the Fugitive Slave act his position was unequivocal. He preferred disunion to such ignominy, and shed a fine scorn upon the timid New Englanders who became the apologists of slavery. It was in such a mood that he wrote, "Boston or Brattle Street Christianity is a compound of force, or the best diagonal line that can be drawn between Jesus Christ and Abbott Lawrence" (the great cotton spinner). In the same temper Emerson remarks, "Democracy becomes a government of bullies tempered by editors." But the interest of the journals remains chiefly literary. Especially just is this estimate of Goethe: "Anything that Goethe said, another might attain to say, but the profusion of sayings, every one of which is good and striking—no man." It is also a shrewd judgment on newly published "In Memoriam" that runs, "Tennyson's 'In Memoriam' is the commonplaces of condolence among good Unitarians in the first week of mourning. The consummate skill of the versification is the sole merit." Similarly accurate is the criticism of Macaulay's "History of England"—"The writer has a great deal of talent, but no elevation of mind." A fine picture is the inauguration of Edward Everett at Harvard with the exercises suspended with a great cheer as Webster entered, Everett saving the decorums by a beautiful compliment. The English visit affords a vivid portrait of De Quincey, gentle, shabby, and wholly amiable. The lighter vein may be illustrated by a gastronomic dictum of Tom Appleton's: "Canvasback ducks eat the wild celery, and the common black duck, if it eats the wild celery, is just as good—only, damn them, they won't eat it." Unlike most familiar journals, these constantly enhance the author.

Certain fugitive papers, addresses, and reviews of Emerson, which have not been included in his collected works, have been brought together by the Lamb Publishing Company, of New York. These "Uncollected Writings" are naturally of uneven value. The sketch called "Nature," reprinted from the "Boston Book" of 1850, seems but mediocre Emerson. Excellent is the little address made at the Japan banquet in 1872. It was a happy thought to make a clean sweep of Emerson's unpublished contributions to the *Dial*. These include, with lesser matters, a capital essay, "Thoughts on Art," an interesting "Explanation of Transcendentalism," and singularly astute Notices of Tennyson's "Poems," Borrow's "The Bible in Spain," and Carlyle's "French Revolution." By an odd fault in compilation, the letter to S. G. Howe, protesting against the negro kidnapping of 1846, is twice printed. On the whole, it is an interesting gleaning, and worth while. The book is of a size and make to set alongside the standard 12mo editions.

"Through South America" (Crowell), by Harry Weston Van Dyke, is a handsome little volume, in which the reader will find a concise description of the ten republics of South America and of the three regions of Guiana, held by Great Britain, Holland, and France, respectively, together with an outline of the history of South America, recounting the principal events in the Spanish conquest of the sixteenth century and in the revolt of the colonies against Spain in the early part of the eighteenth. There is no record of travel, nor, indeed, are we told which of the countries and cities have been visited by the author, though it is evident that some at least of his descriptions are written from personal observation, for they have freshness and graphic force. Such are those of the cities of Bogotá and Cartagena, such is that of the scenery along the course of the River Orinoco. The book is agreeably written, and none the less so because it contains few statistics and no politics, being chiefly devoted to descriptions of scenery and of towns, with some incidental remarks on the resources of each region and on the life of the people. These are conceived in a friendly spirit, and the same tone of benignant optimism pervades the brief introduction, in which Mr. Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union, indicates the prospects of improvement and development which he anticipates for the South American countries.

If it is true that every plot available for fiction or for drama has been used again and again, it is even truer that in all the world is hardly a place or a scene worth description that has not been described and re-described. And still ambitious authors set down the records of their European travels, and still publishers think it worth while to give them to the world. Albert B. Osborne, in "Picture Towns of Europe" (McBride), exhibits the only two qualities in the writing of travel diaries that in this day can hope to command, or that deserve, attention. He has a fresh point of view, which is good, and he can write the English language, which is better. He describes in this volume towns or villages in ten of the countries of Europe, which appeal to him as the most picturesque, an epithet that connotes not only sheer beauty, but interest in history or legend as well. Other travellers, each with his own fond recollections, will doubtless differ from him over the selection he has made, but few will quarrel with the manner of the book. Mr. Osborne writes with charm and distinction, conveying in few and well-chosen words the impression each of the places described has made on him personally, and giving just sufficient of history or legend to stir the memory of those who know whereof he speaks and to whet the curiosity of those who look forward to such travels in the future.

A modest volume of sermons which merit more than usual attention is "Sermons in Summer," by the Rev. Ralph Birdsall, M.A., rector of Christ Church, Cooperstown, N. Y., published in that village (The Arthur H. Crist Co.). The discourses show no straining for eloquence nor endeavor to elucidate mysteries, but they are marked by true religious insight and a fine feeling for the essential graces of Christian character. They are lifted above all theological and ecclesiastical partisanship by appreciation of the high truths in which men of all schools are at one. One gathers something of their quiet but persuasive and uplifting character from the titles, The Romance of Modern Life, The Comedy of Hypocrisy, and The Importance of Humility. It is good to know that now and then in a village pulpit there is preaching which sustains the worthier traditions of a thoughtful and truly spiritual ministry.

It is a pity that Joseph Adams ("Corrigeen" of the *Field Magazine*) did not confine his "Ten Thousand Miles through Canada" (Stokes) to a record of his experiences and observations as an angler, for on that subject he writes entertainingly, if not with novelty. As an account of "where to go and what to see," however, the book is hardly more than a crude and hasty compilation of miscellaneous information, valuable chiefly because its statistical statements are true. A writer who starts with the assertion that "the Dominion is still a *terra incognita*, and is likely to remain so to all except the occasional intrepid explorer"; writes "Anti Costa" and "new Brunswick"; speaks of Gaspé, which apparently he did not visit, as a

French town; refers to the attempt by the United States, during the Revolution, "to annex the Dominion"; sees the St. Lawrence "dashing over huge rocks" at the Richelieu Rapids; thinks of the Lake Erie shore as the "Far West," and coins such a delicious phraso as "scientific and dairy farming," is not to be counted upon for sober and informing description, even though we forgive him for discoursing on the amenities of seasickness or penning another rhapsody on Niagara. The book may serve at least one useful purpose, however, in that it will give the traveller a new increment of respect for Baedeker.

Zoeth Skinner Eldredge has attempted to follow the ideals of the modern historian in his new book, "The Beginnings of San Francisco: From the Expedition of Anza, 1774, to the City Charter of April 15, 1850" (The Author, two volumes). The work gives evidence of being "the result of a study of original documents, and the statements of contemporary writers and of actors in the events described." He has spent many hours of study in the Spanish Archives of California, which, unfortunately, are no more, having been destroyed in the San Francisco fire of 1906; he has also made use of the Bancroft collection of manuscripts in the University of California; nor has he neglected the printed sources. The result is that his statements seem to be well founded, although we miss the helpful references to the sources which are expected in volumes which make such pretence to learning. The first volume carries the history of the city down to the conquests by the Americans. Here we have the general story of California told in a sketchy manner and interspersed with the minutest happenings of the region which was to develop into the city. One hundred pages are devoted to the accounts of Juan Bautista de Anza's two expeditions (1774-1776), which resulted in the founding of the Presidio and Mission of San Francisco. We are able to estimate the miles travelled day by day on these slow-moving expeditions, for the author is fond of the Xenephontic style; but, unfortunately for the reader, the daily events on the Western deserts lack the Xenephontic sprightliness. After having thus started the future city on its career, the first volume gives an ill-digested account of the Spanish and Mexican régimes, and the second volume continues the story down to 1850. The author is at times an annalist and at others an antiquarian. The second volume in particular is filled with names to which no personality is attached; and the greatest pains have been taken to give full explanations of the origin of all the place and street names, until the reader is wearied and loses the thread of the story. Almost half of each volume is devoted to discursive notes of more or less value, one of which is a bibliography (pages 754-783), being a useful list of books and manuscripts. If Mr. Eldredge had worked over his style; had studied the methods of our best historians; and had cut down the narrative very considerably, his volumes would have won for him satisfactory recognition; but his good work in investigating the sources is hidden by faults.

Restore Panama to Colombia, less the Canal Zone, and give her a cash indemnity equal to the value of the part taken for the canal, is the way to regain our national honor, according to William R. Scott, in "The Americans in Panama" (Statler Publishing Company). This book can be recommended as a short, straightforward history of the American work on the isthmus. It is marred by an occasional lapse into the colloquial style of the usual newspaper correspondent.

Brave little Holland has become a source of inspiration to a number of well-meaning writers, who, using the excellent Dutch and Belgian standard works as a source, have told the public an agreeable story about an interesting people. Historical scholarship may not have been advanced by these labors, but the general information of the people has been increased. The Rev. William Elliot Griffis, having described Holland in half a dozen books, has now turned his attention to the sister country, and in "Belgium, the Land of Art" (Houghton Mifflin) has written a short history of that country. As far as facts go, the book is correct, except on page 173, where the Burgers of Ghent, instead of those of Bruges, are putting the Emperor Maximilian in prison, and where the Cranenburg, which is in Bruges, is stated to be in the rival city of Ghent.

Julia Caroline Ripley Dorr, widow of Seneca M. Dorr, and "last of the Cambridge group of New England poets and writers," died Saturday, at her home in Rutland, Vt., in her eighty-eighth year. While well known as a writer of verse, Mrs. Dorr is remembered especially for her friendships with Emerson, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, with whom she carried on a correspondence for many years. She was born in Charleston, S. C. Among her writings are: "Farmingdale," "Lanmere," "Sibyl Huntington," "Expiation," "Bride and Bridegroom," "Friar Anselmo," "Bermuda," "Afternoon Songs," "Poems Complete," "The Flower of England's Face," "A Cathedral Pilgrimage," "In King's Houses," "Afterglow," and "Beyond the Sunset."

Science

Among the forthcoming science books in the list of Houghton Mifflin are "Field Days in California," a study of birds by Bradford Torrey, and "The Teacher's Health," in the Riverside Educational Monographs, by Lewis M. Terman.

"The Interpretation of Radium," third edition revised and enlarged, by Frederick Soddy, is announced by Putnams.

Science books in Stokes's list include; "The Childhood of Animals," by P. Chalmers Mitchell; "Hardy Perennials and Herbaceous Borders," by Walter P. Wright, and "The Story of My Rock Garden," by Reginald A. Malby.

The first sheet of the United States portion of the international map of the world has just been put upon the market by the Geological Survey. It is called the Boston sheet, and is 24 by 25 inches on the scale of 1 to 1,000,000. It includes the eastern part of Massachusetts, parts of Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and New York, and all of Rhode Island, together with the ocean as far east as Nova Scotia and south to the fortieth degree of latitude. It is a beautiful colored product of the engraver's and lithographer's art, printed on fine enamelled paper, and costs only 40 cents.

A bill was reported last week by Senator McLean, of Connecticut, providing that the Federal Government shall undertake the protection of migratory birds. It calls upon the Department of Agriculture, which has in its records a great mass of precise information on the subject, to draft regulations, afterwards to be enacted into law. This is no mere response to sentiment. It is not intended to catch the "bird-lovers'" vote. The project is based on economic considerations, and its active supporters include such men of science as William T. Hornaday, Henry Fairfield Osborn, Theodore S. Palmer, of the United States Biological Survey, and Edward H. Forbush, ornithologist of the Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture. The Year Book of the Department of Agriculture is authority for the statement that, in a single year (1904), the damage done to crops by insect pests amounted to $420,000,000. From the same source we learn that the annual loss to apple-growers from the ravages of the curculio pest amounts to $12,000,000, to say nothing of $8,250,000 expended each year for spraying trees; that the chinch bug damages the wheat crop to the extent of $20,000,000 a year, and that the value of the cotton crop is decreased annually by the same amount through the work of the cotton boll weevil, while the gypsy moth and other insects destroy or seriously damage every year trees valued at $100,000,000.

These figures have increased significance when we remember that the insectivorous birds (most of which are migratory) are most efficient aids in keeping down insect pests. Mr. Forbush saw a pair of grosbeaks taking insect larvæ to their young at the rate of 450 times in eleven hours, and estimated that a single yellow-throated warbler would devour 10,000 tree lice in a day. Similar observation establishes the fact that several kinds of destructive caterpillars form part of the regular diet of more than fifty species of birds, and that plant lice are persistently destroyed by thirty-eight species. But the experts declare that the number of these birds is steadily decreasing, and that this is due primarily not to their natural enemies, but to man. The most persistent and inclusive slaughter is carried on constantly in the Southern States, where many species of our most valuable insectivorous birds pass the winter months. Several of these States not only do nothing to prevent this slaughter, but actually legalize it by laws which class certain insectivorous birds as "game." For example, the robin is so classed in North Carolina, South Carolina, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Tennessee. The bobolink is slain in even greater numbers, and doves are legalized "game" in twenty-six States. As for the migratory birds properly classed as game, they, too, are rapidly disappearing, thanks to the success of the market-hunters in keeping on the statute-books of many States laws which provide no effective closed season.

Dr. Wolfred Nelson, a well-known physician, of New York city, who had spent much time in Central and South America for the purpose of studying tropical diseases and

climatology, died the middle of last week, aged sixty-six. He was born in Montreal and was educated at McGill University. He was the author of "Aper-Construction du Canal de Panama," "Five Years at Panama," and "Cuigans à Panama." For his work in the tropics Spain bestowed upon him the Order of Queen Isabella the Catholic.

Dr. Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, scientist, died in Pasadena, Cal., on Friday. He was born in Jefferson, N. H., in 1832, and was without college education. He studied atmospheric conditions by means of balloons, and in 1861 built the largest aerostat of his day, making a trip of 900 miles in nine hours. Later he entered the Government service as chief of the aeronautic corps. Next he invented a system of signalling to field batteries from high altitudes. He also established the Lowe Observatory in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

Prof. George Augustus Koenig, professor for the past twenty years in the Michigan School of Mines, died last week at the home of his son in Philadelphia. He was born at Willstätt, Germany, in 1844, and studied at the Universities of Heidelberg and Berlin. He was the discoverer of several metals.

Drama and Music

Plays by August Strindberg: "Creditors," "Pariah." Translated from the Swedish, with Introductions by Edwin Björkman. Authorized edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 75 cents net.

Easter: A Play in Three Acts, and Stories. By August Strindberg. Translated by Velma Swanston Howard. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Co. $1.50 net.

These three plays add little that is new to what English readers of Strindberg have already observed concerning his methods. Yet for the striking confirmation which they furnish of judgments based on such dramas as "The Dance of Death," "The Stronger," "Miss Julia," they may be read with considerable interest. The impression becomes certain, as more and more of his plays are brought out in English, that Strindberg, though reputed in his own land to be a creator of great and subtle emotions, never truly understood of what genuine, downright feeling consists. His ability to plan dramatic situations and to turn them inside out by the play of ingenious reasoning and a very alert fancy we have never questioned. But these qualities, which should remain auxiliary, are not in themselves sufficient to make characters appear human. Strindberg's characters are like Dr. Johnson's women—wiggle waggle!

In "Creditors," which its author is said to have placed in the front rank of his realistic work, we are asked to consider yet again woman's baneful influence upon man. Tekla, the shallow wife of Adolph, a painter, has previously divorced Gustav, a high-school teacher, after having taken from him, without giving anything in exchange, the best that he had to offer. And now by the same process she has almost exhausted Adolph, who is seen to be in a wretched state of mind and body. She, meanwhile, from trafficking in the reputations of the two men, has contrived to win no small name as a writer. The scene opens at a summer hotel with Adolph under the spell of Gustav, whom he has never before seen and whom he does not know to have been his predecessor with Tekla. Whatever his motive, Gustav sets out to torture Adolph, and after receiving his confidences—with which, on account of his own experiences with Tekla, he is able to manifest the utmost sympathy—he shows him in a dozen ways how the wife has been playing the leech. Just here is a good example of the author's willingness to overstep the bounds of probability. The logic of his theme demands that Adolph shall be destroyed, and speedily. Gustav is the convenient tool with which to sharpen the issue. Ergo, he may transgress every canon of good taste and human impulse. By a series of suggestions and plots—in the fashion of Iago, though without the latter's justifying diabolical genius—he reduces Adolph to an epileptic fit from which he dies. The figure of Tekla, whom some may be tempted to compare with Hedda Gabler, might have been effective if she had been surrounded by any personages of steady emotions. But, as it is, she simply adds to the general confusion.

About the time that Strindberg was writing "Creditors" and "Pariah," in the winter of 1888-89, he became much absorbed in Poe's mystery tales, especially in Poe's theories of mental suggestion. We have seen Gustav practicing it upon Adolph, and in "Pariah," a dramatic dialogue between two persons, the phenomenon is illustrated with equal fulness. Mr. X and Mr. Y—the former a murderer, though accidentally; the latter a forger; the one full of human understanding, the other of cunning—carry on an intellectual duel. In this the superior intellect of Mr. X succeeds in leading Mr. Y, though the aggressor, on to damaging admissions, and Y retreats in confusion.

"Easter," in a sense, is much more of a play than either of the other two, for it has half-a-dozen characters—enough to create a desirable diversity of interest. The theme also lacks the excessive morbidness to which Strindberg inclined. It deals with the family of an embezzling banker, now paying for his crime in prison. Unfortunately, there is only one bit of action. This forms the climax of the play, yet by intimating that it may take place at any moment, the author gives a certain potentiality to the situations. The horror which all fear is that the chief creditor may deprive the family of house and furniture. Elis, the son, with whom the main responsibility rests, is a spineless person, crossing all his bridges before it is necessary, and seeing in every unexpected happening an earnest of misfortune. Eleonora, the young daughter, alone of the personages, including the mother, a schoolboy, and Elis's fiancée, has promising traits. Though her mind tends to be unbalanced, it runs to lyric sweetness, to hope and good will, and is possessed of a definite purpose. She is an indication of what Strindberg might have accomplished if he had been concerned more with characters than with themes. As Strindberg had determined to make this play a comedy, it turns out that the creditor, out of gratitude for a kindness done him years ago by the defaulting banker himself, waives all claims, in the spirit of the Easter season, and leaves the family happy. A penny-whistle climax, forsooth.

Those who like the variety of symbolism which Maeterlinck has often employed—most notably in the "Bluebird"—will turn with pleasure to the seven short stories of Strindberg which Mrs. Howard has included in her volume. What the stories mean, if anything at all, is not always easy to determine, but they are one and all diverting on account of the author's facility in dealing with fanciful details. "Midsummertide" may be summarized as a typical example.

A dove came out of the forest and perched outside the hut where a great-grandmother of ninety was bedridden. Her window was composed of little panes of different colors and properties:

> Thus, when her big son came home cross, and stormed out in the yard, then the mother wished him little and good again, and immediately she saw him ever so little. Or, when the great-grandchildren came toddling along out there, and she thought of their future, then—one, two, three—they appeared in the magnifying glass, and she saw them as tall, full-grown people—perfect giants!

The dove sang the joys of heaven and the pains of earth, but the old lady refused to accept. It flew to others, and finally to an unhappy city lady and her little daughter living at the farmer's. The two set out to market at the village, to reach which it was necessary to pass through several gates and to cross the fields. Inside the first gate they found themselves in the midst of wild horses. "O, God in Heaven—help us!" prayed the mother. "Then a sun scoter's song was heard in the pines, and see! that instant the horses ran off in different directions, and all was quiet again." Each field had its danger and its miraculous peacemaker. When the village was reached,

not a soul was to be seen: shops were closed and houses vacant:

Out of the river she saw a white sailboat coming with taut sails, straight toward the landing, but no one was seen at the helm. She waded forward, bathing in flowers and flower-perfumes, so that her white petticoat looked like a flower bed, but of much more delicate colors.

They stepped into the boat and sailed away, but now the water became beautiful corn flowers. It was the heavenly kingdom they had entered.

Houghton Mifflin has in press "Irish Plays and Playwrights," by Cornelius Weygandt.

On the 14th of this month the Germanistische Gesclischaft of the University of Wisconsin presented Hauptmann's "Der arme Heinrich." A lecture on the play was delivered a few days before performance by Prof. Eugen Kühnemann.

Arthur Bourchier will return to the boards of the London Garrick Theatre on February 6. He will appear in a new play by Stanley Houghton, called "Trust the People," which is said to be free from party bias, although strongly political in character. The action is laid in the future. This will make the fifth play by Mr. Houghton produced in London within a twelvemonth.

F. H. Payne, who was associated with the production of "The Miracle" at Olympia in London, has leased the Criterion Theatre in that city, to produce a new comedy, by Roy Horniman, entitled "Billy's Fortune." There are more than thirty speaking characters in the cast. The principal figure is a boy of ten, Billy Charteris, who, throughout his various adventures, is accompanied by a trusty dog. The son of a working man, he has been adopted by a wealthy gentleman, who leaves him the bulk of his huge fortune, a condition of the will being that Billy shall select his own guardian from among the number of his benefactor's relations. The guardian is to get £100,000, and the humor of the piece lies in the efforts of the various relatives to win the boy's favor.

Mr. Horniman has also sold a new play to H. B. Irving, who will present it upon his return to England from South Africa. It is called "After Many Days," and the hero of it is a man whose whole life is embittered by the memory of a crime committed in youth. This, of course, is the theme of "The Bells."

At the London Strand Theatre Louis Meyer has begun rehearsals of Gladys Unger's play, "The Son and Heir." In it the two leading parts have been assigned to Ethel Irving and Norman Trevor. "The Son and Heir" presents a picture of English country life and of an old English family divided against itself, its younger members rising in revolt against the old-fashioned ideas and prejudices of their elders. This has been the theme of several recent plays, but the treatment of it by Miss Unger is said to be completely original.

Martin Harvey has been obliged to postpone his production of "Hamlet" indefinitely, as Max Reinhardt, who was to superintend the scenic work, finds it impossible to visit London for the purpose at the time agreed upon. This is all the more unfortunate as Mr. Harvey had obtained the London Opera House, whose spacious stage was essential to his design. He has decided now to defer the revival of the tragedy, especially as Forbes Robertson has selected it for the opening play of his forthcoming farewell engagement at Drury Lane.

For their second production this season, the Incorporated Stage Society of London have settled on "The Brothers Karamazov," a drama in five acts, founded by Jacques Coupeau and Jean Croué on the original of Dostoievsky, and translated by Christopher St. John.

In February Matheson Lang and Miss Hutin Britton will reappear in London after long absence in South Africa. They are to play the hero and heroine in a version of Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" at a series of Palladium matinées. The production will be on big spectacular lines—a romantic drama in the vein of "Drake," full of color, excitement, and romance.

Frederick Harrison's plans for the London Haymarket Theatre are indefinite at present owing to the continued popularity of Stanley Houghton's Lancashire comedy, "The Younger Generation." It is understood, however, that he has Ibsen's "The Pretenders," in a forward state of preparation. Laurence Irving's appearance in the part of the Bishop will be a special feature.

J. T. Grein announces his revival in London of the Independent Theatre which gave its last performance in May, 1897. The first performance of the new series will take place in February, the programme consisting of "A Paladine," translated from the Dutch of Mrs. Simons-Maes by Alix and J. T. Grein, with Henri de Vries in the leading part; and in March Mr. Michael Morton's version of MM. Maurice Donnay and Lucien Descaves's "Oiseaux de Passage" will be given. The programme will be presented on week-days, beginning at 4:30 P. M.

Ottilie Metzger, who appears with the New York Philharmonic, is the successor of Mme. Schumann-Heink and Mme. Matzenauer at the Hamburg Opera. At the last Bayreuth Wagner Festival she was pronounced "one of the few great artists who are the mainstay of the festival, with but one competitor, Schumann-Heink." Last October, when Caruso sang in Hamburg as "guest," Ottilie Metzger, it is reported, fully shared the honors with him; and at the Bremen Opera, where both appeared as "guests" in "Carmen," she repeated the success. In London, Berlin, and Vienna she is recognized as one of the foremost artists of the day. These will be Mme. Metzger's only American appearances, as she comes under exclusive contract with the Philharmonic and is obliged to return at once to resume her European engagements.

The New York Symphony Orchestra opens its second series of eight subscription concerts on Sunday afternoon, January 26. Some of the soloists who will appear during this second series are Eugène Ysaye, John McCormack, Ernesto Consolo, George Barrère, Gustave Langeus, and Willem Durieux; and Elena Gerhardt, Julia Culp, Frances Alda, and Cornelia Rider Possart. In the performance of Rimsky-Korsakoff's Symphonic Prelude, "A Page from Homer," the Symphony Society will have the assistance of the St. Cecilia Club, Victor Harris conductor. Several interesting novelties will be heard, among them Jean Sibelius's Fourth Symphony, to be given for the first time in America, and "A Fairy Tale," by Mr. Victor Kolar, a member of the orchestra. Eugène Ysaye will play the Brahms violin concerto. The concert on January 26 will be devoted to Bach and Debussy. Ernesto Consolo will play Bach's D minor concerto for piano, and George Barrère will be the soloist in the Suite for Flute and Orchestra by the same composer, and also in the Minuet and an Arabesque by Debussy. The orchestral numbers will be Bach's first Brandenburg Concerto and Debussy's "L'après-midi d'un Faune" and "Marche écossaise."

American singers are, year by year, gaining ground in the various European opera houses, there being hardly one, at the present moment, where some of the artists have not been recruited from across the ocean. Even so conservative a capital as Vienna, where in the old days singers like Minnie Hauk or Charles Adams were the exceptions, has opened its doors with ever growing hospitality to young aspirants. A new addition to the list is a young lady coming from Lima, O., and calling herself, after the precedent of Melba, by the name of her native town. After studying in Paris, she went to Orgenyi, the famous teacher who instructed Edyth Walker, Maud Fay, and other successful stars, and, her studies completed, has now appeared at the Vienna Opera House as Mimi and Micaela, and has stood the ordeal of comparisons with the prime favorite, Selma Kurz, in a manner that bids fair to bring her to the fore ere long.

Before leaving for America, Felix Weingartner personally introduced one of his most recent compositions to the Vienna public, a "Comedy Overture," which he conducted at one of the Philharmonic concerts. Its reception was as flattering as even so fêted a musician as Weingartner could desire; the new opus possessing, above all, the quality of being essentially pleasing. Unlike much in modern music, it sets no indecipherable problems, but is as clear in its structure as it is effective in its scoring. Its themes are ushered in by one conceived much in the vein of Richard Strauss, when in a frolicsome mood, and then follows one of those catching waltz tunes for which the composer has a decided taste. By way of contrast is added an Hungarian March, with an incisive rhythm, which, blended with the dance measures, leads up to a finale that, though it may not boast profundity, with its stirring sweep gives a capable orchestra, as well as a conductor such as Weingartner, ample opportunity for distinguishing work.

New York has robbed Berlin not only of its favorite singers (Farrar, Destinn, Hempel, Goritz, Griswold), but of its best conductors—Carl Muck and Josef Stransky. The latest wail that comes from the German metropolis is uttered by *Die Zeit am Montag*. After criticising sharply a recent performance of the "Rheingold," given at the Royal Opera, it says: "In comparison I have still vividly in mind Josef Stransky's great work in conducting Wagner operas here. It is a pity that this genial conductor

was not obtained by the Royal Opera. Now that he has become the successor of Gustav Mahler in New York, and, as such, is highly prized, it would undoubtedly be difficult to get him back, especially as his income in that position is larger than that of all our Berlin Royal Opera conductors combined."

Art

DEGAS'S ART AND ITS VALUE.

PARIS, January 8.

A painting by Degas of two ballet-dancers doing their practice at a bar along a straight blank wall, with a water-sprinkler on the dusty floor behind them, was sold last month from the Rouart collection for something above $90,000—and its aged painter could only remark dryly: "I sold it for 500 francs." He is a philosopher, nearly eighty, and almost blind. For years he has given issue to his artistic genius by working with his fingers little statuettes. Meanwhile, the careless art-gazers of Paris have let him slip more or less from their memory.

The international art-dealing house of Durand-Ruel has bought the picture, so it is said, for an American collector. I remember seeing, a dozen years ago or more, some sixteen paintings and pastel designs by Degas in the Paris showroom of that house. It was commonly said among connoisseurs at the time that the house was making one of its accustomed corners in his works. If so, it is nearly time to unload. This artist will never have a greater advertisement; and his pastels and designs in the same sale have gone at similar top-notch prices. It seems a pity, as in other cases of the kind, that he is the one not to profit by all this unearned increment for those who pocket the money.

Soon after Alfred Sisley's death, one of his pictures was sold for 29,000 francs. Not so many years before, he had himself sold it for 80 francs. His need at the end was so great that friends were obliged to contribute money that he might die comfortably, and his daughter was left in destitution. About that time, a struggling young painter, who is still living and still struggling, had an exhibition of his works in a little Paris Gallery, put at his disposal by a quaint old character who liked to help young men to get a start. I was informed I could get my choice among the pictures for 80 francs without a frame, or 120 francs framed. Only the next year I was consulted by a New York friend about a purchase he had made for his collection. The art dealer had assured him my 80-franc friend was the coming man in French painting, and sold him one of the very pictures offered to me for $16 for the slightly different price of $800. When this painter is dead or disabled, perhaps there will be a corner in his works, also.

This sort of thing has started the question whether some copyright might not be invented, by which an artist should receive a percentage of the increased value of his work at each successive sale. Two per cent. is the modest rate mentioned. Artists who are clever enough to do their own advertising do not need such protection. Yet even some of the portrait painters who have "done" our millionaires at royal prices —no, at prices of the newly rich of a republic—complain they had to divide up with an art-broker for a commission of one-half or three-fifths; for example, $3,000 out of the $5,000 or $6,000 they were supposed to be paid. It is an old story, not likely to be mended.

Degas is understood to have expressed the opinion that no picture could be worth such monstrous sums. Clearly, his genius does not extend to our social economy and its laws of demand. And he does not understand what demand has been created for his paintings in the Anglo-Saxon world and in Germany. It will now spread to France, where keen-eyed and open-minded critics have recognized Degas's merit from the start.

Twenty years ago, I remember, the uneasy English sought to find in him the new art-light—and they succeeded in reading into his work more than was there. He had been painting since Manet's time, but they were only beginning to hear of him. They associated him with all that was unconventional and unfelt by the Philistine—with forgotten La Mélinite, who was improvising her goose-steps on the Jardin de Paris dancing-pave; with Ibsen, who was running his course, and young Maeterlinck, who was beginning to run, and with Toulouse-Lautrec's colored poster for the Moulin Rouge. All these were worthy in their kind and have gone off in the passing show, except Maeterlinck, who is only now coming into his own in France—and Degas, who has continued to puzzle critics.

He never exhibited at the Salons. His work is not beautiful, if in beauty you look for a bit of sentiment. The nearest approach to it is in his pink-gray danseuse who whirls fluffily to the footlights in his picture in the Luxembourg Gallery—and critics remind me that this is not regarded as his best work.

The truth is, any human eye, with patience to look, can see the unique excellence of Degas's art. No label is needed—Impressionist, or any other—to make the public mind easy. One of his pictures that made most impression when he was still painting years ago was his usual ballet-dancer stooping to tie her shoe. Said another painter: "That perspective of the shoulder blades with the varying planes has not been equalled since Michael Angelo." Very likely—and perhaps there is not a painter to-day who could paint the water-can of the picture just sold in its true perspective on the floor, with the flat wall and bar and extended leg of the dancer.

If critics who talk glibly about the New Art think it is easy to realize these problems of perspective, that is, changing surfaces to be represented to the eye by light lines and color, let them have their painters try to do what Degas did three art-generations ago. Impressionist or not, his chief excellence is in design. And this technical triumph, to one who knows its difficulty, is interesting to the point of intellectual beauty. Gauss said he had his highest sense of beauty from the theory of hydraulics, which he had simplified into one satisfying conception letting the pent-up spirit through into something more than mathematical infinity.

The world may or may not find in Degas the revelation of New Art after which it is forever straining; but surely he has loved and feasted his eyes on the old classic art of the ballet of our grandfathers. It is hard to conceive what new-fangled Russian dancers would look like on canvases painted by him. Perhaps more like the circus riders whom he also painted in his forgotten days—for that is most likely to be an object of New Art as the vision of Beauty changes.

S. D.

Houghton Mifflin will bring out, February 1, "The Letters of a Post-Impressionist: Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent van Gogh."

"Fromentin" will be added shortly by Stokes to the Masterpieces in Color series.

In the course of the excavations at Ostia, near Rome, an important discovery has been made. Near the theatre came to light a head of a youth, broken from a statue, of the style of the fifth century B. C. It reproduces a type which is generally associated with the sculptor Kalamis.

Commendatore Boni is carrying on his excavations on the Palatine with interesting results. He has made a thorough examination of the ruins of an ancient house, which he believes to have been the one inhabited by Tiberius and Julia, the daughter of Augustus. This house shows signs of unusual luxury, which corresponds well with what we know of the character of Julia. There is a long bath with arrangements for a douche, and a hot and cold-water supply; there is a species of marble waterfall over which the water was to pass; also an underground staircase with stucco ornamentation. In the house were found coins of Agrippa, Germanicus, and Tiberius, fragments of glass and of Megarian pottery, and some pieces of a beautiful marble pottery. Moreover, an underground cell has been opened beneath the floor of the house, which may possibly be the prison in which—as Tacitus tells us—the young Drusus was starved to death in A. D. 33.

During the archæological work at present proceeding near the entrance of the Viale Guido Baccelli (formerly Via Appia)

some workmen discovered an earthenware urn full of gold coins. The coins, which include valuable and rare fifteenth-century specimens of the Papal Mint of Florence, have been placed in the National Museum.

Two officers, while reconnoitring from a dirigible over the Tripoli desert beyond Zavia, discovered a ruined city, which has been tentatively identified as Sabatta, a flourishing colony in the days of Imperial Rome. The ruins are imposing and well preserved; they include numerous marble statues, twenty of which are still standing on their pedestals. The ruined city will shortly be explored.

Finance

NEW JERSEY'S CORPORATION LAWS

No doubt the chief source of interest on the general public's part, in the proposed revision of New Jersey's corporation laws, arises from the fact that the new bills have Gov. Wilson's official approval. From this it is naturally inferred that the pending proposals foreshadow the corporation policy of the national Administration after the fourth of March. The seven new corporation bills announced at Trenton on Monday are, however, designed specifically for the reform of abuses in the existing New Jersey statutes. In their prohibitory clauses, they follow to a large extent the footsteps of the Federal Anti-Trust law as interpreted by the courts.

But the obnoxious acts are defined more explicitly than in the Federal Anti-Trust law. The New Jersey bills provide that "any combination or agreement between two or more corporations, firms, or persons to create restrictions in trade, to limit production or increase prices, to prevent competition in manufacturing, transporting, or selling any commodity, to fix any standard or figure whereby prices to the public shall in any manner be controlled, to make any agreement which shall directly or indirectly preclude a free and unrestricted competition among themselves or any purchasers or consumers, to make any secret oral agreement or arrive at an understanding without express agreement whereby the same thing is accomplished," shall be dealt with as an offence punishable by revocation of a guilty company's charter or by imprisonment of a guilty individual. In this proviso, as in the others, however, the new bills are pretty much in line with the present attitude of most States of the Union. The bills, it is announced at Trenton, were drafted by two eminent judicial authorities, Chancellor Walker and ex-Judge Van Syckel, both of the New Jersey courts; it is fair to presume, therefore, that they were constructed with a view to maintaining the just interests of the general public and to avoiding constitutional obstacles.

The most interesting aspect of the New Jersey proposals lies in the fact that they are made in New Jersey, Gov. Wilson did not overstate the case a whit in his annual message of last week, when he asserted that "the laws of New Jersey as they stand, so far from checking monopoly, actually encourage it." Those laws were enacted in the early nineties, for the avowed purpose of attracting to New Jersey, for incorporation, mergers and combinations which could not find other States with laws sufficiently lax to suit their purposes. Briefly stated, they authorized the chartering of corporations with power to do pretty much anything. Under the charters granted, not only may the companies engage in such business as they choose, but they may do so merely by purchasing and holding the shares of other companies. Their powers in that regard are virtually unlimited; they may even buy and sell their own outstanding shares in the open market.

Under the New Jersey corporation law, virtually all of the huge industrial combinations of the fifteen past years were chartered—including three which the United States Supreme Court has since forced into dissolution. The Standard Oil combination, the American Tobacco, the United States Steel, the International Mercantile Marine, the American Can, the American Woollen, are a few of the companies which obtained New Jersey charters. Counsel for the Northern Securities admitted, in the dissolution suit, that it was hypothetically possible, under the New Jersey charter of that company, for a small group of individuals, with a comparatively small amount of personal capital, to hold control of all the railways in the United States. These extraordinary charters, it is important to observe, were such as Wall Street, prior to the adoption of the New Jersey laws around 1893, had supposed no corporation in the United States could exercise. It would be difficult to say how much of the wild orgy of company promotion and stock speculation, from 1899 to 1901 inclusive, was directly due to mischievous facilities granted by New Jersey.

That the laws—an admitted reproach and disgrace to the State which had passed them—would sooner or later be swept off the statute-books, was a foregone conclusion in the present public temper on such questions. If the legislation now proposed is enacted, however, New Jersey will take her place as a leader of constructive legislation in restraint of the very monopolies which she has fostered and encouraged for the past two decades. These bills attempt nothing retroactive. The great holding companies chartered under the former laws may retain the stocks of other companies which they have bought in accordance with those laws; but they must buy no more, and no company shall be organized hereafter with any such power. Mergers of corporations, without recourse to the holding-company device, are still to be permitted, but only on the written approval of the Public Utilities Commissioners of the State.

The further provision that, in purchases of the sort, "no fictitious stock shall be issued; that no stock shall be issued for profits not yet earned, but only anticipated; that when stock is issued on the basis of the stock of any other corporation purchased, no stock shall be issued therefor in an amount greater than the sum actually paid for such stock in cash or its equivalent," does not nowadays sound very revolutionary. But to understand the conditions and possibilities which it sweeps away, one has only to recall the late John W. Gates's recapitalization of his $24,000,000 Illinois Steel & Wire Company into a $90,000,000 New Jersey corporation—in the course of which transformation, in 1899, some $26,000,000 of the stock went to destinations never afterward accounted for. The country has lived through an instructive experience since then.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abram, A. English Life and Manners in the Later Middle Ages. Dutton. $2 net.
Akers, C. E. A History of South America, 1854-1904. Dutton. $6 net.
Alexander, Miriam. The Port of Dreams. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Amundsen, Roald. The South Pole. 2 vols. Lee Keedick. $10.
Art Museums and Schools: Four Lectures delivered at the Metropolitan Museum. Scribner. $1 net.
Ashley, Annie. The Social Policy of Bismarck. (Birmingham Studies in Social Economics.) Longmans. 75 cents net.
Baedeker's Northern Italy, 1913 edition. Scribner. $2.40.
Baker, A. L. Thick-Lens Optics. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.
Birge, J. C. The Awakening of the Desert. Boston: Badger. $2 net.
Birmingham, G. A. The Red Hand of Ulster. Doran. $1.20 net.
Blakeslee, A. F., and Jarvis, C. D. Trees in Winter. Macmillan. $2 net.
Blakey, L. S. The Sale of Liquor in the South. (Col. Univ.) Longmans. $1 net.
Bodley, J. E. C. Cardinal Manning, The Decay of Idealism in France, The Institute of France: Three Essays. Longmans. $3 net.
Brachvogel, Udo. Gedichte. Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50.
Buckrose, J. E. The Browns. Doran. $1.25 net.
Cambridge History of English Literature. Vol. IX, From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift. Putnam.
Carson, Shirley. The Motto of Mrs. McLane. Doran. $1 net.
Childers, Hugh. Romantic Trials of Three Centuries. Lane. $3 net.
Christie, W. W. Water, Its Purification and Use in the Industries. Van Nostrand. $2 net.
Collins, F. H. Authors' and Printers' Dictionary. Revised edition. Frowde.
Currier, A. H. Nine Great Preachers. Boston: Pilgrim Press. $1.50 net.
Day, Lal Behari. Folk Tales of Bengal. Illus. by Warwick Goble. Macmillan. $5.25 net.
Dock, L. L. A History of Nursing. Vols. III and IV. Putnam. $5 net.
Finot, Jean. Problems of the Sexes. Trans. by M. J. Safford. Putnam.

Fraser, Edward. The War Drama of the Eagles: Napoleon's Standard-Bearers. Dutton. $4 net.
George, W. L. Until the Day Break. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
Gookin, F. W. Daniel Gookin, His Life and Letters, 1612-1687. Chicago: Privately printed.
Gordon, A. L. Poems. Arranged by Douglas Sladen. Putnam.
Hall, John. England and the Orleans Monarchy. Dutton. $4 net.
Hall, M. E. Candy-Making Revolutionized. Sturgis & Walton. 75 cents net.
Harnack, Adolf. Bible Reading in the Early Church. Trans. by J. R. Wilkinson. Putnam.
Harris, J. H. Dawn in Darkest Africa. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Heaton's Annual, the Commercial Handbook of Canada. Ninth year, 1913. Toronto: Heaton's Agency. $1 net.
Hidden, A. W. The Ottoman Dynasty: A History of the Sultans of Turkey. Revised edition. Polhemus Printing Co. $4.
Hilliers, Ashton. Who Laughs Last. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Holbach, M. M. Bible Ways in Bible Lands. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Hornaday, W. T. Our Vanishing Wild Life. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Horne, C. S. David Livingstone. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Hughes, Rupert. Music Lovers' Cyclopedia. Doubleday, Page.
James, A. L. The Chafing-Dish and Sandwiches. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Johnson, V. W. A Lift on the Road. A. S. Barnes Co.
Jones, W. T. An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy. Putnam.
Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia—1702-3-1705, 1705-1706, 1710-1712. Richmond.
Larned, L. H. The New Hostess of Today. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Le Blond, Mrs. Aubrey. The Old Gardens of Italy: How to Visit Them. Lane. $1.25 net.
Lee, Vernon. Vital Lies: Studies of Some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism. 2 vols. Lane. $3 net.
Legouis, E. Geoffrey Chaucer. Translated by L. Lailavoix. Dutton. $1.50 net.
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The Week

It is reassuring to note the growth of sentiment in Congress, at any rate in the House, in favor of taking the short road out and repealing the clause of the Panama act which frees coastwise vessels from Canal tolls. The perception is sharpening on all sides that the thing is nothing more or less than a subsidy. It is not strange that the consistently anti-subsidy Democrats in Congress should feel indignant at the way in which they have been tricked in this matter. Their National Convention at Baltimore was similarly fooled, for somebody smuggled into the platform a plank favoring remission of tolls at Panama. The thing was never discussed, either there or during the campaign, and we presume that Mr. Bryan would be the first to repudiate the binding nature of a party pledge which nobody knew anything about and which was somehow foisted upon his platform committee.

To save money in the wrong place is not a new practice in Congress, and it is not a surprise that the House followed its Committee on Indian Affairs in refusing the request of the Secretary of the Interior regarding the appropriation for hospital, sanitation, and medical work among the red men. The appropriation has been $90,000, but investigation has revealed a much worse set of conditions among the Indians than in the country as a whole. While the percentage of deaths due to pulmonary tuberculosis in the registration area of the United States, which includes twenty-one States, is 11, among the Indians it is 32. The death-rate from all causes among these peoples is above 30, or more than double that in the area noted. These facts led Secretary Fisher to recommend in his annual report that the appropriation for hospital and related work among the Indians should be increased to $405,000. These figures, however, frightened the thrifty members of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, and they declined to add a single cent to the amount at present allowed. It is possible for the Senate to correct this error by amending the Indian Appropriation bill when it comes up for consideration.

Lorimer does not sit in the Senate, but his influence is threatening to keep any one else from sitting there after March 4 as a representative of Illinois. For in order to elect a Senator the Legislature at Springfield must first choose a Speaker of the House and other officers. Nor can the duly elected Governor of the State be inaugurated until this task has been performed, for the Legislature must first canvass the vote on State officers, and it cannot do this until it has organized. Hence two Governors are uneasily waiting at Springfield, and two Senatorships are in the balance, because a score of "Lorimer Democrats" steadfastly refuse to sully their good names by voting for an anti-Lorimer candidate for Speaker. By the patriotic aid of the twenty-five Progressives in the House, one of the Democratic candidates climbed to within eight votes of the goal on the fifty-sixth and fifty-seventh ballots, but this so far is the high-water mark of the contest. A deadlock of a somewhat similar sort was threatened four years ago, when Gov. Deneen, fearing that the House would arbitrarily declare his election void on uninvestigated charges of fraud, and proceed to seat Adlai Stevenson in the Governor's chair, got the friendly Senate to refuse to enter the hall of the House to canvass the vote until an agreement had been made in reference to the methods to be followed in attacking the legality of his election.

Missouri will have struck a mighty blow for pure government as soon as the Legislature at Jefferson City enacts Representative Stark's bill providing that lobbyists employed about the State Capital shall wear a distinctive uniform. After all, the first step in combating any form of disease, private or social, is to isolate it and describe it. It is lurking evil that eats at the vitals of the republic. Put the lobbyists in uniform, and members of the Legislature will shun them like the pest. Pass another law compelling grafters to wear uniforms. For the lobbyists it has been suggested that a brown suit, red cap, and green cravat would be appropriate. The grafters might be compelled to wear white duck as a satiric commentary on their sinful natures. Adopt a series of distinctive garbs for venal newspaper men, government contractors, log-rollers, pension hunters, and the various species and sub-species of reactionaries, and the people of Missouri will henceforth be secure against insidious assaults upon their rights and their liberties. It is the most thorough application yet of the principle of being "shown."

The special message on legislation to correct Stock Exchange abuses, sent by Gov. Sulzer to the New York Legislature, is considerably less drastic in its proposals than there had seemed reason to expect. It suggests, in fact, that the more carefully the Governor has examined the specific proposals for a change, the more he has found himself confronted with reasons against hasty and sweeping legislation. He denounces manipulation of prices, undertaken for the purpose of creating fictitious values and tempting the public to buy or sell on such a basis; but he recognizes that the visible methods used to achieve such ends may be hard to distinguish from the methods used, for example, to support the price of a given stock when sudden panic has seized on the present holders of it. He calls attention to certain undoubted evils occasioned in connection with "short selling"; yet he finds it necessary to add that these evils do not arise simply because men offer for sale what they do not at the moment possess, but because they misuse the perfectly normal machinery of sales for future delivery. So even of what seemed to be the central consideration of all—the incorporation of the Stock Exchange.

Nothing is easier than to say, "Charter the Exchange as a corporation, and then let the State insist on obedience to its rules." But observance or non-observance of such rules is a matter surrounded with questions of technical construction. Under the present organization and by-laws of the Stock Ex-

change, a member is subject to discipline for conduct "detrimental to the interest or welfare of the Exchange." This is a broad and sweeping provision, and it was intended to be so. All conduct which injures the clients of the Exchange is detrimental to its interests, and has always been so interpreted. The governing committee possesses absolute power to decide when a member's conduct is subject to that clause, and to inflict at once the penalty prescribed—from which there is no appeal. Let the Exchange be incorporated, and the offending member may appeal to the courts to construe the nature of his offence. It is doubtful if wrongdoing which lies on the border-line of the prohibitions can be reached at all with the facility now possible, and it is certain that infliction of the penalty will be belated.

By taking much to heart the report of the Joseph Fels Fund Commission about the financing of the single tax movement in large part by one man, the Chicago *Evening Post*, a Progressive organ, comes perilously near lèse-majesté. The report shows that, during three years, the Philadelphia millionaire has given to the cause $115,000, while "all other contributions" have totalled only $60,000. Mr. Fels was not troubled by this, but he and the members of the Commission were alarmed to find that "all other contributions," instead of increasing, have been falling off. In the vernacular adopted by the report, "there has been a disposition to 'let Fels do it.'" Hence there is to be a change. Hereafter, the Commission will furnish money only in amounts equal to those raised in the localities concerned. Thus it hopes to avoid "the pauperization by a rich man of the clearest, most fundamental, most intelligent democratic movement in the history of the world." But what relation can be imagined between this situation among the Single Taxers and that among the Progressives? Yet the Chicago newspaper remarks that "the Progressives can hardly be too democratic in their methods of raising funds, nor too careful about cultivating 'angels' in their movement." We trust that Mr. Perkins and Mr. Munsey will protest against this implied reflection.

Two strikes have been under way in New York city. The number of workers affected by the garment strike has been estimated as well above 150,000, at one time. The number of men affected by the waiters' strike is said to be about four thousand. The garment strike has witnessed several outbreaks of disorder, but none of them has been serious; and considering the vast army of workmen who have now been idle for a number of weeks, the strike may be called a peaceable one. The waiters' strike has been conducted under the auspices of the I. W. W., with emphasis on the picturesque elements of stone-throwing and other forms of that delightfully fascinating new fad, sabotage. The garment strike is well along towards settlement on a basis of substantial gains to the employees. The waiters' strike has collapsed within less than a week. So once more the lesson has been taught and learned that violence as a factor in collective bargaining is disastrous to the cause of labor. The leaders of the I. W. W. come out of their latest adventure with little credit. The tactics by which they are supposed to differ from the old-fashioned trade-unionists have yet to be justified. They won at Lawrence and at Little Falls only through invoking that public sympathy which in theory they affect to despise.

The Birmingham, Ala., *News* prints an amazing table of the homicides in Jefferson County during the last year. From December 29, 1911, to December 29, 1912, there was a murder *every week day in the year!* What other community in the whole civilized world makes so terrible a showing? No mining camp that we are aware of; no wild, debauched frontier settlement can compete with this appalling record. Moreover, it is getting worse. In 1909, 1910, and 1911 there were all told 356 murders; in 1912 there were 306, and 1913 starts off with ten murders in nineteen days, besides eleven deaths from unknown causes. Thus Jefferson County, with 226,476 inhabitants, surpasses even the murder-record of New York City; this one county long since passed the record of annual murders for the entire United Kingdom, including London. A column, says the *News*, could be consumed in analyzing the cause of this horrible record, but the main trouble is that nobody fears the law, which is without majesty in this American community. In 1912 only a single man was executed for murder, and he, needless to say, was a negro. Only three white men were convicted of first-degree murder in 1912, and their cases are still pending on appeal. As for remedies, the *News* can only ask whether, somehow or other, something cannot be done to arouse public opinion.

The punishment to be meted out by the Amateur Athletic Union to James Thorpe, so recently crowned with the title of the world's greatest athlete, partakes of the solemnity of excommunication. Not only are Thorpe's Olympic trophies to be returned to the Swedish authorities for redistribution, but the prizes he has won in this country are to be taken from him, and, worst of all, his records, which to the athlete mean his bid for immortality, are to be expunged from the official lists. It may seem that the penalty, though necessary under the rules, is disproportionate to the offence, if the original nature of Thorpe's transgression be considered, namely, his course in playing summer baseball for money. But Thorpe's real offence consists in his keeping silent regarding his ineligibility under a rule which is well established. Knowing himself to be disqualified for competition at Stockholm, he should have spared us the inevitable criticism which will now be directed against us from quarters where the misdeeds of American athletes are a favorite subject of comment. It required a great deal of effort on the part of fair-minded sportsmen on both sides of the Atlantic to allay the mutual recriminations which broke out here and in Great Britain after the Stockholm games. Now a good deal of the work will have to be done over.

The British protectionists are in a sad plight. They have thrown the "food taxes" overboard, but their rejoicing over that performance is more like the delight that "Hans in Luck" found in his successive bargains than anything else that we can think of. The London *Economist* points out that the *Daily Mail's* placard, "Death of the Food Taxes," is "just what the *Daily News* might have had on the occasion of any Liberal victory during the last nine years," and that the *Mail*, the *Times*, and the *Telegraph* have been ardent advocates of the Chamberlain Imperial Preference policy, of which taxes on foreign food supplies formed the cornerstone. It can be

but a short time before the "tariff reformers" will find that with that project abandoned their whole stock-in-trade is gone. And this is not only because it will be impossible to make up in the manufacturing centres for the loss of the support of the agricultural interests; it will also be because, apart from special interests, the one argument against free trade for England that has had any weight is the argument that it had been ruinous to agriculture, had cut down the sturdy yeomanry of the country. Well, if free trade had been doing this by simply refusing to protect British agriculture from foreign competition, what shall be said of a policy which, besides refusing that encouragement to agriculture, actually stimulates manufactures by means of protective taxes? It looks as though the time were soon coming when the Unionist party will find as much relief in giving up all that is left of the protectionist programme as it has seemed to find in the abandonment of the food taxes.

Violence as part of British suffragist tactics will be more than ever unwise after the events of the last few days. Mrs. Pankhurst and her associates will maintain that they have been tricked by the Government; but that is a charge which can hardly commend itself to fair-minded men. If the entire proceedings in the House of Commons were simply a bit of elaborate stage setting by Mr. Asquith, who foresaw the Speaker's vital ruling on the Grey amendment to the Franchise bill, then Mr. Asquith must be a stage manager who is willing to pay a pretty steep price in order to obtain his effects. For even with the explicit reservation that the members of the Government were at liberty to take sides in the debate, there was always an element of danger in revealing the existence within the Cabinet of such sharp differences of opinion on any subject as prevails, let us say, between Sir Edward Grey on one side and Lewis Harcourt on the other. The latter's attack on votes for women was so savage that it could not help being something of an attack on the general position of the Cabinet. As such it was welcomed by the Opposition. There is no reason for doubting that the Prime Minister was willing to have the troublesome issue fought out once for all, and that only the Speaker's ruling threw the question of woman suffrage, as well as the original problems involved in the Franchise bill, out of court.

LONDON, January 23.—Board of Trade regulations issued to-day, to become operative on March 1, provide that British seagoing ships shall carry lifeboats and life-saving appliances for all on board.

This is of course due to the Titanic disaster. But why did the British Government's Board of Trade let matters drift until a calamity occurred so terrible as to arouse the attention of the whole civilized world? We shall not attempt to explain. But if we were to adopt the methods current nowadays for the explanation of everything that is wrong in the world, we should say offhand that it is due to the heartlessness of capital, the utter disregard of the needs of the poor by those who are in the high places of the world, the failure to recognize that all men are brothers, the putting of the rich man's dollar above the poor man's life. However, seeing that a couple of hundred men lost their lives on the Titanic who had paid high prices for its luxurious accommodations, there must be a screw loose somewhere in that explanation; and seeing that probably not a soul of them made any inquiry about the lifeboats, and that the same has been true of thousands and thousands of rich men who have been crossing the ocean all these years, we are forced to the conclusion that when things in this world are not what they should be, the cause is not always to be found in stony-hearted wickedness.

The manifold and far-reaching effects of the Balkan War will call for frequent comment from now on. One feature that may be already pointed out is that the present happy state of affairs reflects great credit on the diplomacy of Sir Edward Grey. It was from the British Foreign Minister that the suggestion came of a conference of ambassadors that should be prepared to stand by and render assistance to the peace plenipotentiaries in case of distress. In the last resort it would be, of course, the will of the Powers that would determine the broad outlines upon which peace was made. But it is plain that if there had been no parallel series of negotiations among the representatives of the Powers in London, the break between the Balkan allies and Turkey over the question of Adrianople would have brought about a much severer crisis than actually resulted. Valuable time would have been lost in bringing the European Governments together upon a common plan of action, and in the complicated interchange of views among so many capitals the chances of misunderstanding and headlong action would have been multiplied. As it was, the London peace conference was virtually a joint session of the official peace plenipotentiaries and of the representatives of the Powers. In this specific matter British diplomacy has acquitted itself with conspicuous credit.

The most romantic figure of contemporary history comes from the land of Aladdin, Sindbad, and Ali Baba. The career of Enver Bey is romantic, not after the modern habit we have of speaking of the romance of science, of bridge-building, and of the glucose products. It is romance of the old-fashioned, heart-thrilling kind, in which youth slays monsters and is rewarded with the hands of beautiful princesses, and dons secret disguises and rides into the face of death on a white charger, and wins the cheering adoration of the multitude. In the summer of 1908, two young Turkish officers, stationed at Monastir, raised the flag of revolt against Abdul Hamid and took to the mountains. The two officers were Niazi Bey and Enver Bey. The former has gone back into honorable obscurity. The latter has remained the darling of fate. When the counter-revolution broke out in Constantinople, Enver Bey was with the army which marched upon the capital under the command of Shefket Pasha. When the Constitution was reëstablished under a new Sultan, a niece of the royal house was given to Enver Bey for his bride. He went to Berlin as military attaché. When the war in Tripoli broke out it was Enver Bey who was sent to Africa to rouse the enthusiasm of the Turkish troops waging a hopeless fight against the Italians. Last week came the crowning chapter in a career of romantic glory. To lead a handful of mutineers against the palace of the Ministers, and, pistol in hand, to secure the resignation of a Cabinet and the possible reversal of a policy that may affect the welfare of two continents—for a parallel to this scene one must almost go back to Paris and the early days of one Buonaparte.

SECRETARY KNOX'S NOTE.

Secretary Knox's reply to the protest of the British Government, in the matter of the Panama tolls, assumes an air of mild wonder what the fuss is all about. We haven't done anything yet. The act of Congress, to be sure, authorizes the exemption of our coastwise vessels from Canal tolls, but they are not yet, in fact, exempted. One would almost expect the Secretary, in pursuance of this line of argument, to point out that the Canal is not yet finished, and perhaps never may be; that our ships may all sink before reaching the entrance; and that possibly they may not accept the remission of tolls even if it is offered. The whole drift of Secretary Knox's note is that of avoidance. He insists that the issue is not yet raised. If British shipping is ever, in reality, discriminated against by our Canal regulations, then it will be time enough to inquire into the facts and submit the matter to arbitration. Congress has the power to violate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, if it pleases, but has not yet done so, according to Mr. Knox, by any overt and concrete act; so why not wait till it does?

So far Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State. But not in this way reasoned Philander C. Knox, Attorney-General, when he urged the Supreme Court to dissolve the Northern Securities Company, on the ground, not that it had actually suppressed railway competition or had raised rates, but that it had acquired for itself the *power* to do so. In the Government brief, whereon the name of Philander C. Knox stands first, the Court was asked to strike down, before it was exercised, "the power to operate the roads in harmony and stifle competition." At that time it was the counsel for the Northern Securities Company who argued as Secretary Knox does now. They had not done anything yet. Why not wait till they did? But the Attorney-General and the Supreme Court would not hearken to that. A dangerous power had been asserted, and it must be denied and destroyed *in limine*. It was enough then for Mr. Knox that the "direct and necessary effect" of the assumption of power showed what its purpose was, and proved that it must be grappled with before it had been actually exercised.

We do not deny that Secretary Knox's note in rejoinder to Sir Edward Grey is adroitly written. It is the plea of a skilled lawyer. But it is, when all is said, a plea in avoidance. It does not meet the main issue squarely. Nothing but preliminaries and contingencies does it deal with. We do not say that it is a sparring for time, but one cannot help suspecting that Mr. Knox will experience a certain relief in being able to turn over the actual merits of the controversy to his successor in office. Whoever the next Secretary of State may be, we hope he will not adopt one position that Mr. Knox rather absurdly takes in this note. He speaks of the extraordinarily generous treatment of the world's shipping by the United States in the scale of tolls fixed for the use of the Panama Canal. We are to charge $1.25 a ton. But that rate will not suffice to pay interest and the cost of upkeep. Hence, says Mr. Knox, our Government will really be "in the position of subsidizing foreign vessels." The Secretary is astonished at our own moderation. We might have charged, he seems to think, $3 or $5 a ton, and then what would foreign ships have done? The answer is that they would have given the Canal a wide berth. Prof. Emory Johnson's estimates and calculations pointed out from the first that there was a point in the tolls above which the Canal would repel traffic. The rate fixed was believed to be all that the traffic would bear; and for Mr. Knox to plume himself on our not having made it much higher is a bit ridiculous.

What one misses in the Secretary's note is, not only a resolute meeting of the real question in debate, but the evidence of any deep moral and patriotic feeling in reference to the complaint that the nation has been guilty of sharp practice. He discusses the possibility of Congress and the President violating a solemn treaty as coolly as if it were a question of ignoring a municipal ordinance. Yet precisely this sense of humiliation and resentment at the thought that Congress has put the country in an attitude of bad faith, has caused all the agitation and evoked the protests from the best men in the land. It was this feeling of hurt national honor that moved so ordinarily impassive a man as Senator Root to express himself with so much passion in his speech in the Senate. Such intensity of language would, of course, be out of place in a diplomatic note, but room ought to have been found for something of the sentiment inspiring Mr. Root's words. And his absolutely unanswerable argument for arbitration of the matters in controversy, in case the act of Congress giving rise to them is not repealed, comes very much nearer, we are convinced, to representing the real opinion of the people than do Mr. Knox's guarded and qualified offers. Said Senator Root:

> I realize, sir, that I may be wrong. I have often been wrong. I realize that the gentlemen who have taken a different view regarding the meaning of this treaty may be right. I do not think so. But their ability and fairness of mind would make it idle for me not to entertain the possibility that they are right and I am wrong. Yet, Mr. President, the question whether they are right and I am wrong depends upon the interpretation of the treaty.
>
> Gentlemen say the question of imposing tolls or not imposing tolls upon our coastwise commerce is a matter of our concern. Ah! we have made a treaty about it. If the interpretation of the treaty is as England claims, then it is not a matter of our concern; it is a matter of treaty rights and duties.
>
> Sir, we have another treaty, made between the United States and Great Britain on the 4th of April, 1908, in which the two nations have agreed as follows:
>
> "Differences which may arise of a legal nature or relating to the interpretation of treaties existing between the two contracting parties, and which it may not have been possible to settle by diplomacy, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, established at The Hague by the convention of the 29th of July, 1899, provided, nevertheless, that they do not affect the vital interests, the independence, or the honor of the two contracting states, and do not concern the interests of third parties."
>
> We are bound, by this treaty of arbitration, not to stand with arrogant assertion upon our own Government's opinion as to the interpretation of the treaty, not to require that Great Britain shall suffer what she deems injustice by violation of the treaty, or else go to war. We are bound to say, "We keep the faith of our treaty of arbitration, and we will submit the question as to what this treaty means to an impartial tribunal of arbitration."

Secretary Knox does not shut the door on arbitration. But his references to it are hedging and temporizing. His note, in general, is of an evasive spirit. It merely stops a gap. It does not pierce to the centre.

SIMPLICITY AT WASHINGTON.

Woodrow Wilson's objection to the Inaugural Ball seemed to be chiefly due to the expense, and the injury done to the public service by the use of the Pension Building. In announcing that he should not go to Washington in a special car,

and should stay at a hotel, like any other citizen, until he entered the White House, he was, it is true, but following precedent. Yet taking these things in connection with his refusal to accept Mr. Taft's offer of a Government vessel to carry him to Panama, we cannot but hope that this foretells a desire on Mr. Wilson's part to observe while President true democratic simplicity. That would be in accord with his attitude hitherto. As president of Princeton, he was modest, unassuming, and accessible; as Governor of New Jersey, his door has been open to all who had legitimate business with him, and nothing that savored of fuss and feathers, or display, military or civil, has been in evidence.

To foreigners accustomed to elaborate European court ceremonial, the White House often appears to be the expression of a perhaps austere republicanism. Yet to those who recall the President's residence in the days of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, there has been a marked change. At that time there was no large staff of army and navy officers in uniform in attendance at receptions, with the chief duty of telling the women guests to stand when the President entered or left the room. Servants in livery were lacking, and guards were few; but if there was a touch possibly of the *bourgeois*, the very simplicity of it all could but impress visitors profoundly, notably those from abroad. We have in mind a distinguished German, familiar with all the courts of Europe, who, in company with a well-known citizen, found his way to Mr. Cleveland's office without previous appointment, after being challenged only by the doorkeeper and the secretary. True, the American who went with him was well-known to the White House and Mr. Cleveland. But the absence of uniforms and flunkeys, of ceremonial of every kind, was what astounded this foreign visitor. Nothing else in all America so impressed him with the fact that here was a great and true democracy. All the glitter of the Viennese court faded in comparison.

Since then the work of the President has enormously increased, and his responsibilities as well. There must be more attendants at the White House and more secretaries. But to-day, as in 1885, no amount of gold lace, of liveries, of military show, can magnify this office, or is needed to add to its dignity. Nothing can be so impressive as lack of affectation in men who carry the heaviest governmental burdens of the world. Mr. Wilson will find opportunities to check here and there dangerous tendencies. Under Mr. Roosevelt began a serious abuse—the misuse of vessels of the navy. Without warrant of law, three ships were maintained for the use of the President, his family, and the Secretary of the Navy—the Mayflower, the Sylph, and the Dolphin. To those who recalled the abuse heaped upon Mr. Cleveland for going off on the Dolphin, or one of the lighthouse tenders, on a week-end fishing trip, the indifference to the Rooseveltian policy was nothing less than amazing. If the President is to have a yacht, Congress should appropriate for it. Then we should not have our Presidents setting an example of lawlessness, and the navy would not be deprived of the services of officers and men who are needed on the fighting ships of the service, for whose manning there is an annual demand for more men and more officers.

Mr. Taft has gone even further than Mr. Roosevelt, in that he has used for his trips to Panama both battleships and cruisers. The regulations require that officers shall not take aboard any women passengers; but the commander-in-chief, to whom all look to set an example of obedience to law, has ignored it, and has not hesitated to withdraw ships from their regular duties. Meanwhile, the Mayflower has been tied up at the dock in Washington, her officers paid for sea service, and her chief use has been for teas and dinner dances, or occasionally she goes to sea with an inspection board of army and navy officers.

To some all this may seem a small matter when the Government is spending billions; in reality, it is important, for every example of this kind, by the man at the head, is the excuse for junketing or petty grafting by those below him in the service. Congress now appropriates handsomely for the President's travelling expenses; yet we trust that Mr. Wilson will draw on this fund most sparingly. Mr. Taft's travelling record is such that no one can rival him. Nothing, we are sure, has injured him more than his incessant moving about. Mr. Wilson will surely enhance the dignity of his office if he sticks to the White House and has people come to him, and makes so few speeches that each and every one will be a notable event certain to attract the widest possible attention.

To one matter in connection with the Presidency Congress might well devote its attention. A simple summer home in some cool region might well be purchased. Governor Wilson will plainly miss the summer headquarters the State of New Jersey provides at Sea Girt. But here, too, no grand mansion nor vast estate is needed. With all the idle people of wealth now crowding into Washington as winter residents—it is said that there are now three classes of multi-millionaires there: those from Pittsburgh, the South African, and all the others—there never was a better opportunity for the President of the United States to set a noble example of dignified, simple living.

ROOSEVELT AND THE IDAHO CASE.

Both before and since the election Mr. Roosevelt has had hard things to say of the Supreme Court of Idaho. Its action in holding some local editors for contempt, he fiercely denounced. But he had previously used language fully as severe in speaking of its decision of an election case last October. With the contempt proceedings we have here no concern. The judges may or may not have been wise in haling newspaper railers to court. But the other matter is still important. From Mr. Roosevelt's savage expressions many people got the idea that the Idaho Supreme Court had been guilty of a high-handed judicial outrage. Few people seemed to know what the facts were. We had the curiosity to send for the complete record of the case, and a reading of it enables one to see what justification, or absence of it, there was for Mr. Roosevelt's scarification of the Court.

Let us begin with his restrained and judicial characterization of the action of the Idaho judges. On October 12, 1912, he issued a statement at Chicago, in which he said it was "impossible to protest too strongly against what is literally the infamy of this decision." It was "utterly reactionary conduct by a reactionary court," and was "absolutely without warrant of law." Furthermore, it was "an attempt to beat the cause by trickery and chicanery." "The decision

was against the law, against equity, against justice, and against the whole course of decisions in all our American courts."

So much for Mr. Roosevelt's poetry; now for the prosaic facts. Under the laws of Idaho there are three ways in which candidates may be nominated for office so as to be entitled to a place on the official ballot. One is by the direct primary of a "political party," in case the latter at the last previous election cast at least 10 per cent. of the total vote of the State. Under this there is no possible claim for the Progressive party; it did not cast any votes at all at the last preceding election. The second method is by Convention of "any organization of electors," if such a Convention be held on the same day that the direct primary election occurs. That was July 30, last year, and on that day a sort of Progressive Convention was held at St. Anthony. But it was really a mass meeting, called explicitly to organize the Progressive party in Idaho, and to send delegates to the Chicago Convention of August 5. The Idaho court held that this St. Anthony "convention" was not one within the meaning of the statute; but it is immaterial whether it was or not, for no attempt was made to file a ticket as coming from that body. The sole reliance of the Idaho Progressives was upon the third method of making nominations, and that is by petition. An effort on their part to get their nominees for Congress and for Presidential electors upon the official ballot as named by petition, was what the Supreme Court frustrated by its decision.

Now, what was the law relating to nomination by petition, and what were the facts? The law provides that candidates may be nominated by petition, provided the requisite number is obtained of signatures—variously prescribed for different offices—of qualified electors who have not joined in the nomination of any other person for the same office. But here comes the crux of the case. The Idaho statute relating to nominations by petition contemplated only "State offices." It did so by general description and also by specific detail—so many signatures for this office, so many for the other. For the nomination of Congressmen and Presidential electors the Idaho laws made other provision. They could not come under the section covering nomination by petition, unless they were "State officers." The Progressives, in their desperate legal straits, gravely contended that Congressmen and Presidential electors were, in fact, State officers; but the Court had no difficulty in showing that law and Constitution and precedent were dead against that contention—Roosevelt, justice, to the contrary notwithstanding. To quote the language of the unanimous decision of the Idaho Supreme Court:

> Having treated "candidates for Congress" throughout the direct primary election law and statutes of the State as separate and distinct offices, which they are, from "State offices," and then having omitted candidates for Congress and Presidential electors from section 385 of the statute, which authorizes nomination for State offices by petition, it is evident that the Legislature has not intended to authorize the nomination of candidates for Presidential electors and members of Congress by petition. . . . The rule is too well recognized and understood everywhere to even require repetition that "the expression of one thing is the exclusion of another."

On the basis of that exposition of the law of Idaho, the Supreme Court ruled that the Progressive nominations by petition for State offices should be placed on the official ballot, but that the nominations for Congress and for Presidential electors should not.

The Supreme Court of Idaho did not say whether it thought the law wise or foolish. It merely pointed out in a long and calm opinion what was the necessary intendment of the statute. It is not probable that Roosevelt had ever read the Idaho election laws. It is certain that he had not read the full text of the decision of the Court which he branded as "outrageous," for it was not printed until after his Chicago explosion. What happened in Idaho was very like what happened in California. The sudden organization of its Progressive party, a thing never contemplated by the lawmakers, revealed defects in the election statutes. In Idaho they operated, under interpretation by the courts, against the Progressives, and Mr. Roosevelt screamed about the frightful injustice. In California, as interpreted by the judges, they operated against the Republicans, and Roosevelt had never a word to say. As for the Idaho case, the plain tale of the law and the facts and the reasoning of the courts is all that is necessary to show how ill informed Mr. Roosevelt was, as well as how reckless, cruel, and incendiary.

A SISYPHUS AMONG THE SCIENCES.

There is something pathetic in the delight with which Psychical Researchers have greeted the acceptance, by one of our leading universities, of an endowment of $10,000 to promote the studies they have at heart. They do not hope for much from the work to be done with the modest income of this foundation, but they prize the respectability that is expected to come from the recognition thus accorded to their aspirations for a place in the scientific world. It may seem cruel to question the soundness of this expectation. But surely there is no magic power in a university charter to effect what a generation of countenance and support by a number of men of great intellectual eminence has been unable to compass. The name of Henry Sidgwick alone, as the first president of the Society for Psychical Research—not to mention notable associates—was far more calculated to give standing to its work than any mere official act of acceptance of a fund could be; and even more to the purpose was the high character of the reports and discussions in the early years of the Society, among which those of Mrs. Sidgwick are particularly worthy of mention. A large number of persons who had previously refused to take questions of spiritualism or mind-reading or the like seriously, felt that at last a proper attempt was made to deal with them.

Well, thirty years have gone by, and where does the Society stand? Has it commanded growing interest, or won increasing appreciation of its labors? Quite the contrary. Outside the circle of those who are addicted to anything that smacks of the supernatural, the reports of the Society for Psychical Research attract almost no attention; people have given up looking for anything conclusive, either positive or negative, in its proceedings. And the reason is plain enough. There is one mark of scientific vitality which it requires no special study and no special skill to recognize—the mark of cumulative achievement. Where there is a genuine kernel of truth, and many eager and earnest minds are at work in developing it, we find an addition here, a correction there, a new method or a new instrument introduced, sources of error at first troublesome gradually removed,

the goal of yesterday made the starting-point of to-morrow. The process may be slow, there may be painful setbacks; but there is the sense that something is building up, that we are not everlastingly compelled to begin at the beginning. And after thirty years of respectable and patient work by many highly intelligent persons, Psychical Research is, in a scientific sense, precisely where it was at the beginning. There is, to be sure, an enormous mass of detached observations, and of records of remembered or alleged experience; but no part of this mass stands out as a solid residuum, a starting-point for future work.

The chief difficulties under which the Psychical Researchers labor are easily named. In the first place, they alone among the cultivators of science, or of would-be science, are continually confronted with the necessity of guarding against fraud. Secondly, in this inherently difficult task they handicap themselves by submitting to conditions which make the discovery of fraud still more difficult. These conditions they regard as imposed by the nature of the phenomena they are studying, for the precautions necessary to complete surveillance are supposed to hinder the phenomena from taking place; but if this be true, it is most unfortunate, since the hard-headed man of science will prefer the simpler hypothesis that what is prevented from taking place is not the alleged phenomena but the frauds to which their appearance is due. But possibly all this might not be fatal were it not for a third circumstance. Even in the standard sciences, it is essential to the firm establishment of anything new to the science that the experience on which it is based be capable of exact repetition by any competent observer or experimenter; but the experiences of the Psychical Researchers, though having to make head against a tremendous presumption of fraud or malobservation, never get themselves strengthened by this kind of repetition.

It is easy, however, to account for the state of mind of those Psychical Researchers who have become convinced of the reality of the "supernormal" phenomena. When they witness a "supernormal" phenomenon against the production of which by fraud or illusion a great deal of precaution has been taken, they are impressed with the feeling that the probability of any actual fraud or illusion is very small; and they fail to balance this antecedent improbability against the incomparably greater antecedent improbability of the phenomenon being genuine. As a matter of fact, the first probability is by no means extremely small, as witnessed by the undisputed fact that a very considerable proportion of experiences held at the time to be convincing by observers as good as any now at work, were afterwards demonstrated to be the result of fraud or illusion. But, so far from reckoning this probability as one in ten, or one in a hundred, or one in a thousand even, many Researchers are apt in practice to think of it as absolutely zero. Dr. Ivor Tuckett, writing in *Bedrock*, neatly turns against them a phrase coined by the man who has done more than any one else in recent years to keep alive the Psychical Research movement, when he says that any noticeable manifestation by them of "the will to believe" must operate as a disastrous diminisher of the weight of their testimony. And when we add that we are constantly treated to exhibitions of credulity, ranging all the way from Sir Oliver Lodge's firm belief in "the movement of a distant chair, visible in the moonlight, under circumstances such as to satisfy me that there was no direct mechanical connection," to the stories cropping up periodically about knives or violins flying through the room, or the spirit of William James talking rubbish to a Researcher, it is easy to see why the attempt to gain for Psychical Research a respectable standing has been like the task of Sisyphus.

WHAT DO WE READ FOR?

"Our magazines," wrote the librarian of a college fraternity recently, "are chosen to meet the demands of college men for information in the lines of work in which they are engaged, or else to form reading for recreation purposes." This idea that the ends of reading may be comprehended under a sharp division between information and recreation is not the possession of students alone, but is held and preached by some, at least, of those who are officially in charge of education. A State high-school inspector in the Middle West took pains a while ago to impress it upon a gathering of city school superintendents, and also to point out some of its practical consequences. The one kind of reading, he remarked, is illustrated by that which the lawyer does in his office when he goes over the law and the precedents, the doctor when he turns the pages of his medical works, the merchant when he studies the outlook for prices, the housekeeper when she takes up an unfamiliar recipe. All such reading has one common characteristic—it is purely intellectual:

> These people neither laugh nor cry over what they read; but slowly and carefully, word by word, sentence by sentence, and paragraph by paragraph, they master the thought. Every possible meaning must be read into every word of the law, or the lawyer may lose his case; if the housekeeper reads two instead of three spoonfuls, the cooking will be a failure; and the farmer may incur a positive loss if the statements of the article are not thoroughly understood.

The other kind of reading is of a very different nature. It is emphatically emotional, and because of this immense difference "we turn to it as a relief and a rest when the mind is thoroughly tired" by the effort required by the first kind.

Now, as most literature, strictly so called, is strongly infused with emotion, the logical consequence of this analysis is extremely unfortunate, for any reading to which one turns as a relief when the mind is thoroughly tired will fail of its purpose if it makes any heavy intellectual demand, and accordingly "literature" becomes synonymous with "light reading." We see the same tendency carried to even greater lengths in the drama, where the great motive is frankly "entertainment." What room is there, then, for the book which, although intellectual, does not deal with law or medicine or theology or agriculture, and although emotional and imaginative, cannot be read as a relief and a rest when the mind is thoroughly tired? Well, for such a book there is no room—except, to be sure, in the colleges which do not count, and in the outworn curricula of our high schools, where, according to the inspector already quoted, the matter is one deserving more attention than it is receiving. We have thus a very modern evolution of De Quincey's literature of Power into a literature of Relaxation.

As this officer sees it, there is a simple yet fundamental principle by which our pedagogical authorities should be guided in this field. It is this: "What

are the best people of the community reading?" The most we can hope, he adds, is that our boys and girls will read "about the same" after they leave school. Are these people, then—to put the question more specifically—reading the classics of our school lists, or are they reading the books and magazines of to-day? Here is the answer, and its corollary: "If, as is no doubt the case, it is the latter, we should certainly be giving a large place (I do not say the entire place) to the study and reading of current literature." We hope that lovers of the classics will be duly appreciative of the courtesy of that parenthesis—so long as it is suffered to remain. But the pressing duty is clear:

> The young people should know something of the great magazines and of the kind of reading matter which may be expected in each. . . . A training which will lead the young people to select healthful standards and influential magazines is absolutely necessary if we are to train for the best citizenship.

One would think that, with current literature forming the predominant part of parents' reading, pupils might be trusted to absorb sufficient knowledge about it at home. One might even hazard the notion that the standard of reading in a community, particularly a comparatively new community, might not be the ultimate standard for the schools of that community. Why should not the school have the ambition to refine and broaden the literary taste of the growing generation, however unflattering the result to the sensibilities of the "best people" of the older generation—if, indeed, they were not the first to welcome the advance? But this is to talk like one who does not know the difference between intellectual reading and reading to which one turns as a relief and a rest when the mind is thoroughly tired.

The gravest aspect of this whole position is perceived only when it is realized that English is, for the mass of pupils, the one definite source of culture. Latin has been virtually banished, Greek they never had, and history is taught more and more as a kind of science, with emphasis upon sources and facts, rather than upon the human element in it. And now we are told that in English, too, the classics are in the way of the moderns. It is apparently necessary to begin at the bottom, and to ask what an education, what reading is for. Milton had the idea that a great book was something more than an intellectual or an emotional product, or even a combination of the two. To him, it was "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." This would remain true, were every teacher of English as inadequate for his task as some of them must be confessed to be—would remain, that is, if it had been true in the first place; for, alas, the "Areopagitica" is but a classic.

DANTE'S "NEW LIFE."

Il gran teologo—the great theologian—the early commentator who so described Dante was after all nearest the truth. From first to last Dante was a student and declarer of the word of God. If as artist in words he proclaimed himself apprentice of Virgil, as apostle of the Word he draws over and over again analogy between himself, follower of Beatrice, and St. Paul, follower of Christ. If Beatrice were *merely* the Florentine maid and later matron, of whom Boccaccio tells, so to liken service of her with service of Christ would seem an extravagance; Dante, I think, would have held it a blasphemy. But if we substitute for Beatrice that which he tells us plainly her name signifies, *blessedness*, all incongruity ceases.

That blessedness, fulfilled in the vision of God, is the theme of the "Divine Comedy" no one doubts. It is the regulative ideal behind the argument of the "Essay on Monarchy" and of the "Banquet." There are, Dante tells us in the former work, two ends set for mankind, to wit, earthly blessedness, attainable by man under the guidance of philosophy followed in the peace maintained by God's temporal vicar, the Emperor; and heavenly blessedness, attainable by man hereafter, but here meditated in the light of things revealed according to the sanction of God's spiritual vicar, the Pope, and pursued with faith, hope, and charity. And the Wisdom, which is the theme of the "Banquet," is likewise twofold, that which is of the intelligence of man, philosophy, guiding to earthly blessedness, and that which is of the intelligence of God, theology, guiding to heavenly blessedness. In other words, the way to earthly blessedness lies in the fulfilment of the moral virtues in the active life, the way to heavenly blessedness lies in the fulfilment of the theological virtues—faith, hope, and charity—in the contemplative life; and in proportion as heavenly blessedness transcends earthly, so the contemplative life transcends the active. And again, the avowed purpose of the "Treatise on Vernacular Eloquence" is to pattern a fit garment of words and music for high themes of "salvation, love, and virtue"—for the "poetry of God," as Boccaccio finely defines theology. For by love Dante here intends no vain and amatorious passion, but charity, the love of God which is the joy of blessedness.

Now if through all Dante's other writings so runs this one theme of man's quest of blessedness, might we not reasonably listen for some accent of it in his "New Life," the very title of which seems to imply a regeneration, a conversion—a "being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God"? And the expectation is heightened when we find Dante at once calling Beatrice his "beatitude" (*beatitudo, beatitudine*), or blessedness. Indeed, remembering his play on the names Giovanna and Primavera, we may well surmise that he either chose the name Beatrice outright, or at least preferred it to its corruption Bice, for its etymological kinship to beatitude.

Of course, many have suspected allegorical intent in the "New Life"—sometimes with singular results, as when Dante Gabriel Rossetti, convinced that Beatrice stood for the Empire, anagrammatized the *Amore* of the "New Life" into *Amo Re*, "I love the king." In general, I believe, these interpreters have accepted the issue that, if the "New Life" be an allegory, Beatrice cannot have been a real person, and so Dante's love-story must be a mere fiction. Now that is a distinctly distasteful idea. We should lose perhaps our last truly *grande passion*, that dearest idol of the tribe of sensibility. Signor Carducci, probably head of the present school of interpretation of the "New Life," challenges doubt of Dante's real love for a real girl called Beatrice with the same knightly heat as Warton put into his defence of the truth of Surrey's love for Geraldine, or Grosart of Spenser's love for Rosalind, or Swinburne of Shakespeare's love for the Dark Lady. Who dare say that much learning cools the heart?

Fortunately, the issue is a false one. Beatrice may have been real, and Dante's youthful love in earnest (whatever one means by that), and yet the experience as recorded in the "New Life" be allegorized.

There are indeed some apparent objections. The "New Life" consists of thirty-one poems connected by prose, partly narrative, partly expository. The poems were not written for the work, but occasionally and at different times. Moreover, many of them, by themselves, convey no hint of allegorical intention. But the design of the work as a whole may appear in the separate parts as much and as little as the design of a mosaic in the separate pieces of colored stone or glass that compose it. These are so chosen and fitted as to bring out the design. Similarly, having

later realized the providential *design* in his experience of love, Dante may have chosen from a not inconsiderable body of love-poems those which could fairly bring out that design. For Dante and scholastic thinking generally, the "moving cause" of anything is its final cause. If from profane love he had been led by purifying stages to holy love, some glimmer of holy love must have been present, though at the time not recognized, even in profane love. So precisely Beatrice tells him in paradise (v, 7-12). And if this redeeming somewhat was present in the actual experience, it should appear in his record of the experience; or if in his then blindness he had failed to indicate it, he had the right later to inread or insert it.

The second objection is that Dante in the "Banquet" (I, i, 111 *et seq.*) calls his "New Life" more "fervid and impassioned" than the "Banquet." But Dante's actual contrast is drawn between the two works in respect not to meaning but to method. Having said that in the "Banquet" the "viands," or passionately expressed odes, are to be made digestible for the mind by "bread" of allegorical interpretation, he adds: "And if in the present work [the 'Banquet'] . . . the handling be more virile than in the 'New Life,' I do not intend thereby to throw a slight in any respect upon the latter, but rather to strengthen that by this." Now how, it may in deference be asked, may the "New Life" in any way be "strengthened" by the allegorical interpretations of the "Banquet" unless at least in principle these apply? To my indifferent understanding the alleged objection to allegory in the "New Life" appears rather to be a fairly clear hint from Dante himself not only that there is allegorical design in the "New Life," but that it is in accord with that of the "Banquet" itself.

Other objections might be met—such as that Dante was too young or too ignorant at the time he composed the "New Life" to carry through a progressive philosophical allegory. In other words, the "first friend" of Guido Cavalcanti, subtle metaphysician and author of an allegorical ode on Love unexhausted by generations of commentators, was too ignorant of the first principles of accepted Catholic doctrine to present them under the color of a real or feigned love-story. For that, and only that, is what I hold that he did. And, again, the same man who, as we are told, could not at thirty do thus much in spite of the incentives of literary fashion and personal emulation, yet could within fifteen years conceive and flawlessly execute the most learnedly comprehensive and subtly intricate allegory ever written.

Apart, however, from all antecedent probability, the final test of any allegorical interpretation is whether or not it works. Assuming provisionally that we are justified in looking for a continuous allegory in the "New Life," can we find it? I think we can. Entire convincingness, however, follows rather from cumulative detail than from any general consideration, and cumulative detail is impossible within the plan of the present article. I here merely outline an interpretation for the consideration of Dante readers, reserving fuller and more technical exposition for a more appropriate place.

On its face, the "New Life" tells the story of a purification by successive stages of Dante's love of Beatrice. In the dramatic design there is obvious symmetry. The central event is Beatrice's death; and on either side of that there is a striking parallelism in the action. For nine years the young Dante worships the living Beatrice from afar, mute and unrecognized. Then she deigns to greet him; and in her *salute*, or "salutation," he says, he sees his "blessedness," and is filled with the spirit of "charity." With the best of intentions, however, he turns his outward attentions to another lady, gentle and very pleasing, as "a screen of the truth." This unreal worship continues for "some months and years," until the lady leaves Florence, when for the same reasons he gives his heart to another. And so verisimilar is his devotion towards this second "screen" that Beatrice, scandalized, denies her salutation. Dejected by the loss of her grace, Dante in a vision is counselled by Love to abjure "shadows" (*simulacra*) of the "love which is nobleness," and to confess his true love, Beatrice. And Love weeps for the present degradation of his servant. But in vain Dante sues for grace. Beatrice and her ladies only "mock" him. At last he is racked by a "battle of thoughts," some humbly urging the beneficence of his love, others stubbornly objecting its humiliations and apparent hopelessness. But at last, attaining the spirit of renunciation, no longer suing for her grace, he resolves to seek a blessedness that cannot fail him in contemplating and praising her; and gradually he finds it. Indeed, disciplined at last to this novel kind of love, he finds it no longer bitter, but "sweet" to his heart; and is so happy in the "grace" of Beatrice's ennobling beauty, that his heart cries for "more grace" (*più salute*).

Instead, apparently, the source of his blessedness is dried up. Beatrice dies. He has lost, it seems, the grace of her beauty forever. And so in his forlornness, he accepts lovingly the consolation of another lady. Again, his intentions are good. The Consoling Lady is so gentle, so like the lost Beatrice in color and demeanor; "noblest love," he assures himself, must abide with her. But the expected peace does not come; rather he is torn by a new "battle of thoughts," some justifying his earthly consolation, some declaring it most "base" as faithless to Beatrice. Again, by a vision—this time of Beatrice, very likeness of the Love who before had appeared—Dante is shamed from his shadow-love, and in agony of penitence professes once more and for always only Beatrice. And in reward he receives in a vision again the sustaining grace of her visible presence in that higher life where he may yet see her face to face.

Now, I dare say the reader of this summary of the story may think at once of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" wooing humanly her lover to her side, or of Goethe's tender-hearted Gretchen humanly pleading with the Virgin for her erring lover. He may find in the "New Life" only that idealization of womanly influence for good so familiar to us after the pseudo-platonism of the Renaissance and of the romanticists summed in Goethe's now hackneyed lines—

> Das Ewig-weibliche
> Zieht uns hinan.

But to Dante, I think, that romantic sentiment would have appeared preposterous. For his philosophy and that of his school woman was simply inferior or unfinished man. His master, Guinicelli, feigning himself rebuked by God himself for finding semblance of Him in "vain love" of woman and directing to her praise due to Him and the Virgin, makes the excuse that the lady's "angel face" was merely a reminder of the divine beauty. In fact, the excellence of any of God's handiwork might have served—the beauty of the stars, for instance. Indeed, in the "Banquet" Dante, following also Aquinas, says as much (III, ii, 50 *et seq. Cf.* Aquinas, *Comm. I Cor.*, xiii, 4). Now the highest excellence under heaven is human reason, and it is precisely in defect of reason that woman is, according to Dante, inferior to man; he explicitly denies her even "virtue," so far as that is the operation not of "a certain estimable emotion" but of reason. It would be obviously absurd, then, for man, superior in his highest faculty, to suffer himself to be led anywhere by woman, his inferior in just that faculty. I think it is safe to say that for Dante it was not Beatrice the woman who drew him "upward and on,"—even if there was a woman called Bice whom he loved.

But suppose, granted her existence, that her name and "angel face" reminded him of blessedness, his ultimate good, then, that relationship once established, analogy might easily be drawn between his profane desire of the woman and his holy desire of blessedness, and the course of the profane desire be

so told as to imply the course of the holy desire. Let us see.

The literal story of the "New Life," as outlined above, has two moments in which Dante's desire of Beatrice is potentially fulfilled: first, just before her death, when, as he says, "her virtue wrought in me" so that "even as Love was hard to me at first, so now doth he dwell sweet in my heart"; secondly, in the final vision of her in paradise, when his "pilgrim spirit," reaching whereto it desires, contemplates dimly "through her splendor" his lady in glory. Accordingly, if Beatrice signifies blessedness, these two potential fulfilments are respectively of blessedness in this life and in the next. The one way to both fulfilments is "holy love, or charity" towards men and God. By the grace of Beatrice—the salutation hoped for—"no enemy was left to me," declares Dante, "but rather a flame of charity possessed me which made me pardon whomsoever had offended me; and to him who had then asked of me concerning any matter, my answer would have been simply: *Love!* with a countenance clothed in humility." By the grace of Beatrice—the salvation hoped for—(since *salute* means both "salutation" and "salvation") his whole care is to be with her "who gazeth in glory on the face of him, *qui est per omnia sæcula benedictus.*" "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God. . . . Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. . . . On these two Commandments hang all the Law and the Prophets."

Thus by desire of the earthly Beatrice, earthly blessedness, Dante receives human charity which fulfils the moral law by overcoming not only sin, but the temptation of sin; and by desire of the heavenly Beatrice he receives divine charity which unites man with God and is the joy of the blest. It is, as we have seen, the dual message of the "Banquet," the "Essay on Monarchy," the "Divine Comedy."

But the way of true love never runs smooth. Human nature attains blessedness, earthly and heavenly, only by a "way of sighs." Human desire is strong; human understanding weak, ever mistaking shadows for realities. Too well Dante served those shadows of "noble love," those *pleasing* ladies, "screens" of his *blessed* lady. Pursuing inordinately earthly "pleasures," he lost for a time the hoped-for grace of blessedness in this life. Then, that blessedness potentially attained, not at once realizing that it itself is but the shadow of heavenly blessedness, he abides in the shadow of the active life, the fallaciously Consoling Lady, until by divine grace light is given to disperse the shadow and to lead heart and will and mind to desire and meditation of true blessedness.

As I have said, I do not expect this bare outline to carry conviction; but I venture to assert that body and weight can be given it by side-hints and continuous accordance of detail. Certainly, by such interpretation, if justified, the "New Life" acquires new importance as conveying Dante's essential message; and, I believe, also richer literary sanction. Conceived as a love-story colored by "the mystic apotheosis of woman," it is open to the sarcasm of Karl Vossler, a recent German critic: "There is a foppish and modish cast to this youthful work which has made it especially dear to all æsthetes." But conceived as an allegory of religious conversion, its ecstatic intensity, its swoonings and tears, genuflections and exaltations, cease to appear fantastic and improbable, for such is the confessed behavior of the religious convert of all ages; as a work of art it is so, and probably so only, true to life.

J. B. Fletcher.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The first editions of the writings of Charles Dickens hold a permanent place in the hearts of book-collectors and on the shelves of their libraries. What is perhaps the best Dickens collection ever brought together is the one now on exhibition (to continue until March 8) in New York, at the Grolier Club's house in East Thirty-second Street. The books exhibited are, for the most part, loaned by members of the Club, though some items are from the collection of the late Harry E. Widener. The catalogue, compiled by Ruth S. Grannis, the Club's librarian, is a book of 228 pages, describing 342 items. While not primarily a Dickens bibliography and while not complete, owing to the omission of a few items (generally of minor character) not in the exhibition, it is, in fact, the best printed guide for the Dickens collector thus far issued. A few books are described which are not included in any of the earlier Dickens Bibliographies. Perhaps the most important of these new discoveries is an issue of the "Battle of Life" (1846), with a title differing from, and apparently earlier than, the three issues heretofore known. After the illustrative title-page, "A Battle of Life," had been engraved, the publishers, or the author, decided that a further explanatory phrase, "A Love Story," was necessary, and the variations of the four issues are brought about by changes in this sub-title. In this newly discovered variety, which seems to be the first, the three words, "A Love Story," are printed from type, below the illustration. In the second issue "A Love Story" is in a simple scroll, engraved upon the lower part of the plate below the illustration. In the third issue the scroll is altered, and the figure of a cherub supporting it is added, as well as a publisher's imprint, in a single line. The fourth differs from the third only in the absence of the line of imprint, which has been removed.

Owing to the fact that a large remainder of the sheets were discovered some years ago in a printer's warehouse, Dickens's first play, "The Village Coquettes" (1836), is no longer included among the great rarities, although the separate issue of the "Songs, Choruses and Concerted Pieces" must be so considered. The copy of the latter which is exhibited is a presentation copy to J. P. Harley, who acted one of the parts when the play was first produced at St. James Theatre in December, 1836. It is loaned by Mr. Morgan. Only slightly less rare (when perfect, with the frontispiece by H. K. Browne) is Dickens's second play, a farce, "The Strango Gentleman" (1837). The copy exhibited, loaned by Frederick R. Halsey, is perhaps the most valuable extant, as it contains Browne's original drawing for the frontispiece. In 1871 Chapman & Hall issued a facsimile reprint, but without the frontispiece by Browne, which is so exact that no typographical variations can be discovered. Miss Grannis indicates some slight variations in the positions of corresponding words on two sides of a leaf, discovered by holding the paper up to the light, but we doubt if these would be constant in all copies. Any collector before buying a copy of "The Strange Gentleman" without the frontispiece would do well to insist upon a pedigree for it.

Dickens wrote another play, "Is She His Wife?" which was acted at St. James Theatre in 1837, and, without much doubt, printed the same year, though no copy is now known. The Boston publisher, James R. Osgood, once owned a copy, which he described as "demy 8vo. 32 pages," and from which he made a reprint in 1877. Osgood's copy of the original was destroyed in the great Boston fire of 1879. There are in existence some three or four copies of an undated pamphlet edition, 22 pages only, of uncertain origin and date, but ascribed to 1873. The first of these seems to have been discovered in 1902. More definite information about it ought to be forthcoming.

Another dramatic piece, "Mr. Nightingale's Diary," is almost as rare as "Is She His Wife?" though printed fourteen years later. Osgood's copy, from which he made a reprint in 1877, was also destroyed in the Boston fire, and for a long time the only copy known was the one in the Forster collection in the South Kensington Museum. The Grolier Club exhibit contains Wilkie Collins's copy, afterwards Augustin Daly's, now Mr. Halsey's, and it is said that one other is known.

Few Dickens collectors are familiar with the three Royal Literary Fund pamphlets printed in 1858: (1) "The Case of the Reformers in the Literary Fund. Stated by Charles W. Dilke, Charles Dickens, and John Forster"; (2) "Royal Literary Fund. A Summary of Facts. Together with a Report of the Proceedings of the last Annual Meeting, March 12, 1858"; (3) "Royal Literary Fund. The Answer to the Committee's Summary of 'Facts.' By C. W. Dilke, Charles Dickens, and John Forster." That Dickens was the actual author of the first and third is virtually certain, and the second, drawn up by a committee of the other faction of the Society, contains, in the report of the annual meeting, a speech by Dickens.

First editions of all the regularly published books are shown in the exhibition, including the novels as issued in monthly parts. The "Pickwick" is a particularly interesting copy, the covers of Nos. 1 and 2 bearing the legend "With Four Illustra-

tions by Seymour," and that of No. 3 "With Illustrations by R. W. Buss." Only a very few copies with these covers in correct state have survived. The covers generally read simply "With Illustrations."

As is well known, most of Dickens's manuscripts are in the South Kensington Museum, to which they were bequeathed by John Forster. From the few important manuscripts not in the Forster collection the Grolier Club has been able to procure for its exhibition portions of "Pickwick" and "Nicholas Nickleby" and the entire manuscript of two of the Christmas books, "The Christmas Carol" and "The Battle of Life," besides several shorter pieces, articles contributed to periodicals, a speech, the petty cash book kept by Dickens when a clerk in a lawyer's office in 1828, various autograph letters, etc.

A miniature on ivory, two portraits in oils, and several pencil sketches and water-color drawings are shown, as well as a few relics. A chair from the dining-room of Gad's Hill, Dickens's office slate, his paper knife, and the calendar which was upon his desk at the time of his death, give a personal touch to the exhibition which, though a little belated, is, we believe, the best of the numerous loan collections brought together in England and America to mark the centenary of Dickens's birth.

Correspondence

DISPROPORTION IN COLLEGE CULTURAL COURSES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Studying through college catalogues, the open-minded teacher finds himself with a growing amazement at the disproportion in time, effort, and nature of work existing among college cultural courses. The lack of proportion seems to be largely, but not wholly, due to the use of the semester system. Illustrations from the catalogues will lay bare the error, and constant mindfulness of the semester system will reveal what seems to be one of the chief causes.

The policy of too many departmental heads in colleges seems to be to treat all subjects alike. For example, an English literature curriculum before me offers more than twenty three-hour-a-week semester courses. In it the history of English literature receives the same amount of time—and presumably the same amount of attention—as eighteenth-century prose; the drama (1590-1640, exclusive of Shakespeare) as much as "Poetics"; "Beowulf" as much as Browning. Another curriculum offers a dozen three-hour-a-week year courses. The majority of these courses are just fragments of literature—all so-called periods of literature seem to be regarded as equally fertile in cultural crops. A third offers twenty-five two-hour-a-week semester courses. In it "Beowulf," Milton, fourteenth-century literature, drama, the novel, Shakespeare, history and principles of versification, nineteenth-century poetry, nineteenth-century prose, receive each two hours a week during a semester.

That all fields yield like quantity and equal quality of crops is hard to believe. For instance, a class studying the novel (in still another college) meets three times a week for a semester. It reads seventeen novels—a requirement necessitating the reading of more than 500 pages a week. The *studying* in such a course will be neither prolonged nor intensive. But aside from undue length of assignments (which always means hasty reading), and aside from what of value a student may or may not have got when he has completed the work, is not such a course a violation of the æsthetic sense of enjoyment? The works of our standard novelists are to be read, if read appreciatively, in small bits; they are not to be gobbled down. The life in them is not in tabloid form; it is spread out—like life itself—and varied. Would it not seem that the nature of such a study lends itself not to a three-hour-a-week course through one semester, but better to a two-hour-a-week course through the year?

A course in Victorian poetry gets the same amount of time, three hours a week during a semester. Students "study" the works of Tennyson, Arnold, Rossetti, Morris, Browning, Swinburne, as "leading figures of the nineteenth century," in order to "trace the principal currents of nineteenth-century thought." Which course, this or the one in the novel, each receiving the same amount of time, and, presumably, of attention, contains the greater cultural value? However, without asserting the predominating value of one over the other, ask two questions: Which is the more suitable for *study?* and, Which lends itself better to the semester system?

The nature of such a course demands that the work be both intensive and extensive. For working-material the student has fifteen or twenty short poems chosen from each writer's poetry and extracts from his longer, more philosophical poems. So big is the demand and so inadequate are the selections that teachers, feeling guilty, refer the students to learned and highly specialized volumes dealing with the subject. Through these the student may browse, forgetful, or almost forgetful, of the poet's poems.

When we are thus hastily shoving a student over the surface of a few selections, can we expect him to "grasp as a whole" the work of any poet—much less understand the poet's "philosophical attitude towards life" and his "reflection of the thought of his time"? If the course is to be thus comprehensive and thus philosophical, the student must have plenty of the original material to work, must have time for study, must be taught to reflect, and must have time for reflection. (And, by the way, he must *not* be deprived of the value and joy of discovery and of original work.)

Should it not seem that such a course with such an aim would be better treated in many semesters? If the novel is worth one semester—measuring cultural values in semesters—would not such a course be worth many semesters?

So the disproportion goes. Courses seem to be constructed, not ordinarily in consideration of their sterility or fertility, but in consideration of their time-grouping or clustering; if a number of writers lived at about the same time, they are to be studied together, almost without regard to the relative cultural values of their writings. Groups, one is tempted to make the deduction, must be of equal cultural value; and the individual writings making up each group must be of less value than the time-clusters. Such reasoning is unsound. Such apportioning of studies to time and to kind and amount of material suggests an unthinking desire of the instructor to "cover so much ground."

Harold G. Merriam.

Beloit College, January 18.

STRAINING AT A GNAT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the editorial on "The Efficiency Nostrum" in your issue of January 16, there appears to be a misunderstanding of what was attempted recently by the assistant controller at Harvard. There seems to be no ground for supposing that his inquiry suggests a tendency towards installing at Harvard or anywhere else a system requiring periodically "each professor to make report of every hour that he spent upon his work, and have his pay doled out to him accordingly." Data as to disposition of time were sought "as a basis for *pro*-rating salaries," not *re*-rating them. It was contemplated using the figures "for the purpose of distributing salaries," which does not mean assigning or allotting them to individuals. It is the accountant's, not the economist's, sense of the term distribution which was evidently employed. Many industrial concerns "prorate" or "distribute" the salaries and other general expenses each month, or each "period" of accounting, to the different departments of the business ("to the various classified functions," to quote the assistant controller), and that practice has no effect on the amount of the salaries, present or future, whatever.

Charles W. Mixter.

Philadelphia, January 24.

AREN'T I?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the issue of January 23, J. M. Hart asks *Nation* readers whether he is justified in rebelling at the use of "Aren't I" in Book II, chapter iii, of Wells's "Marriage." In my opinion, Mr. Hart is not justified.

In the sentences, "My dear! Aren't I a feminist? Don't I want women fine and sane and responsible?" the phrase is a mere piquancy of speech. Trafford, the speaker, "the latest word in British science and culture," is perfectly conscious of his solecism. He is speaking intimately to his wife and employs the expression with artistic carelessness, just as Mark Twain uses "don't" with a singular subject to procure humorous effect.

There is a subtlety in the adaptation of words to emotions that is much more easily felt than expressed. Mr. Hart asks: "Is there anything to prevent our saying Am I not?" "Am I not" is an embarrassment to all lovers of graceful speech. In dignified discourse it does very well, but in intimate conversation it is depressingly awkward. If I were a woman whose husband said, "My dear! Am I not a feminist? Don't I," etc., I should find in his question a certain argumentative superiority instead of affectionate sympathy.

There is no doubt that *Aren't I* is wrong, and Wells knew it was wrong and Trafford

knew it was wrong, and the readers of the *Nation* know it, and so do I. But we like it. And we are sorry that Mr. Hart considers the use of *Aren't I*, without reservations, "indiscriminate jabbering or scribbling," because we think he misses some of the joys of life. M. I. HASKELL.

Hampton Institute, January 25.

Literature

EMILY BRONTË.

The Three Brontës. By May Sinclair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $3 net.

Miss Sinclair has written her study of the Brontës in a fierce glow of indignation against those who would trace the beginning of Charlotte's power to an ill-fated passion for M. Héger, the Belgian schoolmaster, or would attribute Emily's great work to her caitiff brother, Branwell, or in any other way would deflect to some alien source the inspiration that sprang spontaneous in the breasts of the divine sisters. She has done a good work in laying those ghosts of criticism, and she has written an interesting book, although a reader here and there may feel that her language is keyed a trifle too high, is even hysterical in places, and may ask whether her peculiar tone of exultant praise is not due to her conception of the Brontës as rebels against the limitations imposed on the feminine intellect, rather than to a just literary appreciation of the Haworth novels. To connect the homeliness of Jane Eyre (who, after all, was probably not so plain as she paints herself) with the emancipation of woman has, at least, its humorous aspect.

More particularly, Miss Sinclair has centred her admiration upon Emily, who, rather than any dull male of Brussels, was the awakener and sustainer of Charlotte's genius: "'Wuthering Heights' was the fruit of a divine freedom, a divine unconsciousness. It is not possible that Charlotte, of all people, should have read 'Wuthering Heights' without a shock of enlightenment; that she should not have compared it with her own bloodless work [in 'The Professor']; that she should not have felt the wrong done to her genius by her self-repression." Hence, the glorious liberty of "Jane Eyre," and hence a new phenomenon in letters. We are gravely assured that, until Jane confessed her love to Rochester in the orchard, "passion between man and woman had meant animal passion"; and "it was this thing, cast down, defiled, dragged in the mud, and ignored because of its defilement, that Charlotte Brontë took and lifted up. . . . She showed it for the divine, the beautiful, the utterly pure, and radiant thing it is, 'the very sublime of faith, truth, and devotion.'" One wonders a little why, in this leap-year hymn to Liberty, the point should have been overlooked that, in a still more specific way, "Wuthering Heights" was the original; for there, too, the avowal of love had been left to the female characters. But the reader is likely to be more interested in Emily's epic venture than in this dubious praise of unrepressed passion, which, by the way, Jane Eyre would utterly repudiate, or, rather, has nobly repudiated in word and deed.

"The Complete Poems of Emily Brontë," edited by Mr. Clement Shorter in 1908, contained, besides the verse already well known, the sixty-seven poems privately printed in 1902 and a new group of seventy-one poems then first made public from the notebooks which had come to the editor from Charlotte's husband. There is undoubtedly something extravagant in Miss Sinclair's praise of Emily's verse as a whole; a considerable part of this product is of an immature, school-girlish character, which tends rather to obscure the genius of the writer and might better have been left unpublished. But Miss Sinclair has made one discovery which, if not very valuable intrinsically, does in a way throw an interesting light on the working of Emily's mind. Scattered among the new poems she has detected a whole group of inventions which she regards as the "fragments of a Titanic epic," on which the poet was brooding from 1834, when she was about fifteen years old, until 1845, two years before the publication of "Wuthering Heights." The theme is traced by the recurrence of certain fanciful names, such as Gondal, Zamorna, Almedore, and from the apparent importance of the first of these the poems are styled by Miss Sinclair the "Gondal Chronicles." Whether Emily ever had the plan of uniting these *disjecta membra* into a single epic, may be doubted; it is, however, perfectly clear that for eleven years her imagination was dwelling in a strange fictitious land, among the Gondal folk, and was haunted by fairy rumors of revolutions and embattled armies, of exiled heroes, and forsaken ladies. It is all a wild medley of Byronism and Ossianism and balladry, the sort of thing, except for the occasional vigor of conception and language, which one would expect to find inhabiting the mind of a romantic, lonely, half-educated girl, but astonishing in the mind of a woman who had already written "The Old Stoic," and may even then have been plotting the story of a miraculous novel. A few of these newly printed Gondal ballads are themselves of stirring beauty, and it is a fair conjecture that some of the poems published in the two collections of Emily's verse made by Charlotte drew their theme from the same imaginary land—for instance, "The Visionary":

Silent is the house: all are laid asleep:
One alone looks out o'er the snow-wreaths deep,
Watching every cloud, dreading every breeze
That whirls the wildering drift, and bends the groaning trees.

Cheerful is the hearth, soft the matted floor;
Not one shivering gust creeps through pane or door;
The little lamp burns straight, its rays shoot strong and far;
I trim it well, to be the wanderer's guiding star.

Frown, my haughty sire! chide, my angry dame;
Set your slaves to spy; threaten me with shame:
But neither sire nor dame, nor prying serf shall know,
What angel nightly tracks that waste of frozen snow.

What I love shall come like visitant of air,
Safe in secret power from lurking human snare;
What loves me, no word of mine shall e'er betray,
Though for faith unstained my life must forfeit pay.

Burn, then, little lamp; glimmer straight and clear—
Hush! a rustling wing stirs, methinks, the air:
He for whom I wait, thus ever comes to me;
Strange Power! I trust thy might; trust thou my constancy.

It is a fair conjecture that these stanzas, with their style halting between the sublime and the naïve, are the expression neither of an actual passion idealized, as some would have us believe, nor of a pure mysticism, which Miss Sinclair would compare with the Divine Love of Juan de la Cruz. In the writer's imagination these snowy moors of Yorkshire were no doubt here blended indistinguishably with "Gondal's mists and moorlands drear"; the haughty sire and prying serf were at once symbols of the restraint in the Haworth parsonage and actors in some scene of her epic dreams; and the visiting Power was a creature strangely combining the abstract spirit of rebellious mysticism and some exiled wanderer that sought his lady love on Zamornah's howling plain, or in some other equally fantastic land.

It is a common thing to speak of Emily as a Stoic or Pagan, and in support of such a view to quote the great lines:

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,
'Tis all that I implore;
In life and death a chainless soul,
With courage to endure—

or the stanzas beginning, "No coward

soul is mine," or the wooing words of the Night-Wind:

> And when thy heart is resting
> Beneath the church-aisle stone,
> *I* shall have time for mourning,
> And *thou* for being alone.

But from Paganism or Stoicism, in any precise use of the terms, she was really removed by a whole world. Power of endurance she had, sympathy with nature she had, but the spirit beneath it all was that of romantic rebellion rather than Stoic *apathia*, and her true father was Byron rather than Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus. When by chance the true Pagan note does come out strongly, the result is a commonplace, as in the close of one of the new poems (No. xl):

> True to myself, and true to all,
> May I be healthful still,
> And turn away from passion's call,
> And curb my own wild will.

The lines are commonplace, because they do not belong to the writer. They do not express her temper in life. They were belied by her passionate will when she came to die, and by the pitiful rebellion of her spirit against the frailty of the flesh, causing agony to herself and wringing from her sister Charlotte the cry of distress: "Moments so dark as these I have never known." Mrs. Gaskell tells how Charlotte shivered at recalling the pang she felt when, "after having searched in the little hollows and sheltered crevices of the moors for a lingering spray of heather—just one spray, however withered—to take in to Emily, she saw that the flower was not recognized by the dim and indifferent eyes." And the closing scene is equally fitting and symbolical. Emily's fierce bulldog, Keeper, "walked alongside of the mourners, and into the church, and stayed quietly there all the time that the burial service was being read. When he came home, he lay down at Emily's chamber door and howled pitifully for many days." Fitting incidents these, for when we think of her in life, it is with the image in our mind of the slight, unyielding figure, a mere girl, abroad on the lonely moors, with face set against the wind, and by her side the savage guard and companion. The other sisters loved their home in the moorland, but to Emily it was very existence, and in her brief absences she pined for it as the prisoner yearns for liberty. "Every morning when she woke," wrote Charlotte of the unfortunate time in Brussels, "the vision of home and the moors rushed on her, and darkened and saddened the day that lay before her."

But, again, let us not mistake the nature of Emily's passion for her beloved moors. It certainly was not Stoic, nor was it in any sense Pagan: Virgil or Horace would have deemed it a madness. Neither had it that touch of mysticism which springs from the contrast of the earth's stability with man's ephemeral generations; there was little or nothing in it of the neo-Paganism of Thomas Hardy's description of the bonfires on Egdon Heath—"the great inviolate place," unaltered amid the successive destinies of mankind, with "an ancient permanence which the sea cannot claim," and with a message of peace for "the mind adrift on change and harassed by the irrepressible New." Emily Brontë was too inexperienced in life to bring to the moors any such worship as that; she brought to them rather her own spirit of romantic revolt, and in their lonely winds and empty spaces found what seemed to her a sympathetic mood. With the help of the Gondal poems, it is not difficult to conjecture in a way the kind of thoughts and emotions upon which she brooded in her solitary walks. The feeling that preyed upon her soul was more an inarticulate, almost sullen, clamor against the inhumanity of an unknown destiny than any definite rebellion against the particular circumstances of her life, and no inconsiderable part of it, one suspects, sprang from a kind of emptiness of heart, from the stirring within her of deep emotions which had no specific object of attachment. Out of that vague rebellion and those unfed emotions, and out of the memories of romantic reading, her genius went creating a world of her own, peopling it with heroes and heroines of strange names and malignant fates and lamentable utterance. It seems all very girlish, yet in the girl's brain there dwelt intermittently a power of imagination and insight and a faculty of penetrating expression, which made of her immature musings the prophecy and at times the reality of true and courageous literature:

> No coward soul is mine,
> No trembler in the world's storm-centred sphere:
> I see Heaven's glories shine,
> And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

From the Gondal and more personal poems to "Wuthering Heights" the step is not great, either in time or in mood; and in the novel we find the same spirit prevailing of vague romantic revolt, the same depth of inexperienced emotion, the same creative faculty, more concrete now, but still half-inhuman. The style and sentiment of the book are occasionally crude and even feeble, yet, withal, the story, from the opening scene, grips the attention, and as a whole is undeniably successful in conveying to the mind of the reader what was in the mind of the author. To place it above "Jane Eyre" as a creation is to ignore the greater elements of art, but in its own way it is undoubtedly one of the miracles of literature—more miraculous, indeed, than admirable. Its very suddenness, so to speak, is astonishing. The impression it gives is such as might come to one who was lost on the moors in the thick obscurity of night, moving apparently in an absolute solitude, when out of the darkness came a flash of light and passed again into the darkness, revealing for a moment before the dazed eyes of the wanderer a group of actors, human and more than human, noiselessly engaged in some deed of terror. There is no connection of the plot and characters of the story with a surrounding world; all about it is opacity. The origin of the hero is unknown; he has but a single name, Heathcliff, and is brought into the little group of actors from the unexplored outside and for unexplained reasons. For a while, when he has been baffled by the marriage of Catherine and Edgar, he disappears again into the outlying shadows. And at the end he fades into death by a kind of unaccountable suspension of the faculties—"I have to remind myself to breathe," he exclaims, "almost to remind my heart to beat!" His passion has burnt itself out, and oblivion falls upon the scene like a black curtain. And within that circle of impenetrable darkness, he moves as a creature whose emotions are derived from another world than ours. "How did you contrive to preserve the common sympathies of human nature when you resided here?" writes Heathcliff's young bride to the old servant. "I cannot recognize any sentiment which those around share with me. . . . Is Mr. Heathcliff a man?" And at the end the servant herself, who tells the story, asks: "Is he a ghoul or a vampire? . . . Where did he come from, the dark little thing, harbored by a good man to his bane?"

There has been some discussion in regard to the master passion of the story: to one critic it is the working of heredity; to Miss Sinclair it is a spiritualizing love which takes possession of a soul and casts out every other feeling. But how, it may be asked, can such a feeling be properly attributed to a being who, from beginning to end, is represented as scarcely human? The fact is the author herself was too little attached to the world of men to give articulate expression to any such tie between man and woman. But out of her self-devouring heart and her rebellious soul she drew the understanding of one passion, scarcely human indeed, though it sometimes visits mankind, the most terrible and blinding passion the world knows, the passion of sheer, enduring cruelty. That is the emotion, as yet vague and unnamed, that comes

to the reader when, with the fictitious writer of the story, he is first introduced into the haunted chambers of "Wuthering Heights." That is the spring of Heathcliff's diabolical treatment of Hareton and his wife and his own pitiful son. Even the love of Heathcliff and Catherine, after her death, is turned in the survivor's heart into a spectral inquisition: "She has disturbed me night and day, through eighteen years," he cries, "incessantly—remorselessly—till yesternight—and yesternight I was tranquil. I dreamed I was sleeping the last sleep by that sleeper, with my heart stopped and my cheek frozen against hers. . . . She showed herself, as she often was in life, a devil to me. And since then, sometimes more, and sometimes less, I've been the sport of that intolerable torture." Cruelty, and not love, cruelty of the living and of the dead, is the master passion of the book. If one were looking for a parallel to the sufferings of those who are the sport of this inhuman passion, it would be found in the diabolism that surrounds Webster's Duchess of Malfi:

I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow.

CURRENT FICTION.

Clara: Some Scattered Chapters in the Life of a Hussy. By A. Neil Lyons. New York: John Lane Co.

Facing the title-page of this book is a list of works "by the same author," classified under the headings Romantic and Unromantic. After reading "Clara," which falls under the romantic category, we find ourselves wondering what this Mr. Lyons is like when he is being unromantic. There are passages and chapters here of as unvarnished realism as ever came from the pen of a newspaper-bred cockney. Some of them are rather shocking—notably The Mile End Sensation. That fragment is among the "interludes" which have nothing to do with Clara. But she herself lives in a world of spades which are to be called frankly by name, and is a hussy according to all known rules. She is a thief, a free lover, a disreputable and contented dweller in the slums. She has "done her bit" in prison, and the father of her son is, during the episodes here recorded, performing a similar office for society. The parents are married—to third and fourth parties. But that has nothing to do in one way or another with their devotion to each other or to their boy. The story of Clara's marriage as she tells it is realistic and squalid enough in point of detail. She marries a cur of the streets in order to avenge his unspeakable treatment of his dead wife. The sole incident of the honeymoon consists in a horse-whipping administered by the bride, followed by the permanent disappearance of the groom. But Clara's action here, as always, is essentially romantic. She is a champion of the weak, a friend to the downcast, a humorist without feeble sentimentality. Life never for a moment loses its zest for her, by reason of its own succulence, and there is always a dream in the distance to sweeten present good. From the book as a whole one gets an impression of uncertainty—of a brilliant young journalist trying his hand at various moods and modes. Several of the chapters might better have been omitted, as of small account in any way. But about the person of Clara herself there is no uncertainty—a real creature and a lovable.

Miriam Lucas. By Canon Sheehan. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Like all of Canon Sheehan's stories, this one has a quaint and individual flavor; but unlike several of them, it has very little else to commend it. The plot is melodramatic, the situations are forced, the persons are unreal: the hero a flabby figure, the villain a monster, the heroine a bore. It is always a risk for this writer to undertake an elaborate and sustained narrative. His sketches of Irish character are engaging, and once at least, in "The Intellectuals," he produced a longer work of distinct merit. That book owed its charm to the fact that it did not attempt sustained narrative. It was little more than a series of dialogues strung upon a slender thread of incident—a species of "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" with Irish setting and personnel. The present story involves a large number of characters, a continual shifting of scene, and a confusion of themes. The shadow of the author of Waverley hangs over the opening pages. A lonely neighborhood, a great house furnished with a curse and a prophecy, and inhabited by a beautiful girl about whose birth hangs a mystery; a guardian who covets her person and her inheritance; a gallant young gentleman of established social position who stumbles upon her to some purpose; his worldly mother—here are familiar materials. A new point of attack or a fresh method of treatment might excuse their rehandling. The only novelty in Canon Sheehan's use of them is his presenting them, in all their antiquity, alongside certain industrial and social materials whose modernity makes them appear more hopelessly obsolete than ever.

Miss Philura's Wedding Gown. By Florence Morse Kingsley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

What would our fiction be without the spinster of New England? Her existence as a type is quaintly due to a surplus of the sex in that snug corner of America. It is, we are told, because there are not enough husbands to go around that we find so many charming maidens of a certain age in the Yankee villages. But it is never too late to hope: in fiction at least, they are always hoping, and there is always at least a chance for them. Men become widowers. The boy lover whose budding passion has been nipped by parental interference, or blighted by ambition to see the world, returns to his old home and his old love.

And there is always the parson. Miss Philura, sticking womanfully to her post, is rewarded by this chief of matrimonial prizes. Her "transfiguration" has been recorded in an earlier story The theme of this narrative is considerably slighter, a mere feminine drama of dress. The short of it is that Miss Philura ardently desires a white wedding-dress which she has no means of buying. At a meeting of an "Ontological Club" she has heard a lecture about the Encircling Good, from which faith might win whatever it sufficiently desired. She applies for a white gown, and obtains it, through channels somewhat less than mystical. The little story is not too far-fetched: the village dialect uncommonly good.

Concerning Sally. By William John Hopkins. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

In "The Clammer" and later stories, this writer has produced work of rather studied quaintness. The present novel shows less of mannerism. Its quality is, however, distinctly feminine, and we imagine few men will care for it. Sally herself is one of those distressingly wise, capable children whom juvenile fiction is wont to hold up as models for both young and old. At twelve Sally is the real head of her family. She knows more than her father or her mother about the conduct of life. Her mother is a lady, but rather a fool. Her father is a university professor, but very much of a rascal. It is for Sally to instruct the one and spy upon the other, and, with the aid of her creator (we mean Mr. Hopkins), to show herself the intellectual and moral superior of—her betters. The type is familiar. In boys' stories it has long held the stage. Sadly, with a sense of misspent youth, must the shade of Rollo look upon these heroes, free not only to defy, but to admonish their more or less contemptible elders. The heroine of the "story for girls" has acquired this license more recently; but she has acquired it. Lecturing her parents is the breath of her nostrils.

The present story is not professedly a story for the young. Sally grows up physically, and is admitted to be an adult during a considerable portion of the narrative. The point is that, morally and mentally, she cannot grow up, since she has sprung full-grown from the head of Mr. Hopkins. Fox Sander-

son, for whom she is clearly destined from the beginning, is a fit running-mate—a preternaturally wise and virtuous undergraduate, who will never be anything less than wise or more than an undergraduate. We do not feel that Mr. Hopkins is writing from the shoulder about people whom he feels to be real. The rascally professor is impossible, not because he is both a professor and a secret gambler, but because we are expected to believe that in his character of gambler he is naturally cruel to his wife. It is the kind of story which, all the more on account of its clevernesses of detail, provokes again the query, Why should anybody in this day go to the trouble of making a novel out of whole cloth?

THE FRANKLIN OF JAPAN.

Just Before the Dawn: The Life and Work of Ninomiya Sontoku. By Robert Cornell Armstrong, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

Japan's debt to her own past is very imperfectly understood by Americans. Her military achievements are obviously too considerable to be fortuitous, and we readily attribute them to inherited traditions of training and obedience, but we have much to learn of those moral and mental qualities which the nation owes to a similar inheritance. The illusion that the Japanese are somehow different from ourselves in essential traits of humanity ought to be dispelled by Mr. Armstrong's study of the Franklin of Japan. His translations from the abundant native literature on the subject show the common farmer at work in his old-fashioned way. It is a revelation of the influence there of the type of homespun philosophy which our country folk like to call hard-headed, and brings these people singularly close to our own.

Barring the rather flabby imagery of his title, Mr. Armstrong's book is an excellent piece of work. The world owes too much to missionaries abroad to criticise their literary taste severely, but they seem to moult the feathers of early Victorian taste in metaphor with strange reluctance, and they are regrettably apt to leave to librarians the painful task of cross-reference and explanation made necessary by meretricious titles. The "Dawn" in this case means the time preceding the Meiji era of enlightenment in Japan, not the earlier periods of Jimmu or Shotoku, which were equally years of dawn in the same sense. The predicament of Japan after two centuries of Tokugawa tyranny is one of extreme interest to the student of society, for in no other case has a hermit-nation programme been attempted upon the same scale and under such favorable conditions. The empire at the time of Queen Elizabeth's death was probably richer, more populous, and more cultured than England. Its people were saved from anarchy in that year by the effective concentration of power in the hands of one master, but internal peace and protection from foreign interference were produced at the price of complete stagnation. When Ninomiya, a peasant with ideas of his own, began his work two hundred years later, economic decay and social corruption had reduced a flourishing country to impotence. The contrast to the fortunes of Great Britain in the same period offers an impressive object-lesson to students of history.

This situation is briefly outlined in the earlier chapters of the book. It has an interest all its own; but the lapse of an eager people, deprived of any scope for their energies, into luxury and vice which debauched even the serfs on the soil and paralyzed the resources of the country, is only one feature of its contents. A second is found in the fact that in one of the most consistently aristocratic communities ever organized the impelling spirit of reform came from the lower classes. The subject of this volume, who died about the time that Commodore Perry's treaty was ratified, was one among several reformers from the common people who labored for the relief of poverty in their generation. His chief claim to the admiration of his compatriots comes from his power of organization and from his refusal to dispense alms to the unemployed. His doctrine was the simple doctrine of work and thrift, and in his steady insistence upon this idea, as well as in the homely aphorisms by which he enforced his teachings, he continually recalls Poor Richard. The Japanese sage, like the Yankee, knew no short-cut to prosperity; it must be reached by constant effort and submission to methods which experience recommended; doles and charities were only hindrances to the able-bodied. For this reason he entertained the same ironical contempt for Buddhism that Franklin had for Christianity. As an institution he objected to the church because it harbored drones and encouraged useless speculation. But the value of morality as distinguished from religion was not ignored. "He believed," we are told, "that while it was a good thing to reform the individual, it was a better thing to unite men in the interest of the country and society in general. Hence came the organization of Hotoku, with its twofold object: first, to develop morality; second, to promote industry and economy. The plan of the society was to lay aside a fund from which loans could be made to members and others who were struggling with debt or other unfavorable circumstances, and which could also be used to improve poor or neglected homes or villages, to start new industries and enterprises, and for public works." *Hotoku* (literally, "reward for grace") societies number above six hundred in Japan to-day, exerting an ever-increasing influence among farmers and artisans, and supplying at once an ideal and a practical purpose to multitudes who are generally unmoved by spiritual inducements.

A third feature of this volume, which should command the attention of students of Japanese society, is the philosophy which underlies Ninomiya's system. Though he approached his problem from the economic rather than the religious side, he was as far from Rousseau as he was from the priests:

> If we depend only on natural law [he declared], and are led astray by mere animal passion and lust, human life, with all that is peculiar to it, will be destroyed. Though there are no paths on the ocean, the ships have definite channels they must follow or be dashed to pieces on the rocks. So, though it is *natural* for man to desire delicate food and extravagant clothes, he must control mere passion and live well within his means. This is the way of humanity. To sow our grain is natural, but if we wish to make the grain profitable we pull up the weeds around it. It is not *natural* to pull up the weeds. So, following natural desire we must labor, but when natural desire clashes with duty it must be restrained.

It was, therefore, with no fear of inconsistency that, despite his disbelief in prevailing superstitions, he appealed to the supernatural succor of a temple god when it was necessary to deal with vice and evil habits. The appeal, even to a vain belief, served his purpose and he employed it as a restraining influence.

With his almost fierce emphasis upon the necessity of work for every one went the shrewdness and humor which inevitably attend the efforts of every effective philosopher. His sayings were not strikingly original, but they were propounded in original ways and applied to circumstances that were new. His method of teaching people to help themselves and refuse Government aid in an age when all looked to the state for guidance, constitutes his chief claim to originality. The enduring influence of his propaganda demonstrates, moreover, that there is a true democratic element in Japanese society, and that his people are susceptible to precisely the same weaknesses, promptings, and vulgar truths as ourselves.

A History of the Modern World, 1815-1910. By Oscar Browning. Two volumes. New York: Cassell & Co. $7.50.

To one interested in recent or contemporary European history Mr. Browning's work is a fascinating stimulant. The reader feels that it is not the colorless compilation of a Dryasdust, but the personal expression of a distinct individuality who has opinions of his own. It contains much quiet humor and some

sarcasm; many *reussi* phrases, and some moralizings worth pondering. The style, with its staccato sentences, is always lucid, and often enlivened by judicious quotations from the actual words of the great statesmen of the nineteenth century.

As the Alpine climber, who toils up the long ascent and reaches at last the summit, turns to look back upon his arduous course and survey the panorama of peaks which he has passed, so Mr. Browning—himself an Alpine enthusiast—who for thirty years has been toiling with students at the University of Cambridge and with historical investigations, and who for nearly seventy years has been closely watching history in the making, now turns at last to survey the events of a century. His point of view is that of an Englishman and an advanced Liberal. It is this English point of view, supported with good accounts of the growth of the British Empire, the extension of the suffrage, and the course of progressive legislation in England, which lends these volumes a thread of unity and helps bind together what is necessarily a broad and somewhat disjointed subject.

The peaks of modern European history which Mr. Browning chiefly delights to study from his summit of ripe experience and reflection, are the great moves in the field of diplomatic and military history. These are subjects which, when treated briefly, are usually neither interesting nor clear; from Mr. Browning's pen they are both; they are the subjects in which he is at his best. His narrative is always easy and interesting to follow, and his judgments are fair and statesmanlike. In addition to the inevitable chapters on the great wars which resulted in German and Italian national unity and in the carving up of Turkey, there are excellent accounts of such less obvious subjects as the Indian mutiny, the Afghan War, Khartum and the Sudan, the Zulu and the Boer Wars, the Chinese-Japanese, Boxer, and Russo-Japanese conflicts, as well as upon the American Civil War and the Spanish-American War. But from his summit Mr. Browning does not see, or at least does not adequately describe, the fundamental causes and the permanent results of all these wars. For instance, to get a start for his discussion of the Civil War in America he has only the briefest account of the slavery question; and after the assassination of Lincoln absolutely nothing appears to have happened in the United States until the blowing up of the Maine in 1898. He describes the Franco-Prussian War in detail, but gives no account whatever of the constitutions of the new French Republic and the new German Empire which resulted from that war. After devoting fourteen chapters, out of a total of sixty-seven, to the wars in the Balkan Peninsula prior to 1878, he drops the Near Eastern Question completely, merely remarking, "The whole story of the Treaty of Berlin enforces the melancholy reflection that the world, after all, is governed with very little wisdom." He does not tell us how that treaty has been violated by nearly every Power that signed it, how it is responsible for the situation which led to the recent outbreak, nor how, thirty years after it was signed by Abdul Hamid, the Turkish Revolution put an end to his abominable despotism.

Similarly, also, as the mountain-climber cannot see the villages in the valleys and forgets for the moment all the insistent sociological problems of the world beneath him, so Mr. Browning seems not to see the life of the people. It should seem to be an ill-proportioned History of Modern Europe which contains such a full account of so many wars as those mentioned above, and yet says virtually nothing of the advance of the industrial revolution in the countries of Europe, of the organization of socialistic political parties, of old-age pensions and sick insurance, of the Hague Peace Conferences, and of Modernism. This, however, is part of the secret of the delightful impression of freshness and individuality which his volumes make.

As a text-book for classroom use Mr. Browning's work is altogether inferior to such an excellent recent book as that of C. D. Hazen; for there are no maps, no bibliographical apparatus, and no proper sense of proportion; but the letter-press is excellent, careful reading is made easy by good catchwords in the margin, and for the teacher, the general reader, and so-called "collateral reading" in colleges, it is informing and stimulating. This is particularly true of the excellent chapters on the Balkan troubles. Here Mr. Browning severely scores Disraeli and Salisbury for their ignorance of real facts of geography and ethnology, and for the political blindness which led them to tear up the Treaty of San Stefano in 1878 and substitute for it the many absurd and impractical terms of the Treaty of Berlin. Salisbury afterwards admitted that he was wrong, and his admission has been made more glaringly evident by the events of the last six months; but it was a poor reparation for a disastrous error for him to say, as he did, some years later, that he had "put his money on the wrong horse."

The Wilderness of the North Pacific Coast Islands. By Charles Sheldon, author of "The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon." Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2 net.

Trails, Trappers, and Tender-feet in Western Canada. By Stanley Washburn. With 80 illustrations from the author's photographs. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Sheldon's volume opens with the record of a trip to Vancouver Island, in the autumn of 1904, in search of a bull wapiti for the scientists of the United States Biological Survey, who were interested in determining the relation of the Vancouver wapiti to the *Cervus Roosevelti* of the Olympics. The search was not successful, but the record makes attractive reading and carries much incidental information on various topics of natural history. In the spring of 1905 Mr. Sheldon spent several weeks hunting for the big bear of Hinchinbrook and Montague Islands, Alaska. On the basis of five specimens, sent to the Biological Survey at Washington, a new species has been officially recognized, with the appropriate title of *Ursus Sheldoni*, of Montague Island. An appendix gives a full description of this bear, from the pen of Dr. C. Hart Merriam, who is inclined to regard the coast region of Alaska as the original home from which the big bears of America have radiated. During the autumn of 1906, Mr. Sheldon visited Graham Island, of the Queen Charlotte group, to solve the mooted problem of the existence of caribou there. Though he did not succeed in setting eyes on a single caribou, unmistakable tracks were discovered in sufficient numbers to remove all doubt, and two years later two half-breed Indians shot three specimens, the skins and skulls of which were procured for the Provincial Museum, in Victoria. Its natural habitat, however, is in the dryer interior regions, and in the opinion of the author the small group that has existed in the Charlotte Islands is in process of rapid extinction. In the closing chapter Mr. Sheldon drops the more scientific attitude for a sketch of a two months' outing with his wife, on Admiralty Island. The ambition of the trip was to place a bear to the credit of Mrs. Sheldon's rifle, but the fates did not will the success which is supposed to come so regularly to an inexperienced woman in such matters. As we are told that she fell into a deep pool and succeeded in keeping her mouth and her rifle above the surface until Mr. Sheldon could get hold of her, the conclusion suggests itself that she was not quite unsophisticated enough to get a bear simply by way of "a woman's luck."

Mr. Washburn's book smacks all the way through of the style and vocabulary of the college student which he was in the later nineties, when his trips into the western Canadian wilds began. There is no pretence to the scientific quality which one finds in Mr. Sheldon's pages, and in his enthusiasm for Charles M. Hays and the conception of the Grand Trunk Pacific, his rhetoric at times runs perilously near the realm of the exploiter. His enthusiasms are apparently unbounded in many directions,

but two sharp limits are detected—one, the ascent of high mountain peaks, and the other the penetration of any fastness whatever which compels the use of his own shoulders as a substitute for the pack-horse. "I pronounce it the supreme limit of wretchedness and misery, this making a pack-horse of one's self. . . . At first the forty, fifty, or sixty pounds seems light enough, but after the first half-hour it is like lead, and by noon it is a millstone, while when night comes it is a great black nightmare, hanging to one like the Old Man of the Sea to Sindbad the Sailor." After what has been said above, we must do Mr. Washburn the justice to record his warning statement that misrepresentations have led distant and confiding purchasers to pay high prices for land virtually worthless, and that those who wish to obtain a stake in the fertile and highly promising land that certainly does exist in the regions described should see their purchase with their own eyes before letting their money go.

Notes

The President and Fellows of Harvard College voted, on January 27, to establish the Harvard University Press, for the publication of works of a high scholarly character. For some years the University publication office has issued a few special works. The present intention is to organize and extend this activity. Among the books in preparation are volumes by the late Prof. James Barr Ames and by Profs. George Foote Moore, Eugene Wambaugh, Arthur E. Kennelly, George L. Kittredge, Charles H. Haskins, George A. Reisner, and W. B. Munro. The board of syndics who will decide on the books to be published are Robert Bacon, chairman; Professors Moore, Kennelly, Kittredge, Gay, Cannon; and Mr. Charles H. Thurber, of Ginn & Co. The director of the Press is Charles Chester Lane. The establishment of the Harvard University Press recalls the fact that the first printing press in America was a gift to Harvard College in 1639, which was set up in the house of President Dunster. On it were printed the "Bay Psalm Book" and John Eliot's Indian Bible.

By arrangement between the University of Cambridge and the University of Chicago the following periodicals will be issued in America, in the future, under joint imprint: the *Modern Language Review; British Journal of Psychology; Journal of Agricultural Science; Biometrika; Parasitology; Journal of Genetics; Journal of Hygiene.* Several new books in the Cambridge list are also to be taken over at once and published in this country under joint auspices, including: "The Life and Letters of Lord Hardwicke," by Philip Chesney Yorke; "The Duab of Turkestan," by W. Rickmer Rickmers: "The History of Romanesque and Byzantine Architecture," by Thomas Graham Jackson, and "The Genus Iris," by William Rickatson Dykes.

Through the Century Co. Mr. Oscar S. Straus will bring out in April "The American Spirit."

Cassell & Co. issue this week two books by anonymous authors—"Cleek: The Man of the Forty Faces," a detective story, and "Princess Mary's Locked Book."

M. Gueschoff, Prime Minister of Bulgaria, has written the introduction for Lieut. Wagner's "With the Victorious Bulgarians," which Houghton Mifflin Co. has almost ready.

Edwin G. Lawrence's "How to Master the Spoken Word," announced by McClurg for February, deals with oratory from the time of Gorgias to the present day, and is intended to serve as a text-book.

The following are some of the Oxford books in preparation by Frowde: "Aristarchus of Samos," by Sir Thomas Heath; "Opus Epistolarum Des. Erasmi Roterodami, Tom. III, 1517-1519," edited by P. S. Allen; "Antigonos Gonatas," by W. W. Tarn; "The Life of Porphyry, Bishop of Gaza," translated by G. F. Hill, and "Selected Essays of Plutarch," translated by T. G. Tucker.

Longmans, Green & Co. are bringing out: Drake's "The Wondrous Passion" and Sir Rider Haggard's Zulu romance, "Child of Storm."

E. P. Dutton & Co. have a long list of spring announcements. It includes in fiction: "American Nobility," by Pierre de Coulevain, in a new translation by Alys Hallard; "The Fear of Living," by Henri Bordeaux, translated from the seventy-fourth French edition by Ruth Helen Davis; "The Quest of Glory" and "God's Playthings," by Marjorie Bowen; "A Slice of Life," by Robert Halifax; "Seven Scots Stories," by Jane Findlater; "Crossriggs" and "Penny Monypenny," by Jane and Mary Findlater.—Miscellaneous: "Essays in Biography," by Charles Whibley; "The War Drama of the Eagles," by Edward Fraser; "The Philosophy of Ruskin," by André Chevrillon, translated by Andrew Boyle; "The Influence of Baudelaire in France and England," by G. Turquet-Milner; "The Nature of Woman," by J. Lionel Tayler; "The Everyman Encyclopedia," edited by Andrew Boyle in twelve volumes, of which Vols. I and II are now ready; "The China Year Book for 1913," by H. T. Montague Bell; "Prayers, Ancient and Modern," by William Angus Knight; "Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure," translated from the Chinese by Prof. Anton Forke, with an introduction by H. Cranmer-Byng; "Dante and the Mystics," by Edmund G. Gardner; "The Sea and the Jungle," by H. M. Tomlinson; "Shakespeare's London," by T. Fairman Ordish, new edition, and the following numbers of the Channels of English Literature series: "The English Novel," by Prof. George Saintsbury; "English Lyric Poetry," by Ernest Rhys; "English Dramatic Poetry," by Prof. Felix Schelling; "English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry," by the Rev. Dr. H. C. Beeching; "English Satirists and Humorous Literature," by Oliphant Smeaton; "The English Essay and Essayists," by Prof. Hugh Walker; "English History and Schools of History," by Prof. Richard Lodge, and "English Criticism," by J. W. H. Atkins. A few of the volumes in this spring list have already appeared.

A comprehensive "History of India," from the earliest times to the present day, on the model of the "Cambridge Modern History," is in preparation by the Cambridge University Press. The work will be in six volumes, divided equally among the three main periods—Ancient India, Muhammadan India, and British India.

A book by Swinburne on Dickens, consisting of an article which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* of July, 1902, and certain manuscript additions by the poet, will be published immediately by Chatto & Windus.

Prof. C. M. Andrews will shortly issue the third and concluding volume of his "Guide to the Manuscript Materials in London Archives."

Professors Fraser and Squair have prepared a "Shorter French Course," which is about to be issued by Heath.

February 1 is the date set by Putnams for the publication of the following titles: "The Hero of Herat," by Maude Diver; "Ashes and Sparks," by Percy White; "Little Cities of Italy," Vol. II, by André Maurel, translated by Helen Gerard; "The Romance of the Rothschilds," by Ignaz Balla, and "The History of Modern Philosophy," by Prof. A. W. Benn.

Forthcoming books in Doubleday, Page & Co.'s list include: "Virginia," by Ellen Glasgow: "The Devil's Admiral," by Frederick Ferdinand Moore, and "Precious Waters," by A. M. Chisholm.

Sturgis & Walton promise for March: "Lanagan: Amateur Detective"; "Auction Pinochle," by A. P. George, and "Little Mamselle," a juvenile story by Mrs. Augusta H. Seaman.

Descriptive notes of a journey through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Bosnia, and Herzegovina by Assistant Prof. Kenneth McKenzie of Yale, the opening article of the December number, just issued, of the *National Geographic Magazine,* give a vivid idea of the great variety in land and people of a small part of the Austrian empire. This article is followed by pictures of scenes in the Tyrol with explanatory text by D. W. and A. S. Iddings. An intricate racial problem for American ethnologists, the origin of the blond Eskimo discovered by V. Stefansson, is discussed by Major-Gen. A. W. Greely, with numerous extracts from the reports of various Arctic explorers. The account of the ascent of Mount Sinai to see the sun rise and set, by the Rev. S. Prentice, jr., is illustrated by the reproduction of thirty-four unusually interesting and striking photographs.

Harpers have reissued Woodrow Wilson's life of "George Washington," first published in 1896, now printed with the proud legend on the title-page under the author's name: "President of the United States."

The "Poems of Robert Bridges," which we noticed in the *Nation* last week, are now issued by the Oxford University Press in an edition printed on India paper.

The address of Mr. Justice Swayze, of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, at the dedication of the Washington statue at Newark, November 2, 1912, has been privately printed, but deserves general circulation and attention. Within a small compass the characteristics of the greatest constructive American have been noted and a philosophic view of his official capacity set forth. So clear and felicitous is the style and so true the estimate, that extracts

from this essay might well form reading lessons in any course of history, and the paper as a whole find a place in the best collection of comments upon the first President.

It is a little difficult for the Oriental mind to grasp the truths of the Christian religion as understood in the West, and many of our official interpreters are making a dark glass more opaque. A Japanese Buddhist, who is looking into Christianity, recently said to the writer of this note, "What for the ministers do they always tell what Browning think?" It would not do to say that the ministers are the only ones that know. Nor that the poet is more impressive than he who set forth the mystery of the logos—because less generally understood. It was an awkward question. But at this moment there came to hand A. Austin Foster's "The Message of Robert Browning" (Doran). Mr. Foster answers the question in a commentary on ten or a dozen most significant poems: Browning is a Poet-Prophet whose message is comparable with that of the Hebrew prophets, but is brought up to date in form and feeling. As these studies were first published in the *Scottish Standard Bearer*, and, in one instance, heard with favor by the Aberdeen Diocesan Society, we suppose they may be confidently recommended to the Oriental as a key to the modern sermon.

"Carmen Sylva and Sketches from the Orient," by Pierre Loti, in a translation by Fred Rothwell, is a discreet, rather than a thoroughly representative, selection from the works of our recent visitor (Macmillan). These half-dozen sketches of the accomplished Rumanian Queen and her court, Constantinople in 1890, African serpent-charmers, a Japanese temple in the forest, and Japanese women in 1890, illustrate adequately Loti's descriptive talent. But, as they were carefully prepared to avoid offence, they fail to convey the full tang of his sensual melancholy. The more highly colored pieces read like superfluous leaves from his novels, and the "Carmen Sylva," though not without effective strokes, is done in his least characteristic vein of pink-and-white sentimentality. As long ago as 1863, Flaubert, Gautier, and the Goncourts foregathered apropos of one of Sainte-Beuve's articles, and agreed that the great critic did not comprehend their exoticism—a word in which they distinguished two meanings, of which the first was the "taste for the exotic in space, *le goût de l'Amérique, le goût des femmes jaunes, vertes*, etc." It is this *goût* for dark and tawny skins in a setting of palm trees, cherry blossoms, or desert sands that Loti has felt and exploited in literature. It is wildly asserted that he has sounded the soul of the Orient, but what is meant is that he has tasted and retasted in all the ports of the world the intoxication of the bizarre, has broken all taboos, and has revelled in the sweet bitterness of spiritual expatriation. The Orient of Loti's books is imaginary territory annexed to the Oriental paradise of the Romanticists in Paris; it is his own creation, a sentimental sailor's dream of geishas and cherry blossoms. "It almost seems," says this sounder of national souls, "as though Japan would lose its *raison d'être*, were it not for the *mousmé*. . . . Besides, in Japan, nothing is of much consequence; nothing is very serious, neither in the past nor, *à la rigueur*, in the present." This of the fiery stoics that took Port Arthur, a nation reared in the austere discipline of an ancient chivalry, the land of Ito, Okuma, and Nogi! One finds what one seeks, whether in Tokio or in Paris. When one has recovered from the intoxication of Loti, one may read with special profit the "Bushido" of Nitobé.

Gen. Jubal Anderson Early's "Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War Between the States," has now been published, nearly twenty years after his death, and is furnished with notes by R. H. Early (Lippincott). Gen. Early's narrative deals with the Civil War campaigns and battles in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania. It is impersonal in a marked degree. Probably it would have been less so if Gen. John B. Gordon's "Reminiscences" had been given to the public before Gen. Early's death, for Gordon held Early responsible for the failure to press the retreating Union forces on July 1 at Gettysburg, as well as for neglect to turn Grant's flank in the Wilderness and for inactivity in not driving home the Confederate victory over Sheridan's army at Cedar Creek before the Union forces had time to overcome the effects of their first panic. Considerable portions of the book suggest in style a restatement of official reports. Apparently begun soon after the close of the war and written with caution as to Southern feelings, the criticism is confined to Northern policies and acts. The pages justifying the Southern treatment of Union prisoners of war could have been spared, as the claims made do not accord with the reports of Confederate officers sent to inspect the Andersonville prison. The accounts of battles make little attempts to understand or set forth the Northern side of a movement. For instance, Meade's successful charge at Fredericksburg, which cut the Confederate line, the charge of an unsupported division, the reader might suppose from Gen. Early's account had been made by the First and Sixth Army Corps, Franklin's whole command.

Although Early fought in most of the great battles of the East, his principal service was his campaign in 1864, when he carried the war from the upper Shenandoah Valley to Maryland and came near capturing the city of Washington. Throughout, he displayed great energy, skill, and self-reliance. Stonewall Jackson could not have done better, and, perhaps, never did as much. That with his small force of some 10,000 men, he should have played for so long a time with Sheridan and his army of 40,000 men and have come so near routing the Union forces opposed to him, is a tribute to Early's audacity or evidence of Sheridan's timidity. Early's own explanation is as follows: "The events of the last month had satisfied me that the commander opposed to me was without enterprise and possessed an excessive caution which amounted to timidity." The book is less for the general reader than for students of Civil War history. In appearance it is a credit to the publishers.

The great difficulty in dealing with Catullus in such a publication as the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) is to conceal the poet's nastiness without leaving too many hiatuses in the translation. In achieving this feat Mr. F. W. Cornish, who is already experienced in popularizing Catullus, has been very successful. Sometimes a paraphrase conveys the true meaning to those versed in the classical ways of satire and pleasure, while on the surface the words are sufficiently decent. Elsewhere a phrase or a passage is frankly omitted, and the omission indicated by points. A few of the naughtiest poems he has turned over to the general editor, Dr. W. H. D. Rouse, who has exercised on them an extremely nimble wit to good purpose. In all cases the Latin text is complete and intact. In general, Mr. Cornish's English is an excellent medium for those who turn to it for help in reading the Latin. We cannot say that it has independent qualities of a high character. For example, such a phrase as "how many kissings of you" (No. vii) may convey quite accurately the meaning of "quot mihi basiationes tuæ," but it can scarcely be regarded as elegant; nor does the attempt to be poetical seem entirely happy in such a line as "remains to be slept the sleep of one unbroken night."

Tibullus and the "Pervigilium Veneris" are included in the same volume with Catullus, the former being the work of Prof. J. P. Postgate, the latter of Prof. J. W. Mackail. The English version of Tibullus and the poems that pass under his name is thoroughly serviceable, though occasionally the more delicate sentiment of the original is missed. Perhaps the most romantic verse in Latin is that in the *Paraelausithyron*, I, ii, 25:

En ego cum tenebris tota vagor anxius urbe,

which becomes merely feeble and trailing in its English form: "Lo, I in my wanderings in distress through all the city in the dark."

In dealing with the "Pervigilium" Professor Mackail has allowed himself considerable license in amending the text and in arranging it in symmetrical stanzas. His version, too, is liberal, and attempts to convey the romantic tinge of the original. As an example of his cunning work, the first stanza may be quoted:

To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love. Spring is young, spring now is singing, spring is the world reborn. In spring the loves make accord, in spring the birds mate, and the woodland loosens her tresses under nuptial showers.
To-morrow shall be love for the loveless, and for the lover to-morrow shall be love.

The refrain may give some offence at first blush for its very free handling of precious words, but we are not sure that the flavor of the original has ever been better conveyed.

Of A. S. Way's Euripides, the third and fourth volumes of which now appear, something has already been said in our notice of the first output of the Loeb Library. The letters which have come to us on the subject, and some of which we have printed, indicate that the weight of opinion is strongly against the use of metrical translations. It seems to us even more important that in future issues of Greek authors a thicker paper should be used, with correspondingly fewer pages to the volume. The interest in the publication is manifestly great, and the consequences may be far-reaching.

"Our Country Life" (McClurg), by Frances Kinsley Hutchinson, is a rapturous

account of the joys of life as lived at a country house by "the Enthusiast," "the Constant Improver," and their relatives and friends. "The big house" (it replaced a "tiny cottage") is situated on an island in "our dear" Wisconsin lake, which otherwise nameless lake is nine by three miles in extent. So far as one can judge from the numerous reproductions of photographs, the house, together with the surroundings, is unusually attractive and conveniently arranged; to say more would be hazardous, since the author tells us little. Most of the book consists of incoherent chatter about the petty pleasures and large exhilarations that make the author's life in "God's glorious out-of-doors" inexpressibly wonderful, so wonderful, indeed, that she tells us at intervals that her "emotions had risen almost to the breaking point." The burden of the book is, Come to the woods and waters, and feel the peace of nature steal over you; but curiously enough the influence of nature on the author is for the most part highly intoxicating. Thus, sleeping out of doors brings, not repose, but "revelation," in a pseudo-mystical sense. As for the style—one sentence will suffice: "I did so want one yellow bed, for I am afraid I must confess that is my favorite color, and this seemed a reasonable request."

The Rev. Eben Burt Parsons, D.D., for more than twenty years secretary of the faculty and registrar of Williams College, died last week at Williamstown in his seventy-eighth year. Dr. Parsons was the compiler of "The Obituary Record of Williams College."

Science

Among the science books in Dutton's spring list are "The Sheep and its Cousins," by R. Lydekker, and "Medical Benefit in Germany and Denmark," by I. G. Gibbon.

The January number of the *Geographical Journal* opens with a charmingly simple account by Capt. Roald Amundsen of his conquest of the South Pole in 1911. Of one region passed through during the ninety-nine days' journey he says, "I have never seen a landscape more beautiful, more wild, and more imposing." The greatest height reached was 10,750 feet, though mountain peaks 15,000 feet high were seen. The lowest temperature observed was —74.2° Fahr. and the mean temperature for the year —14.8° Fahr. During the twelve months the expedition was on the ice there were only "two moderate storms." "A Geographical Interpretation of Missouri" is the title of an article by Fred. V. Emerson of the University of Missouri, in which he describes, with diagrams and pictures, the three strongly contrasting physiographical divisions of the State. An account of the exploration and survey of the 141st meridian, the International Boundary between Alaska and Canada, is given by Mr. D. H. Nellas, the leader of the survey party, and the natural features and life of Southern Nigeria are described by Mr. A. E. Kitson, for five years principal of the mineral survey of that colony.

Miss Belle Beach, author of "Riding and Driving for Women" (Scribner), is well qualified to speak on this subject. The daughter of a lady who has been an instructor in riding for many New York ladies, she has of course ridden from her childhood, and has herself taught riding for several years. She says modestly: "That which takes me but a moment to tell has taken me years to learn." Her book is the result of her own experience. The reader may not always agree with her, but he will find what she has to say worthy of serious consideration. The volume deals with such topics as Hands, Form in Riding, Riding Astride, Hunting, Show-Ring, Four-in-Hand, Tandem Driving, Bits, Harness, etc. There are a great many pictures which are, as a rule, excellent. We are not of Miss Beach's way of thinking about riding astride, which, as we should expect, she rather disapproves of, nor in what she has to say about docking, which she favors, alleging a number of practical considerations. But we are very sure that people do not dock horses for any other reasons than those of looks. On the question of its inhumanity the author remarks that a long-tailed horse in harness cannot keep off flies with his tail. We do not quite see that. Then she says that a docked horse can be turned out in summer with a sheet on. Very true, but what a nuisance that must be for the horse! Has the author ever ridden or driven a horse in Virginia mountains in October when the first frosts have come? The big horse-fly common in that country, when chilled by the frost, will light on the coat of a horse, and, feeling the warmth, will stick there and bite until the unhappy animal is frantic. In England, it is said that pasture can be got cheaper for docked horses than for long-tailed horses, because they are prevented by flies from eating as much as long-tailed horses. Miss Beach's argument that all horses should be docked because they may be driven as tandem leaders, and tandem leaders behave badly when they get the reins under their tails, does not seem convincing. Not very many horses are driven as tandem leaders. If a tandem leader does get his tail over the reins, the groom can get down and go to his assistance, which he has to do pretty often in any case. Hunters are not docked any longer. And yet the horse to be ridden in the hunt is driven to the meet in the lead of a tandem.

Prof. Charles A. Ellwood's text-book of social psychology, "Sociology in Its Psychological Aspects" (Appleton), is one of the books which suggest that, if economics is the dismal science, sociology must be the dull science. The dismal science makes each of us a cog in a machine; sociology makes us just one of a species. And not only is sociology jealous of the individual; so intent is she upon the biological continuity of man with the lower species, so unmindful of the significance of our self-consciousness, that she deprives even the race of its human distinction. One is not surprised, therefore, that "society" becomes a colorless generality; and sociology an elaboration of empty methodology. Mr. Ellwood fills 123 out of 395 pages with this deadly stuff, while telling us that the time is not yet ripe for a science of sociology—which, being interpreted, seems to mean, If you had a brother would he like cheese? The special purpose of the book, which in a general way is not badly fulfilled, is to exhibit the functional theory of consciousness in its application to social relations. According to this theory, developed chiefly by Professor Dewey upon the basis of James's chapters on Instinct, Emotion, and Will, consciousness is a biological function, the sole purpose of which is to readjust the organism to a change of environment by restoring order among the conflicting instincts; the instincts supplying all the impulses to action. By substituting persons for instincts we get a social organism and a social psychology. One consequence of the theory seems to be that much of what we call culture is a waste product; or at least we do a vast amount of thinking, talking, writing, and the like that we may by chance discover one idea useful for race-conservation. Mr. Ellwood comforts us with the reflection that this is "nature's method" of producing "a superabundance so that actual functional needs will be certain of being met."

But, though Mr. Ellwood also treats this consequence of the theory as one of its "limitations," he fails to ask what other meaning this superabundance may have; and in general his presentation is lacking in firmness of conviction and clearness of outline, perhaps in a sure grasp of the functional theory. Otherwise it is difficult to understand "the large part [*sic*] which instincts play in our social life" (203); or how "the element of instinct seems to dominate more in woman's life than in man's" (236); or why we have in man "no definite, hard and fast instincts, such as characterize the lower animals" (207); or the presence of intellect, feeling, and some other things, *by the side of* instinct. According to James, and according to the logic of the theory, *all* conduct, of men or animals, men or women, has its basis in perfectly definite instincts; human instincts differ from those of the lower animals only in being vastly more numerous; and emotion and reasoning are simply cases of the conflict of instincts.

Drama and Music

E. P. Dutton & Co. have in press "Towards the New Theatre," by E. Gordon Craig.

We have received the following additions to the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan), which is prepared under the general supervision of Professors Neilson and Thorndike; "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," edited by Prof. Martin W. Sampson; "Twelfth Night," edited by Prof. Walter Morris Hart; "Measure for Measure," edited by Prof. Edgar C. Morris; "All's Well That Ends Well," edited by Prof. John L. Lowes; "The Taming of the Shrew," edited by Prof. Frederick Tupper, jr.; "Timon of Athens," edited by Prof. Robert Huntington Fletcher, and "Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and other Poems," edited by Prof. Carleton Brown. All are as neatly prepared as their predecessors, and the only sin of the introductions is their brevity. From this charge the last-mentioned volume may be exempted. Professor Brown has discussed the difficult bibliographical questions connected with the Poems with commendable fulness. Professor Sampson, too, has done something towards relating the important personages in "The Two Gentlemen of Ve-

rona" with the later representatives of their types in Shakespeare. More might properly have been said of Helena, of Katherina, of Isabella, and of Timon. The editors of this edition too often convey the impression of wishing to "play safe" rather than of desiring to relieve the elementary student of his perplexities.

The production of "The New Secretary," in the Lyceum Theatre, afforded a striking illustration of the mischief that may be done to a foreign play by a clumsy adapter and unintelligent stage management. The original French comedy, by Francis de Croisset, has been running in Paris for a twelvemonth, and has been the object of much critical commendation. Dramatically considered, the story—which tells how a highly gifted young secretary rescues his foolish millionaire employer from the clutches of a pair of plausible rascals and wins the heart and hand of a lovely and disdainful heiress by confronting her with a pride greater than her own—is not in itself very valuable. It provides two excellent theatrical situations, but is conventional in design, and not too credible. The success which it has won at home is clearly due to the freshness and vitality of the principal personages and the brightness of the dialogue, qualities which are still perceptible where the English artificer, Cosmo Gordon Lennox, has not departed too far from his original. Unfortunately, it is only at rare intervals that the flat commonplace of Anglicized small talk is relieved by a flash of Gallic wit or cynicism. The first act, which is almost entirely conversational and explanatory, suffers especially from this maladroit interpretation. When the action really begins to excite interest, the poor quality of the dialogue might be of less consequence if it were not for the absurd overemphasis given to it by incompetent performers. Wilson Hummell, to whom is entrusted the important figure of the arrogant, wilful, shallow-pated millionaire, reduces it to burlesque, and destroys the illusion of every scene in which he is concerned. The representatives of some youthful aristocrats are scarcely less conspicuous offenders against propriety and probability. Marie Doro is altogether unequal to the part of the heiress. The excellent work done by other players—Charles Cherry, who acted the hero with admirable spirit and fine tact; Ferdinand Gottschalk, whose swindler was a brilliant bit of eccentric comedy; Mrs. Whiffen, who was delightful as a fond grandmother, and Claude Gillingwater, who was capital in the part of a domesticated cynic—was robbed of half its efficiency by their marplot associates. The net result of the representation was that a clever comedy of modern manners was converted into a nondescript play of third-rate calibre.

Gladys Unger's new play, "The Son and Heir," has started in the London Strand Theatre this week. It was completed two years ago, and the title originally selected for it was "The Eldest Son," but in this choice the author was forestalled by John Galsworthy. Pride of race, or of family, is the subject handled in both pieces, but the treatment is widely different. Miss Unger's protagonist is a bluff, hearty, but narrow-minded country squire, prepared to sacrifice all the remaining members of his family to the son and heir, who sooner or later must fill his place and carry on the old traditions. This is his one aim in life, and it is this policy which, when pushed to an extreme, stirs his oldest daughter to rebellion and an indignant refusal to accept the conditions imposed upon her, her sister, and her long-suffering mother.

"Pearls" is the name of a little one-act "thriller" which the young English dramatist, Stanley Houghton, has written for Arthur Bourchier and Violet Vanbrugh, who are playing it in vaudeville. A fashionable couple just returned to their luxurious apartment—the wife from the opera and the husband from a club—talk of their desperate financial straits. Presently the wife discovers a wonderful pearl necklace which in some way unknown to her has been entangled in her draperies. She is sorely tempted to keep it, but her husband says that the trinket must be returned promptly to the owner, whom he knows. The loss had been reported at his club, he says, and some woman was under suspicion of having stolen it. He is about to start out with the pearls in his pocket when there is a knock at the front door, and, looking out, he recognizes the police. After a few moments of hesitation he resolves to face the music. The door is opened and a policeman enters to say that he has found a kitchen window open.

J. T. Grein has published some details of his plans for the revival of the Independent Theatre in London:

Europe is full of remarkable plays, and there are also a few plays of the old répertoire that deserve revival in 1913, because they will be more appreciated and better understood than in the distant days of the dramatic daybreak of the nineties. Such plays are: De Banville's "Kiss," Edward Brandes's "Visit," van Nouhuys's "Goldfish" (translated by A. Teixeira de Mattos), George Moore's "Strike at Arlingford," Dr. Todhunter's "Black Cat," and Ibsen's "Wild Duck." As for new plays, my quiver is full.

The Comédie Française is proceeding vigorously with its action against M. le Bargy, the well-known actor, who has followed the example of defying its regulations set by Sarah Bernhardt, Coquelin, and others. It has served a fresh notice upon him of his liability to a fine of $400 for each performance, in France, outside the house of Molière, in which he may take part. Nevertheless, he continues to act in "Les Flambeaux," at the Porte St. Martin. The case will come up soon in the courts, and doubtless will attract much public attention. M. le Bargy declares that he would return to the Française if certain abuses in the management were rectified. He complains that the chief performers are continually absent on foreign engagements. It appears, however, that he has been one of the most conspicuous truants. Maurice de Féraudy, one of the oldest associates of the Française, says that the institution is suffering from a glut of sociétaires, and that it will always be in trouble until it gets rid of half of them.

The municipality of Berlin is considering a project for building a large theatre for the working classes on land recently occupied by slums in the very heart of the city. All the slum buildings have been cleared away, and the theatre is to form an architectural centre of the new district which is to be built. The proposal of the Town Council is that the sum of 2,000,000 marks be set apart as a first instalment, to be followed by further sums of three millions, or a total of nearly a million and a quarter dollars. The Society which is to carry out the undertaking pledges itself to build a theatre to seat 2,000, to produce only approved plays, and in the course of every year to give at least ten afternoon performances for school children at a price not to exceed fifteen cents per ticket.

It has been definitely settled that Paderewski is to return to America next season for an extensive tour throughout the country, which will be under the direction of Charles A. Ellis. He has not been in America since the winter of 1908-09, when he spent a few weeks in the East. His principal object in coming to America at that time was to have his Symphony performed by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He has not made an extended concert tour in America since the season of 1907-08. Since that time he has had a very successful tour in South America, and an equally successful tour in South Africa, while giving many concerts in Great Britain and on the Continent. Paderewski will arrive in America in September, and will open his tour with a series of concerts in Eastern and Western Canada. He will be here until April, and will play in the neighborhood of one hundred concerts. Mr. Ellis has also made arrangements whereby he will have the direction of a season's tour of Fritz Kreisler, the greatest of violinists. He will arrive in America towards the end of October, and stay until spring. Both Mr. Kreisler and Mr. Paderewski will give concerts along the Pacific Slope and in the South, as well as in the Northern and Eastern States. Under Mr. Ellis's management Geraldine Farrar, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, will give a limited number of concerts in October, before the opening of the opera season. These concerts will be given chiefly on the Pacific Coast.

Boston admirers of the late Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, the noted English composer and conductor, have started a movement for a memorial fund as a testimonial to Mrs. Coleridge-Taylor and her children, whose need for help at this time is great. Contributions to the fund for his family may be sent to Mrs. Alexina Carter-Barrell, No. 100 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

"Die toten Augen," or "The Dead Eyes," is the title of a new opera by the famous German composer Eugen d'Albert, which will be produced at the beginning of next season. The text is by Hans Heinz Ewers, and the theme one of poetical sadness. The new work will be staged in one long act. The central figure is that of a blind young Greek woman, who lives on the scene and in the time of Christ's entry into Jerusalem. The New Testament incident forms the background of the whole work. The Saviour himself will not be portrayed in person, His presence being expressed by the music and the phantasy of the work. Touched by the healing hand of Christ, the blind woman regains her sight, and her eyes, filled with the light of love and passion, fall first upon a magnificent Roman, whom she believes to be her husband. Her husband, however, is really a most repulsive

figure, and it is in giving expression to the conflict of emotions in the woman's heart when she discovers her mistake that the music of the new opera finds its vent. The finale takes place at sunset of the same day. The woman, troubled and disturbed in spirit, stands gazing into the glory of the western sky until she again becomes blind, and with her loss regains her peace of heart.

Cosima Wagner is indefatigable in her efforts to perpetuate the "Parsifal" monopoly at Bayreuth. A dispatch from Berlin dated January 22 stated that Crown Prince William heads the list of signers of a petition which has been presented to the Reichstag asking for the enactment of a special law to extend the copyright of "Parsifal," which expires this year. The Crown Princess is second on the list, and the Imperial Princes follow. The appeal is made on the ground that Wagner wished to have his last work reserved for Bayreuth alone. The strangest thing about the affair is that Frau Wagner and her adherents, who are so very anxious to carry out his wishes in this matter, so thoroughly disregard his other intentions regarding Bayreuth. He strongly deprecated the idea of commercializing Bayreuth—of making money with "Parsifal"; yet that is what his widow does. After the last festival but one she admitted a profit, yet for the next festival she raised the price of seats from $5 to $6 each. It is not likely that the Reichstag will yield her point, for if it did, the result would be that all opera houses in Europe except those in German cities would be able to produce "Parsifal."

Augustus van Biene, who died upon the stage last Thursday at Brighton, England, was a man of decided talent, both as actor and musician. He was born in Holland in 1850, and began life as a street player on the 'cello. In this capacity he attracted the attention of Sir Michael Costa, who encouraged him to develop his natural ability, and found him orchestral employment. In time he became a successful soloist, organized concerts, and at one period was manager of the Gaiety Theatre, in London. In 1892 he made a hit in "The Broken Melody," a sentimental piece of his own composition, in which, as an old musician, he was able to display his skill as composer and instrumentalist. For twenty years he travelled all over the world with this piece, presenting it in regular theatres and—in a condensed form—in music halls. Recently, it appears, he had sought relief from the monotony of his work in a new piece, on the old lines, called "The Musician," and it was in this that he died, with his beloved 'cello in his hands. He was well known in this country.

Gustave Carl Luders, composer of light music, died a week ago at his home in New York City. He was born in Bremen, Germany, in 1865. He studied piano, violin, and composition under Henry Petri, later concertmaster at Dresden, and came to this country in 1888. Mr. Luders's best-known operettas are: "The Burgomaster," "King Dodo," "Prince of Pilsen," "Woodland," "The Shogun," "Mlle. Napoleon," "The Grand Mogul," and "The Old Town." His latest work was "Somewhere Else," produced at the Broadway Theatre only last week, on which occasion he was present in the audience, and, apparently, in good health.

Art

ALMA-TADEMA.

LONDON, January 18.

The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House, instead of being the Academy's winter-garment of repentance, as it was once described, threatens to become the cemetery of dead Academic reputations. When an Academician happens to die in the course of the year, he is eagerly seized upon to replace the old masters—of whom the Academy is tiring—or to share the winter show with them. We have had Leighton and Millais and Watts, the most prominent, and certainly nothing was added to—rather something was taken away from—their fame. Only a year ago it was Abbey who suffered. And now it is Alma-Tadema, and, of all, he comes least well out of the ordeal.

This is not because every effort has not been made to represent him adequately. The collection, which fills four galleries, could scarcely be more representative. The earliest work goes back to his very infancy, and a chalk drawing of foliage, said to have been made when he was but four years old, is so careful and precise that it is difficult to believe it belongs to quite so childish a period. There is a portrait of himself done when he was sixteen, and one of his mother painted a year later. There are pictures belonging to his student days under Gustav Wappers at Antwerp; and pictures that show the influence of Baron Leys, his second and only other master; and pictures, following one another in a long succession, that he exhibited at the Royal Academy, from his coming and settling in England in 1870, down to last year, the year of his death—pictures that won for him popularity and fortune and honors to a degree in which he had few rivals, probably none who survive him, except perhaps Sir Hubert Von Herkomer. The trouble is really that he is too adequately represented. So many of his works hung together reveal most lamentably his weakness and his limitations, while his better qualities are not of the kind to out-balance them.

For his pictures were machine-made; there can be no question of it. It is careful, serious, painstaking machinery—this seriousness was his strong point as a painter—but it was machinery all the same. You have only to look at that little drawing of leaves and blossoms to see that, from the beginning, he spared himself no pains, that he did his work honestly, that he was no charlatan, no lover of short-cuts. The portrait of himself as a youth, seated, his sketching traps on his lap, a curtain and a pillar in the background, shows careful study and observation, though not so much of nature as of the old Dutch portraits that must have been familiar to him. Already an improvement is seen in the small head of his mother, in which, indeed, there is more of an attempt to render the quality of flesh than in many of his more mature portraits. The Corner of a Courtyard in Amsterdam and the Old Staircase at Antwerp, just a little later in date, are full of the same care now applied to architectural subjects, though in neither is there a suggestion of light or atmosphere, in neither anything more than a dull prosaic statement of architectural facts. The motives are those of masters who were his countrymen, but the treatment is without a suggestion of the fine qualities, the fine insight, that transformed the most ordinary material in their hands into a splendor of color and tone, a poem of sunshine and shadow. If the pains Alma-Tadema never spared himself in anything he undertook to do characterize his first performances, so also do the commonplace vision, the mechanical technique, the exchange of nature for statistics, that make this long series of his pictures so terribly monotonous and uninteresting to-day. That he strayed further and still further from nature was not altogether due to his training under Baron Leys, though the master no doubt drew the student's attention more and more to historical subjects, so that from the early sixties he was already preoccupied with Rome and Romans, rather than with Holland and Dutchmen or Belgium and Belgians. The Pyrrhic Dance, A Roman Amateur, Tarquinius Superbus, A Roman Picture Gallery, were the characteristic subjects of these years. But Tadema left to himself would most likely never have seen, as his great countrymen saw before him, the beauty that beautiful paint beautifully applied can give to the simplest, homeliest, things in a painter's daily life. Terborch, Jan Steen, Ver Meer, Metsu, and a host of others had had their imaginations stirred, their brushes inspired, their love of nature and the real awakened, without going further than their own rooms or their own back yards. And they had had modern successors who could prove themselves great painters, and yet retain their love for life as they knew it. Brakeleer, the Belgian, little known if at all out of Belgium, had already developed his way of expressing the beauty and splendor of color and tone; Matthy Maris, Tadema's fellow-countryman and contemporary, was beginning in his early work to reveal himself as the legitimate descendant of the great Dutchmen.

There are in the collection landscapes and portraits of Tadema's maturity which explain his attitude before nature when he was under no obligation to reconstruct, or record, that which he did not know and never could know.

The landscapes are small in size, notes of a bit of open country, or a few haystacks by a river bank, or a woodland, or a line of red roofs above a distant hedge, and they are all marked by the same commonplace way of looking at things, the same lack of invention, the same absence of air and light and life, the same uninteresting brush-work. And the portraits are as unimaginative, as uninspired, as uninspiring, the pose as a rule as banal as that of the photographer, the costume given in its unredeemed ugliness, and not made beautiful by the expression of the character in its ugliness, the figure never in its envelope of atmosphere, the whole dry, inanimate, flat. Two or three exceptions might be pointed to: The Misses Alma-Tadema as Children, two little girls in white frocks and aprons, a portrait group in which there is more than the usual sense of character and life; the large three-quarter length of Miss Anna Alma-Tadema, too well-known to be described again, hard and tight and frigid, but with a hint of harmony in the arrangement of the grays; and the, I fancy, still better known My Doctor—his brother-in-law, Dr. Washington Epps—sitting by the bedside of the patient of whom nothing is seen save the hand on the white bed clothes, the doctor's fingers on the wrist as he looks down at his watch, the head studied with more, if possible, than Tadema's accustomed care and elaboration. Even with these exceptions, however, the portraits confirm the general impression one brings away of conscientious but dull mechanical workmanship.

If Tadema could rarely suggest life, or see with originality and charm the figures before him, it is not to be expected that he could succeed better with the figures he had never seen and had not the genius to imagine. He impressed the public by his classical subjects, for they seemed, to the unlearned, brimful of learning. He was extolled as a scholar among painters, an artist who made the old world real for us. What he did actually was to search the classical dictionaries and archæological textbooks, and put down his idea of what the classic world, seen through them, must have been. Fortunately for him, the old Roman could not come back to say what he thought of Tadema's baths and forums and temples and amphitheatres, while I am pretty sure, to-day, when Tadema's name has lost a little of its old glamour, I am not alone in thinking that if the classic world and classic life were as he has reconstructed them, then we have reason to be thankful for having lived too late to see them for ourselves. Among his earliest works is The Parthenon at Athens, dated 1869, in which he labored to paint the frieze as he supposed it must have looked when the original color was fresh and vivid on the marble, but if there is in his version a shadow of the truth once claimed for it, one can only marvel how the Greeks ever got their fame as an artistic nation; upon the scaffolding just below the frieze, figures are grouped, and the catalogue explains that they are Phidias, Pericles, Aspasia, Alcibiades, and Socrates. Call them what you will, they have less life than the marbles above. And so it is with all the figures, as you examine one painting after another. Lay figures again form the inanimate procession in his Finding of Moses. And, again, lay figures compose the audience—whom Tadema, in an ecstasy of statistics, declared to number five thousand—and fill the Imperial box in his Caracalla and Geta. Nor is there more life and reality in the smaller pictures: those arrangements of white marble, blue sea and sky, blossoms and costumes which were hailed as Tadema's masterpieces, and which he could not paint fast enough to satisfy his insatiable public. I think in these, really, the commonplaceness of his outlook is the more apparent because he did not disguise it under some Biblical or classical incident or legend. A youth with a ring in his hand, or jewels in a casket, or spring in the blossoms, give the clue to the sentimental anecdote the British public loves, explaining the figures and justifying the marble. And the blue sky above, and the blue sea beyond, and the blue mountains in the distance are reduced to no less obvious conventions. And the white marble, the famous white marble, looks as white marble never looked in the open air where a real sun shines and real shadows fall. These little paintings, praised for their light and their truth, smell as strong of the studio as the big Coliseums or the big Egyptian landscape. Tadema's house in St. John's Wood was, if anything, more notorious than his canvases. The golden stairs, the studio with its treasures, the pseudo-classical rooms, the decorations by the masters of a short day, were for long in everybody's mouth, coloring and magnifying and enriching his reputation. But all put together could not, in the end, serve that reputation so well as one piece of real marble—and not marble evolved from his inner consciousness—studied in real sunlight and not in the atmosphere and light of the most splendidly appointed studio in the world.

I think Tadema himself realized that his greatness was a little dimmed in the eyes of the world before he died. He could sometimes be so bitter that it was clear he heard with apprehension the younger generation of critics and artists knocking at the door. But the least enthusiastic in his regard cannot but be astonished at the way his reputation has vanished since his death. As many of the criticisms of the exhibitions in the leading London papers as I have seen have all been patronizing, if not worse, so much so that already one voice has been heard in protest, calling upon the critics to remember his consummate draughtsmanship and impeccable technique. The adjectives are more than a trifle exaggerated, though it would be folly to deny Tadema's care and conscientiousness as draughtsman and technician. He allowed himself no slovenliness, no indolence. He did not, like those who now excuse themselves as Post-Impressionists, make a virtue of incompetence or save himself trouble and call it expressing his individuality. His drawing was academically correct, if personally inexpressive. He would have scorned the immortal game of bewildering the bourgeois by eccentricity, or of scoring success by sheer accidents. He paid such close attention to the quality of his pigments that his paintings, far from emulating old masterpieces before their time, have preserved almost too much of their original freshness. But care and conscientiousness cannot create genius, even though genius in art has been before now defined as genius for hard work.

N. N.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's lithographs of the Panama Canal, which are now on exhibition at the Sala Leonardo da Vinci in Florence, have been purchased by the Italian Government for the Uffizi Gallery. The Government has also purchased Mr. Pennell's lithographs of the Grand Cañon and the Yosemite.

We have received the first number of a new quarterly, *Art in America*, which is edited by Mr. W. R. Valentiner of the Metropolitan Museum and published by F. F. Sherman. It will be devoted chiefly to objects of art of Mediæval and Renaissance periods owned in America. This first number presents, besides the editor, such distinguished contributors as Dr. Bode, Mr. Berenson, and Professor Marquand. Dr. Bode describes two very early Rembrandts, Tobias and Balaam, one dated 1626. Mr. Berenson associates a small Nativity in the Johnson collection with the style of Pietro Cavallini. Professor Marquand treats of a portrait bust of Francis owned by Mr. George Blumenthal. Mr. Valentiner ascribes the much-discussed Sleeping Cook of the Widener collection to Esaias Boursse, and detects the hand of this little-known Dutch painter in some other half a dozen pictures owned in America. Joseph Breck provides a *catalogue raisonné* of works by Tiepolo in the Metropolitan Museum. Professor Mather ascribes to Matteo da Sienna a splendid pair of *cassone* panels in Mrs. C. P. Huntington's possession, and a similar piece in the collection of the Earl of Crawford, London. Perhaps the most important work of art reproduced in the number is an exquisite Madonna by Carlo Crivelli which has recently been acquired by Mr. Philip Lehman. The picture is briefly discussed by Professor Mather and dated about 1482. This incomplete survey will suggest the scope of the new magazine. Its make-up is somewhat scrappy as yet, but

if it continues to procure first publication of so many fine works as grace this number, it will be indispensable for all art libraries and serious students. The form is an in-quarto agreeably printed in a single column of clear type. The annual subscription is four dollars.

Among recent acquisitions to the Metropolitan Correggio's canvas of Four Saints is easily the most important. Painted in his twenty-first year it cannot represent the glory of his mature style, yet it is in every way a gracious composition. Since no example of equal importance and quality is ever likely to come into the market, the Museum should be congratulated on an excellent purchase. Two wooden statues, an Annunciation, though crudely repainted, represent a rare and impressive type, dating presumably from the late thirteenth century; the surmise may be hazarded that these are Bavarian sculptures or from some provincial school in north Italy under Bavarian influence. Numerous minor acquisitions in stuffs, pottery, etc., testify to the activity of the Department of Decorative Art. It is a shock to find in the new acquisitions room such thoroughly banal paintings as those by Alexander Harrison and Albert Herter. To be sure these are gifts, but a large part of the business of a great museum is to look such gift horses as these quite fearlessly in the mouth.

Louis De Coppet Bergh, architect, died on Tuesday in Washington. He was born in New York in 1856, and after an education in the public schools, he studied in Europe at the Military Gymnasium, Ostrowo, Prussia; at Lausanne, and at Stuttgart. Returning to New York, he became expert architectural and sanitary adviser to Mayor Strong's City Commission. He was the author of "Safe Building," in two volumes, and "Safe Building Construction."

Finance

THE "INVESTIGATIONS," AND AFTERWARD.

Since the markets quieted down from the particularly agitating financial influences of the summer, there has been somewhat more consideration of the question, just how far the matters which Wall Street financiers have put to the front as causes of disturbance are bound to exert that influence. This is undeniably an era of "inquiries" and "investigations." Commissions to look into something are distinctly the order of the day, and the results of their examinations, as reported in the daily papers, challenge the reader's attention more instantly than anything in the headlines, unless it may be a district attorney's hunt for the identification of the "man higher up"—which, after all, is very much the same sort of thing. But now that the "Money Trust Sub-committee," on whose inquiries public attention has so long been riveted, has closed its investigation and begun to prepare its formal report to the House Banking Committee and to Congress, discussion as to the tangible results of such inquiries in legislation becomes more to the point.

The testimony before a commission, such as the public has become accustomed to, makes several definite appeals to the public interest. It is usually well staged. The witnesses are apt—on occasion, at any rate—to be the men to the story of whose lives the ten and fifteen-cent magazines have been devoting pages. There was a time, for instance, a year or more ago, when three or four publications of that nature were simultaneously depicting Mr. Morgan's career, in serial form, to their respective readers. This testified to the valuation placed on the general topic as "copy" by the editors. Every reflective person knows how much of its vogue and prestige Mr. Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance" owed to the notion, prevalent among village statesmen and occupants of city third-floor backs, that its author had been one of the triumvirate (Morgan - Rockefeller - Lawson) which managed the Money Trust and monopolized American finance, but had turned State's evidence against his guilty copartners and was confessing to the public.

What more natural, therefore, than that this public should now, in its simple way, conceive that the criminals were at length actually in the dock with a prosecuting attorney baiting them? The Pujo Committee's counsel himself fell victim to this notion during the early stages of the inquiry; though it is fair to say that the later cross-examinations have pretty much abandoned the Old Bailey method. But the question naturally worries the quiet and impartial watcher: What will be the result when all these investigations are completed?

There is undeniably a timid apprehension, in many quarters of business and finance, that the public and the legislators are hungry for blood; or, to change the metaphor, that they will insist on the present machinery of trade and banking being torn down and rebuilt in accordance with new and sudden happy-thoughts. Nobody, to be sure, has imagined a Terror with high finance to the lamp-post and the guillotine; the revolution which uneasy minds conceive is more like that in which, under the general uproar for a new order of things, the legislators of a certain momentous period were so bent on change for the sake of change that even the names of the months and week-days had to be reformed and the year 1789 became Year I, because there was nothing worth remembering before it. In fact, it must be admitted that the mood of to-day, which induces women of good society to fight in the streets to prove their capacity for the ballot, labor leagues to demand that the employees run their industries and hire their present employers, grave conventions to discuss the plan of Government regulation as to whom one shall or shall not marry, and what sort of children he may have, and even the staid and respectable hotel waiters to indulge in frantic riot, appears on its face to embody a general demand for a world turned upside down.

But the American people have never shown disposition to translate angry demands and denunciation into offhand statute law. After the uproar and excesses of the stump, the cheap magazines, and the penny newspapers, the practical work in matters of the sort is placed where it belongs—in the hands of legislators who must look behind and ahead, who must bear the responsibility for after-effects of what is done to-day, and who are quite well aware that the public which to-day is demanding action will be the first to denounce and punish its representatives at Washington, or Albany, if their precipitate action brings about bad results. It is this sober second thought—such as invariably, in our history, has followed the most frantic demands for parting company with institutions of the past—which may be relied upon in the public measures which follow the present controversies.

We are now on the verge of this second period, when public men must decide, not what to say, but what to do. The moderating influence of this consideration is already visible in Gov. Sulzer's cautious and self-restrained message regarding Stock Exchange reform by legislation—the answer of the responsible executive to the irresponsible newspaper clamor for haphazard innovation in Stock Exchange affairs. It will be visible when, later on, the report of the Money Trust Committee comes formally before Congress; if not in the report itself, at any rate, in the Congressional discussion of it.

This does not mean that nothing will be done to correct or restrain possible abuses in either of the two directions. There will quite conceivably be legislation of the sort. There was such legislation after the searching and sensational life insurance inquiry of 1905. It introduced some much-needed reforms—not through destroying existing institutions, but through squarely prohibiting future misuse of policyholders' funds by Wall Street promoting syndicates. Whatever legislation occurs, as a sequel to the present inquiries, is likely enough to take a leaf from the book of the proposed new corporation laws for New Jersey—which, in response to excited controversy based on the gravest sort of known abuses under the older laws, propose to destroy nothing and to tear down nothing, but to put a stern and positive veto on future recourse to de-

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1913.

The Week

The ratification of the income-tax amendment by the requisite three-fourths of the States puts an end to the notion that the Constitution of the United States is virtually unamendable. Even the circumstance that it has taken four years to obtain that ratification loses most of whatever significance it might otherwise have had, when we recall that a leading factor in bringing about this delay was the objection raised by Gov. Hughes—an objection having no relation to the actual purpose of the amendment, but based on the fear of serious and unintended consequences which, in Mr. Hughes's judgment, might flow from the particular wording of the amendment as passed by Congress. The amendment providing for popular election of Senators is having a much smoother course through the State Legislatures, and will in all probability become part of the Constitution in the very near future.

No doubt the Democratic Congress will promptly make use of the new Constitutional power. It is to be hoped that in doing so it will exercise the degree of judgment and wisdom that so important a measure calls for. The question of the point at which exemption ceases will be more critical, perhaps, than any other; and along with this will go the question of discriminating rates for great incomes, or for incomes from investments as distinguished from incomes from personal effort. All these things are deserving of the most careful and sincere thought that the leaders in Congress, and the incoming President, can give to them. Another aspect of the matter, which concerns less the tax itself than the general fiscal policy as affected by the tax, is the question how burdens in other directions may be reduced in consequence of the addition to the national revenue which the income tax will provide. It will be a great thing for the Democratic party if it shall be able to point to distinct achievement in this direction, of sufficient magnitude to be a real relief to the public.

If fifteen judicial nominations by the President now awaiting ratification by the Senate should be confirmed, Mr. Taft will have appointed 114 Federal judges during his Administration, or almost exactly three-fifths of the entire Federal bench, including five members of the Supreme Court. At the time of Mr. Taft's candidacy much stress was laid upon the opportunity that confronted the incoming President to shape the history of the immediate future by the character of his judicial appointments. Mr. Taft is said to regard his appointments to the Supreme Court as among the most important achievements of his Administration. Yet the tendency four years ago was to assume too readily that, by the mere act of designating certain men to be judges, the President could determine the character and spirit of the courts for some time to come. The conception was almost of a clock-work Supreme Court that had only to be set in motion to keep on ticking at a predestined pace. Actually, our entire judicial procedure to-day is patently shaping itself under the influence of no particular man, but of the times. Had Mr. Roosevelt appointed five judges to the Supreme Court during the last four years, we doubt if the court's record would have been appreciably different from what it is.

Monday's decision of the United States Supreme Court, in the Government suit against the United Shoe Machinery Company, upholds the lower court's decision in favor of the company. It is not in all respects final, because the contention of illegality in the company's requirement that manufacturers using its machines shall use those of no other makers was not before the court. But the court has taken occasion, in its opinion on the other questions actually before it, to lay down some important principles. In particular, it expresses its mind on the general problem of "Big Business"—large combinations of manufacturing establishments — considered in itself. On this point the opinion is clear and emphatic. It thus puts the case:

> The disintegration aimed at by the statute does not extend to reducing all manufacturers to isolated communities of the lowest degree. It is as lawful for one corporation to make every part of a steam engine and to put the machine together as it would be for one to make the boilers and another to make the wheels.

This dictum has obvious bearing on the controversy aroused by the Tobacco Trust dissolution, in which opponents of the official disintegration plan contended that none of the units into which the dissolved Trust was divided should be any more "completely equipped" for its own part of the business than the independent competitors in that field. Neither the Attorney-General nor the courts sustained this contention, but it was made the basis of an attack on the decision and on the court which rendered it—an attack in which Mr. Roosevelt uproariously participated, with one of his luminous declarations of policy to the effect that such a Trust ought to be "absolutely disbanded." The Supreme Court, not being at liberty to rest on such convenient generalizations, has now defined with some definiteness the conditions under which Big Business is, and the conditions under which it is not, repugnant to the law.

Child-labor legislation is spreading over the country with a rapidity greater than its most sanguine advocates could have expected a few years ago. In Texas a bill has been introduced in the Legislature which is described in the Galveston *News* as "practically a copy of the model child-labor law drafted by the National Child Labor Committee." We are hearing a great deal less nowadays than we did two or three years ago of the impossibility of obtaining reform legislation of this character in the several States owing to fear that those adopting it would suffer in the industrial competition with States having less humane enactments. Indeed, the potency of an awakened public opinion, and its superiority to such obstacles as this, have been manifested not only in this but in other kindred ways. The story of workmen's compensation acts is of the same character; these will soon be as much a matter of course as the official (or "Australian") ballot came to be within a few years after it began to replace the old-time ballot handed out by party workers. There are drawbacks in our system of self-governing

States, but there are vital benefits, too; and the drawbacks are seen, by such experiences as these, to be not so portentous as is sometimes represented.

It is easier to kill a man in many counties in Texas than to give or sell him a drink. . . . We are providing ways and means to hustle men into jail or to take from them their money for small offences, but the way is broad and easy for the man who shoots his neighbor down.

These words from the Houston *Post* are pointed with the declaration that "the able representatives from Dallas County are eagerly engaged in preparing traps to catch the little fellows, but there were sixty-seven homicides in that town last year, and it is a certainty that the great majority of the men who committed them have been given trivial sentences, have been acquitted, or will be acquitted." This Texas newspaper winds up its indictment of conditions in the Lone Star State by asking whether the Legislature cannot do something to mitigate them. The picture thus drawn is not so black as that presented by the Birmingham, Ala., *News*, upon which we commented last week, but it must shake any lingering belief in the high morality of our agricultural as compared with our urban centres. Lawlessness is a national crime. As for a remedy, perhaps the Texas Legislature can do something in response to the appeal made to it, but a few stern judges and juries could do infinitely more. Nor can we believe that they would find themselves going counter to public sentiment.

Already is Col. James Hamilton Lewis, Democratic primary nominee for Senator from Illinois, beginning to enlighten the country. He has been reading Government reports, and has found some startling information. "There are now existing in this nation," he declares, "under the designation of agents, 46,000 individuals who serve as spies, detectives, investigators, watchers, decoys, betrayers, silent accusers, and secret slanderers of everything which pertains to the citizen in America." Not content with this deadly enumeration, he resorts to impassioned metaphor. "These individuals, like imps," he goes on, "surround the cup from which the citizen drinks, shadow the table at which he eats, darken the threshold over which he lives, and sit like a thing of evil over every department of his undertaking." To feed and clothes these 46,000 demons in human form, we spend $5,000,000 a year. With what result? "Big business stands in fear; little business in despair." We have not space to reprint his rhetorical comparison between Italy, Spain, and Russia on the one side, and the United States, with these "spies, decoys, and betrayers," on the other. Nor are we altogether sure what he wants the country to do about it. We can only look forward to the day when the Senate will forget that there is or ever was such a prosaic institution as a calendar, in its absorption in the Illinois Colonel's handling of the English language.

While Boston is beginning to look forward to the tercentenary celebration of the landing of the Pilgrims, the second city in the country continues to take note of the passing of citizens whose memories spanned almost the entire period of its existence. When Edwin Oscar Gale arrived in Chicago in 1835, the town, which had been incorporated two years before, had an area of three-fourths of a square mile. Its public buildings consisted of a brick Episcopal church, a brick bank building, a brick "court house or clerk's office," a jail, a small post office, and three district schools. The leading industries were a foundry, a steam grist mill, a steam sawmill, a brewery, and a soap and candle factory. In 1837 the town became a city. It also took a census, which showed a population of 4,107. Mr. Gale had long disputed with the late Fernando Jones the title of "first Chicagoan." Both men, then very small children, got to Fort Dearborn on the same day, by the same boat, the Illinois, sailing from Buffalo, but Mr. Gale made the claim that, owing to a desire to land on his birthday, the youthful Jones remained on board the boat over night, while his destined rival stepped ashore early in the evening.

The new Grand Central Station in New York is not only a great work of art, but it is an achievement in engineering which is in some respects without parallel. To architects we shall leave any technical comparison of the new building with the Pennsylvania Station. Some will prefer one, some the other. Some will object to the color of the ceiling in the great concourse of the Grand Central; and some will dwell upon its greater convenience and compactness. But there can be only one voice about the way the engineering difficulties have been solved while the handling of the 800 trains that daily enter and leave the terminal went on. That was a traffic problem of a magnitude which no one else has had to encounter, and that it has been solved without costing a passenger's life must go down as one of the marvels of the time, as a wonderful achievement of engineers and operating men.

New York may well be proud that this new edifice has been added to its growing list of noble structures. The throngs that pass through its doors ought, however, not to lose sight of what has been done for their safety and comfort in the yards beyond. Here is a most amazing application of science to mechanical and technical problems of the utmost difficulty. Nowhere else, it has been well said, are the wonders of railway electrification so clearly exhibited. All trains are handled by means of an interlocking switch device made as perfect mechanically as is humanly possible. Everywhere there are devices to guard against the mistakes of the fallible human element. In the two interlocking switch-rooms the train directors handle their traffic without seeing the trains they send to one platform or another, or expedite through the "throat" of the station to the Harlem River. Far above the tracks will tower clubs, hotels, theatres, exhibition rooms, and office buildings. The old open railway yard is a thing of the past. More than that, the railway has found that this new real estate on steel stilts will pay a magnificent return and eventually, through a sinking fund, wipe out the entire yard expenditure. Here again the company has shown eminent public spirit, for it has limited the height of the buildings to be erected on the new Park Avenue to six stories, and the others to twenty. All this construction is to be carried out in accordance with an harmonious architectural plan. Below the buildings will be the ceaselessly active but invisible terminal, marking in its every department the foremost advance of American technical enterprise.

In most discussions concerning the drift of population from the country to the cities, the tendency is to assume

that the results have been as harmful to the farms that have lost population as to the cities that have gained it. On the one hand, we are asked to consider the overcrowded town, with its slums, its high rents, its high food prices, and its over-supply of labor. On the other hand, there is the empty countryside crying aloud for labor. But now and then some courageous person arises to assert that the legend of the abandoned farm is just a legend. A detailed inquiry into the causes of rural depopulation as an element in the problem of high prices is going on under the St. Louis *Republic*. In two counties out of less than half a dozen studied, the investigators found that wealth and the general well-being have been steadily on the rise, while the population has been declining. In one county the population decline was 19 per cent. between 1900 and 1910; in the second county it was 12 per cent. A change from tobacco-growing to stock-raising, with decreasing opportunity for labor, accounts for the decline.

From Monday morning's printed interviews with Prof. Henri Bergson, it appears that when the eminent French philosopher arrived in New York harbor his ship was boarded by newspaper men who asked him for his views on at least the following subjects: Laughter, American philosophers, syndicalism, Col. Roosevelt, Gov. Wilson, the Balkan War, seasickness, and woman suffrage. There must have been minor topics brought forward by the ship news men which Professor Bergson contented himself with dismissing in a word or two or with a smile. But the list we have given is sufficient to demonstrate how completely the New York reporter vindicates Professor Bergson's theories of a purposeless, spontaneous creative force, that formulates its questions as it goes along.

Iowa is one of the States with "land-grant" colleges. She did not build them up in connection with the State University, but, like Montana and a few other States, spread a set of institutions widely over the State. Each went regularly to the Legislature to ask for all the money it dared, and each proceeded to develop itself without reference to the others. Six years ago a joint legislative committee was appointed to investigate the situation. It reported, as we read in the *Review of Reviews*, unanimously in favor of a single governing board for the University, the College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, and the State Teachers' College. Such action has been taken. Two duplications were regarded as especially harmful: that of the engineering department at the College of Agriculture and of the College of Applied Science at the University, and that of instruction in liberal arts at both the University and the State Teachers' College. These duplications were got rid of by discontinuing the College of Applied Science at the University, and making the Teachers' College a normal school.

"The end of fraternities in high schools is inevitable." These are not the words of some principal or member of a school board, but of the head of a high school fraternity, upon arriving in Denver for the purpose of annulling the charters of the four chapters in that city. The fight against fraternities in high schools has been long, and the issue by no means certain until very recently. Chicago pupils tested the matter out not long ago by a kind of strike which came to include two thousand boys and girls, but even this organized opposition did not dismay the Superintendent, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, and her associates, and in a few days the rebels were suing for peace. For the existence of fraternities in high schools it has been hard to see any reason, except imitation of the colleges, and the parents must be few who still hold with their children in admiring an institution that has served rather to create artificial distinctions and to supply an unprofitable mode of activity than to yield any real benefit.

Is there any inner meaning discernible in the suffragette hatred for plate-glass? The range of Pankhurstian battle tactics has widened so as to include various forms of arson and assault and battery, but the smashing of shop windows still seems to be the favorite form of protest, as it is the earliest. Glass, of course, has several properties that are not enumerated in the dictionaries, among these being its ready accessibility to the suffragette hammer, the highly disturbing noise it produces as it crashes down to a Bond Street sidewalk, and its comparative inexpensiveness. It is estimated that $25,000 worth of glass has been broken in London in defence of woman's rights. Obviously, this is a ridiculous sum when compared to the amount of resultant noise that has been heard round the world. But there is also a symbolic meaning to glass. It typifies civilization, and at the same time the conventions upon which civilization rests. The Bond Street shopkeeper has only a transparent wall an eighth of an inch thick between him and the world; yet under ordinary circumstances that is enough to make his house his castle. Along comes the suffragette hammer to remind him that his security is based only on the voluntary abstention of civilized man from the use of force. Let elemental passions be let loose, and a plate-glass window is reduced to its original dictionary definition of a substance eminently fragile.

Peace to-day would be scoring her victories if only there were the leaders to guide the armies of peace. This is the contention of the veteran correspondent, E. J. Dillon, who usually is not given to taking a sentimental view of the forces and motives that determine international relations. In the London *Telegraph* Dr. Dillon discusses the paradoxical character of the situation arising out of the Balkan War:

> How, for example, will he explain on the one hand the will of each of the European States to maintain the general peace, even at a heavy sacrifice, and, on the other hand, the fear felt by them all that something—they know not what—may at any moment occur which will precipitate a sanguinary war? For if one and all they are resolved to keep the peace, it is manifest that they wield the requisite power to carry out that resolve.

One answer Dr. Dillon does find to his own question, "the lack of a leading European statesman, capable of storing up and utilizing the vast peace forces at present scattered over Europe. We lack a Cavour or a Bismarck." But here the writer obviously falls into error. He forgets that he is at the present moment in the heart of a crisis, and is comparing his impressions with the impression created on us by Bismarck's or Cavour's completed, rounded out career. In their day these two men also had their uncertainties and their anxieties and their fears with regard to the future. The point is that the spectre of a general European war no longer haunts the public mind.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

Few expected—apparently not even Senators expected—that a two-thirds vote in the Senate could be got for a Constitutional amendment changing the length of the President's term of office. The debate had dragged on through the week without arousing much interest; various alternative proposals had been urged but voted down; and the Washington correspondents predicted failure for the whole movement. Yet on Saturday, by barely one vote more than the number necessary, the resolution was adopted favoring an amendment limiting the Presidency to a single term of six years.

For that plan there are, in the abstract, good arguments, as there are many against it. But it is obvious that concrete and even personal motives entered into the Senate's discussion and final action. It was not an alteration in our frame of government, ideally considered, that most of the Senators debated and voted upon. They had their eyes fixed rather upon political motives. They were thinking of individuals. No one can doubt this who followed the speeches or noted the alignment on the final roll-call. All the Democratic Senators, save one, voted for the amendment. All the Progressive Republicans in the Senate were against it. A majority of the regular Republican Senators were for the amendment; only eight or ten opposed it. Such a division on party or personal grounds is plainly of great significance. It is upon this fact, and upon its implications, that the attention of the country will be directed, certainly at first, and perhaps continuously. As the subject is brought up in the House and, if the amendment passes there, is discussed by the State Legislatures, the immediate concern will be about, not the theoretical merits, but the immediate consequences of the proposed change in the Constitution.

The people will be quick to grasp the fact that the amendment, in its present form, is virtually *ex-post-facto* legislation. Fixing the Presidential term at six years, it provides that "no person who has held the office by election, or discharged its powers or duties, or acted as President, shall be eligible again to hold the office by election." This looks directly at Theodore Roosevelt. There was no concealment about this. It was freely revealed in the debate. It stood out in the actual vote. Every Senator with Roosevelt sympathies was strongly against the amendment. What some of them said, and what all of them doubtless felt, was that this was an attempt to make it forever impossible for him to become President again. In so far as this was held to be a denial of his existing rights under the Constitution, we agree that it has the air of sharp practice. The *Nation* will not be suspected of a desire to see Mr. Roosevelt once more in the White House. But if the people wish to place him there, nothing in the law of the land, as it is on the statute books to-day, would prevent their doing so; and it will look like a hardship to him, and unfair treatment, to adopt an amendment which expressly shuts him out. By a simple change in phraseology this could have been avoided. If the amendment had been made to read, "no person who, *after the adoption of this amendment*, shall have held the office," etc., no one could have alleged that an effort was being made to rule Roosevelt out. His stoutest opponents will not wish another candidacy for him to be made impossible by anything like a trick or snap judgment

Equally unfortunate would be the practical effect of the proposed amendment in the case of Gov. Wilson. If the change in the Constitution were to be adopted before 1916, it would automatically extend his term till 1919. But what could have been further from the minds of the people when they elected him for four years last November? Everybody must feel the incongruity and unfairness of suddenly making four mean six. Take it the other way round. When Wilson was a candidate and was elected, he was entitled, under our political practice and under the law, to look forward to eight years in the Presidency, provided he succeeded during the first four. But now it is proposed to deny any such possibility and, by so much, to take away the motive which has always been operative in a President assuming office. It is not a question of personal injustice to Gov. Wilson; he will not have a word to say on that head; but why should the effort be made to amend the Constitution in such a way as to involve all these irregularities and inconveniences in effect, with this semblance of unfair play? It is hard to defend laying a rash hand on our charter of government when it is obviously not a general principle that the innovators have in mind so much as two personalities.

Our judgment is that these considerations will so affect the public mind, as discussion of the matter goes on, that there will be small chance of the proposed amendment's procuring adoption by three-fourths of the States. The plan, whatever its speculative merits, will not appeal to the rough sense of justice. People will say: "Let us start fair. If we ought to make the Presidential term six years, let us do it deliberately, and not in such a way as to seem to be squinting at two men. Leave them out of the account. Argue the proposal so as to sink personalities out of sight, and then we will tell you what we think of it."

GOVERNING ALIENS.

President Taft's heat over the Democratic proposal to do in the Philippines precisely what we have done, to our national credit and honor, in Cuba is not easy to understand. It is gratifying, however, to note that he bases his antagonism squarely on the ground that it will be most unjust to the Filipinos to promise that eight years hence we shall withdraw from the archipelago. It is something to give up talking of our having to stay forever because of the blood and treasure we have expended. But if we withdraw, it will terribly injure them; all the structure of government we have so laboriously built up would crash to the ground; the natives would quarrel among themselves; wily and unscrupulous politicians among them would seize the offices; the various tribes would fight one another, and the only outcome would be anarchy. Thus runs the argument, and to strengthen it Mr. Taft declares that the Democrats should not be bound by their platform pledges, asserts that they are ignorant of the problem, and calls on all American teachers, missionaries, and officials to testify to the correctness of his position.

Well, even among them there is a difference of opinion. The *Nation* has recently received two letters from American residents in Manila, claiming to speak for others as well, who desire our withdrawal from the archipelago. One of the writers boldly declares that he is ready to "undertake to procure the

signatures of one hundred Americans who, like myself, have resided here for from twelve to fourteen years, to a statement of belief that Mr. Taft's first-hand knowledge of the Filipino people is nil." This he explains by saying that Mr. Taft, as Governor-General, never came in touch with the masses of the Filipino people, only with the servant class, or the wealthy political and social leaders. Then this writer states the situation very clearly in these words:

> It is, however, disingenuous on his part to attempt to convey the impression that there *may* be a time in the indefinite future when the Filipino will be equipped to carry on the functions of self-government. He knows that so fast as they arrive at our standards, we shall as continuously advance our ideals to the sole end of forever frustrating their honest ambitions. By daily and increasing exploitations of their country, we know that we are intrenching ourselves for all time. The intelligent native realizes this, and uses his poor efforts to offset the work of the publicity agents we maintain in the United States, whose salaries we compel him to pay.

That is, indeed, the truth of history. The conqueror and exploiters invariably find reasons for remaining in the subjugated land. About every army officer who left Cuba after our last intervention insisted that the Cubans could not govern themselves six months before anarchy would prevail. They have survived an abominable and a corrupt Administration, to choose in its place another, headed by the Cuban probably best fitted for the Presidency. Again, with all respect to Mr. Taft, missionaries and officials are not good witnesses. The missionaries think of the converts to be made, and few officials can forget that if we leave the islands, they must seek new positions. As for the business men of the exploiter type, they are the worst advisers of all. It is far better, in a case like this, to intrench one's self upon the principle to do the just and right thing, and leave to fate the result. And the principle at stake is the right of the Filipinos to govern themselves as badly or as well as they wish; through dictators and bosses if they please. Few people who remember the excellent native government which Admiral Dewey's officers found and described in 1898, and are aware of the admirable conduct of the present Filipino Assembly, will believe that anarchy will result if, eight years hence, after twenty-two years of American rule, we withdraw, after neutralizing the islands and establishing, perhaps, a friendly, sympathetic Minister-resident to advise the islanders.

As for the permanent value of our own work in the archipelago, Mr. Taft would do well to read the beginning of a remarkable article on Oriental Justice by the Councillor of the British Embassy at Washington, Mr. A. Mitchell Innes, in the current *Hibbert Journal*. Himself of long experience as colonial administrator in Egypt, he has written one of the wisest and most moving interpretations of Oriental character we have ever read. But he begins by frankly admitting that, after all every Englishman has seen accomplished, "there remains a mysterious bar to complete success. He knows that the administration we have striven to set up has not really taken root, and would *crumble to dust* to-morrow if our hand were withdrawn." Mr. Mitchell then gives a clear exposition of the Oriental method of justice, with its picturesque emotions, its warmth of personality, and its inseparability from religious emotion, which is so wholly different from our own cold, formal method of justice, made to fit classes of crime but not the individual criminal. What Mr. Innes admits of English colonial management, that, after centuries, it has never successfully grafted Anglo-Saxon forms of government on Orientals, is true, and will be true of ourselves among the Malays. A century hence, if we remain blind to our own and the Filipinos' best interests, we, too, shall have to confess that our government would crumble to dust should we withdraw. But a hundred years hence we should find troops of government officials certain that the time had not come to free the Filipinos. The way to free the Filipinos, whom we hold against their will, is to free them; to fix a definite date, and then to put officials there who are determined to make as good a job of setting up a Filipino government as Col. Goethals has done at Panama. Where there is a will there is a way—the way of justice, the way of good will.

A POSTAL SUPERSTITION.

The installation of the parcel-post system has given rise to a pointed illustration of that religious dogma of the Post Office which has always enveloped in a mystic awe the subject of written matter sent through the mails. "Ignorance of the parcel-post rules on the part of their customers," one reads in a recent news item, "has been causing the department stores a good deal of loss." One suspects what is coming. "Many persons in sending back merchandise to be exchanged or credited have written either on the outside or the inside of the parcel a message to that effect." For this bold and indeed unnatural crime the Government of the United States inflicts a punishment ridiculously inadequate; for, instead of causing the arrest of the offender, or even confiscating the goods, it merely exacts the double of first-class rates. It is comforting to know, however, that the imposition of this mild penalty is insisted on in all cases. It is stated that one shop received back from a manufacturer a parcel on which a fine of $8.62 had to be paid, and that another has been paying on the average $25 a day in these penalties.

Now of course this kind of thing will become infrequent as the rules of the parcel-post system become familiar. But we are tempted to wonder whether, out of the scores of high officials of the Post Office Department, anybody is asking whether all this pother is necessary. Why should it be impossible for a person returning a parcel to write on the parcel itself what it is most natural and convenient to put there and nowhere else? We do not assert that there is absolutely no immediate gain to the revenue of the Post Office in compelling Mrs. Blank to write a separate letter to inform Messrs. Smith & Brown that she is returning a package to them. But we do say that the prohibition of written matter of this kind is caused not by any calculation of the effect on the postal revenue, but by unthinking adherence to a mere superstition. Postal administration has developed an inveterate instinct of unreasoning hostility to written matter, or, let us say, a specific mental disease which may be termed grammataphobia. It was only after a great deal of struggle that permission was granted to write "Merry Christmas" in a Christmas package; and to break further through the wall that shuts out written matter from packages of printed matter or merchandise is still regarded as little short of sacrilege.

The truth is, of course, that the amount directly gained by the Post Office through insisting on this rule is too trifling to be worth bothering about;

while on the other hand it is plain that any such annoying restriction tends to obstruct the business, and thus in all probability causes in the long run a very considerable *loss* of revenue. It is a nuisance to the public, and this of itself ought to be a matter of some concern to the authorities; and it is unsound from the point of view of postal business. It may be set down as certain that no wide-awake private corporation carrying on the business of the Post Office would adopt any such rule, and that the Government itself would not adopt it but for the fact that the policy controlling written matter is regarded as so sacred and unalterable that the reason for it is never looked into.

With a very slight restriction, written matter could be allowed in all third and fourth-class packages without causing any substantial loss of revenue on the face of things, and with every reason to expect that in reality it would cause a decided gain of revenue. But this is peculiarly true in regard to the parcel post, since the lowest amount of postage for any parcel is five cents. Is it to be imagined for a moment that there would be any considerable loss of letter postage if people were allowed to put written matter into parcels, when five cents is the minimum rate, and this applies only to points within the fifty-mile zone?

It happens that a curious perversion of a different, but analogous, kind has also occurred in connection with the parcel post. Not only written, but also printed, matter is forbidden; so that, for instance, one cannot send a book along with other things in a parcel. A Fifth Avenue shop wished to enclose in all its packages a printed warning not to write on returned packages anything but the name and address of the receiver and the sender, but it had to obtain from the Post Office authorities a special authorization to do this. Yet the rate for printed matter throughout the United States is only one cent for two ounces, or eight cents a pound; so that the difference between the printed-matter rate and the parcel-post rate is not very serious at worst. And furthermore, it seems a little ridiculous to discriminate *against* books in the postal rates, when we have hitherto always discriminated in their favor. Postmaster-General Hitchcock, in his recent report, urges that the distinction between third-class and fourth-class matter be abolished; he states that this was recommended by the Department prior to the enactment of the parcel-post law.

But why not further simplify by letting people put into the parcels any mailable matter they choose? Has anybody figured out the probable effect of this on the postal revenue and expenditure? Is there any reason for not effecting this simplification except want of thought? It would be a great comfort to everybody; and if both this simplification and a proper simplification of the zone plan were adopted, the popularity of the parcel post would be vastly augmented—to the benefit of the people, and, we are convinced, to the advantage of the postal revenue.

HUMORS OF ENGLISH POLITICS.

The new Siege of Londonderry has its serious political importance, but the sardonically humorous aspects of it are the most striking. For at the very moment when the House of Lords was throwing out the Home Rule bill, the Irish Nationalists were wresting the Londonderry seat from the Unionists. But Londonderry is in Ulster, and it was to save Ulster from the horrors of Home Rule that the Unionists have been straining all the resources of oratorical threatening. "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right." Yet everybody has known all along that this province of Ireland is almost equally divided politically. Thus the proposal has been that Ulster should have the privilege of resisting the wishes not only of the great majority of the Irish people, but of nearly half of its own inhabitants. The recent bye-election will go far towards putting the finishing touch of absurdity to this whole contention. For with the winning of Londonderry the Irish Nationalists now have an actual majority of all the members of Parliament for Ulster. This outcome is a stroke of Irish humor of which even the most stolid Unionist must perceive the delicious timeliness.

The Derry election was no joke. It was bitterly fought. The constituency was canvassed and tabulated until the party workers knew just how every voter stood. And the Unionists felt beforehand a dejection as marked as the confidence of the Nationalists, for they knew well how severe a blow to them would be the loss of the seat. The dispatches tell of the extraordinary exertions made by both sides. But the Nationalist majority of 57 was really discounted in advance; and now that it is assured, its comic bearings will be appreciated throughout the kingdom. There have been complaints by Unionist speakers in the House of Lords that the campaign against Home Rule had been "listless," and that the people did not seem to be aware of the danger to the Empire. It is safe to say that they will hereafter appear even more indifferent to the wails and defiances of Ulster. By gaining one seat there the Nationalists have done more than defeat their opponents—they have turned the laugh on them.

Other recent political occurrences in England have caused a good deal of mirth. The circumstances attending Mr. Bonar Law's surrender of the food taxes, which he had just solemnly vowed he would never surrender, and at the same time consenting to retain the leadership which, in one vital point, the great majority of his own party had rebuked, were of a sort to appeal to the satirist. Mr. Law himself was serious enough. Always a man who jokes "wi' deeficulty," he could be excused for missing the fun of the situation. And it must be said that he displayed a manly spirit. He frankly told the Unionist party that, since a change of programme had been forced, this "should be accompanied by a change of leaders." However, as he had been begged to remain, and assured that his retirement would be "fatal to the best interests of the party," he felt it his duty to comply with the request made of him. He seems to have adopted for his own the sentiments of Captain Reece of the "Bab Ballads," in his speech to the crew of the Mantelpiece:

> By any reasonable plan
> I'll make you happy if I can;
> My own convenience count as *nil*;
> It is my duty, and I will.

A repudiated leader still making a pretence of leading is naturally an inviting target for shafts of wit and sarcasm. Mr. Bonar Law has been transfixed by his full share of them. One of the sharpest-tipped was aimed at him the other day by Mr. Lloyd George while making a congratulatory speech on the successful operation of his Workingmen's Insurance act. He maliciously extracted from Hansard the following pre-

diction made by Bonar Law less than a year ago in reference to this very insurance act: "I venture to express the belief that although honorable gentlemen on the benches opposite were very proud to have it called an act because it had become law, it will never come into operation." Lloyd George cited this as a gratuitous and falsified prophecy, and then slyly added that it would not be fair to hold Mr. Bonar Law entirely responsible; for "it may be that he was speaking only as the leader of the party, and was not necessarily expressing his own personal view."

Another bit of humor, unconscious this time, was contributed by the *Spectator*. It said of Bonar Law's abject surrender of his own convictions, when he found them in opposition to the "larger opinion" of his party, that "nothing could be more straightforward and more manful, in a word, more honest." Then, almost in the same breath, it spoke of a Unionist who would *not* give up his convictions. This was Mr. Austen Chamberlain, who, as his father's son, knows something about food taxes and their necessary place in the scheme of protective duties and imperial preference. When others retreated, Mr. Chamberlain refused to do so, saying proudly: "I cannot turn my back upon myself." But this merely proves to the *Spectator* that Mr. Chamberlain is "an honest and independent man"—fully as honest, we suppose, as Mr. Law, who did the exact opposite.

THE FEMINIST MIND.*

In general, the literature of feminism neither enlarges the mind of the reader nor increases his self-respect. It is therefore a pleasure to point to the invigorating little book in which (rather unexpectedly, perhaps) the historian of Standard Oil stands for the business of being a woman. Miss Tarbell writes from the standpoint of a mind well-stocked and well-ventilated, and her argument for the distinctiveness and dignity of woman's business is an appeal to woman's intelligence. Along the same line, Ellen Key is more vaguely impressive, but not less open-minded and free from sex-jealousy. Miss Tarbell's is the scientific and business-like mind, while Ellen Key is more Teutonically philosophical. Her "Woman Movement," however, though full of just observations, adds on the whole little to her former books, and mainly strengthens the impression, not always confirmed by the character of her followers, of a truly large-minded woman endowed with a splendid naïveté; which enables her to combine in perfect good faith a fervid belief in the ideals of the home, the family, and conjugal love with an extreme radicalism in the matter of freedom of divorce. Mrs. Coolidge's "Why Women Are So" approaches more nearly the type of feministic literature, in spite of a conscientious striving to be impersonally scientific. Why *are* women "so"? Because social conditions (mainly masculine) have made them so. Woman's business is not distinctive. Women are sillier (yet finer) than men, but this is because the removal of industries from the home (a wearisome repetition in all the woman-books) has left them nothing worth thinking about; and she looks forward to the time when the man will come home early in the afternoon and take a hand with the wife, who has also spent the day abroad, at the sweeping and the dishes. Altogether, the book is a rather gloomy argument for the suffrage, from the standpoint of either sex, and we are not reassured when we learn that "the elect among women" include Mary Baker Eddy. M. Finot's "Problems of the Sexes" is another sociological study embracing the whole subject of feminism. M. Finot presents an array of learned authority, but he is himself the victim of a rather weak sentimentalism which leads him so far as to declare that, if women were to hold the places now occupied by men, a few years would see all the problems in which men have failed—depopulation, alcoholism, criminality, misuse of public money, etc.—solved without delay. "The Advance of Woman," by Jane Johnstone Christie, is a hopelessly superficial book under an ill-fitting title. Either "the decay of woman" or "the fable of the matriarchate" would better fit the argument. "Woman Adrift" is full of interesting information about the suffrage-movement in England, but poor Mr. Owen turns out rather weak. His appeal to woman, rather his command to mind her own business, cannot be addressed to her intelligence, since of this he has his doubts, and the appeal to nature falls flat when nature is off duty. Yet Mr. Owen is not a dull man. His laborious argument is relieved here and there by choice bits of grim humor. The difficulty is that this subject of feminism has a weakening effect upon the mind—a truth which I am doubtless now about to illustrate *in propria persona*.

I.

Discarding the tangle of considerations in which the subject is enveloped as a whole, I shall limit the discussion to one immediately relevant question: Have women yet manifested the kind or grade of intelligence which would justify us—us men, of course—in giving them the suffrage? or, more generally, in expecting any aid from their counsel and advice? I do not ask, Is it just—abstractly just? That question seems to me unimportant, and, moreover, not well based. The celebrated argument of the cultivated woman and the illiterate negro or foreigner loses most of its force when we remember the position of the cultivated man. He, indeed, is not rated below the negro or foreigner. No, he has the honor of being rated just equal. Altogether, it is rather difficult to see why, under present conditions, any woman should regard the franchise as a privilege; and one would think that intelligent persons of both sexes should be interested, first of all, in making the suffrage stand for some degree of character and intelligence. In the meantime, if we are to pursue the argument of justice, we must remember that the suffrage is not granted to all males, but only to those assumed, however wrongly, to have reached the stage of mental maturity. And this compels me to disclose my general conclusion. When we speak of men, women, and children, we usually follow the order given. Now, intellectually, I would not say that women are children; neither are they men. The best formulation that I can find for the feminine mind—a most difficult and elusive subject—is that it corresponds closely to the masculine mind *just before* the presumptive stage of maturity. The masculine mind goes on to maturity; the feminine mind seems hardly to get beyond the stage of adolescence.

Perhaps I should say "the feminist mind," for the formulation will not be true of all women; nor will it fail to include many men. Hence, I am not raising the odious question, whether women are "so" by nature, but whether they are so *de facto*. *De facto* I should say that the formulation fits the feminine average, or type. Nor can I assent to the "flattering unction" that the intelligence of woman is only different, being intuitive where the masculine intelli-

**The Business of Being a Woman.* By Ida M. Tarbell. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The Woman Movement. By Ellen Key. Translated by Mamah Bouton Borthwick. With an Introduction by Havelock Ellis. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Why Women Are So. By Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Problems of the Sexes. By Jean Finot. Translated by Mary J. Safford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

The Advance of Woman. By Jane Johnstone Christie. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $1.50 net.

Woman Adrift. By Harold Owen. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50 net.

Woman in the Making of America. By H. Addington Bruce. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. New York: John Lane Company. $4 net.

Making a Business Woman. By Anne Shannon Monroe. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.30 net.

gence is rational. For if intuition is to be distinguished from reason, then it must be noted that virtually all the greater works of intuition, as displayed in art and in scientific invention and discovery, are so far to the credit of men. Hence, I shall not pretend to speak from a point of view either impersonal or asexual. Intelligence, as I understand it, is masculine intelligence. Logic is what the light-hearted Mrs. Gilman would call "man-made logic." Man-made logic is indeed imperfect, but woman-made logic is up to the present time virtually non-existent or, what is the same thing, a contradiction in terms.

II.

We are told that politics will be purified by the introduction of woman's superior morality. This superiority I must contest because I hold that morality and intelligence are one and the same. To say, for example, with the writer of a recent magazine article, that the issues in which women are interested are moral rather than political, is to state a fact, but to state it wrongly. It is true that in the suppression of the liquor evil and the "social" evil women have shown a consuming zeal. Nay, in these as in other militant campaigns they have demonstrated their readiness to burn the house down to enforce the special demands of morality. I have nothing to say for the social evil except that it presents a complicated problem, but the liquor evil is more of an open question. We shake our heads over "the European drinking habits," but the truth seems to be, as suggested by the per capita consumption, not that we are markedly more abstemious, but only that our drinking habits are more vicious and disreputable. This is the characteristic result of a fanatical zeal, which refuses "to compromise with the devil," combined with a deep-seated political corruption. To the discerning mind it should be evident that the root of our liquor evil lies in the impossibility of finding public officials who will enforce the license laws, or any other laws, as long as they have something to make out of it. As compared with the sin of drunkenness, this seems to me to be the deeper immorality. It is the sin that raises the more serious questions concerning national character. But this belongs among the "political issues" which, I think it fair to say, have hardly yet impressed the feminine consciousness.

When it is said that politics will be "purified" there is usually a failure to distinguish between masculine and feminine conceptions of "purity." For the woman purity is mainly chastity; for the man it means, first of all, to be incorruptibly honest. It would be interesting to know upon what ground we are to expect Mrs. Grafter to become critical of Mr. Grafter as long as Mr. Grafter remains a good husband; or why Mrs. Floater should be less ready to turn an honest two dollars than Floater himself. The authenticated fact seems to be, as recorded by masculine observation, that, woman for man, on the same social level, the woman, as a rule, is less deeply offended by a breach of trust and at the same time less alive to the fact when the evil results are somewhat remote. Moreover, I believe that one of the evils of our political life is the predominance of the eternal feminine in our national point of view. Only too often has "the good husband and the kind father" served to disguise the pliant instrument of corrupt politics. That the argument will lose its force under woman suffrage is too much to believe.

Women are credited with a superior capacity for self-sacrifice. Here, again, I am obliged to say that self-sacrifice seems to me to be an unintelligent conception of virtue. But many who disagree will admit that it is hardly a relevant business virtue or a very solid basis for the adjustment of political rights. Those, however, who deal with women in business are not impressed by their self-sacrifice, but rather by their failure to comprehend the elementary principles of justice. It is a rather rare woman who can view a transaction between A and B as a fair game in which each must good-naturedly expect the other to stand for himself. Indeed, to the mere man it seems that nothing is so clearly feminine as a complete failure to see that there is another side to the case, or to see any aspect that is not immediately obvious and personal. Accordingly, when the department store protests that it exists only to extend courtesy, especially the unlimited courtesy of changing your mind, the feminine customer hardly pauses to reflect that the heavy expense of this policy is provided for in "the cost of doing business"; and thus one outcome of the principle of self-sacrifice is a beautiful, unconscious communism, whereby we bear one another's burdens and enjoy economic waste and moral confusion.

Feminism is romanticism in public life and in business, and romanticism is the characteristic product of the adolescent mind. The high-minded youth is filled with a kind of idealism which calls for a "crusade" against some giant evil, but which, while aspiring perhaps to an heroic self-sacrifice, and possibly even to an heroic chastity, is apt to be strangely blind to obligations well supported by benefits received. To a clear-minded man a few years of rough experience bring the sobering conviction—not that the idealism of youth was too fine for daily life; this is to misconceive any really intelligent masculine point of view—rather, indeed, that a truly fine and exacting idealism would be shown in a nice and comprehensive fulfilment of the obligations arising out of the immediate business of life. Women as a rule miss the rude enlightenment. Even the militant suffragists do not succeed in getting it. This is the explanation of "why women are so." Yet, in the face of this explanation, we find all the feminine writers insisting upon the finer intuitions and the finer sympathies of women as against the coarser reasoning processes of men. Under this provocation I feel called upon to say that the liveliness of feminine intuitions and sympathies is not commonly a mark of creative imagination or deeper insight, but only of a certain naïve freedom from the restraining considerations that would be presented by a broader view of the case—in a word, that feminism, like other forms of romanticism, is the mark of an undeveloped self-consciousness.

III.

Those who imagine that this one-sidedness is confined to the unemancipated have not carefully analyzed the feministic literature—or, perhaps, I should say that those women who display it least are those who have been emancipated without proclamation. The demands for "independence" in feministic literature are characterized by an entire failure to consider the extent of independence actually enjoyed by men. The same thing is illustrated in the very interesting demand for "wages for wives." The idea may be found in Cicely Hamilton's sordid, but courageous, "Marriage as a Trade," the purpose of which is to show that in marriage women engage in a vile occupation for mere "subsistence wages." Who has failed to encounter the statement that the middle-class wife toils early and late for the wages of a servant? Mrs. Coolidge lays stress upon the idea of compensation, and I think it is she who points to the sacrifice made by a woman who in marriage gives up a salary of twelve hundred a year.

Now, if it be meant that husband and wife should agree upon a regular allowance for the wife's private use, this seems so manifestly business-like and reasonable that one is compelled to wonder why it bulks so large in feministic literature. On the other hand, at the present rate of wages, I believe that, in most middle-class families (with an income of twenty-five hundred or less), the wife's allowance could not exceed a servant's wages. But to assume that a servant's wages is all that she then receives shows a naïve ignorance of bookkeeping. Two considerations are omitted from the debit side of the account: First, that her "board," including, as it does, the possession of the whole house, is far more expensive than the servant's; secondly, that she is chargeable for half of the cost of maintaining her children. This important item I have

never seen mentioned. Indeed, upon this point there is a strange confusion in feminist thought. Apparently, the responsibility for the children belongs to the husband ("she bore him so and so many children"), while the property in them belongs to the wife—they are always *her* children. But if the responsibility, then the property; and then the old law giving the husband absolute control of the children, a law of which the feminists still bitterly, and belatedly, complain, turns out to have been just. If, again, the property, then the responsibility; in this case the whole cost of their maintenance should be charged against the wife. But if we decently halve both the property and the responsibility, it will be seen that, in the middle-class household, the wife receives, in her own person and in those of her children, just about half of the family income. And if we remember the wages paid to women, it will be clear that there are few women who do not receive higher wages as wives than they could earn outside of the home.

In the meantime, I think it is only a rather foolish man who would complain of the sacrifice he made in marrying. When a middle-class man marries he knows that his income is mortgaged for life, mostly for the benefit of other persons. But if his family life is reasonably happy, he is well assured that it pays, and that he is getting the only worth his money could have for him. To a mature mind this is a source of solid satisfaction, and between two mature minds the consciousness of obligation mutually fulfilled strengthens the bond of sympathy. To the feminist mind the idea is sordid. Feminist ethics craves sacrifice. In feminist literature the wife is either a "parasite," like Mrs. Gummidge, or a defrauded partner. That she should both be worth what she gets and get what she is worth seems intolerably prosaic and colorless.

IV.

Feministic literature is full of the narrowness of domesticity and the drudgery of housekeeping. Assuming that housekeeping is drudgery, there are still two considerations commonly omitted: First, of course, the other side of the case: is housekeeping greater drudgery than the work of most men in business? Obviously, this is the determining question in the formulation of a reasonable complaint; and the omission is the more surprising because most of the work open to women in business is drudgery of the clearest kind. My own opinion, based upon a rather varied and instructive apprenticeship in business and a few brief and awkward experiences as cook and housekeeper, would be that the position of cook and housekeeper in one's own house is preferable to almost any of the positions open to women in business, or to most men; and this precisely from the standpoint to which women commonly appeal, the standpoint of a cultivated mind. But, since this is only a man's view, I prefer to quote from a spirited contribution "From an Average Woman" to the *Atlantic* for April, 1909:

> For five years after graduation [from a New England college], I was a business woman, very happy in my work; but I have been far more happy in my five years of married life, and more independent than when in business. I have a housekeeping allowance and one for my personal needs, as regular as my salary used to be; I have the control of my time, my work is not so monotonous, and my workshop is what I choose to make it. . . . I believe that housewives do not have a monopoly of the drudgery of life. My personal definition of drudgery is compulsory work that one does not know how to do well. . . . Nor is the varied work of the household more monotonous than heating one iron bar after another, hour after hour, day after day, for instance, or adding up one column of figures after another.

"How to do well"—this suggests the second omission. Not that housekeeping is not done well, according to present methods, but rather that it is not regarded as a worthy subject for the application of ideas. The man entering the kitchen is impressed by the contrast with any decently organized carpenter-shop or machine-shop. Kitchen tools are of the grade found in the small boy's tool-chest. Kitchen machinery suggests toy machinery. We must allow for the unspecialized complexity of the kitchen-task, yet it seems to me that it still offers many tempting invitations to the exercise of mechanical inventiveness. And if the servant-problem is really insoluble, we clearly face the alternatives of making the home manageable from an engineering standpoint or of abandoning it. But not only are women as a rule lacking in mechanical knowledge; like many men whose intellectual discipline is not yet complete, they despise it. In this they suggest the familiar type of undergraduate who is confident of his ability to discuss metaphysics and ethics, while cheerfully explaining that he is unfitted for elementary physics or plane geometry. It hardly occurs to him that a real inability to grasp mechanical ideas marks an incapacity for abstract thinking—that is to say, for thinking. For if mechanical science is not a final test of intelligence, it is at least an elementary test.

There is, however, another reason for the unscientific attitude of women towards housekeeping. Most of its tasks have already been removed from the home laboratory, they tell us; we buy our bread from the baker; soon we shall order the whole dinner from the cook-shop (doubtless table and all). But this only brings to light what I conceive to be the central issue. Who will then control the preparation of the dinner and see to it that the whole meal is not as unappetizing as the baker's bread? This question opens a wide range of considerations of which, in the literature before us, Miss Tarbell is the only one to give any clear account.

The removal of industry from the home—to repeat the old story—was only the first step in the process of removing it to the other end of the earth. Under present conditions the producer and consumer are about as remotely acquainted with each other as if they lived in different worlds. One result is to increase the cost of distribution so shockingly as really to raise the question whether the organization of industry is, after all, worth while. But another result is that the consumer has no longer any control of the producer. In the small towns the retail merchants are frankly distributing agents. If you ask them a question about the goods that they offer, all that they can tell you is that the article in question "is made by a very reliable firm." Truly, it is an interesting situation. We work hard for our dollars, and we guard them jealously, yet we pay them out with only a vague notion of what we are getting in return. The result is that a wise man is compelled to repudiate the pretension of choice in order that he may not feel like a fool as he walks home with his purchase under his arm.

To state the case compactly, I think that many of us would be ready to cease gibing at women's clubs, and even to become subscription-members, if only these or some other women's clubs would adopt Miss Tarbell's suggestion and address themselves to the problem of consumption. The first step would be to supply us with intelligent information based upon trustworthy investigation; but this would doubtless lead to some direct control, through coöperative societies, of the processes of production. I need not dwell upon the range of the field. The problems of consumption are precisely as broad as the problems of production, and they demand the same degree of scientific knowledge and judgment.

Let all this be as Utopian as you please; it will serve to point the fact that, while "the uneasy woman" is chafing at the restraints of domesticity and calling loudly for a rather indefinite "career," here at her door lies a neglected public work of unsurpassable importance and dignity. And at *her* door, I say; for, though industry has left the home, she is still the chief purchasing agent, and, as always, the director of consumption. Nor is it quite an answer to say that the problems in question have scarcely yet been generally recognized; they are specially the woman's problems. In the meantime the bent of her mind is shown by societies such as the Consumers' League, which,

leaving the consumer out of account, gives its attention chiefly to the welfare of saleswomen and factory-women. I shall be the last to say that these objects are not good. Nevertheless, the predominance, indeed the exclusiveness, accorded to them is precisely typical of what I have called the adolescent quality of the feminine mind. To quote Miss Tarbell again, the important thing seems always to lie elsewhere—never at home.

Here, of course, I shall be met with the triumphant reply that for all this the woman must have the vote. But this I shall dismiss as an illusion, though it is not a specifically feminine illusion. It is part of the great scientific-socialistic illusion of our time to the effect that social problems are to be solved by getting them out of the social consciousness into a government bureau. I am not questioning the value of a government bureau. But with a bureau for each department of industry, the vital need would still be for popular enlightenment and for independent discussion and criticism; and a society, or societies, which should to any degree represent and command the confidence of the purchasing power, could speak with an authority which no government bureau ought to exercise. It is doubtless true that, as Miss Addams says, women are hampered in their philanthropic programme by the lack of the suffrage. This is because, not quite excusably, perhaps, men are not immediately interested. "If," writes Miss Tarbell, "two years ago, when the question of the higher duty on hosiery was before Congress, any woman or club of women had come forward with carefully tabulated experiments, showing exactly the changes which have gone on in late years in the shape, color, and wearing quality of the 15-, 25-, and 50-cent stockings, the stockings of the poor, she would have rendered a genuine economic service." With this kind of an argument to offer women will never need the suffrage; and when they render the economic service they may count upon a genuine interest in their philanthropic programme. But, then, I should say, the whole question will be on a different footing. WARNER FITE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The M. C. D. Borden library will be sold at the American Art Galleries afternoons and evenings of February 17, 18, and 19. The two volumes of the sale catalogue contain only 838 lots. It has been the usual custom at auction sales to break up long collected sets of first editions and to sell the volumes separately, even when the sets were uniformly bound; but in the present sale the long sets, even the Dickens with its hundreds of valuable drawings inserted, are to be sold as single lots. In some cases some of the very rarest items are to be sold separately. The bulk of the Thackeray set, 73 vols., will be sold as one lot, and afterwards "The Second Funeral of Napoleon," "Floro et Zephyr," "The Snob," "The Gownsman," and a little volume, "Unpublished Verses," with the autograph manuscripts of the poems and drawings inserted, will be sold separately. The first five editions of Walton's "Complete Angler" are to be sold as one lot, but the four folios of Shakespeare are sold separately.

The catalogue is handsomely printed and has numerous illustrations of bindings and title-pages. The cataloguer has studiously avoided pointing out any imperfections. In the case of the First Folio, the most valuable book in the library, the size is given (12 11-16 by 8 5-16 inches); but there is not one word as to the condition of the copy, nor any word as to its history or former ownership. With the First Folio more than almost any other book, market value depends upon condition. The book, as a book, is not "excessively rare," but on the contrary it is probable that more copies, good, bad, and indifferent, are in existence than of most other books of its period.

What is probably the rarest book in the library is the little pamphlet, "Penny Whistles," by Robert Louis Stevenson. This is an early or trial issue of "A Child's Garden of Verses," and is a pamphlet of 22 pages, without any title-page, but with imprint at end, "Cambridge, Printed by C. J. Clay, M. A., & Son, at the University Press." It seems to have been printed before October, 1883.

Something of the history of the development of this little volume of poems for children can be traced in the published letters. In March, 1883, Stevenson sent to Henley "the MS. of Nursery Verses, now numbering XLVIII pieces or 599 verses," and gave instructions about the printing and illustrations. "I do not want a big ugly quarto. I want a refined octavo, not large—not larger than the Donkey book, at any price." In the same letter he suggested various titles: "Nursery Verses," "Nursery Muses," "New Songs of Innocence," "Rimes of Innocence," "The Jew's Harp," and "Penny Whistles for Small Whistlers," with a final conclusion: "it is perhaps better, as simply Penny Whistles." It seems to have been that manuscript which was put into type, as the printed "Penny Whistles" contains forty-eight pieces, though the number of lines is 603 instead of 599.

In April, 1883, Stevenson wrote to Mrs. Sitwell: "I have struck out two, and added five or six; so they now number forty-five. When they are fifty, they shall out on the world." In October, 1883, he had received from Colvin an "interesting copy of P. Whistles," with criticisms, to which he replies with some fervor: "If you don't like 'A Good Boy,' I do. . . . 'Twinkled' is just the error; to the child the stars appear to be there; any word that suggests illusion is a horror. . . . Bewildering and childering are good enough for me." And he adds: "I will delete some of those condemned, but not all. I don't care for the name 'Penny Whistles'; I sent a sheaf [of names] to Henley when I sent 'em. But I've forgot the others. I would just as soon call 'em 'Rimes for Children' as anything else."

In June, 1884, he sent four additional pieces to Colvin, and wrote: "It will now make quite a little volume of a good way upwards of 100 pp." On January 2, 1885, he sent to W. H. Low "the first sheet of the definitive edition" of the "Child's Verses," with the hope that Low would undertake to illustrate the volume. In February he wrote to John Addington Symonds, "My Child's Verses come out next week."

Mr. Bixby, of St. Louis, owns a series of manuscripts of the Verses, twenty-two in number, on seventeen pages. Among them are four pieces not included in the published volume. The privately printed pamphlet in the Borden library contains five others, in all nine pieces which were omitted from the "Child's Garden of Verses."

Aside from the Borden copy no other copy of "Penny Whistles" seems to be definitely placed.

The autograph manuscript of Stevenson's "Catriona," published in America as "David Balfour," is the most important manuscript of his which has been sold at auction. It is written in his characteristic small hand on 214 foolscap pages.

There are other important manuscripts in the collection, the most interesting being Tennyson's "Nimuë," on 31 pages. The name, "Nimuë," was altered to "Vivien," and the poem was published in "Idylls of the King" in 1859. There is one printed copy known of an early trial issue, in the British Museum, with the title, "Enid and Nimuë."

There are two important Swinburne manuscripts, "Chastelard, a Tragedy," on 115 pages of foolscap, and "A Song of Italy," 46 pages, the latter accompanied by the printer's proof sheets with a few manuscript corrections by Swinburne.

The Borden library is notable for the large number of elaborately tooled modern bindings, the work of the Club Bindery, the Doves Bindery, Miss Prideaux, Stikeman, Chambolle-Duru, Gruel, Zaehnsdorf and Riviere, and others. There are also two books from Jean Grolier's library, each bearing his well-known motto, "Jo. Grolierii et Amicorum."

Correspondence

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Professor Hart's spirited remonstrance in the *Nation* of January 23 against "*Aren't I* a feminist?" reached our breakfast table just as we were discussing the fineness of the line which separates elegance from vulgarity in speech. For the following reasons I am disposed to favor the Oxford graduate's suggestion that this peculiar locution is due to what the grammarians call an "epenthetic" *r* in what the comparative philologists call an "hypothetical" *an't*.

When the mercury falls far below zero, I say: "I fear the pipes will *burst*." My wife says: "I fear the pipes will *buhust*." My son says: "I'm afraid the pipes will *bust*." If we should be awakened in the night by the fall of water and plaster, I should cry: "The *worst* has happened." My wife would cry: "The *wuhust* has happened." My son would cry: "The *wusst* has

happened." When I had lighted the lamp, I should be tempted to exclaim: "I will be *curst!*" My wife would be tempted to exclaim: "I will be *cuhust!*" My son would exclaim: "I will be *cusst!*" I am correct. My wife is elegant. Why does my son cross the line?

At this point I drop my family. But I will say that I have never known a person, however elegant, who could remove *r's* from one place without setting them down in another. It appears to be a law of compensation in the lingual world that the *r* lost by *honah* shall be restored to *harnah;* you *cahrnt* escape from the *opuhration* of this *lawr, howevruh* you may try. There is nothing shocking in the example which excites Professor Hart's wrath, except the spelling. Mr. Wells has merely recorded a "fonetic" fact. And when all the spelling reformers have done their worst, the *wurd* or *wuhud* or *wud* which they record in the dictionary will serve only as a new point of departure for the variations of elegance on the one hand and vulgarity on the other. For that reason I am a conservative. OBSERVER.

Chicago, January 24.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your recent issue of January 23, Prof. J. M. Hart complains rather bitterly of Mr. H. G. Wells, because, in his book called "Marriage," he has the sentence: "My dear! *Aren't I* a feminist?" Mr. Hart seems to fear that the English language is going to the dogs; feels obliged to consider "the question whether we Anglo-Americans are losing all sense of grammar," and asks somewhat pathetically: "Shall we all jabber and scribble indiscriminately?"

I haven't read "Marriage," but I suppose that the person who says *Aren't I* in that book is English. Mr. Hart seems not to know that the expression is in common use by educated people in England. It is an Anglicism, it is true, but the author was certainly justified in making an Englishman speak as he would naturally, even if ungrammatically.

As for the elaborate derivation for *Aren't I,* offered by Mr. Hart's Oxford friend, he is right in having his doubts about it. I think *Aren't I* is a simple analogical expression produced by *Aren't you,* backed up as it is by *Aren't we, Aren't they.* The analogy has not been extended to the third person singular (*Aren't he*) because there already existed an abbreviation in good use for *Is not he,* viz.: *Isn't he.*

Mr. Hart asks: "Is there anything to prevent us from saying *Am I not?*" Of course there is not, but in ordinary conversation *Am I not* seems to many people clumsy and pedantic. For all the other similar exprcssions we have abbreviations such as *Can't I, Won't I,* etc., but for *Am I not* there is no abbreviation in use but *Ain't I* (except the much abused expression in question). *Ain't I* is now held to be vulgar in England—although I believe there was a time when it was fashionable—and so, many Englishmen say *Aren't I.*

There is no cause for alarm: it does not seem likely that any American will ever say *Aren't I,* but Englishmen must be allowed some eccentricities. There is no more reason that they should be obliged to say *Am I not,* than that they should say *Is he not,* etc.; and if many people went about talking like that, it would be an intolerable nuisance, would it not?

J. E. SHAW.

Baltimore, Md., January 27.

ASPIRATION AND GENIUS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There seem to be a number of people in the world who have had an experience similar to that which you describe in your editorial on "Patrons for Genius" (January 9). Here is another.

I, too, have been an egotist, and imagined myself a neglected genius, but have been unsuccessful in proclaiming myself to the world. If any one had patronized me, I fear that it would have been an unprofitable investment. I have now largely outgrown my boyish hopes of fame and publication, though the same irrepressible impulse still urges me on to aims and ideals apparently beyond my reach. It seems to thwart me in my worldly business and to summon me whenever I begin to become involved therein. It seems to lead me through life to the tune of martial music that will not let me rest, while beyond, I seem to hear the melody of the spheres. Yet it has led me to no tangibly successful result. No matter; my effort is the development of my soul in its conquest of life, and its birth struggle into higher spheres where all its aspirations will finally be fulfilled somewhere in its eternal career, though it achieve no substantial or durable distinction here. Perhaps it may attain some measure of success here also; man's greatest accomplishments are often consummated only after a lifetime of preparation and endeavor, and without expectation of reward and glory.

My youthful mind was first awakened by a profound and mystical sentiment of wonder at itself, and the mysterious magnificence of the universe. In this stage of its development it wooed the Truth through the simple process of intuition, and, if it had then yielded itself to some settled faith, and pursued some simple, definite theme with which it might harmonize and organize all its impressions and experiences, it might ere this have reached some successful consummation. But learning with its various sciences, facts, and doctrines, like a kaleidoscope, broke the light of the mind's intuition into diverse hues, which it has been unable to combine again harmoniously into anything significant. I became lost and bewildered in a multitude of fragmentary impressions, and the result of my thought and my effort has been a scattered mass of notes, essays, poems, and incomplete articles, each, perhaps, inspired with a breath of Truth, but none endowed with the full soul that is essential to success. I had certain purposes, but was not able to bring my scattered conceptions together in them.

I have failed to realize the dreams of youth, but they have remained with me and occupied my leisure moments in the ten years of struggle for subsistence that have since elapsed. I have just spent a year's time in going over the efforts of former years; have revised, refined, organized, concentrated my various notes and articles under proper subjects, but still have produced nothing noteworthy. I shall go on as I have done, labor for bread when I must, cherish my dreams when I can, and all the time gain new strength and experience in the struggle to bring my dreams nearer to success when I again have the time to devote myself fully to them. There is ecstasy in the progress of the soul, though it miss the glory of human recognition.

I am glad that I have had no patron. Too much external assistance is not good for the mind, for it needs to be driven into itself for refuge and inspiration. I rejoice that in the struggle of existence the vainglorious conceits of youthful egotism have been transformed or expelled, and that I have been drawn out of my isolation into a broad, intimate, and happy sympathy with all humanity. Yet I rejoice also that I still possess that indomitable egotism, chastened and etherealized. Although I want no patron, I do often long for some form of endeavor at which unrecognized and uncrowned dreamers might live and still work towards their aims, instead of being compelled to engage in occupations at variance with their ideals.

I left home and friends to follow my muse into strange regions where I might be independent of custom and opinion. I walk entranced as if in a higher sphere where bodily wants and ills vanish and I may live on a crust and dreams. I stop and labor in various industries to gain means of sustenance on the way, but the power that rules me will not allow me to become involved in any ordinary business long enough to achieve success. I am a failure in a worldly sense. Little matters it so long as the soul develops and aspires and identifies itself with the Eternal Progress. E.

Birmingham, Ala., January 14.

BERGSON AND THE CHURCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his article on Bergson (*Nation,* November 14, 1912), Professor Babbitt has said that his interest lies "in the contention that Bergsonism and similar tendencies are on their constructive side 'humanistic' or 'religious,'" and since there is so much talk just now in church circles about Bergson, this note may be acceptable. It may seem unnecessary to say that the Christian tradition, while appreciating to the full the flux and turmoil of the "Many," leads men above all to the "One"; for its heroes are those who, passing through great tribulations in this present world, enter that peace which the world cannot give, and which is only found, as Dante has said, "in his will." Yet this truth needs to be expressed with emphasis; for I have heard, to take a concrete example, Bergson's distinction between intuition and intellect described as Pauline. Now, though St. Paul did have a "vital impulse" on the road to Damascus, nevertheless he devoted three years to "vital control" in Arabia. The proportion in time is significant. In a flash, in a moment, in a twinkling of the eye, came the intuition; and then in three, long, solitary years came the stern examination and severe reflection.

The experience of the apostle has been also the experience of Christianity. Appreciating profoundly the vital impulse, the immediate contact with the Eternal, it has also rigorously emphasized the vital control, the discipline of severe thought, the

rule of an ordered life. Here it is one with Platonism. It has gloriously confessed, as in Schleiermacher, that religion is rooted in feeling, but it has also sternly insisted upon the government of reason and the sovereignty of the will.

The Church *welcomes* Bergson's attack upon scientific dogmatism, but it understands quite clearly that her tradition leads men through time to the Eternal, through the Many to the One, through man to God.

WARREN S. ARCHIBALD.

Pittsfield, Mass., January 29.

A FORERUNNER OF THE MODERN SLEEPING-CAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his "Ansichten vom Niederrhein" Georg Forster, writing from Brussels in the spring of 1790, describes briefly a carriage factory which he thinks is "probably the only one of its kind in Europe." Among other things he refers to the high, well-lighted rooms of the factory, to the regulations which are posted on the walls, and to the system of fines and rewards which is in force. But what impresses him particularly is the fact that in the travelling-coach, which is there produced, the limited space is utilized to an "almost incredible degree." He declares: "For a person who is forced to undertake frequent prolonged journeys, I know nothing more indispensable than a *Reisewagen*, such as I have here seen, within which one finds assembled a table, a bed, and all conceivable conveniences." We are further informed that Mr. Simon, the proprietor, has usually from twenty to thirty of these vehicles in stock and that he sells his product largely to the various European courts.

C. H. IBERSHOFF.

University of Wisconsin, January 26.

Literature

A NOTABLE FAMILY.

Michael Heilprin and his Sons: A Biography. By Gustav Pollak. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $3.50 net.

Three lives of singular beauty and amplitude are unfolded here. The first twenty years of Michael Heilprin's life were spent in Russian Poland, and he was a lad of seven when the Polish Revolution of 1830 occurred. His biographer tells us that he who usually poured himself out unreservedly in friendly talk "was comparatively reticent concerning his experiences in Poland." Nevertheless, they remained an important influence in his life. In 1842, his parents and their family, including himself and his wife, removed to Miskolcz, Hungary. The love he conceived for the land of Kossuth, Petöfi, and Deák, never abated, and from him it passed to his children. An ardent supporter of the Hungarian Revolution, he was appointed secretary to the literary bureau of the Department of the Interior under Minister Szemere, and shared the fortunes of the Hungarian Government until its collapse. Escaping capture by the Austrians, he spent a short time in France, returned to Hungary, and then joined Kossuth in England, whence, in 1856, he emigrated to the United States with his wife and children.

After two years of teaching, in Philadelphia, he was connected with Appletons, revising the two editions of their Cyclopædia. Except from 1863 to 1865, when he kept a bookshop in Washington, as he had in Miskolcz, he lived in and near New York. During his residence in Washington he began to produce that notable body of anonymous critical work which constitutes his chief contribution to literature. Much the larger part of it appeared, from 1865 to 1888, the year of his death, in the *Nation*. He was, above all, a scholar and a sage, one to whose learning and wisdom there clung no mustiness of the closet. He was attracted by such disparate fields as Biblical science and modern European politics and history. His contributions to Appleton's American Cyclopædia are amazing in variety, number, and value. Any article of those reprinted in the book illustrates his ability to marshal a stupendous array of facts and to develop from them a philosophy of history and life. Minute geographical knowledge, dependent on a rare memory, earned for his reviews of the Franco-Prussian War the admiration of a professional strategist. In the several periods of his life he used, with fluency amounting to eloquence, German, Polish, Hungarian, and English, as the languages of intercourse, and he was master of a dozen literatures in their original languages. Only a scholar with his profound and sympathetic understanding of Hebrew could have made the spirited English translations of Biblical passages that appear in the two volumes on the "Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews."

His private life ordered itself peacefully. One feels in this record of it that the goings and comings of his family were unhurried. His children, reared in his spirit, were all five his collaborators. The wife and daughters were, besides, eyes to him on the frequent occasions when his own failed him. Love of nature, of music, of literature, of social intercourse, were his sources of enjoyment; Jewish scholars, political heroes, men of letters and science, the coterie of Hungarian refugees, and the unfortunate of all nations, were his associates. His force was not derived from institutions or organizations; he enjoyed thorough independence. His tolerance forbade propagandism of his vegetarian principles, and his modesty made him considerate of a child's individuality. Private woes found him patient; private contrarieties, humorous. And in his boundless enthusiasms he was the most lovable of men.

His end was hastened by superhuman exertions in behalf of the Jewish refugees from Russia after 1881. They turned to him instinctively for counsel and succor. He knew the rock whence they were hewn, and was mindful of the conditions that had rendered them homeless. He could and did interpret their sorrows and their ideals to themselves as well as to others. When they were assailed in a public gathering of Jews, he rose and said simply, "I am a Polish Jew. I belong to that despised race." Before their importunities he himself became a fugitive, fleeing to a suburban home, at Summit, N. J. The impetus he gave to the movement for agricultural settlements is his lasting achievement in their behalf. Its present success is due partly to his personal efforts, joined with those of other public-spirited Jews, partly to the striking memorial (p. 214) drawn up by him at the suggestion of Mr. Oscar S. Straus. The latter resulted in the American Baron de Hirsch Fund, with its intelligent provisions.

The sons, Louis and Angelo, whose biographies fill the second half of Mr. Pollak's volume, were of the father's spirit as well as of his flesh. Their knowledge was as comprehensive and detailed as his own. The father's cheerful endurance was in Louis emphasized into the gentlest form of stoicism, in Angelo heightened on the one side into captivating gayety of spirits, on the other into the intrepidity of the investigator of Mont Pelée and rescuer of Peary. The father's love of nature reappeared in Angelo as the creative force of one of the foremost American scientists. Both, indeed, were endowed with originative faculties. Angelo was the inventor of several mechanical devices, and his musical sense was noteworthy. His pictures in oil colors, especially those representing the eruption of Mont Pelée, won the commendation of connoisseurs, and among the family treasures are crayon sketches of landscapes by Louis. Neither brother had had more than the most elementary instruction in the technique of painting, and Louis was handicapped by eyesight so weak that he was never able to read longer than a few minutes at a time. Yet through the devotion of his sisters he was equipped with the varied information that qualified him to be, at twenty-two, assistant encyclopædist to his father, later sole reviser of two encyclopædias, compiler of the Historical Reference Book, and, with his brother, of Lippincott's World Gazetteer. Besides, he gave attention to engineering and transportation problems, to educational discussions, and, like his father, to the questions connected with the Danubian Principalities and the Ottoman Empire. When one has said that he was born in 1851 and died in Febru-

ary, 1912, the external events of his life have virtually been summed up. The rest was all spiritual—invincible modesty, fortitude, intellectual achievement, charitable endeavor, devotion to civic tasks.

But Angelo had a career full of stirring incident and public honor. In 1876, the revision of the Cyclopædia having been completed, he went to Europe to study the natural sciences under Huxley, Judd, Etheridge, and Vogt. After a visit to his own Hungarian and his father's Russian home, he settled in Philadelphia. What followed is fresh in the memory of the reader: his connection with the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia as curator-in-charge, professor of invertebrate palæontology, and professor of geology; the lectureship in physical geography at the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale University; the West Greenland expedition; the Peary relief expedition; the three visits to Martinique; the travels in Bermuda, Mexico, Alaska, the Klondike, and British Guiana; his untimely death, in 1907, at the age of fifty-four; his long list of works on geology, palæontology, and related subjects, written in a fluent, lively style. Worldly allurements had no more power over him than over the others. Like them, he responded to civic claims, and was unfaltering in danger and affliction.

The biographer, Michael Heilprin's son-in-law, has accomplished his labor of love with the loyalty and restraint that would have won the approval of his subjects. The value of his memorial is enhanced by sketches of the father, sister, and brother of Michael Heilprin, all remarkable in their way, though less in the public eye than the main figures. It is particularly gratifying that some of the scattered articles by the three writers have been perpetuated here. Else we should have had, in signed form, only two works from the pen of Michael Heilprin, both Biblical, the "Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews," mentioned before, and "Bibelkritische Notizen," issued posthumously.

CURRENT FICTION.

This Stage of Fools. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

One Man's View. The same.

Now that Mr. Merrick has fairly dawned upon us in America, we are doubtless fated to read him to his last—and his first—word. "This Stage of Fools" represents him in an early phase. Very few of the short tales which make up the book are of merit. They are like the first stories of most other writers—random studies in various directions—experiments casually undertaken on the off chance that they may or may not amount to something. The young Mr. Merrick, like the young Mr. Kipling, shifts between conscious "cynicism" and unconscious sentimentalism. Unlike him, he is uncertain and roving in manner, and lacks the touch of genius which made "Plain Tales from the Hills" something quite different from a reprint of brilliant "copy." Two or three of the tales grouped under the title "This Stage of Fools" are striking in one way or other, but chiefly as clever practice, by a new and doubtful hand, at the somewhat overplayed game of fiction.

"One Man's View," on the contrary, is the work of a practiced writer. The theme might have been chosen by Henry James. Heriot, a successful English barrister approaching middle age, is thrown into contact, during a holiday, with a girl who, first among all girls, takes his fancy. Mamie Cheriton is the stage-struck daughter of a well-to-do American. She likes Heriot, but will not marry him, till the bitterness of her failure to set foot even upon the lowest rung of the theatrical ladder leaves her, passive for the moment, in his hands. She becomes attached to him, but he proves a humdrum husband, and they have few interests in common. The speechless tête-à-tête of domestic life bores her. Interest in the stage revives, she aspires to be a playwright, and, with one thing and another, easily falls prey to a real master of the craft, a popular playwright who pretends interest in her work because he covets her person. (Is it becoming a convention with novelists that the playwright is a cynic and a voluptuary?) Elopement and divorce are followed by the death of the villain, and poor Mamie is condemned to a drab existence in a dingy Bloomsbury boarding-house, with a kind-hearted but otherwise insufferable aunt. Five years later her father's death brings her to America.

Meanwhile Heriot has applied himself grimly to his task, has become M.P. and Solicitor-General, and, feeling the emptiness of his home, is inclined to marry again. A well-bred and in every way eligible partner presents herself. He tries to say the necessary word, but cannot; and on a steamer returning from America finds the wreck of his wife, ill, disheartened, not expecting or wishing to live long. The circumstances bring freedom of speech, it becomes clear that their mutual love, which has lived and grown in spite of all, is the one thing worth living for, and Heriot again gives his name to the woman who has never ceased to be the wife of his heart. That this romantic act on the part of a cold, hard-headed Englishman (as the world has seen him) should be made to seem reasonable and right—that Mamie's recovery of health should be made to seem a blessing—are feats which attest the skill and power of Mr. Merrick's interpretation.

The House of Peace. By Michael Wood. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The story-teller is supposed to be son of an English couple of shady reputation. Their country house is frequented by a gambling set, but shunned by the county families. Their mother lives upon pleasure and excitement; the father, a dull, good-natured materialist, never interferes with her. The son, by remote heredity, is born a mystic and a devotee. To him in adolescence comes as tutor a young man of birth and breeding, dropped from society for a single fault, but sound in heart and mind. The pair become devoted, but the tutor, though he remains in the household for eight years, at once arouses the antagonism of the mother. The cause is trivial, but in time the woman's hatred becomes an obsession. She swears to accomplish his ruin, commits a crime in order to throw the weight of it on his shoulders, and hounds him even in prison with such diabolical skill that he comes out a physical and mental ruin. Meantime, the son, assailed by spiritual foes, is brought to the verge of insanity, when chance throws him into the hands of a more robust mystic, who has founded a House of Peace—a retreat for the life of contemplation. Here the young devotee finds himself at home—achieves peace. And hither at last wanders what is left of his old friend and teacher, to spend in safety and content the few days that remain to him. It is left for the woman who has virtually murdered him to be dealt with: she also is destined to find light and peace. We are to regard her story as an instance of demoniac possession. The tone of the whole narrative is a trifle strained. The reader must determine for himself whether its net effect is of spiritual force or of morbid religionism. One figure, that of Father Standish, master of the House of Peace, stands out, strong and sane, against the somewhat wavering background.

The Shadow. By Arthur Stringer. New York: The Century Co.

A better name for this high-tensioned tale of crime and retribution would have been the "Chase." Mr. Stringer's police hero is precisely not of the type of detective who attains his end by the critique of pure reason. This is simply a story of a mad pursuit, in which the game is always within sight of the hound, and the interest consists solely in the mere physical breathlessness of the chase, plus the speculation as to how soon the victim will feel the fangs of the pur-

suer. In this mad flight the author has inserted the necessary breathing spaces in the form of dramatic episode. There is a fight in a Macao opium den which is as ruddy a bit of slaughtering as we remember coming across for many a day in fiction. Gradually as the story advances, the psychological element twines itself into the narrative of train schedules and sudden death, until towards the end Mr. Stringer's Blake, from a common and efficient "bull," changes to something of an elemental force. The New York policeman ends up as a very distinct likeness to Victor Hugo's Monsieur Javert in "Les Misérables." Mr. Stringer's style usually presents a rich ornateness which is in piquant contrast to the grisly subject-matter. But in the present instance, and in the early chapters especially, this pretty affectation is carried to a wearying extreme. As the author warms to his own tale the mannerism sloughs off.

WILLIAM VAUGHN MOODY.

The Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $1.50 each.

The first of these volumes contains Moody's poetry, including his poetic dramas; the second, his two plays in prose. Each volume has a portrait by way of frontispiece; and the entire edition is prefaced with an introduction by Prof. J. M. Manly. On the whole, it is a commendable edition of a very creditable body of literary work. To be sure, Professor Manly's introduction hardly closes with the subject in its critical aspects—perhaps, it is just as well that it does not, for not only is admiration more becoming on the part of a friend, but it may be that criticism is as yet so premature as to seem in any case little better than impertinent. Nevertheless, the publication of such a collection appears to call for that kind of tentative appraisal which is alone possible at the moment.

That Moody has produced a quantity of meritorious work is not to be denied; nor is the quality of that work to be minimized or slighted in any wise. At the same time the actual amount which has anything like a fair chance of permanent and enduring success, is comparatively limited. From such a list it would be necessary to omit the two plays in prose—"The Great Divide" and "The Faith Healer." Notwithstanding the vitality of the naked human motive, they both lean too heavily upon what is, after all, only accidental and momentary: their vesture is liable to change and fashion. While in print they show certain dramatic weaknesses which were no doubt responsible for the stage failure of "The Faith Healer" and which seems to have affected the longevity even of "The Great Divide." In spite, then, of whatever ability Moody may have shown in his prose dramas—and it must not be assumed from this hasty analysis that such ability was small or inconsiderable—still it is upon his poetry that the permanency of his reputation must depend.

From this point of view, again, it is necessary to dismiss his poetic dramas also—"The Fire Bringer," "The Masque of Judgment," and "The Death of Eve." There is no use in quibbling over words; but as a matter of characterization it is only fair to say that drama is a misnomer for these products of the imagination. They are gigantic and grandiose symbols of a semi-metaphysical speculation, like the "Prometheus Unbound." Indeed, "The Masque of Judgment" is very like Shelley's "Prometheus"; it has the same impalpability and inactuality, the same tantalizing inconclusiveness and irrelevance. In justice to the poet, however, it should be added that the three pieces were intended to form a trilogy, whose thesis, according to Professor Manly, consists in the necessity of man to God as of God to man. Unfortunately, the last number, "The Death of Eve," was never completed, and remains a fragment in one act. No doubt, the intelligibility of the entire performance has suffered from this circumstance; but it is hard to believe that in any case the trilogy would ever have attained to the lucidity and convincingness of great poetry. As it is, it is very curious, often very cunning, full of technical stratagems, interspersed with noble lines; but strangely inaccessible and reticent.

What remains, then, is the poet's lyric verse, to use the rather rough classification usual in English. And here, there can be no question, Moody is at his best. To be sure, his lyrics, like his poetic dramas, are somewhat lacking in transparency and immediacy. The image has come in many cases to override the idea until it is no longer a figure but a symbol. In this way there is something almost allegorical and even enigmatical about much of his verse, like "The Quarry" and "The Beast," or even "The Moon-Moth." Even the "Ode in the Time of Hesitation," fine poem as it is, perhaps one of Moody's finest, suffers from a similar drawback. It is so hard to revive the circumstances and passions which inspired it—the circumstances and passions of 1900—that even now its appeal is remote and abstract. The fact is that Moody's quality is never simplicity; his significance lies rather in his manner of reproducing a complicated state of consciousness even in the presence of plain and familiar objects. In this respect he is curiously modern and representative. As a result his sentiment frequently seems dubious and equivocal, as in his lines to his mother's picture, called "The Daguerreotype," which is full of ambiguous and unsettling suggestions. In a certain kind of subject, however, this clash of incongruous moods produces an effective sort of irony—a kind of grim cosmical humor—which is, after all, Moody's most original and powerful note. This is the case in particular when the contrasting points of view are physical and moral; when from contemplation of the natural order as interpreted by science, the poet shifts suddenly to the vision of humanity, with all its infirmities and perplexities. Such chords occur again and again, in "Gloucester Moors" and elsewhere; but their most conspicuous illustration is found in "Old Pourquoi," and still better in these stanzas, called "The Menagerie":

And suddenly as in a flash of light,
I saw great Nature working out her plan;
Through all her shapes from mastodon to mite
Forever groping, testing, passing on
To find at last the shape and soul of Man. . . .

Here, round about me, were her vagrant births;
Sick dreams she had, fierce projects she essayed;
Her qualms, her fiery pride, her crazy mirths;
The troublings of her spirit as she strayed,
Cringed, gloated, mocked, was lordly, was afraid,

On that long road she went to seek mankind;
Here were the darkling coverts that she beat
To find the Hider she was sent to find;
Here the distracted footprints of her feet
Whereby her soul's Desire she came to greet. . . .

Helpless I stood among those awful cages;
The beasts were walking loose, and I was bagged!
I, I, last product of the toiling ages,
Goal of heroic feet that never lagged,—
A little man in trousers, slightly jagged.

Germany and the Next War. By Gen. Friedrich von Bernhardi. Translated by Allen H. Powles. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

The German Emperor and the Peace of the World. By Alfred H. Fried (Nobel Peace Prize). With a preface by Norman Angell. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2 net.

Friedrich von Bernhardi, a German general and military writer of some distinction, thinks that the time has come to reawaken the war-like instincts of his countrymen. Knowing that "the Germans are born business men," he tries to convince them that war alone has made possible the tremendous industrial and commercial development of their country. Victorious wars, he argues, have never disturbed business life.

His philosophy, however, does not permit him to base his advocacy of war solely on material grounds. War, according to him, is "the greatest factor in the furtherance of culture and power," and military service "develops the intellectual and moral qualities generally," whereas the desire for peace has rendered "most civilized nations anæmic." Thus the task "which Providence has set before the German people as the greatest civilized people known to history" becomes plain. With Treitschke as his political guide and prophet, and with the help of the law of the survival of the fittest, the elaboration of the General's thesis offers no difficulties. German infallibility in war, under proper conditions, being assumed, the only question before Gen. Bernhardi's countrymen is, Shall they always have a big enough army and navy to catch the enemy unawares?

There seems to be some doubt in the author's mind as to the nation with whom Germany will have to wage the next war, but none as to need of its being "war to the knife." It may be France, or Russia, or both combined; but in all probability it will be England, as to whose policy Gen. Bernhardi cherishes no illusion. "We must realize to ourselves that it is guided exclusively by unscrupulous selfishness, that it shrinks from no means of accomplishing its aims, and thus shows admirable diplomatic skill." The only flaw from England's point of view which he discovers in British diplomacy, was "the unpardonable blunder of not supporting the Southern States in the American War of Secession"—an oversight which resulted in the present "difficulty of her relations with North America."

There is nothing very surprising in all this talk, with which the Blatchfords in England, the Bourgets and Déroulèdes in France, and the Homer Leas in our own country have made us familiar. Gen. Bernhardi's appeal to his countrymen contains the usual amount of biological and economic nonsense, not unmixed, we submit, with fantastic military strategy. We hear that "international arbitration denies the inexorability of natural laws," and are told that "a pronounced superiority of our [the German] air-fleet over the English would contribute largely to equalize the difference in strength of the two navies more and more during the course of the war." Gen. Bernhardi thinks it necessary to fortify his position by seemingly apt quotations from Schiller and Goethe, in some of which a warlike meaning, entirely foreign to the original, is conveyed by the juxtaposition with his own text. Thus, immediately after saying that "the instinct of self-preservation leads inevitably to war," we have Goethe's lines, bunglingly translated as

> That which thou didst inherit from the sires,
> In order to possess it, must be won,

where the original, *erwirb es, um es zu besitzen*, justifies no such interpretation as the General would give it. As against the warlike and intensely patriotic Goethe of Gen. Bernhardi's imagination we venture to call up the Goethe who said (we translate from Eckermann's "Gespräche"):

> How could I, to whom the question of culture and barbarism alone is of importance, hate a nation (the French) which is among the most cultured of the world, and to which I owe so large a part of my own culture? National hatred is indeed a peculiar thing. It is always found most pronounced and violent where civilization is lowest. But there is a stage of culture where it vanishes altogether, where one stands, so to say, above all nations, and feels the happiness and the sorrows of a neighboring people as much as if they were part of one's own. This degree of culture was in accord with my nature, and I had become confirmed in these views before I had reached my sixtieth year.

In his volume on "The German Emperor and the Peace of the World" Herr Fried, the leader of German pacifists, describes the gradual development of William II from a "war lord" into a "peace-maker." He does not, however, depict him as, even in his later years, a uniformly consistent and uncompromising apostle of peace. After enumerating many of the Emperor's most striking utterances on the subject of war and peace, Herr Fried is still forced to admit that "the Emperor William is a problem that must be explained," and that he appears to him essentially an "inexplicable paradox." This cautious attitude is not conducive to the making of an inspiring book, but it was nevertheless worth while to place before the world, in a certain progression, facts showing the peaceful inclinations of one of the most powerful of modern rulers. Perhaps the most unequivocal remarks of the Emperor in support of his present attitude were made in his London speech, in 1907, when he declared it to be his duty not only to maintain peace, but to "promote" it and "place it upon a firm footing." This, at all events, marked great progress since the days of the first Hague Conference, in 1899, when, as is well known, but for the vigorous representations of Mr. Andrew D. White to Count Muenster and Count von Bülow, and through them to the Emperor, his opposition to arbitration would have defeated the main purpose of the conference.

All in all, the world cannot withhold from William II the credit of having hitherto kept Germany in the paths of peace, in spite of strong provocation, both from within and without, to resort to arms on more than one occasion. It may be doubted, however, whether his course will commend itself to German patriots of the stripe of Gen. Bernhardi, who must look upon his monarch as something of a traitor to the German cause.

Mémoire de Marie Caroline, Reine de Naples. Publié par R. M. Johnston. (Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. XVI, Documentary Series, I.) Cambridge: Harvard University. $2.

More than half a dozen years ago, when Professor Johnston was writing his "Napoleonic Empire in Southern Italy," he made some use of a couple of mysterious manuscript volumes which he had discovered in the Biblioteca Nazionale at Naples (number X. AA. 19, 20). No one knew where they had come from nor when they had been acquired by the library, probably not earlier than about 1880, Mr. Johnston thinks. They were entitled, "De la Révolution du royaume de Sicile. . . . Par un témoin oculaire bien instruit des faits et qui en a soigneusement recueilli les détails." Further study has confirmed Mr. Johnston in his original belief that this anonymous "témoin oculaire" was none other than Marie Caroline herself, that extraordinary and unfortunate Queen of Naples. He thinks that she composed this memoir in order to present her case and that of her family to the Congress of Vienna; she did, in fact, journey to Vienna, but died there a few weeks before the Congress actually convened. In his preface he is at pains to present so many arguments in favor of his theory of the Queen's authorship, that one at first almost suspects that he is trying hard to bolster up a poor case. And, in fact, his argument, so far as based on the style, which is not that of a native French writer, on the handwriting, a page of which is reproduced in facsimile for comparison with a facsimile letter unquestionably written by the Queen, and on certain passages which coincide with the known sentiments of the Queen, does not carry conviction. On the other hand, the minute descriptions of events in which the Queen took part and of which she unconsciously gives certain circumstantial details of a kind no one else would be likely to know or record, the way in which she always refers to herself in the third person, and certain other internal evidences, leave no room for doubt that Mr. Johnston is quite right in believing that Marie Caroline herself wrote this important memoir now edited as the first volume of a documentary series of the Harvard Historical Studies.

Marie Caroline, one of the ill-fated children of Maria Theresa, and sister of Marie Antoinette, had, in 1768 at the age of sixteen, been married to the Bourbon, Ferdinand IV of Naples. She soon proved so much more energetic and domineering than her husband, that he

became a puppet in her hands. Forced by the French, in February, 1806, to flee from Naples to Palermo, the royal pair were supported in Sicily against Napoleon and Murat by the arms and subsidies of Great Britain, whose agent for the purpose was Sir William Bentinck. Scarcely had the alliance been signed between Great Britain and Sicily, when Bentinck and Marie Caroline began a bitter fencing contest for domination over the King and the island of Sicily. Bentinck believed the Queen to be in treacherous correspondence with England's enemies; this Marie Caroline emphatically denies in her memoir; she, on her side, believed that Bentinck was acting beyond his instructions from England and was trying to annex Sicily as a British possession; it is not clear on which side lay the real truth. But, at any rate, Bentinck had the advantage of possessing money and troops. The weak King was induced to resign his authority into the hands of a regent, a new constitution for Sicily modelled on that of England was hastily adopted, and the poor Queen, defeated and sick, was exiled from the island as the only sure means of ending her opposition and intrigues. At the moment set for her departure she made a last effort to avoid exile by invoking a bleeding tooth and a bilious fever and demanding delay for the arrival of a doctor; but the English captain sent by Bentinck took out his watch and gave her just thirty minutes to get on board the ship which was to take her to Constantinople on her way to Vienna. Naturally, in her memoir "this furious woman with a rapid utterance" and an easy-flowing splenetic pen does not fail to express her opinion of "ce maudit Bentinck." After referring to him variously as despot, tyrant, satrap, vandal, and as insolent, insulting, immoral, ombrageux, farouche, énergumène, implacable dans ses vengeances, and écumant de rage, she concludes, "Je regrette seulement de ne pas trouver de termes assez énergiques pour le caractériser comme il mériterait de l'être."

The memoir as a whole, in spite of its special pleading, is a valuable addition to our knowledge, not only of Bentinck and Marie Caroline, but also of the course of events in Sicily during the Napoleonic period. Mr. Johnston has added further to its value by an explanatory preface in French and by supplementary notes drawn from Bentinck's papers at Welbeck Abbey and from some material in the British and Neapolitan archives, as well as from the numerous *pièces justificatives* with which Marie Caroline herself had fortified the second volume of her manuscript. It is a pity that the index is merely an index of persons and not of subjects, for the memoir contains much of interest in regard to finance and constitutional government, besides local Sicilian politics and international relations during the Napoleonic period.

John Stuart, Earl of Bute. By J. A. Lovat-Fraser, M.A. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 80 cents.

The difficulty of writing contemporary history is well illustrated by our rapidly changing interpretation of the measures and men of eighteenth-century politics. The events of that century were so closely connected with the development of the nineteenth, the older animosities were so closely related to the factious strife of the latter-day politics, that it was impossible for even the most historical-minded writer to judge the earlier times dispassionately. Only to-day does a clearer vision begin to correct the partisan thunderings of Edmund Burke and the gossiping denunciations of Horace Walpole.

The Earl of Bute has suffered more than any of his political associates from the acceptance of contemporary denunciation. After he had undergone the vituperations of the pamphleteers in the years from 1760 to 1763, his apparent place in politics was finally established by the brilliant pen of Edmund Burke in his famous pamphlet, "Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontent," wherein Bute was denounced as the secret and evil genius of George III, the power behind the throne, the manipulator of the strings of the puppet Ministers. Later historians have too generally forgotten that the pamphlet was the platform of a defeated faction, a platform which had undergone the severest criticism and revision by the factious leaders before its publication.

One may pass over the justification of the Earl of Bute by earlier Tory historians, since their work was due to partisan zeal, although their portrayal of his character and activities was more nearly correct than was that of their Whig opponents. The first true estimate of this victim of factious warfare was made in a small pamphlet by Dr. von Ruville in 1895 and was expanded in his great "Life of William Pitt." In spite of British criticism of this work on account of the alleged depreciation of Pitt, Von Ruville's analysis of the political world of the eighteenth century is becoming more and more the point of departure for further investigations; and this essay by Mr. Lovat-Fraser is an attempt to popularize the new portrait of the much-maligned Earl of Bute, a portrait which is generally accepted by modern historians.

The Earl was a fresh figure in the world of politics at the close of the reign of George II and was viewed with suspicion by the "standpat" politicians of the great Whig families who, since the death of Queen Anne, had been united in a ring for the control of government and of opportunities for graft. Besides the followers of the Prince of Wales, of whom the Earl of Bute became the leader, there was also outside the ring the small body of discontented Whigs, who looked to William Pitt for leadership. Since the fortune of these two factions depended on the overthrow of the ring, it was natural that they should unite; and the reorganization of the Ministry in 1757, which gave Pitt the golden opportunity to display his talents as Minister during the Seven Years' War, was the consequence.

When George III succeeded to the throne in 1760, Lord Bute came into a position of great power, which gave him the opportunity to carry out reforms supported by his royal master and the Princess Dowager. Bute was an enthusiast and a dreamer. To the loyal attachment of a Scotch clansman to his leader, he joined a dilettante's love of reform. He would play the part of a second Sully to George the Third's Henry IV. His enthusiasm awakened in the rather sluggish mind of his master dreams of being a great reform king. It was the age of "enlightened despotism," and why should not the young King become the regenerator of the British world, the organizer of a vast empire upon which the sun did not set? He would become the founder of an imperial system in the Far East and would create fresh centres of British population on the banks of the Mississippi; and the whole should be united by the development of a new ideal of monarchy.

The new monarchy was the foundation upon which the magnificent structure was to be raised; and to this idea the King and his Minister gave their first attention. Their text-book had already been written. Bolingbroke's "Patriot King" was to be put into practice; the world should see a king rising superior to parties and choosing his Ministers for merit alone, who would receive the universal approval of the people because they promoted only those measures that made for the *summum bonum* of the whole.

But first a very practical problem in politics confronted the Earl of Bute; he must annihilate the political ring of the Whig aristocracy. For his purposes conditions were favorable. The ring had been broken, after the death of Pelham in 1754, into numerous factions, each struggling to gain the upper hand. Bute's solution of the problem, in fact, did not lead to the visionary government of Bolingbroke, but created a new faction, that of the court, which was bound together by the strong hope of lucrative sinecures. Of this court faction the nucleus was the "king's friends," to which were added indepen-

dent or unattached Whigs and many Tories; and by it George III was enabled to take an independent part in the game of politics. In time it became so strong that, by uniting with only one other faction, it controlled a majority in both Houses. In the history of practical politics this is the one achievement of the Earl of Bute.

Bute himself was not made on an heroic plan. To put in operation his dreams of reform, or even to carry out the destruction of the Whig ring, required a man of "blood and iron," but the Earl was a weakling, rash and timid by turns. Lord Shelburne, who knew him well, called him the greatest political coward he ever knew, and the estimate is supported by the act of Lord Bute in laying down his Ministerial dignity in 1763 before he had actually started to put through his measures. Such a man could not long remain the manipulator of the political strings, and before the year expired he was politically dead. His last interference of any moment in the affairs of state was in August, 1763, when he attempted to organize a Ministry under William Pitt, which seems to have been regarded by him as the nearest approach to his ideal attainable. The fiction of his continued interference in politics for many years has been perpetuated by the credulity of Whig historians; the only justification for it is in the fact that the engine which he created in the court faction increased in strength, and under the hands of George III and Lord North attained preëminent position in the Ministry.

Notes

The University of Chicago Press is about to issue an English edition of August Bebel's autobiography entitled "My Life."

During the month Macmillan will bring out three novels—"One Woman's Life," by Robert Herrick; "Vanishing Points," by Alice Brown, and "The Impeachment of President Israels," by Frank B. Copley.

New books which will be published in February by Forbes & Co. include: "Divorcing Lady Nicotine," by Henry Beach Needham, and "Women as World-Builders," by Floyd Dell.

The announcements of Longmans, Green & Co. include: "Organized Democracy" (American Citizen series), by Frederick A. Cleveland; "Confessions of a Convert," by Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson; "Sermon Notes," by Cardinal Newman; "The Ministry of the Word," by Canon W. C. E. Newbolt; "A Book of Devotional Readings from the Literature of Christendom," edited by the Rev. J. M. Connell; "Anti-Christ and Other Sermons," by John Neville Figgis, and "Catholicism and Life," by the Rev. C. H. Sharpe.

The following novels are promised this month by Little, Brown & Co.: "The Maiden Manifest," by Miss Della Campbell MacLeod; "Day of Days," by Louis Joseph Vance, and "On Board the Beatic," by Anna Chapin Ray.

The Century Co. is bringing out: "Pippin," a tale of London streets by Evelyn Van Buren; "The Story of Panama," by Farnham Bishop, and a new book of short stories by Jack London, called "The Night Born," from the title of the first story.

Among Scribner's forthcoming books are the following: "The Penalty," the first novel by the short-story writer, Gouverneur Morris; "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, jr.; "Witching Hill," by E. W. Hornung; "Helen Redeemed, and Other Poems," by Maurice Hewlett, and Christopher Hare's "Maximilian the Dreamer: Holy Roman Emperor, 1495-1519."

Gov. Woodrow Wilson's book "The New Freedom" will be issued shortly by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The same house has in press: "The Spirit of American Literature," by John Albert Macy, and "Composition," by Prof. Arthur Wesley Dow.

Within the next few weeks Holt will have ready: Henri Lichtenberger's "The Evolution of Modern Germany," and selections of Bruno's "Le Tour de la France," edited for schools by Prof. V. E. François.

The World Book Co., of Yonkers, will bring out immediately "How New York City Administers its Schools," by Ernest C. Moore, professor of education at Yale.

February 26 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin Company for the following publications: "Pan-Germanism," by Roland G. Usher; "W. A. G.'s Tale," by Margaret Turnbull; "The Reasonableness of the Religion of Jesus," Dr. W. S. Rainsford; "Goethe's Key to Faust," by William P. Andrews; "Sappho and the Island of Lesbos," by Mary Mills Patrick; "Mohammed, the Great Arabian," by Meredith Townsend; "With the Victorious Bulgarians," by Lieut. Hermenegild Wagner, and "Australasia," a new volume in the English People Over Seas series, by A. Wyatt Tilby.

W. J. Watt & Company promise for next week "A Song of Sixpence," a novel by Frederick Arnold Kummer.

Among the books shortly to come from the Putnam press are included: "The Adventures of Miss Gregory," by Perceval Gibbon; "The Burning Question," a novel, by Grace Denio Litchfield; "Along the Road," by A. C. Benson; "Montaigne's Essays," selected and edited by Adolphe Cohn; "Rabelais's Gargantua and Pantagruel," in the translation of Sir Thomas Urquhart and Peter Motteux, selected and edited by Curtis Hidden Page; "The Political Debates Between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas," with an introduction by George Haven Putnam; "Mishnah: A Digest of the Basic Principles of Jewish Jurisprudence," translated and annotated by Hyman E. Goldin, and "Comparative Religion" (Cambridge Manuals of Science series), by F. B. Jevons.

Mr. A. V. Dicey has completed a study of the Home Rule bill, in which, while showing sympathy for Irish parties, he contends that the bill just passed is ineffectual and dangerous. The volume, called "A Fool's Paradise," will be an addition to Murray's Questions of the Day series, and will be issued immediately.

The Proceedings, just issued, of the meeting held in Washington, last April, by the American Society of International Law, contains a translation of the paper read by that venerable authority, Professor Fiore, of Naples. He asserts that the future of international law rests in large measure with Americans. Senator Lodge, remembering that since the Jay Treaty, in 1794, eighty-four arbitration agreements have been entered into by the United States, makes the point that every treaty under which an actual settlement has been reached is more important than any number of general treaties that merely promise arbitration. He thinks that to force a nation into arbitration is not likely to be successful. Judge George Gray, though agreeing in a general way with Senator Lodge, cannot conceive of any controversy arising between two highly civilized Powers which could not be peaceably settled. While the Senate is not criticised, the rights of that body seem to him to have been sufficiently safeguarded to remove general treaties from the dangers which Mr. Lodge foresees. On one point he is quite definite: after an award has been made, to submit to a popular vote the question of a possible withdrawal from the consequences of the award, would result in anarchy. He brands as a delusion the theory that the law of the land, once it is announced by the Supreme Court or by any other tribunal provided for under the Constitution, can rightly be reviewed by the people. Democracy has been rendered practicable by the determination of the people to limit their own power. Under no other method has a democratic government proved to be stable.

To those who are willing to take their Montessori at second hand, Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "A Montessori Mother" (Holt) may be recommended as a readable and pleasing book containing much common sense and not more nonsense than must be expected from an enthusiastic disciple. The book has the advantage of bringing the Montessori doctrine home to the mother, to whom, indeed, it chiefly belongs, and also of suggesting many ways in which it may be put into practice in the ordinary household without the use of formal "apparatus." To some mothers it may seem more than ever clear that Dr. Montessori has placed her trade-mark upon what has been recognized as common sense, with an omission only of the common-sense qualifications; but they will probably conclude that common sense is not less acceptable under the guise of "the Montessori method." It is somewhat interesting to hear that Dr. Montessori is no longer regarded as an authority in Italy, only one small school, or "children's house," being now completely under her charge.

Commenting on an earlier section of the "Oxford English Dictionary," we observed that though the new work far surpassed all predecessors in the number of illustrative quotations, yet in the proportion of quotations to recorded words it had not outstripped Johnson's. The double section before us, however, SENATORY-SEVERAL (Frowde), by Henry Bradley, with its 2,119 words and 14,620 quotations, leaves even Johnson well to the rear, with his 186 words and 906 quotations. This number is notable as containing the longest article in the Dic-

tionary, that on the verb *set*, which in its remarkable variety of senses and idiomatic combinations runs to about 55 columns. Though a large percentage of the words are of Latin stock, there are a few trophies from the gorgeous East, such as *sepoy, serai, serang, seraskier, serdab, serpet*, to remind one that the relation between, say, the East India Company and the English language and literature would be a pretty subject for extended inquiry. The most curious word in the section is Horace Walpole's coinage, *serendipity*, which, he says in a letter of 1754, he formed on the title of "The Three Princes of Serendip," from the faculty of the heroes for "making discoveries, by accidents and sagacity, of things they were not in quest of." Besides Walpole's the only use of this word cited is from E. Solly's "Index Titles of Honor," 1880, where it is employed in Walpole's sense. But Miss E. B. Sherman devotes an entire essay to "Serendipity" in her "Words to the Wise" (1907), and argues that the sense should be extended to include the mysterious faculty of finding things for which one is seeking—finding them by "sublimination."

To the student of *Kulturgeschichte* the group of derivatives from *sentire* is of extraordinary interest, for it carries us into the heart of the ancient conflict between soul and body, Christian theology and naturalism, ethics and æsthetics. It does not startle us at all to-day to read "that *sensuous* pleasure is a possibility, is . . . a thing to give God thanks for" (E. R. Tennant, 1909). We recall Arnold's declaration (1880) that "Keats, as a poet, is abundantly and enchantingly *sensuous*." Five years earlier Lowell spoke approvingly of sensuousness, though with a nice distinction: "A poet is innocently *sensuous* when his mind permeates and illumines his senses; when they muddy the mind, he becomes sensual." In 1870 Emerson had said that "a poet, in verse or prose, must have a *sensuous* eye." We recall Rossetti's sonorous confession that he could not tell his lady's body from her soul. And if we looked no further than the literature of the nineteenth century, we might easily suppose that sensuous pleasure had, with certain reservations, always been in "good and regular standing." But we are halted abruptly in 1814 by a passage of Coleridge's in Farley's Bristol journal, to the effect that he had "reintroduced the word sensuous, used, among many other of our elder writers, by Milton." And the Oxford editor tells us further that "Coleridge seems to have been mistaken in saying that it occurs in 'many others of our elder writers.'" The only passages which he adduces before Coleridge are from Milton, and he remarks in a note that the word was "apparently invented by Milton, to avoid certain associations of the existing word *sensual*, and from him adopted by Coleridge; evidence of its use in the intervening period is wanting." We are a little skeptical. Though the "Oxford Dictionary" does not mention the fact, Johnson records the word in his edition of 1755, where it is defined as "Tender; pathetick; full of passion," and illustrated by a passage from Milton's treatise on education which ran through many editions in the eighteenth century. In this connection it may be added that Milton's use of the word has been widely advertised by Arnold's quotation at the beginning of his essay on Keats; and, secondly, that Arnold misquotes both the words and the sense of the passage. "Poetry," says Arnold, "according to Milton's famous saying, should be 'simple, sensuous, impassioned.'" Now the words occur in a discussion of the proper order of studies in a boy's curriculum. Milton does not in this magisterial fashion say that poetry *should* be "simple, sensuous, impassioned"; he merely suggests that as it is "*more* simple, sensuous, and passionate" than logic [or rhetoric?] it should probably precede logic [or rhetoric] in the course of studies.

Let us return to our senses. Without questioning whether a reader of higher serendipity might not put his finger upon Coleridge's "elder writers," let us ask what forces were whitewashing the black original depravity of the senses between Puritan Milton and Platonic Coleridge. The answer lies partly in the history of the word *sentiment*, and the inquiry leads us to the School of Taste. Six years after Milton's passage on education, Hobbes, in 1650, writes that "Sensuality consisteth in the Pleasure of the Senses" (Moral and Political Wks., ed. 1750, p. 23); but in another place (p. 15) he says that "there are two Sorts of Pleasure, whereof the one seemeth to affect the corporeal Organ of the Sense, and that I call *sensual*. . . . The other Sort of Delight is not particular to any Part of the Body, and is called Delight of the Mind." When stern theologians thundered against all pleasures of unredeemed flesh as carnality and indulgence of the senses, the disciples of Shaftsbury took refuge in that "Delight" of the mind which they asserted lies just midway between sensation and intellection. As John Gilbert Cooper put it, "that *internal Sense* we call Taste . . . seizes the Heart with Rapture long before the Senses, and Reason in Conjunction, can *prove* this beauty," etc. ("Letters Concerning Taste," 1755, p. 7.) At the close of his book Cooper gives a little fable of the birth of the nymph "Calocagathia," who "became as she grew up the chief Favorite both of Gods and Men." In the service of this nymph it became necessary to develop the peculiar eighteenth-century *sentiment* and *sensibility;* to compose endless poems on the pleasures of imagination, memory, hope, friendship; and, most important of all, to establish what the eighteenth century called the *sentimental* and we call the *æsthetic* morality. What, then, the elder writers call *sensual* pleasures the eighteenth century called pleasures of *sensibility*, and we call *sensuous* pleasures.

It is to be regretted that the eighteenth century uses of these words have not been more diligently and copiously collected. For example, Warton, "Essay on Pope," 1756-82, furnishes the first instance of *sensibility*, meaning "capacity for refined emotion; delicate sensitiveness of taste"; but opening the *Adventurer* almost at random, we come upon this under the date September 11, 1753: "The tenderness and elegance of which scarcely need be pointed out to those who have taste and *sensibility*." Furthermore, all the quotations under this word from eighteenth-century writers—Warton, Cowper, Sterne—use the word as if the thing were very desirable to possess, and Byron, 1807, is the first witness to speak of "sickly *sensibility*." As a matter of fact, the periodicals contemporary with Cowper and Sterne are full of the keenest criticism of sensibility, and the *Lounger* of August 6, 1785, anticipates Byron's epithet by twenty-two years: "Reason condemns every sort of weakness; but passion, enthusiasm, and *sickly sensibility* have dignified certain weaknesses with the name of amiable"; similar examples from the same periodical could be multiplied. The first dictionary example of *sentiment*, meaning "an epigrammatical expression," is from Sheridan's "School for Scandal," 1777; we find an example twenty-one years earlier in the *World*, December 23, 1756: "He concluded his harangue with a string of proverbs, mottoes, and *sentiments*." In the sense of "refined and tender emotion," the Dictionary quotes Cowper, 1784: "New-fangled *sentiment*, the boasted grace of those who never feel in the right place." Beside this it is interesting to set this from the *Lounger* of February 18, 1786: "*Sentiment* and feeling, however, had their day, but are now almost quite out of fashion." Under *sentimental* again the eighteenth-century examples cited are favorable, while in the *Mirror* of April 25, 1780, we find already an indictment of that "*sentimental* morality" which refers "our actions to the determination of feeling." The Dictionary's first instance of *sentimentalist* is 1793; we anticipate that by eight years with this from the *Lounger*, June 18, 1785: "In morals, as in religion, there are not wanting instances of refined *sentimentalists*, who are contented with talking of virtues which they never practice, who pay in words what they owe in actions; or, perhaps, what is fully as dangerous, who open their minds to impressions which never have any effect upon their conduct." The interesting paper in which this passage occurs is directed against the novel "of that species called the *Sentimental*." It closes with a declaration which has lost none of its point by the lapse of a century: "Of youth it is essential to preserve the imagination sound as well as pure, and not to allow them to forget, amid the intricacies of Sentiment, or the dreams of Sensibility, the truths of Reason, or the laws of Principle."

"A Colonial Governor in Maryland" (Longmans), by Lady Edgar, is a discursive treatment of colonial affairs in Maryland during the twenty years from 1753 to 1773, with Gov. Horatio Sharpe as the central figure. Those colonial Governors in the eighteenth century who seriously attempted to carry out their instructions to the letter generally resigned or were recalled after a few years. Governors were expected to enforce the colonial system if it could be done without raising a disturbance in the colony, but their first duty was to make the colony prosperous and contented, to the end above all that the English merchants should have no cause to complain of decreasing orders for English commodities. From this point of view Sharpe seems to have been successful enough, with the result that he remained in his post for sixteen years. Partly for this reason, the story which Lady Edgar has to tell is rather colorless. She has had access to the Sharpe correspondence, contemporary newspapers, and to "private sources," and the

chief value of the book is in the letters and other contemporary material which she has printed. Indeed, her own task has been mainly to connect by fairly obvious comment a considerable amount of source material, some of which is already well known and easily accessible. One is inclined to think that students of colonial history would have been better served by an edition of Sharpe's correspondence simply. But the book is probably meant for the general reader rather than for the historian. At all events, it is admirably well adapted to those who like to dip, not too far, into the "sources"; who like to take their history leisurely, with wide margins, and seasoned with excellent illustrations of old colonial houses. It is a book which every Colonial Dame will possess as a matter of course, and one which the professed historian will find occasionally useful

"The Battleship" (Dutton), by Walter Wood, is the most recent word on a now world-engrossing topic. The book is handsomely got up and admirably illustrated. There are many photographs, besides artistic drawings in black and white and reproductions of charming water-colors by Frank H. Mason, R.B.A. The author traces the development of the battleship from the Great Harry, A. D. 1515, to the present day in popular and, at times, gossipy style. The chapters on Beef and Beer and Women in Battleships deal seriously with matters already somewhat familiar to the readers of Smollett and Marryat. It is with regret that attention is called to the statement that "the Americans certainly did not sanction the presence of loose women on board their men-of-war." A distinguished Admiral of our navy, now deceased, told the reviewer that almost the first duty assigned him as a midshipman in the early thirties of last century was to take ashore in a ship's cutter a number of these wretched creatures. He refused this duty, saying, to his credit, "He'd be blanked if he would." Admirals' and captains' families cruised on occasion in her Majesty's ships long after the date Mr. Wood gives for the abolition of this practice. The chapter At Sea and in Harbour brings a vanished past before us in a delightful way. Although Mr. Wood, as an Englishman, writes for Englishmen, there is no reason for his claiming as a Scotchman a graduate of the United States Naval Academy who fought on board the Chinese Chen Yuen in the war with Japan. "All new warships" are not "fitted with turbines." Some of our latest battleships have reciprocating engines. While the most recent ship is usually the most formidable, there are many who do not think with the author that pre-Dreadnoughts are useless, and who wish they could agree with him in believing "these monsters have reached finality in size." Sanity in design cannot be expected so long as bigness rather than carefully thought-out practical efficiency is sought. Avowedly prepared for the general public and not for the technical student, this book is well worth reading for its story of the growth of the battleship from the Henry Grace à Dieu to the Orion, last year's most formidable addition to the British fleet.

Anne Warner French, writer of novels, essays, and short stories, died last Saturday in the south of England, at the age of forty-three. Her writings include: "A Woman's Will," "Susan Clegg and Her Friend, Mrs. Lathrop," "The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary," later dramatized, "Susan Clegg and Her Neighbor's Affairs," "Seeing France with Uncle John," "Seeing England with Uncle John," "An Original Gentleman," and "Your Children and Mine."

Science

THE GEOLOGY OF NEW ZEALAND.

SYDNEY, Australia, January 7.

New Zealand is the paradise of the geologist, as it is of the physiographer and the tourist. It has still active and dangerous volcanoes. It is constantly being shaken by earthquakes. It has regions of hydrothermal springs, geysers, and fumaroles. Its gorges are magnificent and appalling. Its mountain ranges are sublime. Its fiords rival those of western Norway. Its "far-flung hills" contain representatives of almost every possible variety of igneous and volcanic rock, and almost every known metal. Its stratigraphical formations present a series of unsolved problems. Its coast-lines illustrate every stage of topography, from youth to age. No other country of like dimensions has equal scientific attractions.

The first serious students of the subject were foreigners; as the Germans acknowledge with pride, they were Germans. Dr. Ernest Dieffenbach was employed by the famous New Zealand Company as its naturalist, and he made a beginning on the geology of the North Island. Ferdinand Hochstetter came out as the geologist of the Austrian Novara Expedition, and his work on the geology of New Zealand is still valued. He was accompanied in his geological tours by a German immigrant—"the jolly, joyous Haast," as he calls him—who was to settle in New Zealand, produce a classic on the geology of Canterbury province, become a professor there, and curator of the admirable museum. Even now the Germans are still enchained by the southern wonderland, and the most compendious treatise on its geology has been recently produced by Dr. Karl Winter, of Heidelberg.

The New Zealanders certainly cannot be accused of neglecting the subject. Their Geological Survey has minutely examined a great part of the two larger islands, and furnished ample data for theorizers. Professor Park's treatise was reviewed in these columns two years ago. Now his colleague, Professor Marshall, of the Shackleton Antarctic Expedition, has again gone over the whole ground, and included the chief results of recent research.*

The differences between the two authors and the various schools leap to the surface at the outset. Professor Park is sanguine, and holds that, in regard to the stratigraphical succession at least of the sedimentary formations, a general agreement has been virtually arrived at. That is not the impression the reader receives from Professor Marshall, who lays stress on the difficulty in discovering the age of the rock-formations. Most of the older rocks are wholly non-fossiliferous, and therefore lack the requisite determining characters. The difficulty is increased when, as is the case in New Zealand, the sedimentary formations have been subjected in a very high degree to metamorphism. Their original characters are thus destroyed; new ones are adopted; and these depend chiefly on the chemical composition of the rocks. The palæontological test is equally unsatisfactory. Structures are lost, fossils disappear, and formations that were originally different get to resemble one another. Sometimes fossils lingered on and still lived when others of later development arrived. In a single formation fossils belonging to two different periods in Europe are found together in New Zealand. Lastly, the earth-movements that so greatly affected all the older rocks were peculiar to New Zealand, and divided the sediments into natural groups that were not the time-equivalents of parallel deposits in Europe. It is therefore not surprising that different observers have come to different conclusions on the order of the stratigraphical succession in New Zealand.

Professor Marshall's detailed argument must be sought for in Dr. Winter's German treatise, where it is elaborated at length, but his general conclusions can be stated in a few propositions: (1.) He condemns the attempts of Sir J. Hector and Capt. Hutton to correlate the successive New Zealand systems with the successive European systems; and here most geologists will doubtless agree with him. (2.) To all appearance, he would sweep away the whole of the Palæozoic formations, so far as they are believed to represent equal intervals of time or equal thicknesses of sediment with the parallel formations in Europe. (3.) On the contrary, they merely stand for rock-systems separated by apparent unconformities, and have no necessary relation, of either time or space, to the European systems. (4.) The stratified rocks of which the chief mountain-ranges in New Zealand consist were deposited throughout almost the whole of the Mesozoic age; and this is his main contention. (5.) Another great series of rock-formations was deposited during a general regional depression in the Tertiary or Kainozoic age. These propositions are right in the teeth of geological orthodoxy, and are likely to arouse keen opposition.

**Geology of New Zealand.* By P. Marshall. Wellington, N. Z.: The Government Printer.

Such is the distinctive feature of the argument, but the duel between the rival geologists extends through the volume. Does Professor Park, in an ingenious argument, describe the block-mountains, which New Zealand has in common with the United States and Germany, as owing their relative elevation to the subsidence of their basins, Professor Marshall explains them by elevation of the mountains. To Park, New Zealand is "the remnant of a submerged continent of great antiquity." To Marshall the ocean contours show clearly that it is "only the higher emergent crest of an extensive submarine ridge." Marshall steadily opposes the unconformities alleged by Park and his school, and he declares that his extensive observations have failed to reveal them. He offers a special explanation of their apparent existence. It is substantially the same as has already been given to account for the irregularities of the stratigraphical succession, and it is based on the peculiar palæontological evidence.

For once our rival geologists are in agreement. Bonney, Heim, and other distinguished glacialists deny that glacial action can create new topographical features. After prolonged examination of a district in New Zealand that exhibits profound traces of glaciation, Professor Park leans decidedly to the view of Sir A. Ramsay, while Professor Marshall is convinced that "the main features of the grand scenery of our lake and fiord region" have been thus produced. "The magnificent cliffs that hem in the valleys, the flat floors of the valleys themselves, the steps that are formed in these floors, and the lofty waterfalls that leap over the sides all appear to be necessary results of glacial erosion." J. C.

During the month D. Van Nostrand Co. will bring out "The Civil Engineers' Pocket-book," by Albert I. Frye.

"A Table for Two, Good Things to Eat," by Ella Eldene, and "Making the Farm Pay," by C. C. Bowsfield, are in preparation by Forbes & Co.

To their Garden Library series Doubleday, Page & Co. are adding "Modern Strawberry Growing," by Prof. Albert E. Wilkinson.

The following Cambridge books are announced by Putnams: "The Earth, its Shape, Size, Weight, and Spin," by J. H. Poynting; "The Atmosphere," by A. J. Berry; "Geometrical Drawing," with notes and examples by W. H. Blythe, and "Makers of British Botany," a collection of biographies by living botanists, edited by F. W. Oliver.

The military department of *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for December describes, with an admirable map, the geographic and commercial relations of Servia with the Adriatic. There is also in it a sketch of Mongolia with relation to the Russian interests. Other articles are on southern Indo-China and German East Africa.

The last number of the *Deutsche Rundschau für Geographie* contains a description of the vilayet of Kossovo, lying on the Servian frontier, from a military point of view by Capt. G. Kuchinka. A valuable series of facts giving the statistics and geographical distribution of the world's sea-borne commerce is contributed by Prof. A. Oppel, of Bremen. Of the ten different tables one shows the dock capacity of 152 places.

We have to record the death, last week, of two British scientists, both noblemen. Walter Foster, created Baron Ilkeston in 1910, was born in 1840, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at the Royal College of Surgeons of Ireland. At one time he was professor of anatomy and afterward of medicine at Queen's College, of which he was emeritus professor when he died. He was best known to the general public because of his activity in Parliament, in which he was a member of the Liberal party. Among his works on medical subjects are "'Method and Medicine," "Political Powerlessness of the Medical Profession," and "Public Aspects of Medicine."

The Earl of Crawford, head of the ancient house of Lindsay, was born in 1847, and studied at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Later, when a member of Parliament, he was largely responsible for the stamping out of cholera with which England was threatened in the nineties. The British Medical Association awarded him its gold medal for his distinguished services. Heart disease was his specialty.

Drama and Music

THE THEATRICAL SITUATION.

It has long been matter of common knowledge that theatrical business generally is in a bad way. Whether or not a "panic" is imminent, it is not at all necessary to decide. Such an occurrence might not be without its alleviations for theatre-goers, as it would put an end, temporarily at all events, to much speculative production of an entirely worthless kind, and help to put the stage upon a sounder financial and artistic foundation. A survival of the fittest might reasonably be expected. But, whatever may happen, it will be well to remember that the existing conditions in the theatre are the result, not so much of external and fortuitous influences, as of a radically vicious system—a system that has choked artistic and fostered speculative competition—and that commercial crises are likely to be recurrent, more severe and more mischievous, until that system is broken up.

That New York has, for the moment, more theatres than are needed—more theatres, in fact, than there are plays to put into them—is an obvious fact. But that is a condition which will soon pass away. Old theatres will disappear or be devoted to different uses, and equilibrium will be restored. The really significant fact is the enormous development of the cheaper and less intrinsically worthy forms of entertainment at the cost of the higher. There never was a time when so much money was expended by the public on theatre-going as today. But the masses are drifting more and more towards the lightest forms of entertainment, to farces, to spectacle, to melodrama, to musical comedy, vaudeville, and especially to the moving-picture plays of various degrees. What is the reason of this? There can be only one. It must be that they find there more satisfactory entertainment of its particular kind than is to be found elsewhere. This is the root of the matter, and it is the logical result of the syndicate and long-run systems, which have kept the most capable writers out of the dramatic field and stopped the production of accomplished actors. It has now come to a pass where for superior plays and players we are dependent almost wholly upon foreign sources.

It is the ideal theatre, of course—meaning by that phrase any form of drama that makes its appeal to truth, beauty, or intelligence—that has suffered and is suffering the most. The list of good plays, of one kind and another, that have failed during the last ten years, simply on account of incompetent performance, would be a very long one. The old classics, both comic and tragic, have been laid aside, not because people will not go to see them, for people will and do whenever there is a chance—witness the successes of Julia Marlowe and Edward Sothern—but simply because it is almost impossible now to collect a company to present them with decency. The same difficulty applies to the representation of any modern drama requiring, on the part of its interpreters, special faculties of emotional eloquence, distinctive style, or psychologic insight. Individual managers, it may be admitted, do the best they can with the material at their disposal. They themselves are the victims of the system which they created and which is now proving too strong for them. Being without plays or players of the first class, they are perforce compelled to make the best of what they have. But the best of second-rate drama, and of that there is still an abundance, will not in the long run hold its own against the lighter and cheaper shows which are good of their kind. There are many signs that the more serious theatre is falling into disfavor with the public on account of its frequent failure to live up to its pretensions.

That there are plays on the stage today which are meritorious in their degree, are fairly well presented, and provide good and wholesome entertainment, need not be denied. There are several which are of extraordinary merit. But their proportion to the great bulk of theatricals is exceedingly small, and were it not for the importations, even this would dwindle. The managerial

problem is how to recover lost ground; how to attract new dramatists or start the old writers into new grooves, and how to refill the depleted ranks of trained players. England is showing them what the real stock company can do in the way of inspiring playwrights and giving form to their conceptions. Possibly they may yet learn to profit by that example before it is too late. A theatre upon the highest plane would court competition and defy panic.

Five plays are included in the volume of "New Comedies," by Augusta, Lady Gregory, to be brought out in the spring by Putnams. They are "The Bogie Men," "The Full Moon," "Coats," "Damer's Gold," and "McDonough's Wife."

Probably in no country, to such a degree as in France, have the stage and a woman's smile been so bound up with the deeds of distinguished men of all professions. This is what makes "My Autobiography," by Mme. Judith, the French actress, which has just been published by the Putnams, in an English translation by Mrs. Arthur Bell, decidedly more than a survey of her own art. The work is full of intimate sidelights on French history and literature from the revolution preceding the Second Empire to the foundation of the republic after the Franco-Prussian war. Mme. Judith's close acquaintances included her great rival Rachel, Prince Napoleon, Charles Blanc, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Musset, Alexandre Dumas, father and son, and a number of others almost as well known. Having a bent for the stage even as a child, she was soon placed in the dramatic school of Father Félix, parent of the famous Rachel. His methods were successful even if drastic. When the child could not put as much feeling into her lines as was desired, he would retort, "You can't, can't you! We'll see." "Then he would go and take down a cat-o'-nine-tails that hung on the wall, and give me some cruel cuts across the legs." And when the child, between sobs, repeated the lines, he rewarded her with "Come, that's better, you see you *can* put more feeling into it." Victor Hugo told Mme. Judith that considering his great powers of visualization, he ought to have been "a painter, or perhaps an engraver. I see nature in black and white. I should have liked, in fact I ought, to have been a second Rembrandt." His self-assurance was seldom guarded. When somebody at dinner quoted De Musset, he remarked, "Yes, he has immense talent. He boasts that there are some who consider him as good a poet as I am." At the end of the meal Hugo gave a strange exhibition:

He put a whole orange, rind and all, into his mouth, and then managed to thrust as many pieces of sugar as possible into his cheeks. This achieved, he began to scrunch it all up with his lips tightly closed. In the midst of this operation he swallowed down two liqueur glasses of Kirsch and a few minutes later opened his mouth wide. It was empty! No one made any attempt to imitate him.

As for the elder Dumas, Madame Judith cannot remember when she didn't know him. He was an institution in Paris, and, according to her, the most popular man in Europe. Such was his popularity that one could insult a stranger on the street without giving offence, merely by saying, "I beg your pardon, I took you for Alexandre Dumas, with whom I have an account to settle." Dumas could never think of himself, apparently, as being more than eighteen. Once the author saw him jump up on a post van and say to the driver, "I, too, am a man of letters." To which the driver responded, "That is quite true, Monsieur Dumas." He was known by all classes. Mme. Judith never saw him embarrassed but once. That was when a company of distant relatives of his arrived from San Domingo with Barnum's Circus, and descended upon his household. They promised to return the next day, but Dumas bribed the trainer of two bears to station the animals in the dining-room—with good effect. The retreat of the negroes was precipitate.

Miss Gertrude Kingston will soon resume the reins of management at her own London theatre. She will begin with the production of a light comedy by the Italian playwright, Baracco, which has been adapted for the English stage by Gilbert Cannan. The piece has been named "Three." The story is laid in Italy.

Haddon Chambers is at work upon his new piece, an adaptation of Anne Douglas Sedgwick's novel, "Tante." The principal feminine part will be played here by Ethel Barrymore.

The members of the London Play Actors' Society have chosen for their next production Björnsen's comedy, "A Gauntlet," translated by R. Farquharson Sharp. The performance will take place at the Court Theatre on February 16 and 17.

Arthur Chudleigh will soon produce in London a stage version, made by Cicely Hamilton, of Edgar Jepson's novel, "Lady Noggs."

A correspondent of the London *Times* furnishes an account of the Grasmere Dialect Play, which has now acquired the dignity of a long-established institution. He writes:

Despite the heavy snow, there was a large audience at the first night of the annual Grasmere village play. When, twenty years ago, Miss Charlotte Fletcher wrote the first dialect play she could hardly have foreseen the constantly increasing interest in this annual event. This year's play, entitled "A Will and a Way," is a repetition with some rewriting of one given in 1909. The interest lies in the simplicities of village life presented, in the quiet humor and refinement, and the various incidents which combine to give a vivid picture of life in the Dales.

According to A. B. Walkley, Dr. Vollmoeller's "Turandot," just produced in the St. James's Theatre, London, is much more Italian than Chinese, being in fact a close transcript of the old play of Carlo Gozzi, founded on a legend whose origin was Persian.

The *Manchester Playgoer* is published in the interests of the repertory theatres and the artistic and literary drama. In the first article, Gordon Craig—editor of the *Mask*, of which the new paper promises to be a lively rival—objects sharply to the opinion of John Palmer, expressed in the *Playgoer*, that the work of Professor Reinhardt is greatly superior to that of Mr. Craig and his followers. It appears that Mr. Craig regards Professor Reinhardt as being something in the nature of an apostate, who has abandoned sound artistic principles to achieve success by short cuts. He thinks that the standard of theatrical art is much higher than it was ten years ago, but that the credit for this must not go to Reinhardt or the Russian ballet, but to Leonardo, Blake, Flaubert, Whitman, Pater, Ruskin, Nietzsche, and their followers. Everything depends upon the point of view. George Calderon has an article upon the four walls of the stage, which affords a curious illustration of the tendency of younger theatrical writers to overlook qualities in the older standard writers which they hail as divine revelations in the works of modern exotic playwrights. But there is some sturdy common sense in Holbrook Jackson's remarks about improving the theatre.

"The Man Who Killed" is one of the latest sensations at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris. It is an adaptation from a novel of Claude Farrère, by M. Frondaie, and contains any number of thrills. The scene is laid in Constantinople. Sir Archibald Falkner, a British diplomat of the most cynical baseness, wishing to get rid of his wife, concocts a plan with an unprincipled secretary, Prince Cernuwitz, to entrap her. Lady Falkner is beloved by Col. de Sévigné, a gallant French soldier, who happens to climb up to the window of her room—for the first time—on the very evening for which the husband and Cernuwitz have set their trap. From a place of concealment he sees Cernuwitz make unwelcome love until Sir Archibald breaks in, loads her with reproaches, and forces her, under penalty of prompt exposure before her children, to sign a full and false confession. After Cernuwitz has departed, De Sévigné, issuing from his hiding place, and unseen by anybody, kills Sir Archibald with a dagger, recovers the confession, and carries it off. Soon afterward he receives a visit from Lady Falkner, in great agitation, to implore his protection for Cernuwitz, who, she declares, has earned her everlasting love and gratitude by killing her tyrant. De Sévigné is too much of a gentleman to disabuse her, and has promised to do his best for her lover when the Chief of Police, his most intimate friend, enters, followed by Cernuwitz. The latter swaggeringly proclaims that he is under suspicion, but the Chief denies this, saying that one of his spies had seen the murderer, a notorious scoundrel, enter and leave the room, had tracked him to his home, and arrested him. For this and many other capital crimes he would straightway be executed. Lady Falkner now undergoes another revulsion of feeling, as she realizes that De Sévigné was her deliverer, and, although she declares that hereafter she can have no place in his heart, the intimation is that they will come together in the near future.

Holt will publish this month "Opera Stories," by Filson Young.

"Charles Dickens and Music" is the title of a book that has just appeared in London. The author found references to more than a hundred songs in Dickens's novels, besides allusions to musical art, singers, and instruments.

Dr. Muck is rapidly recovering from the illness which prevented his going with the Boston Symphony Orchestra on its annual Western trip the past week. At one of the next pair of concerts, which will be given

In Carnegie Hall on February 20 and 22, he will introduce to New York a symphony by Lenval, which is shortly to have its first performance in America at a Boston Symphony concert in Boston.

Massenet left all his manuscript opera scores to the library of the Paris Opéra. Mme. Massenet, who during the lifetime of the composer was guardian of these scores, has asked Antoine Banès, who is in charge of the library, to come and examine them. The collection consists of twenty-five scores, including "Ariane," "Esclarmonde," "Sapho," "Hérodiade," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," etc. All that is lacking of his dramatic work are two youthful operas, which are supposed to have been burned with the Opéra Comique in 1887.

It is reported that the principal number in Mascagni's new opera, "Parisina," is a duet which lasts twenty-five minutes. The score calls for a chorus of 280. The first performance is to be given at Milan.

No less than one-ninth of the compositions printed in the Bach editions are not by that master, according to Johannes Schreyer. Along with the Luke Passion Music, the authenticity of which has been questioned by other critics, he rejects the transcriptions of the Vivaldi violin concertos, nearly all the works in Volumes VIII and IX of the Peters organ edition, the piano concerto in D minor, the concertos for three pianos in C major and D minor, a large number of other piano pieces, and several cantatas. The grounds which he advances for these repudiations are of an exclusively technical character—defective fugal structure, mistakes in composition, such as conservative fifths and octaves, and so on. Schreyer's opinion is worthy of respectful consideration, for he is one of the best-known Bach scholars in Germany. He edited the organ compositions of that master and wrote a book, "Von Bach bis Wagner," in which he traces the evolution of harmony.

The Russian baritone Baklanoff, who was heard in America some years ago, and who has become a prime favorite with the Vienna public, has placed the opera house of that capital in a rather difficult dilemma. He is engaged there for a part of the season, and as member of the Imperial troupe is under contract to sing his various rôles in German. But after several unsuccessful attempts in this direction, he has declared that, although he speaks and writes the language with considerable fluency, he is unable to master it sufficiently to substitute it for the Italian, French, and Russian texts to which he is elsewhere accustomed. As he is one of the few artists at the Vienna opera house who attract the public on their own merits, the quandary presents itself of allowing him to cancel his contract or of breaking with the traditions of the house and allowing one of the members of the troupe to use a foreign language.

Eugen d'Albert, who, after a lapse of nearly ten years, has once more emerged as a pianist, and whose recitals in Germany and Austria have evoked much the same interest and enthusiasm that used to be bestowed on Rubinstein some thirty or forty years ago, has arranged a series of dances by Beethoven, "Ecossaises," which he has played to the evident delight of his audiences.

Art

Centaurs in Ancient Art, The Archaic Period. By Paul V. C. Baur. Berlin: Karl Curtius. $10 net.

The centaur, a creature half horse, half man, plays an important part in Greek art, especially during the archaic period. He occurs with great frequency not only on Greek vases, but on monuments of every description, showing that he had become a thoroughly familiar figure to the Greek artist. An exhaustive study of the subject was much needed, and Mr. Baur is to be congratulated on the contribution he has made to classical archæology by undertaking this difficult task and accomplishing it successfully.

Mr. Baur has arranged his material in three divisions, according to the three main types of centaurs—those with equine forelegs, those with human forelegs, and those with human forelegs ending in hoofs. Within these divisions he has classified the monuments on which centaurs occur, as far as possible chronologically and according to the locality from which they come. The whole is arranged in catalogue form with a detailed description of each scene, while a concluding chapter gives in concise form the main results of the author's investigations.

With the material at our command so clearly set forth, every student of centaurs, or rather every archæologist working on a subject bearing on centaurs, will henceforth have his task greatly facilitated. One of the important results of the book is that several erroneous theories regarding the development of the centaur type have now been conclusively disproved. Thus, it had become an almost universally accepted theory that the centaur was first represented with human forelegs, out of which type the equine-legged creatures developed, but Mr. Baur shows that the centaur with equine forelegs occurs in the Orient as early as 2000 B. C., while on the very earliest monuments of the geometric period both types occur side by side, sometimes on the same monument.

The question of the origin of the centaur is an interesting one. Mr. Baur comes to the conclusion that he is of Oriental origin where he was at first purely decorative or was supposed to have power to ward off evil; that he was introduced into Greece not before the geometric period, and that the legends and myths of the Greeks grew round the art type in an attempt to explain it. He also points out the somewhat remarkable fact that in the Minoan and Mycenæan periods not a single monument with the representation of a centaur is known, though almost every other fantastic combination of animal and man occurs.

In the actual make-up of the volume there are several points which could have been improved. First of all, the absence of an index is regrettable. The book is full of valuable information, scattered in the text, and constant comparisons are made with other monuments. It would certainly have increased the usefulness of the book if this information had been made more easily accessible. Perhaps a minor point is the fact that neither the consecutive numbers given to the monuments treated nor the occasional headings are made to stand out properly, which is a drawback for rapid consultation. The illustrations are good, but too few. In a work of this character it would have greatly helped the reader to have before him a copious number of pictures, even if for the sake of cheapness they had been somewhat inferior and only good for actual identification.

That "the 'kivers' of the mountain woman are to her what ancestral portraits and family silver are to the woman of the lowlands" has occasionally been shown at exhibitions of arts and crafts of the Berea College fireside industries. The full story of the American coverlet Eliza Calvert Hall (Mrs. E. C. Obenchain) tells in a "Book of Hand-Woven Coverlets" (Little, Brown). The story is alluring, as the author found when fairly engaged in her extensive researches. "A friend once sent me thirty photographs of coverlet designs. In a burst of enthusiasm over their beauty, I began to write this book." A commendably thorough quest of data followed. It concerned especially the itinerant weavers who, before Lancashire and New England products had penetrated the interior, used to go from family to family to weave the year's supply of clothing. Of their art, the double-woven "kivers" were the fine flower. The unique merit of Mrs. Obenchain's book is that it memorializes these heretofore unrecorded activities. "If I find an 'oldest inhabitant' in any old town," she writes, "I can always gather a few facts that bring me very near to the professional weaver." She has rescued from oblivion such an artist as the late Sam Gamble, Irish weaver, emigrant about 1830 to Glasgow, Ky. Gamble "regularly made the rounds, weaving cloth for the different families, and tarrying longest where the hospitality of John Barleycorn offered the best inducement." The peach brandy was especially fine at Alanson Trigg's house,

And here he would linger for months, plying his trade with the assistance of Aunt Rose, the "black Mammy," who spun the thread, filled the bobbins and threaded the sley. The woollen woof was made from the fleece of sheep that grazed on the neighboring hillside, and probably the cotton thread, too, was a home product. The music of Sam Gamble's shuttle delighted the whole family, for to the negroes it meant new clothes at Christmas time; to the mistress it meant fleecy blankets and gay coverlets, and all these were colored with dyes made from barks and roots of trees that grew around the Old Place.

The hand-weaving thus practiced in all

the country west of the Alleghanies down to the Civil War has persisted in the mountains, where, as at Berea, an effort is here and there made to foster it. The "kivers" themselves, virtually eternal, for in the writer's words, "I find it hard to think of any lawful usage wearing out a double-woven coverlet," are now often treated ignominiously, instead of being preserved, as on artistic grounds they might be, in museums and private collections. "Those old blue and white coverlets!" says one. "Why, last summer, when I was at home, down in Georgia, the dog was sleeping on one under the back porch." "I had another one," observes another hostess. "It was red and green, but I did not know the value of it, and I sold it to a negro woman for a dollar, *and never got the dollar.*" The magnitude of such tragedies as the foregoing is revealed by the author's very delightful colored illustrations.

Edouard-Bernard Debat-Ponsan, the French artist, died last week in Paris at the age of sixty-five. Although he had painted a number of portraits, among them one of Gen. Boulanger, he was known mainly for his pictures of religious subjects, many of which are in museums and cathedrals of France. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and a member of the Society of French Artists.

Finance

WHY WE ARE SENDING GOLD TO EUROPE.

When this country's agricultural production and industrial activity swelled to almost unprecedented magnitude last autumn—with our merchandise export trade breaking all records, and our surplus of exports over imports rising in November thirty million dollars above the highest previous figure for that month—it was very generally taken for granted that Europe would have to send us gold in quantity. Early predictions of the amount likely to come ranged from $25,000,000 to $50,000,000. The import movement, in fact, began, and about $10,000,000 came; then it was stopped abruptly, by the intimation that if our market were to continue to draw gold from London, the Bank of England's official discount rate would be raised to the abnormally high figure of 6 per cent. As a matter of fact, all European banks were guarding their gold reserves, in view of the very tight money market abroad and the possibilities of international collision, as an after-result of the Balkan War.

It was then inferred in many quarters that, once the special demands of the busy season on the money markets were terminated by the "year-end settlements" of December 31, such relaxation in foreign money rates would occur as to admit of resumption of the gold movement to America. Instead of this, New York has sent to Paris, since the beginning of the year, no less than $11,000,000 gold—more than we received from Europe in the autumn—and, in addition, has sent some $8,000,000 to South America, virtually for the account of London.

There have been various explanations proffered for this unexpected movement, coming as it did in the face of a continued heavy export trade in merchandise. Europe sold back to us, during the Balkan War disturbance, great blocks of the American securities which it had bought in the three preceding years, and those had to be paid for, whether in merchandise or gold. At a time when Austria was threatening Servia and European money markets were frowning on Vienna's appeals for credit, New York bankers had taken $25,000,000 short-term Austrian bonds, and the money thus lent had to be remitted. Both of these factors operated to push exchange against us and stimulate exports of gold. They would hardly have achieved that purpose, however, but for two other highly interesting facts in the financial situation.

The first is the international money market. Usually, the Wall Street lending rate is well above that of the European markets. In the last week of December, Wall Street's two-month discount rate, at 6 per cent., compared with 4¾ at London, 4⅛ at Paris, and 5¼ at Berlin. This week, the Wall Street rate for the similar period has gone below 3¾ per cent., comparing with 4 11-16 at London, 4 at Paris, and 4¾ at Berlin. Our rate is, in fact, at the moment virtually the lowest of any market in the world. That fact may not mean that the rest of the world will be hurrying to New York to borrow; but it unquestionably means that a good many temporary loans, placed by American borrowers abroad before December 31, are being paid off and transferred to the New York market.

But another and most unusual cause has contributed both to the high money rates abroad and to our export of gold to Europe. It is now universally recognized that the trouble with the European banks and with the European money markets runs largely back to the outright hoarding of cash by the common people, in enormous sums, through fear of war or of some undefined financial catastrophe that might come out of the threats of war. Recently published estimates by European experts name the extraordinarily high figures of $150,000,000 as the amount thus hoarded in Austria-Hungary, $65,000,000 in Germany, and $130,000,000 in France.

While guarding carefully their own gold reserves, and in some cases (as at Paris) refusing to pay gold over the counter, the Banks of France, of Germany, and of Austria-Hungary have, combined, increased their note circulation $225,000,000 over the circulation of this time last year. That increase was evidently necessitated, in large degree, by the hoarding of metallic currency. In no other year on record has there been so great an aggregate increase. Last year these banks, in their statements of the last week in January, showed total increase of only $71,500,000 over the same week in 1911. But such expansion in loans and liabilities needs new supplies of gold to support it, if not to provide for customers who may wish to get coin for ordinary uses—payment by banks in that form having lately, at Paris, been almost suspended.

For a population that is one and a half times as large as that of the United States, the hoarding of $345,000,000 in Austria-Hungary, Germany, and France has not exceeded by a very large margin the amount of money estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury to have been hoarded in the United States in the panic period of 1907. Mr. Cortelyou estimated, in his special report to the Senate, that $296,125,000 cash had been hoarded in this country during the last three months of 1907, and he calculated that $111,000,000 thus disappeared from sight in New York city alone. But there are marked differences between the present-day hoarding of Europe and that of the United States in 1907. In 1907, people in this country were first seized with doubt as to the solvency of all credit institutions; then they learned that the banks would not pay them currency over their counters; next, they heard of a "premium on currency." None of these conditions exists, except to a very limited degree in France; moreover, the curious contrast exists that our own people hoarded only paper money, whereas Europe is hoarding only coin. But our hoarders of 1907 never suspected governmental credit, and that is just what the hoarders of 1912 have vaguely feared.

In our own case, the hoarded cash of 1907 poured rapidly back into the market as soon as panic ceased; the banks resumed full payments to depositors, and the "currency premium" disappeared. Whether the European hoarders will be as prompt and businesslike when the Balkan trouble is finally adjusted is, perhaps, not entirely certain. But there will be a change.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Akin, Florence. Word Mastery. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 25 cents net.

Alden, Winthrop. The Lost Million. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

Allen-Brown, A. and D. The Violet Book. Colored illustrations by I. M. Johns. Lane. $1.50 net.

American Hymnal. Edited by W. J. Dawson. Century Co.

American Year-Book, 1912. D. Appleton.

Anderson, C. C. Fighting by Southern Federals. Neale. $2 net.

Andrews, C. M. Guide to the Materials for American History to 1783, in the Public Record Office of Great Britain. Vol I, The State Papers. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Bahâou' llâh. L'Epître au Fils du Loup. Traduction Française par Hippolyte Dreyfus. Paris: Librairie Honoré Champion.
Benedict, F. G., and Joslin, E. P. A Study of Metabolism in Severe Diabetes. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Benn, A. W. History of Modern Philosophy. (Science Series.) Putnam.
Benson, R. H. Come Rack! Come Rope! Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.
Bergson, Contribution to a Bibliography of (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. 25 cents net.
Bierce, Ambrose. Collected Works. Vol. XII. Neale Pub. Co.
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Clark, H. P. Royal Auction Bridge Up to Date. Dodd, Mead. 60 cents net.
Classics of International Law. Edited by J. B. Scott. De Jure et Officiis Bellicis et Disciplina Militari, Libri III, by B. Ayala. Carnegie Institution of Washington.
Crockett, S. R. Patsy. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Cullum, Ridgwell. The Night-Riders. Phila.: Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.
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Grand, Sarah. Adnam's Orchard. D. Appleton. $1.40 net.
Grant, A. J. A History of Europe. Longmans, Green. $2.25.
Greene, S. P. McL. Everbreeze. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Griffith, F. C. Mrs. Fiske. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.
Griswold, Latta. Deering of Deal. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Hankin, St. John. Dramatic Works. Introduction by John Drinkwater. 3 vols. Mitchell Kennerley. $8 net.
Hardy, Lileen. Diary of a Free Kindergarten. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1 net.
Hare, Francis. Alcoholism. Phila.: Blakiston's Son & Co. $2 net.
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University of Michigan, Publications of the Astronomical Observatory, Detroit. Vol. I, pages 1-72. Ann Arbor.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1913.

The Week

It is now clear that the Democratic leaders in the House do not propose to bring up at this session the Constitutional amendment fixing the term of the President at six years, without eligibility for another election. The ostensible reason is lack of time. With so many important matters crowding for consideration these last weeks, those in control are reluctant to give up the two or three days that would be necessary to discuss and adopt the amendment. But the real reasons are scarcely concealed. The Democrats are unwilling to accept an amendment which would explicitly rule out the possibility of another candidacy for Mr. Roosevelt. The shameless creatures say that he put their party in power last year, and that they are counting upon his doing it again in 1916. Anyhow, they are not going to be such fools as to prevent a split in the ranks of their opponents. Such a course in regard to the amendment would certainly test the long-suffering of the Progressives. They denounced the original form of the amendment as an outrage; but its abandonment, for the reason given, would be an insult.

It is plain that Mr. Taft is fully conscious of the importance that will attach to his action in approving or vetoing the Immigration bill now before him. Last Friday's hearing at the White House took on the form almost of a judicial proceeding, and the President has rounded out the oral pleas with a study of formal briefs submitted on both sides. The momentous nature of the proposed legislation consists in this fact, that for the first time the principle, not of the regulation of immigration, but of the restriction of immigration, is to be made the policy of the land. Little pretence is made that the literacy test in the bill is really intended as a qualifying test. Its aim is not to sift out, but to shut out. The sifting process is accepted by the advocates of the bill because the country is evidently not prepared for a policy of downright exclusion; but it is a concession accepted with the plain hope of larger things to come. There is no need here to point out once more how the reading test, in so far as it operates as a restrictive measure, will run heavily against a class of sturdy immigrants whom this country can ill spare. The salient point to-day is that, with this reading test put into the law of the land, the writing test and other onerous sifting and restricting processes will not be slow in forthcoming. Mr. Taft may well hesitate before he associates his name with the breaking of a great American tradition.

To whom will go the benefit accruing from toll-exemption in the Panama Canal? Prof. Emory R. Johnson made this point plain in his address of last week before the City Club of Chicago. If patriotism demands that we repudiate our international agreements, it is a patriotism that drapes its protecting folds over the coastwise steamship lines exclusively:

> Only such producers and traders as use vessels which they own or charter for the shipment of full cargoes will profit by the exemption of the coastwise shipping from tolls. Probably 99 out of every 100 shippers will pay the same rates whether there be tolls or not. The rates charged by the several steamship lines will be the same. The charges will be regulated by agreements among the competing companies and will be fixed primarily with reference to what the traffic will bear, and only secondarily, if at all, with reference to the cost of the service to the carriers.

True to the type of protective and bounty legislation, toll-exemption is the kind of patriotism that cherishes one per cent. of the people at the expense of the ninety-nine.

Apart from complexities of detail, the question before the House of Representatives on Saturday, when it passed the Webb Liquor-Shipment bill, was whether the Federal Government should or should not create avoidable difficulties in the enforcement of State laws prohibiting the sale of liquor. Whether the Webb bill is, in any particular, open to Constitutional objection, or whether in any respect it goes too far, we are not prepared to say positively; but it appears to have been carefully drawn to accomplish its professed object—namely, coöperation between the power that controls interstate commerce and the power that controls sales within a State in carrying out its legitimate purposes. However strong may be one's own objections to prohibition, they furnish no just ground for opposition to a bill of this kind. If the State has a right to enact a law prohibiting the sale of liquor within its boundaries, it is absurd for the Union of States to put factitious obstacles in the way of the enforcement of the law.

Despite a vigorous agitation in the newspapers, only one-fourth of Cleveland's 100,000 voters went to the polls last week to register their desires regarding a new charter for the city. However, as three-fourths of those who did go voted in favor of a commission to draft a new plan of government, Mayor Baker and his associates will proceed with the work of framing a charter to give Cleveland home rule. The new charter will have to be submitted to a popular vote. Tuesday's election was the first to be held in an Ohio city under the amendment passed last autumn permitting cities to adopt a home-rule charter. The fight in Cleveland goes back a dozen years to Tom Johnson's time, but in its latest phase it is non-partisan, the Committee of Nine which named the ticket of fifteen commissioners being made up of representatives of all parties, and the fifteen successful candidates for the commission having received the endorsement of the Democratic, Republican, and Progressive leaders. There was an opposition ticket, but it, too, was non-partisan. It represented those who desired more specific pledges concerning the exact form of charter that should be drafted. The result, even in the face of the small vote cast, and of the fact that fifteen hundred city employees spent part of the day working for the successful ticket at the polls, is one more tribute to the continuing influence of Tom Johnson in what is now the sixth city in the country.

It appears that there is, even in education, an irreducible minimum. The revival of the old-fashioned spelling bee,

of which one reads now and then, points in this direction, and the same conclusion is reached by a Western advertising man, who calls for night spelling schools for artists. His use of the term "artist" is a trifle loose, perhaps, but this does not weaken the force of his assertions. He is gravely troubled by the amount of bad spelling that is offered to him in the course of his day's work. He goes so far as to say that he thinks that not one "artist" in ten can spell correctly. His own staff seems to be a unit in putting *i* before *e* whenever *e* should come before *i*. "Show me," he exclaims, "an artist who can spell 'separate' correctly." And he winds up with a harrowing tale of a drawing of some articles of food, under which the designer had carefully written "stake," and which, when the advertising man returned it with a blue ring around the offending word. was slightly altered by the "artist" and re-labelled "ham and eggs." But was not the possession of such ingenuity worth all the spelling-books ever written?

The tragedy of the Antarctic has shocked the world. Hitherto seekers for the South Pole have fared far better than those adventurers who risked their lives to achieve the Farthest North. No such loss of life is recorded in the annals of the Southern ice-world as is now reported. And what makes it the more affecting is the fact that Capt. Scott and his comrades, who perished so pitifully, had started their brave dash to the pole —in ignorance that Capt. Amundsen had preceded them by a month. To perish in the hour of what must have been a wonderful triumph is tragic indeed. Now, it is to be hoped, there will be no more such undertakings; future exploration, Arctic or Antarctic, ought to be devoid of the spectacular. The slow, careful progress of the expert investigator interested more in the scientific results of his expedition than in anything else is what the world needs. To nothing else should individuals or governments contribute. But we mean no criticism of Capt. Scott by this. He will rank high among the great explorers, for he showed himself worthy of the best British traditions, and of the navy of which he was such an ornament. Moreover, all of his expeditions resulted in great scientific gains and important additions to the sum of human knowledge.

The pursuit of William Rockefeller by the Pujo Committee was conducted amidst public bewilderment and has terminated amidst something like general disgust. It has been an open secret in well-informed circles that any information Mr. Untermyer could hope to elicit from Mr. Rockefeller he could have obtained better from other sources. Or if Mr. Rockefeller's testimony was imperative, his statements could have been had in the form of a written deposition in reply to such questions as the Pujo Committee might have seen fit to frame. Of a prolonged examination on the stand, such as other prominent witnesses before the Committee have been subjected to, there could have been no question in the case of Mr. Rockefeller. It was agreed on all sides that the state of his health made such a thing impossible. If the Committee and its counsel were after the rather easy glory involved in baiting a Rockefeller, they have found themselves sadly disappointed. They have no excuse for a piece of cruel and inhuman treatment.

It has been sometimes suspected that Harvard athletes now and then let their thoughts turn lightly to the hope of beating Yale; that there are men at Yale who occasionally ponder over the desirability of winning from Princeton; and that at Princeton similar vague aspirations will formulate themselves ever and anon with regard to Yale and Harvard. It has remained for the Cambridge athletic authorities to set down in unmistakable terms what has hitherto been merely a suspicion. In explaining why Dartmouth has been dropped from Harvard's football schedule for the coming season, the *Alumni Bulletin* says:

> The reasons which have convinced our football committee that it would be unwise to play a game with Dartmouth next year are simple and are not new. The chief ambition of Harvard in intercollegiate sport is to win its contests with Yale, and the schedules in football, baseball, track, and rowing are made up with that object always in view.

The undergraduate at our great universities is plainly never beset with the question eternal, "Why am I here?" Whether at Princeton, New Haven, or Cambridge, he knows the one divine, far-off event to which the whole creation moves.

The Washington authorities have thus far assumed a perfectly correct attitude towards the revolution in Mexico. They have sent warships to either Mexican coast, for the purpose of affording protection and relief, if needed, to American citizens; and are doubtless taking counsel as to what steps may be necessary if things go from bad to worse in Mexico. And the press, in general, displays a similar temper of patience and forbearance. One editor, indeed, who is supposed to have private reasons for desiring American intervention, seizes the opportunity to denounce President Taft as "laggard and chicken-hearted" for not at once declaring war on Mexico, and asks if, in case it were a question before the English Government, "English warships would not be already bombarding Vera Cruz."

If proof were needed that the literary spirit does not necessarily induce effeminacy, it would be supplied by Indiana. Vice-President Marshall's first act of importance relating to Washington is not, as might hastily have been assumed, the naming of a guard of honor consisting of the Hundred Hoosier Immortals, but the obtaining of a place in the inaugural procession for the Black Squadron of Indiana. Let the Rough Riders look to their laurels. But this is not the most convincing evidence of Indiana's martial ardor. The State, it appears, has already begun to mobilize for our second war with Mexico. "I expect," says Adjt.-Gen. McCoy, in tones that scarcely tremble, "the Indiana militia to be called to Mexico at any time after March 4." If they are, need we say that the glories of Resaca de la Palma and Chapultepec will be surpassed? With Gen. James Whitcomb Riley leading one wing, Gen. Booth Tarkington the other, and Gen. McCoy waving his sword menacingly in front of the advancing host, much blood and time will be saved by a prompt surrender of the Mexican armies *en masse*.

It is highly satisfactory, but not in the least surprising, to learn that the allegations of a corrupt relation between eminent members of the British Ministry and the Marconi Company have turned out to be pure guesswork. They

have been acknowledged by their disseminator to be wholly baseless. W. R. Lawson, the journalist, who is responsible for this wanton scandal, confessed before the Parliamentary committee of inquiry "that he had no knowledge to justify these allegations. He said he had heard stories in the city, but had not taken the trouble to investigate them." It would be pleasant to be able to look forward to a similar wind-up of the villanous charges made by yellow journalists in New York against upright public servants. Every decent citizen must share the feelings expressed by Controller Prendergast in regard to the poster-type headlines—"Subway Stealers in Court" and the like—in the *Journal* and the *American*. "The man who owns that newspaper," Mr. Prendergast declared, "is aware that those allegations are false." Does any man with a particle of sense doubt it? But nobody indulges the hope, in this country, that a Hearst or a Brisbane may ever be got to confess the baselessness of his unscrupulous accusations.

The British and German press agree in accepting the speech delivered by Admiral von Tirpitz before the Budget Committee of the Reichstag as a distinct expression of good will towards Great Britain and of Germany's readiness to enter into something like an agreement for the limitation of naval armaments. These two things, limitation of armaments and Anglo-German good will, are not necessarily synonymous. It is imaginable that the two nations, exhausted by a prolonged battleship competition, might agree upon a stated ratio of shipbuilding without making any approach towards greater friendliness. On the part of Germany, in fact, one might expect an increase of rancor arising out of the forced and formal acceptance of second place to Great Britain on the sea, as a substitute for the present haughty programme of a navy limited only by Germany's needs. But evidently to-day the desire for a limitation of naval expenditure does go hand in hand with a greater friendliness between the two nations. That such pleasant relations should have arisen out of the stress and fears of the Balkan crisis is yet another blow for the fearfully shattered reputations of the political prophets—who will continue to prophesy.

The Kaiser and the members of his General Staff may not be as mortified as one would suppose over the joke played on the Strassburg garrison by a lunatic with a fertile imagination. Now, as during the famous affair at Köpenick, the world may have its laugh at the rigidity of German military discipline, but after the fun subsides it must be a very solid satisfaction to the War Lord to know that his troops do stand ready to obey orders at a moment's notice and unquestioning. It is like the recent "regrettable" error in one of the frontier Departments of France, where a partial mobilization was set on foot because of a misinterpretation of orders. The alacrity with which the recruits rallied to their colors was commented upon with satisfaction throughout France, and the various officials implicated in the affair were duly—rewarded. Students of racial psychology may find in the Strassburg and Köpenick affairs what is supposed to be a characteristic manifestation of the German temperament. The Teutonic humor, to the outside world, is apt to have a massive tread. At least, the French are fond of saying that if a German wants to be gay he climbs up on the table. There certainly is something of Gothic dimensions about a practical joke like setting a whole garrison by the ears by means of a forged telegram under the Imperial signature; something almost *kolossal*.

The recent international congress of coöperative societies at Tours ratified the agreement effected some months before among the several groups of French coöperative societies. As this brings together producers or manufacturers as well as consumers, it may have some economic effect. The movement was of socialistic origin, though it was disavowed later by Socialist leaders. Robert Owen, who founded the coöperative movement in England, conceived of it as part of his communistic scheme, and it has grown until there are more than 1,500,000 members operating chains of shops, factories, and even means of transportation. Coöperative societies for production were established in France by 1848. In Germany the movement was vigorously opposed by Lasalle. He was willing to accept coöperation as a means of production, but could see no good in it as a method of distribution. Karl Marx and his followers spoke of the coöperative plans as "little bourgeois" methods of rose-water reformers. Subsequent development of coöperation on the Continent as well as in Great Britain wrought a change in the attitude of the Socialists of the second generation. In the first decade of this century coöperation in Germany had an enormous growth, the two principal groups acquiring a membership of 1,660,000. And in 1910, at Copenhagen, the Socialists declared in favor of a movement which had been condemned by the party's early leaders. An effort to keep the coöperative societies out of politics was made in Switzerland by Dr. Hans Müller, secretary of the Sociétés de Consommation, who declared: "The war of the classes constitutes for cooperation an element of decomposition, a kind of anti-coöperative dynamite."

An occasional outbreak of rioting in Tokio serves to modify the prevalent conception of superhuman Japanese loyalty. The last occasion on which popular discontent in Japan found expression in violence was in the early autumn of 1905. Oddly enough, the public demonstrations at that time were directed against the same man as to-day, Prince, or as he was then, Count Katsura, head of the Cabinet. But the animating cause to-day is different. In 1905 the people of Tokio protested against what they regarded as the betrayal of the national interests in the signing of the treaty of peace with Russia. The militarist spirit, swollen by a series of magnificent victories, ran high. A dazzling horizon of foreign conquest had been revealed, and the actual results of the war came as a disappointment. To-day the people of Tokio have forced the resignation of Prince Katsura because he stands forth as the representative of the militarist and oligarchic spirit in the government. He advocated an aggressive foreign policy, necessitating an increase in armaments, and was willing to override a majority of the elected representatives of the people. But he had overestimated his strength. In accepting the resignation of the Katsura Cabinet and sending for Marquis Saionji, who was forced out of office only a few weeks ago by militarist pressure and by the influence of the elder statesmen, the new Emperor has made a distinct concession to the principle of representative government.

BRYAN AS SECRETARY OF STATE.

Rumors about President Wilson's Cabinet are still only rumors, but in one point they all agree. Mr. Bryan is to be, or at least is to be asked to be, Secretary of State. The presumption that this is true is strong enough to warrant considering what would be involved in such an offer and its acceptance.

First of all, how would Bryan's appointment relate itself to Mr. Wilson himself? Obviously, it would at once lay him open to a charge of surface inconsistency, or else of having radically changed his mind about Mr. Bryan. It is less than six years ago that Woodrow Wilson wrote to Adrian Joline: "Would that we could do something, at once dignified and effective, to knock Mr. Bryan once for all into a cocked hat!" Memory of that saying could not fail to rise like a ghost at the Cabinet table, with Wilson at its head and Bryan at his right hand. There would doubtless be some to recall the saying of Hosea Biglow: "Formaly to knock a man into a cocked hat wus to use him up, but now it ony gives him a chance fur the cheef madgustracy."

But this, when all is said, is only matter for passing laughter. The newspaper wits would soon leave off their flings on this score. Mr. Wilson might frankly say that his opinion of Bryan is not what it was in 1907. He has, in fact, already said so. He might also point to the long precedent which lays the tacit obligation upon a President-elect to invite to his counsels men of great prominence in his party. The initial and personal awkwardness of President Wilson's placing Mr. Bryan in charge of the State Department could be got over quickly. Behind that, however, would lie questions much more nearly touching the new President's comfort. How would he and the former leader of the Democratic party work together in harness? Would Mr. Bryan pledge himself loyally to good team-play? Would he surrender his political ambitions? President Polk insisted that Buchanan, before becoming *his* Secretary of State, should agree to resign the office if at any time he should desire to be a Presidential candidate. No one supposes that Wilson would make such a demand of Bryan. But he would certainly be right in seeking assurances that Bryan would enter the Cabinet in a spirit of hearty coöperation and due subordination. It is probable that Bryan would volunteer such assurances. Blaine did to Garfield. In any case, Bryan must by now know Wilson well enough to be convinced that, all questions of official propriety aside, the new President will be master in his own house. So far as important matters of foreign policy are concerned, every President has to be his own Secretary of State. Wilson could never be called upon to edit Bryan's diplomatic papers any more severely than Lincoln did Seward's. For the rest, it is certain that no great question could come before the Cabinet on which the President would not insist upon having the deciding voice, and in regard to which the Secretary of State would not see the necessity of conceding that or else of giving up his portfolio.

There remains, however, the whole question of Bryan's fitness for the office, and of the impression which would be made, at home and abroad, by his taking it. On this point, the *Nation* has no intention to apply the "recall" to the judgment of Bryan which it has been many years forming and expressing. We still regard his as a flighty and unstable nature. He is more of an agitator than a statesman. There is serious doubt whether he has the ability or the persistence to buckle down to the wearisome routine and endless labors of a great executive department. The platform and the crowd would always be calling to him at his desk. But we have always perceived and admitted some excellent qualities in Mr. Bryan, and certain of them are of the kind which ought to be possessed by a Secretary of State.

Mr. Bryan knows something of the outside world. He has travelled extensively. He has met the statesmen and leading minds of foreign lands, and has come into some measure of contact with their people. The knowledge and sympathy thus gained would prevent him from attempting to apply the narrow and hectoring methods of a Pittsburgh lawyer to great international concerns. The world outlook is not a sealed book to Mr. Bryan. And he is a man of peace. There can be no question of his ardent desire to see the civilized world utilize every means to put an end to war. He might surely be counted upon to do all in his power to further the peace propaganda among the nations. And Jingoism would be repellent to him. He would not be found calling for the dispatch of battleships here and there, when reason and justice are alone needed. Indeed, some of Mr. Bryan's friends have intimated that he is fired by the great opportunity to make American diplomacy more peaceful and more Christian, and that in this lies the appeal to him of a possible offer of the State Department. He is said to desire to translate his lecture on the Prince of Peace into a reality of international policy.

No humane and truly patriotic American could deny that there is great force in these considerations. If such a programme were undertaken and carried out by Mr. Bryan, almost everything else could be forgiven him. In the regular business of the State Department, he could not be more remiss or unsuccessful than Secretary Knox has been; while he might be able to infuse into the conduct of foreign affairs a spirit of forbearance and conciliation and nobility, never more needed than to-day. We make no prophecies. We reverse no opinions. But if it proves to be true that Mr. Bryan is Secretary of State a month from now, we shall hope that his political past, which must always be a heavy burden for him to carry, and the instability and pettishness which he has shown as a party leader, may be partly atoned for by giving to America a new leadership in the high cause of universal peace.

JUSTICE FOR COXEY.

The day has come, it seems to us, to perform a simple act of justice to "General" Jacob S. Coxey, of Ohio, for the reason that, if some one does not recall at this time the facts of history, this great advocate of the people's welfare will be deprived of his proper laurels. It will be remembered that in 1894, while the effects of the panic of the previous year were still acutely felt, Gen. Coxey organized his army of the dissatisfied and unemployed to march on Washington and demand of Congress that this Government of and for the people should be restored to the people. He was hooted at, ridiculed, denounced, and troops were called out to regulate the progress of his forces. But when he reached Washington a respectful hear-

ing was accorded him by a Committee of Congress. His arguments were subsequently reprinted in pamphlet form, and it is upon this that we shall draw to prove that many of our modern reformers have deliberately plagiarized from Gen. Coxey in their efforts to set the people free.

There is the initiative and referendum, for instance. How few people know that Coxey was the first of our great statesmen publicly to demand them, not only for Ohio, but for the nation—or at least to *walk* for them? Others, college professors and students of Swiss history, may have privately advocated these innovations, but Coxey and his followers were the first to go to Washington and ask to be counted, on the grounds of the Capitol, in favor of these propositions. There are those who would claim the honor of being the pioneer public man to advocate this reform for William S. U'Ren, of Oregon, to whom is also credited the proselyting of Woodrow Wilson. The latter fact may be true, but for Coxey we claim first honors, just as we proclaim him the originator of the idea of walking to a place in order to get what you want. This point we stress particularly lest a fickle public credit the political device to "Gen." Rosalie Jones and her undaunted suffrage hosts that, having conquered Albany, are now preparing to move on Washington. But if time has thus set its stamp of approval upon Coxey's on-to-Washington policy, it has equally vindicated his appeal for the initiative and referendum in Ohio. By an overwhelming majority, just eighteen and one-half years after Coxey demanded them in Washington, they were written by his fellow-citizens into the organic law of his State. Who will venture to prophesy, in this swiftly changing time, that a statue of Jacob S. Coxey will not stand side by side with that of "Rise-up" William Allen in the rotunda of the Capitol from whose grounds rude policemen once ejected him? Yet in all the pæans of triumph after the Ohio election, we regret to say that Coxey's name was not mentioned.

So, too, we were distressed to find that certain phrases originated by him were freely adopted in the last campaign without regard for his copyright. Coxey first said: "In order that the people may be enabled to *regain control* of their State, county, and municipal affairs, we demand," etc. Yet no phrase has more frequently been used by candidates, from Bryan down to La Follette and Sulzer and all the Progressives, than this little gem—always without credit to Coxey, the first to see that our Government had slipped out of the hands of the plain people. As for Bryan—but here we reach a difficult subject. Who was the chairman of the Committee of Congress which heard Coxey on that ever-memorable Tuesday, January 8, 1895, but William Jennings Bryan, then Representative from Nebraska? Now, we are not going to join certain friends of Coxey in insisting that Bryan obtained all his radical ideas from Coxey at that day and hour. Mr. Bryan's heart, we know, was throbbing for the plain people before that time. So we would merely point out that, just as there are two claimants for the credit of every great invention, Mr. Bryan had arrived at the same conclusions simultaneously with Gen. Coxey. Thus, as chairman, Mr. Bryan must have thrilled to hear Gen. Coxey say: "The great issue, I believe, before the American people to-day is whether the railroads are going to own the Government or the Government is going to own the railroads. I can show you plainly how you can buy up the railroads of every State and Territory, and pay for them." True, Mr. Bryan did not speak out for Government ownership for some years thereafter; but each great man must take his own time for such public pronouncements. To-day, in 1913, do we not read of a Massachusetts legislative proposal to buy the railways? Is not the Federal Government now owning and operating a railway in Panama?

But we could fill pages with similar illustrations of the way in which time and fate have persistently caught up with and justified Gen. Coxey. One of the chief planks in his platform was, "a service pension to all soldiers of $8 per month, and in addition one cent per day per month for each day of actual service." We submit that the dollar-a-day pension demand was but an echo of this, and that the universal pensioning of every veteran, so recently achieved, must be attributed primarily to Gen. Coxey. Again, on Gen. Coxey's special campaign car stood the legend: "All railroad section men to receive no less than $1.50 per day of eight hours' work." Who has a better right to claim the credit of the high wages and short hours of section hands to-day? Of course, we must admit that Coxey's bill providing for non-interest bearing bonds has not yet been adopted by Congress. That need discourage no one, for we have come but a short distance from 1894, and, moreover, it is to be observed that this plan of paying no interest on other people's money has been, of late, not altogether unheard of in Wall Street. Finally, we confidently expect to see in the next Progressive platform these two Coxeyesque planks: "It is the crime of the nineteenth [twentieth] century that three millions of our fellow-citizens are in involuntary idleness, thus causing an irretrievable loss of millions of dollars daily" (this being coupled with a demand that every town, village, township, Territory, and State issue bonds to employ the unemployed); and "President, Vice-President, and United States Senators must be elected by direct vote of the people."

THE FRIENDSHIP OF POLITICIANS.

Among his other qualities, Mr. Lloyd George has a fair supply of humor and good nature. He kept the House of Commons in a gale of laughter the other day, during question time, by speaking for the Prime Minister, in Mr. Asquith's absence, and answering questions which had been put on the paper with the design of embarrassing himself. One persistent member desired to know whether the Prime Minister approved of a statement made by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. To this the Chancellor gravely replied, always speaking for the Prime Minister: "From what I know of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, I think he would be wholly incapable of making any statement of which the Prime Minister disapproved." There was more of this comedy, and it almost broke up the business of the House. It has often been said that Mr. Lloyd George is the best-hated public man in England. But he is very much liked in private, even by his political opponents. He does not cherish personal bitterness, and his bright ways make him an agreeable companion. Following an acrimonious debate in the House, he may often be seen in the lobby chatting gayly with those very Conservative landlords upon whose property he is supposed to have fell designs.

The question of such friendly relations between political enemies has lately been discussed by a London newspaper man who has long been in the Press Gallery at Westminster. He asks: "Do political opponents really hate one another?" Rarely, he thinks. Controversies in the House of Commons are often heated, and sometimes become personal. It is seldom, however, that in modern times differences on public matters lead to an open breach of private friendship, as in the famous case of Burke and Fox. Even when sharp debate betrays a member into something like a personal attack, the unpleasantness is usually dispelled by a witticism. On one occasion Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, irritated by something that Joseph Chamberlain had done, declared that conduct of that kind in private life would be enough to exclude a man from honorable society. Mr. Chamberlain instantly retorted: "I deeply regret that I am cut off from the society of the right honorable gentleman, *which I never really enjoyed.*"

The *entente cordiale* existing between politicians of "opposite political faith," to use the solemn phrase, is an old story in our country. It has different names, and is variously described. One favorite expression speaks of the practice as being "flowers growing over the party wall." This is intended to apply to the public recognition of one politician, or boss, by another. But there have been many things going on *under* the party wall, of which not so much is heard, and which do not deserve a poetic title. The subterranean relations frequent between Republican and Democratic bosses may have been friendly, but they put friendship on the firm basis of mutual profit. Platt and Croker were not intimates, but they had a perfectly good understanding with each other. There were certain "courtesies" which one could always confidently ask of the other; and all along, behind their assumed hostility, there was the feeling in either that the other was a reputable practitioner of the same arts as himself and presumably a good fellow. Any real hatred between the two, or between any other pair of bosses worthy to be mentioned with Richard Croker and Thomas C. Platt, was utterly out of the question.

With the traditional obligations of friendship among public men, in opposite parties, go many little conventions which have their amusing side. One of these is the duty of speaking highly of the political opponent who succeeds you in office. You may have fought him tooth and nail, and declared that his election would mean unspeakable calamity to the country; but when he is, in fact, elected, you send him hearty congratulations; and when he comes to take your office away from you, it is incumbent upon you not only to wish him success, but to express the sincere belief that his term will be marked by great benefits to the people.

It is not necessary to deal with the whole matter in a cynical spirit. Everybody knows that there is a great deal of humbug in the loves of politicians, along with much deceit and no little harm to the public interests; but no one can deny that there may exist honest respect and personal liking between public men who belong to different parties. Because they disagree, it does not follow that they must distrust each other. One may fight a political principle or a given legislative measure to the extent of his powers, and yet not feel compelled to believe that all who advocate it are scoundrels. And we may be sure that fewer high-minded gentlemen would go into politics if they felt it needful to carry party warfare into private relations, or if they did not believe that honorable men could differ in matters of national policy while remaining in private good friends.

A QUESTION OF EDUCATION.

In an interview which M. Bergson gave the other day, one could hardly fail to note a certain combination of keenness of thought with delicacy of touch, the mark of a peculiarly alert and intelligent observer. His comparisons between our universities and colleges on the one hand and the universities and *lycées* of France on the other were made rather in the spirit of a careful looker-on waiting to acquire fuller knowledge than in that of a critic or a judge. Nevertheless, his remarks touch upon some of the most interesting and most important of the questions affecting the character of our higher education.

It is with Germany, rather than with either France or England, that we are in the habit of instituting comparisons in university questions. But, widely different as the educational systems of France and of England are from that of Germany, and from each other, there is one point in which we constantly get the same story. Thoroughness is, by universal consent, regarded as the specific characteristic of Germany; yet when a report was made a year or two ago, at the instance of the Carnegie Foundation, upon the qualities of American, as compared with English, education as evidenced by the experience of our Rhodes scholars, the one unquestionable fact brought out was the very great superiority, in point of thoroughness, of English training for college and university as compared with ours. And when M. Bergson gives it as his impression that the French university student goes at his work with more earnestness than ours, and thinks it probable that this is due to the severe and definite discipline of the *lycée*, he merely confirms what we already knew.

To trace this persistent phenomenon to its cause, or causes, would be a considerable task. That it is not to be regarded as arising simply from any peculiarities of educational organization may be set down as certain. It is unquestionably connected intimately with the general circumstances of our national life, and with corresponding qualities in the national temperament. And yet it will not do, on the other hand, to dismiss the subject with this vague and easy-going declaration. Besides the general causes at work, there are special elements that clearly play their part, and with which it is possible to reckon. One of these is the fact that there is no such sharp line of division between university work and that which precedes university work as there is in France or Germany. That the end of the first two years of college corresponds roughly to the end of the *lycée* course in France may seem at first blush a mere matter of external classification; in reality it is a point of great significance. For the status of the American college student, from the start, is neither that of the student at the *lycée* or *gymnasium*, nor that of the student at the French or German university, but a cross between the two. It is neither that of a schoolboy subject to rigorous disciplinary training, nor that of the university student pursuing, in an independent way, his own clearly de-

fined purposes. The result of this is in many ways excellent; the American college graduate is a product peculiar to our country, and is, all things considered, a most valuable contribution to the body of American citizenship. But, viewed simply as a stage in the university process, the American college course is far less to the purpose than the *lycée* or the *gymnasium*.

A more deep-seated cause of difference is the superiority of the teaching material that goes into secondary education in France, as it does in Germany also; though some part of the reason even for this is to be found in the circumstance that our secondary schools break off with the entrance to the freshman class, while the *lycée* or the *gymnasium* carries the student to the gates of the university. But in the main, we believe, it is a matter of natural selection, supplemented by a difference of attitude towards the whole subject of university study. Men of real ability, in Germany and France, are ready, in far greater numbers than with us, to devote themselves to teaching in what we call high-school or lower college grades, largely because the opportunities open to them in other directions are so much less numerous and less alluring; and, in addition to this, the calling is there held in far greater honor. In France, moreover, as M. Bergson points out, "the *lycée* professor has not more than twelve or thirteen hours a week—the remainder of his time is generally given over to specialization and study"; the number of hours of the high-school professor in this country is twice as great, and this of itself makes a radical difference in his possibilities of achievement, as well as in the attractiveness of the post.

In discussion of university questions by European scholars, there is a singular absence of worry over matters of administrative management. These men seem to think that the quality of professors, the amount of time at their free disposal, the character of the training with which their students have been provided, the nature of the educational purposes pursued—that these and similar factors constitute the chief elements of the educational problem. There must, of course, be a certain amount of systematic organization, a certain amount of administrative work; but it seems to be taken for granted that this necessary amount will, in the nature of things, be fairly well provided, and that there is no occasion to cry for more. And yet they have extremely little of it in comparison with our country, where the creaking and groaning of the machinery is constantly in evidence. Perhaps we should do well if we were to fix our thoughts more on the need of getting the best possible men into the professorships and teacherships, and less on the problem of managing them after we have got them.

STUDENTS' WORK FROM THE ROMAN ACADEMY.

At the exhibition of the Architectural League, in the Fine Arts Building of New York, the students of the American Academy at Rome fill a gallery with their recent work. These young architects, sculptors, and painters have won their fellowships under conditions of severe competition. They are the best men that can be picked on an academic basis. The quality of their work will be severely scrutinized by those whose standards of art are anti-academic and wholly individualistic, while many of those who are in general sympathy with the idea of a residential academy in the Eternal City are still not free from misgivings as to the practicability of the plan. On the principle of judging an institution by its fruits we must approach the work of these favored young artists who hold the fellowships of the Academy.

The survey should be a reassuring one. Not merely is the technical standard quite as high as that prevailing in the Ecole de Rome, the prototype of all such schools, but it should be said that only an exceptionally good exhibition from the Ecole would show sculpture of the accomplishment of Paul H. Manship's, or archæological reconstructions so important as Edgar I. Williams's restoration of the House of the Vestals in the Forum. These are perhaps the most striking features of the show, though the competent mural painting of Frank T. Fairbanks and E. Tolles Chamberlain, with the really charming sketches of the latter, are entirely creditable evidences of the work and standards of the Academy in the field of painting.

Of Mr. Manship's work we print a special notice elsewhere in this issue. Mr. Williams's reconstruction of the House and Court of the Vestals under the Palatine Hill has the interest of being in part based on the researches of a distinguished member of the American School of Classical Studies at Rome, Miss Esther Van Dieman. Such a virtual collaboration seems to promise well for the consolidation of that School with the Academy. This union, which, as a matter of organization, has existed for upwards of a year, will soon be actually completed when the two bodies occupy their new quarters in the Villa Aurelia, on the Janiculum. The permanent alliance of practicing artists with philologers and archæologists is of so novel a sort that it has on both sides aroused misgivings. It has seemed to some an arbitrary and unnatural bond between those whose dependence must be native instinct and those whose forte is laborious and systematic investigation. And if this common and rather vulgar notion of the artist and the scholar be true, unquestionably the pending union is a hazardous one.

We feel, however, that the view of the artist as a mere temperament, and of the scholar as a sheer drudge, is both Philistine and false. Unless the artist guide his temperament by a somewhat austere and systematic training akin to that of the scholar, his temperament will come to very little. And surely the scholarship that satisfies itself with mere drudgery and simple accumulation is of little worth. Creative scholarship implies imagination, temperament, a distinct degree of genius. The actual success of the reorganized Academy will depend upon the type of young artist and young scholar it finds to hold its fellowships. To force a community of interest between temperamental charlatans on one side and unenlightened gradgrinds on the other can result only in academic bankruptcy. Fortunately, there is nothing in the record either of the Academy or the School of Classical Studies to make one dread such a disaster. Indeed, this artistic and archæological collaboration, represented in the reconstruction of the Atrium Vestæ, seems a kind of guarantee of the genuine community of interest that should ensue whenever real artists and real scholars in daily intercourse work together towards their diverse yet closely allied ideals. Its influence in this country will be wholesome.

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

German fiction is at present in a peculiar state. The production is enormous, there are numerous works that interest though individually striking features, but not one that rises above the multitude, as did Gerhart Hauptmann's "Fool in Christ" two years ago and Grete Meisel-Hess's "Die Intellektuellen" last year. The admirers of Gerhart Hauptmann would have gladly acclaimed the novel published in his year of honor as a significant landmark in his development, but even his biographer, Schlenther, admits that "Atlantis" (reviewed in the *Nation* of January 2) does not bear comparison with his previous work. Gustav Frenssen, too, has disappointed by his latest story, "Der Untergang der Anna Hollmann" (Berlin: G. Grote). On a first reading the novel reminds of a play by the Dutch writer Heiermans, given some years ago by the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, "The Good Hope." Here as there a whole community owes its living to ship-owners loading human freight into rotten hulks, and pays a heavy toll in human lives. The vital power of the play lay in the social problem involved. Frenssen, however, is not concerned with employers' liability and other relations between capital and labor. To him the prosperity of the unscrupulous Hollmanns and the misfortunes of the Guldts present a moral and religious problem. Why should the righteous suffer through the unjust? Why should generation after generation of the Guldts be plunged into sorrow and misery through the criminal unconcern of the Hollmanns?

Among the writers who, like Frenssen, go to the folk-soul for inspiration and produce what the German aptly calls *Heimatskunst*, one of the foremost is Rudolf Hans Bartsch. His "Schwammerl" (Leipzig: L. Stackmann) conveys the spirit and the feeling of a whole section of Austrian society at the time when Vienna was the Mecca of musicians and music-lovers, when Beethoven reigned supreme, and Schubert was hailed as a rising new star. Even to the title, a sobriquet which Schubert applied to himself to suggest the short mushroom life that was to be his, the story is indigenous to the soil. In a series of delightful pictures the author traces the happy-go-lucky existence of Schubert and his artist friends, their devotion to each other, the gracious indulgence of their patrons, their triumphs, and their defections. A book which also admirably reproduces the atmosphere of a past period is Elisabeth Stewart's "Unvergessene Menschen" (Berlin: S. Fischer). The scene is a North-German country parish sixty years ago, with a population strictly native and strictly separated by conventions of birth, caste, and profession. The parson's children are the principal actors in this drama of innocent loves and flirtations, vanities and ambitions, interwoven with a strand of humor and pathos, and culminating in the tragedy of a youth who embodies the romantic sentimentalism of his time. Through the book moves a procession of figures such as we may see on faded old photographs, but the author has given them a spark of real life which brings them curiously close to us.

Lily Braun, who in an earlier work had written a charming memoir of Goethe's days, and in her autobiographical "Roman einer Sozialistin" furnished an intimate personal document on the history of social democracy, has gone back to the eighteenth century and written a fascinating book called "Die Liebesbriefe der Marquise" (Munich: Albert Langen). Out of letters and memoirs she has reconstructed the life of a representative woman of that period. This epistolary novel is one of the most enjoyable books of recent publication and one that has true literary distinction.

A virile personality is the Alsatian Hermann Stegemann, and something of this quality enters into the making of his heroes. "Thomas Ringwald" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) is the story of a self-made man who in the stern pursuit of duty had overcome the romantic leanings of his youth and become a man of action, intolerant of the temperament and skeptical of the talent of his oldest son, who had left the parental roof to become a musician. At the zenith of his professional and civic career this conflict and the lure of a love which awakens desires he had not known in his joyless youth, cloud the serene atmosphere of Ringwald's home. But he is one of those who conquer their world by conquering themselves. The author's record of these struggles, pictured against the background of a city's growth, is as absorbing as it is convincing.

Franziska Mann's novel, "Frau Sophie und ihre Kinder" (Frankfort: Rütten & Loening) is the story of a woman who, though a child of the present and an artist, chose renunciation instead of "self-realization." The heroine has divorced the husband she had married when a mere child and devotes herself to her daughter, until the girl's marriage with an explorer places a continent between them and leaves her alone. She begins to write with fair success. Gradually, though she has become a grandmother, the youth she had missed returns to her, and she is willing to listen to the plea of a new love. At this moment she receives the news that an epidemic has orphaned her grandchildren. She renounces all thoughts of self, welcomes to her home the boy and the three girls who henceforth are to be hers, and remains deaf to the willingness of her friend to share her responsible task. Franziska Mann has in earlier works proved a subtle and sympathetic reader of the child-soul, and traces with delicate insight the relation between Frau Sophie and her children, until one by one they grow up and go out into the world. A childhood of quite another sort is pictured in Wilhelm Scharrelmann's "Piddl Hundertmark" (Egon Fleischel & Co.). The author has been a public school teacher who some years ago had difficulties with the school authorities on account of his liberal views and his deviations from the beaten track of pedagogy. The books which he has since published deal with the commonplace existence of the common people, without a note of pessimism, without the suggestion of any message except that of sympathy. Thus his story of childhood in a tenement is of a peculiarly wholesome realism, it has its thread of pathos, but also its touches of humor. His little hero is an individual rather than a type, and the author succeeds in interesting the reader so profoundly in the development of Piddl, that one is loath to part from him on the day when his strong young arm first strikes an anvil and his eye bravely and gladly looks out into the future before him.

Georg Hermann is the master analyst and chronicler of the Berliner past and present. His "Jettchen Gebert," which has recently been translated into French, and its sequel, "Henriette Jacoby," admirably reproduce the sentimental-romanticism of life in the educated middle-class of Old Berlin. His "Kubinke" is a novel of the lower strata of modern Berlin. In his latest work, "Die Nacht des Doktor Herzfeld" (Egon Fleischel & Co.), he presents two types of the Berlin intellectuals of to-day. The one lives in comfort among a collection of precious bibelots, but plays with the idea of suicide because he cannot get over the loss of wife and child. The other frets and fumes in literary drudgery, aggravated by marital troubles, imaginary or real, and plays with the idea of divorce. After a night of mutual confessions during endless walks about the streets and a prolonged session at a café, they return to their old life.

A delightfully quaint humor characterizes Ludwig Finkh's story, "Die Reise nach Tripstrill" (Albert Langen). It records the experiences of a naïve Suabian youth, who in his days of *Wanderlust* goes to the Caucasus, and later to Algiers. The book suggests the spell of old-time *Handwerksburschenleben* in a modern setting, and succeeds in interesting by the reaction of the travels upon the character of the hero. The other personages are his "pal" of the road and

the girl whose attachment to the prodigal brings the action to a dramatic climax. The book is a true product of the Teuton folk-soul. "Herrn Bredenfeld's Erde" (Egon Fleischel), by Theodor Malade, deals in the manner of Wilhelm von Polenz with the landowner of today who is deeply attached to his acres and to the traditional order of things, and stubbornly resists the trend of time which sets up foreign standards and settles the country with foreign labor. This is the social background of the domestic tragedy, the son dishonoring his name and his uniform by his passion for gambling. The strength of the book lies in the delincation of the numerous, finely individualized characters.

Alexander Castell has been hailed as a new Swiss writer of great promise. His novel, "Bernards Versuchung" (Albert Langen), offers some striking portraits from the world of cultured idlers haunting Paris and other European capitals, and in their peregrinations becoming estranged from their native soil and their kin. Castell's keenness of observation is amazing, and the dramatic suspense in the final chapter, where the hero accidentally meets the mother whom he had not seen in five years, is suggested with unusual force Lydia Danhöfen is another new name, and her story of a young physician who sets out upon his practice with an ideal conception of his profession, and who, under the pressure of poverty and the sting of social failure, adopts a code of phrases and of gestures that bring success, but earn for him the title, "Der Charlatan" (Albert Langen), has many features that raise it above the ordinary, not the least among them being the touch of irony. A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The persecution of the Quakers by the Government of Massachusetts is recalled by the title-page of a quaint pamphlet:

A
DECLARATION
Of the sad and Great
PERSECUTION and *MARTYRDOM*
Of the People of God, called Quakers, *in New-England* for the Worshipping of God.

Whereof
- 22 *have been Banished upon pain of Death.*
- 03 *have been martyred.*
- 03 *have had their Right-Ears cut.*
- 01 *hath been burned in the Hand with the letter H.*
- 31 *Persons have received* 650 *stripes.*
- 01 *was beat while his Body was like a jelly.*
- *Several were beat with Pitched Ropes.*
- *Five Appeals made to England, were denied by the rulers of Boston.*
- *One thousand forty four pounds worth of Goods hath been taken from them (being poor men) for meeting together in the fear of the Lords and for keeping the Commands of Christ.*
- *One now lyeth in Iron-fetters, condemned to dye.*

Also
Some Considerations, presented to the King, which is in answer to a *Petition* and *Address*, which was presented unto Him *by the General Court at Boston:* Subscribed by *J. Endicot*, the *chief Prosecutor* there; thinking thereby to cover themselves from *the blood* of the Innocent.
Gal. 4.29 *But as then*, he that was born after the flesh, *persecuted* him that was born after the spirit, *even so it is now.*
God hath no respect to *Cains Sacrifice*, that *killed* his Brother *about Religion.*

London, Printed for Robert Wilson, in Martins Le Grand.

The arrangement of the booklet reverses the order of the title, for the "Considerations" signed E. B. come first; the "Declaration" begins on page 17, and is signed by John Rous and John Copeland (whose ears had been mutilated), and by Samuel Shattock. Josiah Southwick, Nicholas Phelps, Joseph Nicholson, and Jane Nicholson (who had been banished from the colony under pain of death). On page 21 commences an account of the trial and execution of William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, and Mary Dyer. A "Postscript," beginning on page 31, is signed "E. B. London the 15th of the 1st month, 1660."

The writer was Edward Burrough, whom his fellow Quakers styled "a son of Thunder and Consolation." Endecott, the Puritan Governor, who cut down a maypole as irreligious, had no thought of toleration for those whose creed differed from his own. In common with many other Pilgrim Fathers, he wished to hedge round their semi-theocracy and to exclude all those who in any direction deviated from the doctrines imported in the Mayflower. He was not the most extreme of the Puritans, but he had the misfortune to encounter men and women who were as unbending as himself. When the Quakers could not be convinced by arguments, by fine, by whipping, or by imprisonment, it was thought wise to get rid of them by banishment with a threat of death if they returned into the jurisdiction. If they returned, the Puritan Government held that they could logically be hanged, not only as heretics, but as disturbers of the commonwealth. The sword was held out, and if they rushed upon its point, they were not martyrs, but suicides. Such was the theory of John Endecott and those associated with him in the Government of Boston.

Marmaduke Stevenson, William Robinson, and Mary Dyar (so her name appears here) had been banished and had returned. The account of the "trial" given by Peter Pierson is vivid, and has every aspect of veracity. The two men were hanged, the woman was reprieved after she had ascended the ladder to the gallows, and when the halter was actually round her neck. She was sent out of the colony under guard, but returned and was brought before the General Court and Endecott again gave sentence. "This is no more," observed Mary Dyar, "than that thou saidst before." "Aye, aye," retorted the Governor; "therefore prepare yourself to-morrow at nine of the clock." None of the three was allowed to make any defence, and as usual in matters of conscience the ministers were the bitterest persecutors. Mary Dyar was executed on the first day of the fourth month, 1660. She died with undaunted courage. Her last recorded words were. "Yea, I have been in Paradise several days."

When the pamphlet now before us was issued to the public, William Leddra's fate was in the balance. "And we have a further account also," says Burrough, "that one of our Friends, named William Leddra, being banished upon pain of Death, he not departing the Colony, but being moved to Return again to Boston, was Apprehended and cast into Prison and there lyeth Chained to a Logg with a Horse-lock, Condemned to Die." He was executed fourteenth of first month, 1660-61. There were many in Boston who disapproved of these proceedings, and on the Restoration the Magistracy thought it necessary to send to Charles II a vindication of their action. This pamphlet contains the Quaker reply written to it by Edward Burrough, the man who stopped the further shedding of blood. He obtained an audience of the easy-going King, who had as little taste for persecution as for martyrdom. The King was so impressed by Burrough that, awakening from his habitual indifference, he at once had an order drawn up forbidding any further persecution, and directing that the Quakers, whether condemned or imprisoned, should be sent to England to be dealt with according to law. At Burrough's further suggestion, this document was entrusted to Samuel Shattock, one of the exiled Quakers. That must have been a bitter moment for John Endecott when the banished man returned, bearing in his hand the royal mandate that put an end to the tyranny of the Puritan magistracy over the liberties and lives of their Quaker brethren. Shattock showed the royal document to Endecott, who, after consultation with the deputy governor, said, "We shall obey his Majesty's command."

Edward Burrough was arrested for being present at a Quaker meeting for worship, and died in Newgate, December 14, 1662. The City of London authorities, who were keen enemies of the Quakers, managed to evade even the King's order for his release. *Alios salvos fecit, seipsum non potest salvum facere.*

William E. A. Axon.

Correspondence

ALLEGORY IN THE "VITA NUOVA."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Fletcher's contention (*Nation*, January 30) that the "Vita Nuova" is an allegory of religious experience rests largely upon the assertions that Dante would have considered it extravagant or even blasphemous to liken service of an actual lady to service of Christ, that the idealization of womanly influence for good would have appeared to Dante preposterous, and that, "for his philosophy and that of his school, woman was simply inferior or unfinished man." These statements reveal a surprising disregard of the theory of the relation between lady and lover so prominent in the poetry of Dante's master, Guinizelli. According to that theory the lady is a human representative of divine goodness, which so emanates from her as to ennoble spiritually all those with whom she comes in contact, and in particular the man who devotes himself to her as her lover. In the greatest of his *canzoni* Guinizelli writes:

God the Creator shines among the an-

golic host with a brightness passing that of the Sun; the angels have immediate knowledge of their Maker, yield Him obedience in their turning of the spheres, and attain to the primal and perfect blessedness of the just God. Even so the fair lady of the shining eyes should bestow the essential truth of her noble nature upon him who never fails in serving her.

And in one of the sonnets:

She goes her way so lovely and so noble that she abases pride in whom she greets, and converts him to our faith if he believe it not; and no man who is base can approach her. Yet a greater power of hers will I tell you: no man can think evil while he beholds her.

Nor was this theory new with Guinizelli. It finds even clearer statement in the prose of his own master, Guittone d'Arezzo:

My noble lady, all-powerful God placed in you so marvellously the perfection of all that is good that you seem, in your words, your actions, and all your aspect, rather an angelic creature than one of earth, . . . and I believe that it pleased Him to set you here among us that you might arouse wonder, and be as a mirror whereon every worthy and lovely woman and every excellent man might gaze, becoming thereby more noble, avoiding vice, and following after virtue.

The young Dante, then, far from regarding woman as an inferior or unfinished man, was inevitably predisposed to regard her as a representative of divine goodness, and thus the comparison of lady-service to Christ-service was not blasphemy, but sincere reverence.

Mr. Fletcher says that the "avowed purpose of the 'Treatise on Vernacular Eloquence' is to pattern a fit garment of words and music for high themes of 'salvation, love, and virtue'—for the 'poetry of God,' as Boccaccio finely defines theology." The implied inference is that Dante regarded theology as alone worthy of poetic praise. But the love and virtue of the passage referred to, *Venus* and *virtus* in the Latin, have nothing to do with theology; they represent as normal subjects for song human love, as celebrated by Arnaut Daniel and Cino da Pistoia, and martial valor, as celebrated by Bertran de Born.

Mr. Fletcher's argument at other points seems to me to rest upon similar misinterpretations, to which I will not here refer. Let me remark, however, that his allegory fails of truth in its very essence; for the type of religion which alone the "Vita Nuova" can be conceived to represent is emphatically not the virile, intellectual type of religion that we find in the "Divine Comedy"—and the "Divine Comedy" is a better source for psychological study of Dante than the "Varieties of Religious Experience." Again, Mr. Fletcher interprets the peace attained just before the death of Beatrice as the fruition of the earthly blessedness; but the earthly blessedness is that of activity, of "the proper exercise of the human faculties," whereas the peace which Dante won was the result of passive resignation.

Mr. Fletcher says finally that the "Vita Nuova" is probably true to life only as an allegory. On the contrary, generations of readers have borne witness that it is true to life as a story of human love. And it is true to life in a particular and very interesting way. Many a youth endeavors, more or less consciously, to *realize in his own life* experiences of which he has read: books may foreordain reality. Just so the young Dante, finding in the verso of his master a lofty theory of the relationship of lady and lover, proceeded to enact that theory in his own life, transforming his behavior and his thought in conformity thereto, and investing Beatrice, in complete sincerity, with the radiant ennobling power of a divine representative on earth. And just so, I may add, he copied in life, to his own undoing, the literary tradition of the "lady of defence." ERNEST H. WILKINS.

University of Chicago, February 1.

THE CANAL TOLLS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your editorial and occasional comments on the question of Panama Canal Toll Remission to coastwise shipping companies have been followed by me with a good deal of interest, particularly the ethical scruples raised in connection with the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, and also your later subsidy objection. In view of Secretary Knox's recent masterful rejoinder to the British note the question whether your ethical scruples are well-founded is still manifestly a matter of debate.

As for the question of subsidy, it must be said that the American people have no objection to a subsidy *per se:* they only ask to be convinced that some real good is to be accomplished by it for the people generally. Now the chief argument for the remission of canal tolls to coastwise shipping I have not seen even mentioned in your references to this question. It might almost appear to be a studied silence. That argument lies in the fact that such a subsidy would encourage the formation of new coastwise shipping companies to compete with the companies now owned or controlled by railways, and would thus make the water traffic between our East and West coasts a genuine factor in the reduction of freight rates on the part of the railways with their great trunk lines. So long as the railways control the steamship traffic there can be no genuine competition, and our Pacific Coast States must endure their present bondage. Of course, the existing Money Trust might prevent the launching of such new shipping enterprises in any event—as has already seemed to be the case in at least one instance brought to public notice—but then, we are hoping for better things in that direction in the future. Clearly we ought to think twice before we retrace the step that has been taken. The canal is after all primarily our affair, and its bearings on the solution of our own national problems is a factor not to be ignored or overlooked in determining its proper administration.

E. W. LUTTERMANN.

Ware, Mass., February 4.

FINER BREAD.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I do not know whether you care for mustard after dinner, but here is some of it. The expression "finer bread than is made of wheat" (*Nation,* January 9) can be found in John Lyly's "Euphues":

It is a world to see how English men desire to heare finer speach then the language will allow, to eate finer bread then is made of wheat, to weare finer cloth then is wrought of Woll (Works ed. Bond, I, p. 181).

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., February 5.

AREN'T I?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Hart has been seriously disturbed to observe that the hero of Mr. Wells's "Marriage," though the "latest word in English science and culture," as Professor Hart puts it, uses "aren't I" in familiar conversation. Professor Haskell, in a subsequent letter to the *Nation* (January 30), after reviewing the situation in which the phrase is used by Trafford, welcomes it with sympathetic tolerance. But apart from the question of spelling and of its social standing, the phrase is no novelty. Its history, extending over nearly a century and a half, is given briefly in Jesperson's "Modern English Grammar" (I, p. 300). From *am not* arose *an't* or *a'n't,* as it is spelled in older authors. In its origin and in the subsequent lengthening of the vowel before *nt,* it is precisely parallel to *can't* from *cannot,* or still better, in view of the consonant assimilation, to *shan't* or *sha'n't* from *shall not.* Where is the barbarism or offence to grammar so far? I assume that Professor Hart in ordinary social intercourse says, for example, "Shan't I take it for you," and not "Shall I not take it for you." Why not, then, also *an't I* in place of the formal *am I not?* I am speaking now of the intrinsic merits of the case, and not asserting that in actual usage *shan't* and *an't* are on equal terms in point of respectability. For Professor Hart is not willing to let usage work itself out here and appeals to our sense of grammar.

"In nineteenth-century writers," to quote Jesperson, "this [*an't*] is generally represented in spelling as *I arn't* or *ar'nt,* as through the loss of *r* it has become identical with the plural *are+not* (thus G. Eliot, Anthony Hope, Pinero, Benson, Oscar Wilde, and others)." To go a step farther than Jesperson, we may note that the unconscious identification with the plural form is now complete, as is evident not merely from such a spelling as *aren't,* but also from the fact that those who pronounce *r* before a consonant, pronounce it in *aren't I* as clearly as in *aren't they.* Indeed, one may begin to doubt whether in all cases *aren't I* rests even indirectly on the older *an't I.* What happens in the case of our children seems to be this. They will not use the formal *am I not* in familiar conversation, and, feeling the illiterate flavor of *ain't,* they resort to *aren't,* which from its use in the plural has an entirely respectable sound. It is against this latest stage, the identity with the plural form, that the grammarian as such may file a protest, if he desires, though it might be urged that even this is in line with the identity in other verbs of all persons except the third singular.

It is well known that both the negative and the forms of the verb *to be* belong to that class of unemphatic words which are most subject to some sort of abbreviation in language. In English *am I not* is the only group of the kind for which there is not at least one accepted colloquial form. In the declarative we have *he isn't* or *he's not, you aren't* or *you're not, they aren't*

or *they're not*, and *I'm not*. So in the interrogative form *isn't he, aren't you, aren't they*. Professor Hart asks if there is anything which prevents us from saying *am I not*. Nothing; and most of us do so still, but in familiar conversation we always, I think, have an unpleasant consciousness that this sounds just as formal and stilted as *is he not*. Are we absolutely and forever debarred from such a colloquial substitute, which shall be as respectable as *isn't*? And if we find available a form as good as *an't*, parallel to *shan't*, or as bad, if you will, as *aren't* (though in my pronunciation *an't* and *aren't* are the same, I am prejudiced in favor of the former spelling), must we always protest and strive to thwart its advance? CARL D. BUCK.

Chicago, February 5.

A REPETITION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 9, Mr. Daniel Ford points out the fact that Erasmus was the probable source of an error in regard to Aristotle which is found in both Bacon and Shakespeare. This information has already been given in the *Athenæum*, No. 3403, 1893, by Mr. George Neilson. Mr. Neilson's article is listed in Louis Betz's "La Littérature Comparée," chapter xiv, page 311. WILLIAM CHISLETT, JR.

Stanford University, January 19.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My discovery in Erasmus of the quotations cited in my letter of January 9 was made quite independently of Mr. George Neilson's article in the *Athenæum*. I am not acquainted with the article in question. I regret the unfortunate coincidence. DANIEL FORD.

University of Minnesota, February 5.

WRITINGS OF PROF. W. G. SUMNER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A little above a year ago the Yale University Press published a collection of essays by the late Prof. William Graham Sumner. It is now proposed to publish another volume, in the autumn of 1913, to be called "Earth Hunger and Other Essays."

It is desired, in this proposed volume, to collect (aside from more extended essays) all of Professor Sumner's shorter publications. Many of his best and most characteristic utterances were brief articles, struck off on occasion, and widely scattered in newspapers and magazines. We have little trouble in finding his longer articles, but it is difficult to locate many a short and vivid fragment. Since the other volume was issued, not a few suggestions have come to our ears to the effect that another time we should not overlook this or that pregnant utterance—some striking thing which has riveted the attention of our courteous censor, and which he would like to have at hand. Sometimes such a constructive critic cannot remember just where or when he has seen such an article, and suggests vaguely that it was "in the papers," or "in one of the weeklies."

Now, we want all these scattered materials, and it has occurred to me that suggestions might be forthcoming as to their whereabouts, if our present effort to make a final and exhaustive collection of Sumneriana were announced to your readers. We should be glad to examine any materials that might come within the scope of the proposed volumes, and to receive any suggestions, however vague, as to utterances, brief or extended, from the pen of Professor Sumner. Materials sent me in the care of the Yale University Press will be acknowledged and promptly returned after examination.

As this volume will, in all probability, close the collection of Sumner's printed works in the way of essays and short pieces, those who can assist us in procuring available materials will confer a substantial favor. ALBERT G. KELLER.

Yale University, February 8.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your editorial on "A Sisyphus among the Sciences" (January 30) begins with a happy title whose applicability to that part of Psychical Research which seeks scientific evidence for survival of bodily death would probably meet the approval of many who have earnestly devoted themselves to the search. But among those agreeing with you would be a considerable number who hold that, while there are unanswerable arguments *contra*, there are also unanswerable arguments *pro*, and that the weight inclines to the latter side. The subject is too complicated for exposition here.

But the survival of bodily death is by no means the only problem of what is called, not altogether fortunately, Psychical Research. There are subjects regarding which such men as Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, Sir Oliver Lodge, and our own lamented Prof. William James would take issue with your statements that they bear no "mark of cumulative achievement"; that, "after thirty years of respectable and patient work by many highly intelligent persons, Psychical Research is, in a scientific sense, precisely where it was at the beginning"; and that, of the accumulated facts, "no part . . . stands out as a solid residuum, a starting-point for future work."

Among those who have really studied the subjects, Telepathy and Telekinesis are now regarded as established, and the researches of the Society have enormously extended our knowledge of Telopsis (clairvoyance), Somnambulism, Hypnotism, and Divided Personality.

You say that "even in the standard sciences it is essential to the firm establishment of anything new to the science that the experience on which it is based be capable of exact repetition by any competent observer or experimenter." If this is correct, are meteorology, law, economics, or even geology, seismology, and palæontology, not to speak of theology, "standard sciences"? And, if they are not, is it essential to the importance of a science that it should be "standard"?

But, whatever may be the answers to these questions, there remains the fact that, in their essential features, large portions of the phenomena of Psychical Research, even of its apparently spiritistic side, *can* be repeated by "competent observers and experimenters," and *are*. Even the phenomena of "mediumship" are frequently so repeated, and are already considerably generalized; and of them and the other orders of phenomena, properly repeated, there are big bookfuls of data now open to students.

If the task which, so far, there is much justification for your likening to that of Sisyphus had never been undertaken, what the Society has accomplished in the other departments amply justifies its efforts, the recognition given to them by Harvard, and the willingness of that University to continue them. A PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER.

New York, February 8.

Literature

CRITICISM APPLIED TO LIFE.

The Masters of Modern French Criticism. By Irving Babbitt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

This volume is primarily a study of the French critics of the last century. Some half-dozen of the leading figures are very fully portrayed, and a number of minor ones are sketched into the background. The reader who is specifically interested in the historic development of French criticism will hardly find elsewhere any exposition comparable to this of the whole movement of that criticism during the last hundred years. Still less will he find elsewhere a presentation of the subject through the medium of so admirable a series of portraits. That of Sainte-Beuve, who has not been very fortunate in his critics, will probably impress many a reader as the completest and truest that has yet been done. But least of all will one find elsewhere such a penetrating analysis of the influence of modern criticism for good and evil on literature and on the intellectual welfare of the age.

The critics are made to serve as a starting-point for the discussion of criticism, while criticism itself is interesting to the author chiefly because it holds in solution the main problems of nineteenth-century thought; and these, again, do not so much interest him in themselves (for he sees the century in somewhat cold perspective) as in their relation to the thought of the ages. It is not simply the talent and the performance of the critic that occupy him. He has nothing in common with those who hold that we must, from necessity and perhaps in the interest of diversity as well, accept talent for what it is, and ask only how well it accomplishes what it aims at. He is especially concerned with the aim itself, and half his judgment is based, not on the talent displayed, but on the use to which the talent is put and on the atmosphere that invests it, not on its volume and momentum, but on the direction in which it moves and the plane it moves on. The

mainspring of this intensely intellectual criticism is not intellectual, but ethical.

As a thorough humanist, Mr. Babbitt is so respectful of tradition, so conscientiously careful not to neglect or undervalue anything that is good in the legacy of the past or in the often dubious riches of the present, that he might seem at a superficial first view to be only a clever eclectic who has ingeniously pieced together from every source a consistent body of critical maxims. But though they derive their sanction precisely from the repeated testing of experience, these pieces of his thought fit so coherently into the structure that they evidently find themselves there as organic growths, as the outcome of personal experience sanctioned by tradition. This makes it possible for him to point out so readily the disastrous results of the looser and less organic correlation of these same pieces in those critical structures which he has analyzed. Exaggerated homage to this or that current of contemporary thought, or exaggerated revolt from it, has helped to make nineteenth-century criticism as chaotic as it is rich and varied. The same causes have thus produced a confusion of standards in criticism corresponding to the confusion of *genres* in literature which Mr. Babbitt has already traced in "The New Laokoon." He seeks the remedy for this confusion in the reëstablishment of a rational hierarchy of standards.

According to Mr. Babbitt's analysis, the two main currents of nineteenth-century thought, the romantic and the scientific, have coöperated in producing this confusion. Romanticism, by its glorification of the spontaneous, of instinct, of temperament, has exalted above the intellect what lies really below the intellect. In its reaction from eighteenth-century rationalism, it drew away man's attention from his intellectual self, moving in those rather humdrum and utilitarian middle ranges where it expatiated under the sanction of Locke and Voltaire, to what it eloquently called his "soul." But it conceived this soul in a Rousseauistic, not in a Platonic, manner. It merely threw man back on his elemental ego made up of appetites and instincts which it glorified with a poetic halo. "Anatole France," Mr. Babbitt remarks, with caustic good sense, "is fond of talking of his 'soul' when he means only his nerves and sensibility." Science, in its turn, by emphasizing only the external fact, has tended to draw away man's attention from his soul in any sense whatever and to merge him wholly in the phenomena of nature.

The expository side of the book traces the various forms of these two streams of tendency, with their often bewildering cross and counter currents, as revealed in their advocates, their opponents—and their victims. The polemic side of the book analyzes, with no sparing of epigram, their mischievous inconsistencies and contradictions when tried by that final test of literature, confrontation with life. The constructive side is represented by a highly serious attempt to mediate between the old idealism and these modern elements, which it had too much ignored and which in their turn have too much ignored it.

One of the early chapters deals with Joubert, "the critics' critic, much as Spenser has been called the poets' poet." The specious glamour and sensuous heats of romanticism are contrasted with the *lumen siccum* of this serene spirit, in pages that for fine humanistic flavor will bear reading along with Arnold's essay, while they are far richer in constructive thought. Better than any other, the criticism of Joubert has foreshadowed and suggested the grounds of mediation "between an age that had been rational in a way to discredit the reason, and an age that was going to be imaginative in a way to discredit the imagination."

The central point attacked in romanticism is its pseudo-Platonism, its confounding of what is highest with what is lowest in human nature, its identification of goodness with passion, as expressed in its conception of virtue as an outflow of emotion instead of a discipline of restraint. This tendency is hunted down and exposed all along the line of modern thought, in Rousseau's dogma of the natural goodness of man, in Mme. de Staël's cult of purely expansive enthusiasm, in the æsthetic and emotional religiosity of Chateaubriand and Renan, in the insubstantial ardors of the Sainte-Beuve of the earlier period, the "epicurean with a Jansenist sensibility," in the benignant optimism of Emerson, and, in more modernized form, in the humanitarianism of to-day which invites the religious instinct to expand in all manner of external fraternities to the neglect of inner austerity. And it is traced finally in the downward trend of contemporary philosophy:

> In their dealings with the problem of the One and the Many, both M. Bergson and James have adopted, it would seem sufficiently plain, not the Socratic but the sophistical side of the argument. I have expressed my own conviction in the following pages that what is needed just now is not merely a reaction from scientific positivism (that we are getting already), but a reaction from naturalism itself. By this I mean that we should effect our escape from intellectualism, not by sinking below it, after the fashion of the Bergsonians and pragmatists, but by rising above it, and this would involve in turn a use of the Socratic and Platonic method of intuition. Instead of reducing the intellect to a purely utilitarian rôle, as M. Bergson does, we should employ it in multiplying sharp distinctions, and should then put these distinctions into the service of the character and will.
>
> James and M. Bergson do not, like Joubert, look on the One as a living intuition, but as an inert intellectual concept; and they would have us believe that we can escape from this intellectualism only by diving into the flux—in other words, only by cultivating our intuitions of the Many. It is to be feared that Joubert would have said of this modern philosophy what he said of the philosophy of change in the form it had assumed in his own time: I detest these horrible maxims as the ancient sages would have done.

In outlining the philosophical Manichæism which Mr. Babbitt opposes to the unilateral tendencies of modern thought, we have dwelt more on the negations which he sets against its complacent faith in progress and in human nature than on the affirmations which he sets against the disillusion and discouragement which science has produced in so many of its adepts. It would be essentially unjust, however, to Mr. Babbitt's thought to insist too much on its negative aspects. His philosophy is essentially affirmative. The balance and temperance of his judgments are as marked as the convictions on which his judgments rest. Even his most negative criticisms are everywhere mitigated by the consciousness that he is dealing with eminent personalities, with thinkers of great power and with artists of high rank. Though he has not spared the cunning sophist in Renan, few would find any inadequacy of appreciation in his final summary: "Though he is a great intelligence, he has few of the qualities of a great philosopher, but many of the qualities of a great historian, and nearly all the qualities of a great artist." Nor is there anything sourly restrictive in the recommendation of Renan and Sainte-Beuve, as the two nineteenth-century French writers likely to prove of most value to us because of their intellectual sensitiveness and critical finesse, delight in the free play of ideas, and large hospitality of mind.

One restriction, however, and that a fundamental one, Mr. Babbitt makes and reiterates: they have undermined critical standards. The chief problem of criticism is, in his opinion, to find new standards that may raise it above a bewildering impressionism and an all-dissolving sense of relativity. He has attempted to demonstrate that these standards must not be sought without, that science, history, biography, and all the forms of outer fact can serve only as auxiliaries and not as criteria, because the spirit refuses to be imprisoned in any circle of fact, however closely drawn. It is a *chose ailée*, which at the moment of contact rises above their clutches in scorn of such material profanation. Nor, on the other hand, if we are to find our standards within, must we fall into the fatalistic impressionism which accords to taste only a

subjective validity. When he deals with the irresponsible dilettante, the neurasthenic æsthete who has indolently settled down in his own temperament, Mr. Babbitt's logic kindles to a masterful intensity. One is reminded of Dr. Johnson, who, in expectation of a personal encounter with the perpetrator of Ossian, carried a stout bludgeon, with the intention of demonstrating to him that he was no less his superior in physical than in intellectual prowess. To the impressionist's favorite proverb, *De gustibus non disputandum*, Mr. Babbitt opposes the Spanish proverb: There are tastes that deserve the cudgel.

The relativists, who have been pushed so sharply from point to point, can hardly deny the cogency of the arguments brought to bear against them, or the definitiveness with which everything that was systematic in their methods of criticism has been reduced to ruins. To Scherer's cry: The absolute is dead, one is tempted to rejoin: The relative is mortally wounded. But the pure relativists will be as little ready as before to believe that the absolute can be revived. They will say that Mr. Babbitt has not only demonstrated that criticism is almost certain to go wrong with a system, but has incidentally demonstrated that it cannot exist at all without one. They will retort that Mr. Babbitt, after all, in the modest measure in which he attempts to be reconstructive, is in his turn opposing dogma to dogma and system to system, and that his critical practice also rests on a whole philosophy of life, and even a conception (and what is that but a theory?) of the universe—which they will challenge him to demonstrate as valid above all others. The intuition of the One, and the fundamental distinction of the three planes of existence, they will boldly question. That such questionings cannot be silenced by mere logic no one could admit more clearly than Mr. Babbitt. Brunetière, he says, thus silenced these questionings in his own nature, but the result hardly justifies him. "His idealism, resting as it does on ratiocination rather than on insight, remains essentially negative, and so failed to bring consolation." However, if Mr. Babbitt cannot, in the name of the absolute, expel the pure relativist of the type of M. France from his last theoretic stronghold, he can at any rate, by copious arguments drawn from the practical reason, render his sojourn there profoundly uncomfortable. "These higher truths," affirms Mr. Babbitt, "are matters of intuition." "But I," rejoins the pure relativist, "I have no such intuition!" "So much the worse for you!" retorts Mr. Babbitt. Just how much the worse it is, how hopelessly and intolerably the worse it is for M. France, for the pure relativist, and for the age which follows in their footsteps, this volume is an eloquent attempt to demonstrate. Commenting on the lack of central aim in Sainte-Beuve, Mr. Babbitt says:

> That so shrewd an observer as Sainte-Beuve could find no firm anchorage for the spirit in the movements peculiar to this century may in the long run turn out to be not to his discredit, but to the discredit of the century. It may become apparent that something was omitted in the whole nineteenth century view of life, and that this something is the keystone of the arch.

In all that he has published thus far, Mr. Babbitt has confined himself to philosophical criticism. In his discussion of literature he has abstracted the vital part, the ideas. He has done this with such adequacy that one is irresistibly led to ask whether he can do yet more, whether he can, refraining from this divorce between its soul and its body, treat the whole work as satisfactorily as he has treated its chief part. If applied to criticism involving this more strictly personal and literary attitude, will this talent, so strenuously intellectual, so free from the illusions of sense, and so unseduced by the specious appeal of a purely artistic sorcery—will this talent as successfully escape the danger that threatens criticism from the opposite direction, that of a too complete intellectual and spiritual detachment from the sensational side of human nature, from that individual temperament into which literary art after all so deeply plunges its roots, and whose charm and power the critic must imaginatively feel as well as intellectually apprehend in order to pluck out the heart of its mystery? In a critique of critics and of criticism this element could indeed hardly enter except, so to speak, by the back door. Occasional pages, however, have an unmistakable suggestion of its presence, implicate rather than materialized, and revealed rather by the pure glow of the thought than by anything superadded to it.

It should seem, however, that the practice of this more purely literary kind of criticism lies somewhat remote from the ambition of Mr. Babbitt. Despite the manifold correctives of culture, he appears to belong temperamentally, and by deliberation, to the family of critics who value the interpretative faculty chiefly as an instrument in the service of the judicial faculty. A distinctive mark of these critics is a certain scorn of mediocrity, however well-meaning. The vision of reprisals by self-conscious reviewers does not deter Mr. Babbitt from saying: "There are critics who have founded a considerable reputation on the relation that exists between their own mediocrity and the mediocrity of their readers." In these all-appreciative days when everybody, and especially the critics, is convinced that there is good in everything, Mr. Babbitt invokes the advent of the critic who will show us with how much evil this good is usually mingled, and how frequently it is only a specious disguise under which every kind of evil is paraded and patronized. This Jesuitic tolerance, which we prize as a peculiarly modern virtue, he traces quite as much to lack of moral seriousness as to loose thinking. He feels that the sort of critic needed at present is, not a Sainte-Beuve, even though perfect in his kind, but a critic of the sterner judicial type of Boileau and Johnson, one who can serve as a physician to the time, governing rather than humoring it, a critic who, in mediating between what is new and what is old, "between the spirit of the age and the spirit of the ages," can point out wherein we have erred, and who can also, by the light of his critical torch, show us the way that leads out of the wilderness. Every other function of criticism is indeed secondary to this, not in our day only but perhaps in every other age as well. That we actually have in Mr. Babbitt a critic who in a large measure fulfils these demands must be abundantly evident to the attentive reader of such contributions to philosophical criticism as the present volume and its predecessors.

CURRENT FICTION.

Mrs. Lancelot: A Comedy of Assumptions. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: The Century Co.

Mr. Hewlett refuses to be browbeaten into a definite return to the mediæval setting by the critics of his "Senhusian" trilogy. In his present romance, however, he has seen fit to withdraw to a sort of middle distance. Poetic dramas are known in stage lingo as "costume plays." The novel-reader's cant possesses no analogous phrase, or one might explain Mr. Hewlett as preëminently a writer of "costume" stories. His imagination is of the type which is most at home when it is abroad—when, at least, it is occupying itself with events and persons of some remoteness in point of time. Richard Yea-and-Nay is not only a more real person than Senhouse: he is a more modern person. So are the Duke of Devizes and the Gervase Poore of this story. The late Georgian period which provides the setting is now sufficiently past to have acquired its "costume" value—an atmosphere of quaintness and picturesqueness in which the artful conduct of this writer's style seems relatively simple and natural.

As always, Mr. Hewlett has focussed his lights upon a few characters—four, in this instance, with Tom Moore as a poor fifth—or, rather, as Chorus. Lancelot is a hard-working, dull young man, ambitious of political preferment depending on that virtual ruler of England, the Duke of Devizes. The Georgiana whom he marries begins with a wifely intention which his dry self-absorption frustrates and turns cold.

His affairs do not advance till the old Duke meets Georgiana, takes a fancy to her, and with insolent promptness gives the husband his billet. Then begin tortures for Lancelot, in whom the passion of love is roused too late. The Duke, he knows, is quite capable of making Georgiana his mistress; as, after a time, in the eyes of the husband and to the world, she appears to have become. She has not; the Duke, for once, has found his match. She will give him friendship and no more. It remains for Gervase Poore, "luscious and perfervid young poet," to comprehend her plight, to woo her strangely with verses and distant worship, and in the end to win her and carry her off in triumph from the finally magnanimous Duke and his ultimately resigned henchman. In the final scene, poor Lancelot presents the perfervid one with his wedding-ring, and a speech:

"When I was married," he said, "I gave myself this ring upon my wedding day. It was to remind myself of my duty—which, you tell me (and I acknowledge) I too soon forgot. Accept it from me. I don't ask you to wear it, but to keep it. You will not refuse."

"I will not refuse," said Gervase, "I take it as a sign that you trust me."

Discerning Gervase!

The Lost Million. By Winthrop Alden. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Winthrop Alden, we are informed, is the disguise of a distinguished author, known on both sides of the Atlantic, who wishes to try the public by this entrance incognito. We have not guessed the distinguished lady's name, but are quite sure that she, or he, knows the roads of Long Island better than the ways of the English tongue. The story is a kind of detective yarn, which begins in Manhattan with the death of a strange man who leaves to a chance acquaintance a stranger commission; it passes to the country places over the East River, and then crosses to Europe, where it picks up a great Parisian detective. The mystery is well introduced, and the characters well chosen, but the unravelling of the plot misses the excitement of the direct chase and falls rather flat before the book ends.

PUBLIC OWNERSHIP.

Principles and Methods of Municipal Trading. By Douglas Knoop. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.25 net.

Mr. Knoop has written the best book that has yet appeared in English on municipal trading, or, as we should say in this country, municipal ownership. He has not so many graces of style as Major Leonard Darwin and Lord Avebury, and he is certainly not so picturesque as Mr. Bernard Shaw. Yet he surpasses all these in freedom from preconceptions, minuteness of investigation, and shrewd common-sense in striking a balance between conflicting opinions. He raises the discussion of municipal trading to a distinctly high level; there is no speaking to the gallery and no slavish adherence to tradition. Just such a book as this has been sorely needed.

Mr. Knoop showed his fitness for this task as long ago as 1906, when, with an essay on "Municipal Trading," he won the Warburton Prize at the University of Manchester. The volume before us grew out of that treatise. His earlier studies have been supplemented by his investigations while holding the Langton Fellowship at the same University. The excellent bibliography which he has appended to this book contains multifarious and trustworthy sources of information.

The effect of municipal trading on municipal finance and on public and private morals has been strenuously debated, both in America and in Europe. It has been contended by many that the managers of enterprises of this class are often less regardful of strict business principles in creating and marketing their products and services than they would be if the plants were their private property; that government ownership has a demoralizing effect upon labor; that too much, in short, is done merely to propitiate the voter.

It may be said at the start that Mr. Knoop's facts seem to sustain these contentions. While not discussing directly and *in extenso* the effect of municipal trading upon the money market, he sets the reader's mind working along that line by his assertions with reference to the effect upon rates (taxes). Every loan imposes an annual interest charge upon the future revenues of the community that borrows; it amounts to mortgaging the future for the sake of the present. If the occasions for borrowing become frequent, the debt will ultimately become unbearable unless steps are taken to reduce it. It is impossible, declares Mr. Knoop, to contemplate the great rise which has occurred of late years in the rates of certain towns except with the greatest concern. Industries tend to migrate from those towns and new works will no longer be established there.

A local authority must fulfil certain obligatory functions, such as the maintenance, cleansing, and lighting of the public roads and streets, the upkeep of police, the administration of justice, the sewering of the streets, and the disposal of sewage, the providing of facilities for elementary and higher education, and in every area rate-payers will have to contribute to the relief of the destitute. It is only after the cost of fulfilling the various obligatory functions has been met that a municipality is able to judge what expenditure it is in a position to incur voluntarily without placing an unreasonable burden upon the ratepayers. The large increase in the expenditures of local authorities on education since the passing of the Education Act of 1902 has considerably restricted the resources available for other purposes, and this only emphasizes the need of caution.

It is impossible, we are told, to study the undertakings of municipal trading without feeling that the method of conducting their finances, in many cases, leaves much to be desired. There are various causes for this unsatisfactory state of affairs. In the first place, the wish of many local authorities to show favorable results with their trading enterprises frequently deters them from debiting various items to their trading accounts which ought properly to be so charged, and may lead them to credit too much to these accounts in respect of the products sold or services rendered to themselves by these enterprises. In the second place, the absolute ignorance of many town councillors of the most rudimentary principles of accountancy leads them to block proposals made on the advice of financial and technical experts. In the third place, the possibility of shifting, to a considerable extent, the burdens arising out of present operations on to the shoulders of future ratepayers is a temptation to which many persons give way very readily. In the fourth place, the anxiety of town councillors to gain popularity among the ratepayers and voters influences the finances of trading departments in two ways: in October, before election time, it leads to concessions being made to the customers, without proper consideration to the cost of the concessions, and in April, when the budget for the new year is being discussed, it leads to unreasonable claims being made on the trading departments for contributions in relief of the rates, in order to avoid the necessity of making heavier demands upon the ratepayers.

Another drawback to municipal trading is that it involves the employment by local authorities of large bodies of labor. It is perfectly right that municipalities should be good employers, and that they should give their work-people adequate wages and fair conditions. In skilled occupations, where trade-union rates of pay and hours of labor are adopted by private employers, a municipality can employ its labor on the same terms and probably no difficulties will arise. Unfortunately, most work-people in the employ of municipalities are of the unskilled or semi-skilled type, in connection with whom a recognized standard of wages or of hours of labor seldom exists. As a consequence, unduly favorable terms may be granted to these work-people at the ex-

pense of the general body of ratepayers, and in this way a small privileged class of wage-earners may be created.

Much can be said in opposition to the employment of a large body of unskilled labor by a local authority. It fosters a somewhat loose standard of honesty, according to which ratepayers' money is spent extravagantly. It increases the danger of corruption; and the temptation to councillors to act in a manner to please those ratepayers who are municipal employees, instead of in the best interests of the ratepayers in general. Again, the existence of a highly favored and privileged class of municipal employees affords most undesirable opportunities for nepotism and jobbery; whenever a local authority engages its work-people on the recommendation of the councillors, as is not uncommonly the case, the multiplication of jobs under a council offers dangerous facilities for abuse.

Taking all the attendant circumstances and conditions into consideration, municipal trading in itself cannot, declares Mr. Knoop, be regarded as a desirable institution; the management of industrial undertakings is not really a suitable sphere of activity for a local authority. This remark is qualified by the assertion that, in certain cases, it may serve the public better than private enterprise. The allusion here is to industries which have a strong tendency to become local monopolies. The difficulty of exercising satisfactory control over many monopolistic tramway, water, gas, and electricity undertakings affords the main warrant for their municipalization. Yet there can be no general rule on the subject, each individual case must be considered on its own merits.

The Last Leaf. By James K. Hosmer. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

"I attempt," says Dr. Hosmer, "no elaborate characterization of men, or history of events, or exposition of philosophies. My films are snap-shots, caught from the curbstone, from the gallery of an assembly, in a scholar's study, or by the light of a campfire." And these words admirably describe his book, much of which has already appeared as articles in the *Atlantic*, the Boston *Transcript*, and the New York *Evening Post*.

Yet his catalogue of celebrities is long and varied, ranging from Douglas and Webster, Grant and Meade, through Bancroft, Lowell, and Emerson, to Agassiz, Newcomb, and Francis Joseph. In many instances, his views of these men are snap-shots indeed, as when the King of Prussia, destined before the year was out to be crowned Emperor at Versailles, saluted him with a nod as he stood looking into a window of the royal palace in Unter den Linden; or, again, when in the gardens surrounding the palace at Potsdam he saw a ten-year-old boy run up to a low carriage and pat the pony's nose, the boy being now the redoubtable William II; or, still again, when he saw Francis Joseph on his way to the council-meeting which decided that Austria should be neutral in the Franco-Prussian conflict.

These are hardly more than post-card jottings. On the other hand, certain historians and scientists, American and German, are drawn at something like full-length, along with several members of the group of literary men and women that made Concord a national shrine. The culminating moment of Dr. Hosmer's life, if he could only have known, was when he sat upon the platform with Lowell at the Commemoration of the Harvard soldiers who had taken part in the Civil War, and listened to him read "from a manuscript with distinctness which could be heard everywhere" the Commemoration Ode. Unfortunately for his best appreciation of the poem, Dr. Hosmer was "uncomfortably nervous" over a speech that he was to deliver further on in the programme. The dropping out of one or two speakers, indeed, put him immediately after Lowell, and his "voice sounded out into the great space in which the echo of Lowell's was scarcely silent." In piquant contrast with this solemn scene is that of Phillips Brooks as he assisted at a Hasty Pudding initiation, "a tall fiend whose trouser legs were very apparent beneath the too scanty black drapery which enveloped him."

A sister-in-law of Hawthorne is the authority for a remarkable story which, as she told Dr. Hosmer, she had had directly from the romancer. During a sojourn in Boston, Hawthorne often went to the reading-room of the Athenæum, where he was particularly interested in seeing a certain newspaper. This paper, however, he frequently found in the hands of an old man, who annoyed him by retaining it interminably. One day Hawthorne entered the room, saw the old man, as usual, with the paper in his possession, and sat down to wait until his rival should finish with it:

> After a time the man rose, put on his hat and overcoat, and took his departure. As the door of the reading-room closed behind him Hawthorne took up the paper which lay in disorder as the man had left it, when, lo and behold, his eye fell in the first column on a notice of the old man's death. He was at the moment lying dead in his house in the suburbs, and yet Hawthorne had beheld him but a moment before in his usual guise reading the paper in the Athenæum! My friend said that Hawthorne told her the story quietly, without attempt at explanation, and she believed his thought was that he had actually seen a ghost.

Lowell once related in Dr. Hosmer's presence a tale of a different tone. In a certain Cape Cod village it had long been the custom to profit from the wrecks that occurred on the coast, so that at last the setting of false lights and the appropriation of the cargoes which were lost in consequence became a legitimate business. At the same time the villagers continued to be rigid Puritans, punctilious in attending public worship. One Sunday the congregation was startled by the news that a West India ship loaded with sugar was going to pieces on the rocks. Among the booty-seekers that immediately flocked to the shore was a deacon who was successful in piling up a large quantity of sugar, which he left unguarded while he went for his oxen to haul it home. In his absence the bad boys of the village emptied out the sugar and filled the bags with clean brown sand. The deacon came to a sense of his loss only when his wife attempted to sweeten his tea that evening. His rage he described subsequently in this language: "I declare, when I felt that 'ar sand agrittin' between my teeth, I don't know but it was wicked, but I e'n a'most wished that there wouldn't never be another wreck!"

Dr. Hosmer mars his recollections now and then with unnecessary comment, but it would be ungracious to take exception to the method of one who has done us the courtesy of bringing us face to face with the members of so unusual a company.

William Morris: A Critical Study. By John Drinkwater. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

Mr. Mackail has given us a documented biography of Morris, Alfred Noyes an acute piece of criticism written at an almost lyrical tension, and John Drinkwater, in spite of his sub-title, only a passionate tribute. As a poet's laurel wreath hung on the monument of his master, Mr. Drinkwater's book may be ungrudgingly received. It pulses with generous and elevated emotion seeking to extol the good and the beautiful. It is ardent knight errantry, though with a strain of the La Mancha school; we can admire the high spirit of the quest even when the knight is lost in the woods, and it must be said that Mr. Drinkwater is frequently lost in the woods. His book enters the field as a kind of protest against the criticism of Mr. Noyes, and it suffers by the comparison which it invites, whether it is dealing with the technical aspects of Morris's verse, or with his ideas, or with his total significance. The fact is that Mr. Drinkwater has a poet's impatience of the tedious investigation, comparison, and distinction upon which the critic's art depends.

Thus, in his overture, he protests sharply against the theory—in its general features accepted as a matter of course by Mr. Noyes and the rest of us—that the poet is the product of his age. "Experience," he says, returning to his thesis in the conclusion, "proves the advent of a great poet to be apparently capricious, the unconsidered whim of powers that make but little distinction of seasons." Yet in the next breath he admits that the greatest of English poets was "inevitable"—that he appeared "as the final and perfect articulation of a word passed freely from lip to lip" by his fellows. Wordsworth, to be sure, he finds much less explicable, "Collins and Gray notwithstanding" (why not Thomson, Cowper, Crabbe, and Burns notwithstanding?); but still there was nothing in Wordsworth's age absolutely to forbid his arrival. In the end the counter-theory seems to have been set up only to glorify Morris. When he comes to Morris he finds a poet not merely unheralded but positively excluded by the artistic attitude of his period: "He came not in due time, but by some large generosity of the gods."

The quarter-truth or half-truth which lies behind Mr. Drinkwater's protest can be brought out only by pursuing the methods by which one arrives at the other half of the truth; by developing in full all that can be said for the forces of "heredity" and "environment," and then indicating just where and how far your poet exceeded the limits of any calculable moulding and propulsive powers—in this case, by at least frankly admitting the antecedent powers of the romances of Scott and the poetry of Keats, the Oxford Movement and the revival of Gothic, the feudal reaction of Carlyle and the Arthurian excursions of Tennyson, the passionate and all-embracing æsthetic activities of Ruskin and the art and poetry of Rossetti. By admitting all this, and then demonstrating, if one is able, that the work of Morris is not the lovely withdrawing wave and ebbing foam of a quite definite and continuous tide of neo-mediævalism.

But Mr. Drinkwater attempts nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he deliberately chooses to present Morris as an isolated phenomenon: "to compare him with his contemporary-creators scarcely at all, believing such comparisons to be misguided in intention and negative in result." To this we may reply: "We do not wholly agree with you. Without such comparisons as you decline to make, one is obliged to refrain from defining and valuing the talent under consideration. Yet we find your desire to speak of your poet as a thing complete in timeless isolation perfectly comprehensible. If you are not interested in the genesis and formation of his talent or his relation to his predecessors and contemporaries, let us waive all such questions. Let us hear merely a report of your personal adventure. Let us speak neither of Morris's debt to other singers nor of his rank among them."

Well, Mr. Drinkwater seems to assent. He exclaims with fine impatience that whether Morris "was or was not the greatest poet of his age or century is a matter of complete unimportance upon which nothing depends." But this is only a protest apparently against the subtle running comparison of Tennyson with Morris in Mr. Noyes's book, at the end of which Morris appears somewhat diminished but still splendid, while Tennyson emerges at the last in the rich variety of his scrupulous art and the depth and range of his dealing with life head and shoulders above his brother. Mr. Drinkwater keeps his word in that he says almost nothing of Tennyson. But though he never comes out into the critical open, he insinuates the superiority of Morris at every turn; he violates our compromise right and left. He will avoid comparisons; yet he does not hesitate to say that "Morris's art came as near as any art can do to being unaffected by any external impulse at all." He will avoid comparisons; yet he asserts that in essentials "there is scarcely any evidence that he had ever read any of the poetry before him." He will avoid comparisons; yet fears not to prophesy that when the history of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is written, "he will stand as a lonely titanic figure excelled by none in the depth and range of his art, but outside any categorical lines of development." He will avoid comparisons; yet on the basis of the prose romances ventures to say that "had he chosen, Morris might have . . . challenged comparison with the best of Fielding's successors." He will avoid comparisons; yet remarks that, among poets "comparable to him in achievement," Morris "stands alone in the creation of a body of work that moves consistently and surely on the plane of poetry—from first to last."

In the course of time this critical algebra becomes wildly exciting. The tantalized imagination hungers and thirsts after the Unknown Quantity. Who, in short, are the men "comparable to him in achievement"? They are Mr. Drinkwater's twelve peers of the world—for at last the secret is out. They are these: "Æschylus, Homer, Virgil, Dante, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Beethoven, Wagner, Shelley, Wordsworth." We hope Shelley does not have to sit next to Shakespeare at this glorious round table, for, as Mr. Drinkwater says, this is a fellowship in which "there must be no disputation as to the headship." Then he adds explicitly enough: "Morris is, as I see him, clearly of that fellowship." This, we repeat, is not criticism; it is passionate tribute. It is claiming the victory after having refused to set lance in rest.

The Rhodes Scholarships. By George R. Parkin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Probably no benefaction of recent times has aroused such widespread interest as that which the late Cecil Rhodes made to the University of Oxford. It was a spectacular and at the same time a very practical gift, eminently characteristic of the adventurer, idealist, and shrewd financier, who thought in millions and dreamed of empires, who deemed it worth his while, amid the strenuous toil of building his own fortune and a new empire for Britain, to spend portions of eight years at Oxford, acquiring the ordinary pass degree which the University awards to its mediocre scholars.

The scholarships which Rhodes endowed made a radical departure from precedent. They were the first official recognition that Oxford has more to offer to a student than the academic advantages set forth in her statutes. Hitherto scholarships had been endowed and awarded, nominally at least, for learning only; Rhodes offered $1,500 a year to students from the ends of the earth that they might have the benefit of that indefinable abstraction commonly ascribed as "Oxford culture," which is acquired more in the social gatherings of the students than in lecture-rooms. It was no wonder that the gift, when the terms of the will first became known, aroused a certain amount of skepticism in academic common-rooms, or that the aristocratic college which at present numbers among her undergraduates the heir to the British throne at first refused to have anything to do with the scholarships. Now, after nine years, all doubts as to the practical nature of the scheme are set at rest, for already some 700 Rhodes scholars have passed through the Oxford course. The results of the experiment have been set forth by Dr. Parkin, the organizing secretary of the Rhodes Scholarship Trust.

On the whole, the careful analysis which he gives shows that the scheme has worked out well. He finds that in scholarship, pure and simple, students from America, as well as from the British colonies, are more often than not at some disadvantage when in competition with young Englishmen who have received their preliminary training in one or the other of the great public schools of the country; and he attributes this to lack of thoroughness in the groundwork of education. On the other hand, it is satisfactory to learn that Rhodes scholars, having become an established part of the university life, are accepted by the general student body solely on their individual merits; that there is no prejudice either for or against them as Rhodes scholars. The charge has frequently been made that they evince a tendency towards the formation of

cliques, and do not mingle sufficiently, as the founder of the trust intended that they should, in the social life of the university and the colleges. That charge, Dr. Parkin thinks, is not justified. It is natural that Americans, for instance, should draw together to a certain extent, and there exists in Oxford an American club, but the members use it for little except the reading of the national newspapers and occasional gatherings for the discussion of American topics. Normally, the unit of social existence for the Rhodes scholars, as for other students, is the college.

One could wish that Dr. Parkin had given fuller information as to the actual results attained in the "schools" by the Rhodes scholars, in order that comparison might be made of their attainments with those of open scholars from the English public schools. There seems little doubt that, as a class, they would suffer by such comparison. That, under the circumstances, should occasion no surprise in consideration of the difficultics which have to be met in making a selection from so wide an area. As a minimum test the standard of Responsions, the Oxford entrance examination, has been adopted, which consists of no more than "small Latin and less Greek," and an acquaintance with arithmetic and the elements of either algebra or geometry. This, however, represents only the minimum that is required by the university. Other tests are imposed that vary with different localities and are left in the hands of the local committees of selection. In this connection it is worth noting that Dr. Parkin comments on the difficulty of applying the athletic test, emphasized by Rhodes himself, in selecting the scholars from this country. In the universities and colleges of the United States, he says, quoting American authorities, athletics have become so specialized that they are "not favorable to the production of the all-round man whom Rhodes evidently had in his mind"—the athletics favored by Rhodes being, of course, those of the ordinary English public school.

Of particular interest to American readers are the pages in which the author discusses the vexed question as to whether it is profitable for students from the United States to spend three years at Oxford. He states frankly the objections that have been raised—the time involved, the possible loss of touch with home affairs, and the practical worth of an Oxford degree—and while he endeavors to meet them all, there is an honest hesitation in his manner that seems to admit the force of the argument on the other side.

Both for the general reader and for the prospective candidate for a Rhodes scholarship the present volume will be of value and interest. The long first chapter, dealing with the life of Cecil Rhodes, is an excellent bit of biography, and succeeding chapters (two of them, concerning the more intimate details of the Oxford system, contributed by F. J. Wylie) give a commendably clear and readable account of the purpose of the foundation, the methods of its administration, and the advantages offered by an Oxford course. As Dr. Parkin warns us, while the system is now definitely established, it is still only in an empiric stage, and neither the methods of administration so far adopted nor the conclusions that are here drawn can be regarded as final. In valuable appendices are given a list of the Oxford colleges; the statutes relating to students from foreign universities; and specifications of the required subjects for the entrance examination.

Notes

The Manchester University Press has in preparation "The Early Life of George Eliot," by Miss Mary H. Deakin, with an introductory note by Professor Herford, and "The Authorship of the Platonic Epistles," by R. Hackforth.

A timely book, in view of legislation now pending at Washington, is "The Immigrant Invasion," by Frank J. Warne, announced by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Forthcoming fiction in Scribner's list includes: "The Lore of Proserpine," by Maurice Hewlett; "The Land of the Spirit," by Thomas Nelson Page; "The Right of the Strongest," by Mrs. Frances Nimmo Greene, and "The Isle of Life," by Stephen French Whitman.

The same house will soon add two new volumes to the Studies of Theology series—"The Text and Canon of the New Testament," by Alexander Souter, and "The Theology of the Gospels," by the Rev. Dr. James Moffatt.

Geo. H. Doran Co. will publish on Saturday: "Simon Brandon," by B. Paul Neuman; "The Story of Stephen Compton," by J. E. Patterson; "Success," by Una Silberrad; "A Dream of Blue Roses," anonymous; "The Chequer-Board," by Lady Sybil Grant; "In the Shadow of the Bush," by P. Amaury Talbot; "My Sudan Year," by Ethel S. Stevens; "Modern Problems," by Sir Oliver Lodge, and "The Case of Oscar Slater," by Sir A. Conan Doyle.

Smith & Elder promise this spring a new Life of Jane Austen, based on the memoir by J. E. Austen-Leigh, the letters published by Lord Brabourne, and other family documents, some of them never before published. The book is written by two members of Jane Austen's family, W. Austen-Leigh and R. Austen-Leigh.

Capt. B. Granville Baker is bringing out, through Seeley & Service, "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe," illustrated by sketches from his brush and pen.

Macmillan's spring list includes in fiction: "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; "One Woman's Life," by Robert Herrick; "Comrade Yetta," by Albert Edwards; "Concert Pitch," by Frank Danby; "Patsy," by S. R. Crockett; "Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby," by Kathleen Norris; "The Impeachment of President Israels," by Frank B. Copley; "The Feet of the Furtive," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Vanishing Points," by Alice Brown; "The Crock of Gold," by James Stephens; "The Idiot," by Fyodor Dostoievsky, translated by Constance Garnett, and "A Necessity of Life and Other Stories," by Betty van der Goes. Economics: "Essays in Taxation," by Edwin R. A. Seligman; "American Syndicalism, The I. W. W.," by John Graham Brooks; "The Soul of America," by Stanton Coit; "The Economic History of the United States, Vol. I, "The Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," by Charles A. Beard; "The Modern Trust Company, Its Functions and Organization," by Franklin B. Kirkbridge and J. E. Sterrett; "Industrial Combinations and Trusts," by W. S. Stevens, and "Economics of Business," by Norris A. Brisco. Biography and history: "The Writings of John Quincy Adams," Vol. I, edited by Worthington C. Ford; "The Letters of Richard Henry Lee," Vol. II, collected, collated, and edited by James Curtis Ballagh; "Lectures on the American Civil War," delivered at Oxford by James Ford Rhodes; "'Tis Sixty Years Since," by Charles Francis Adams; "The Cambridge Mediæval History," Vol. II, "The Rise of the Saracens and the Foundation of the Western Empire"; "Principles of Prussian Administration," by Herman G. James; "A History of the American Negro," by Benjamin Griffith Brawley; "The Old Colonial System, 1660-1754," by George Louis Beer; "The Dictionary of National Biography," second supplement in three volumes; "David Livingstone," by C. Silvester Horne, and "Sea Kings of Crete," by James Baikie. Religion and philosophy: "The Problem of Christianity," by Josiah Royce; "Social Religion," by Scott Nearing; "Social Idealism and the Changing Theology," by Gerald Birney Smith; "The Unconscious, the Fundamentals of Human Personality," by Morton Prince; "The Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences," edited by Wilhelm Windelband and Arnold Ruge; "The Interpretation of Dreams," by Prof. Sigmund Freud, translated from the third edition by A. A. Brill, and "The Belief in Immortality and the Worship of the Dead," by J. C. Frazer. Miscellaneous books in Macmillan's list will be given next week.

"Germany's Future in the Orient" is the subject of an exceedingly significant article in *Die Erde* for January by Ewald Banse. Taking for granted the coming partition of the Turkish Empire among the great Powers, he asserts that Germany's share should be the region included in southeastern Anatolia, northern Syria, and northern Mesopotamia. No claim is made for Bagdad, the southern boundary running from Aleppo to Mosul. This would give to Germany what she does not now have, a colonial possession in a temperate zone and accordingly available for German colonists. It contains an immense extent of well-watered cultivable and pasture land upon which sufficient food could be raised to supply the Empire and lower the cost of living. Cotton-raising regions abound, which, when developed, will make Germany independent of America, Egypt, and India. Free access to the sea would be had through the ports of Mersina and Alexandretta. An outline map shows how probably Turkey in Asia will be divided among the Powers.

In two beautifully printed volumes the Oxford University Press has produced an edition of "The Complete Poetical Works of Samuel Taylor Coleridge" which, for fulness and authority, supplants all previous editions, and will probably hold the field for many years, if not forever. The text adopted by the editor, Ernest Hartley Coleridge, is that of 1834, in preference to that of 1829, which was selected by Campbell; this he does on the basis of "conclusive proof that, here and there, Coleridge altered and amended the text of 1829, with a view to the forthcoming edition of 1834." Details of this evidence Mr. E. H. Coleridge gives, and they will satisfy most students that his editorial judgment is right. In all cases, however, the complete development of the text from its earliest to its latest form is traced in the notes, and in some cases, notably "The Ancient Mariner," the first draft of a poem is also printed completely and independently in an appendix. The bibliographical information given by the editor is full and clear. In the second volume, after the plays, a succession of sections give the Epigrams, Jeux d'Esprit, Fragments from a Notebook, Fragments, Adaptations, etc. The absolutely new material is neither large in amount nor important in quality. It includes a number of brief hints and experiments, the star-dust of poetry, one might call it, in the later sections, and six poems in the body of the text. Of these six the only one of any poetical value is that entitled "Inscription for a Seat by the Road Side Half-way Up a Steep Hill Facing South." It was first printed in the *Morning Post* of October 21, 1800, and refers to the "Windy Brow seat" immediately above the River Greta, on the lower slope of the Latrigg, made by Coleridge and the Wordsworths, August 13, 1800. As it has never been included in any of the collected editions of Coleridge and is hence quite new to the modern reader, it may be quoted here at length:

Thou who in youthful vigour rich, and light
With youthful thoughts dost need no rest! O thou,
To whom alike the valley and the hill
Present a path of ease! Should e'er thine eye
Glance on this sod, and this rude tablet, stop!
'Tis a rude spot, yet here, with thankful hearts,
The foot-worn soldier and his family
Have rested, wife and babe, and boy, perchance
Some eight years old or less, and scantly fed,
Garbed like his father, and already bound
To his poor father's trade. Or think of him
Who, laden with his implements of toil,
Returns at night to some far distant home,
And having plodded on through rain and mire
With limbs o'erlabour'd, weak from feverish heat,
And chafed and fretted by December blasts,
Here pauses, thankful he hath reached so far,
And 'mid the sheltering warmth of these bleak trees
Finds restoration—or reflect on those
Who in the spring to meet the warmer sun
Crawl up this steep hillside, that needlessly
Bends double their weak frames, already bowed
By age or malady, and when, at last,
They gain this wished-for turf, this seat of sods,
Repose—and, well-admonished, ponder here
On final rest. And if a serious thought
Should come uncalled—how soon *thy* motions high,
Thy balmy spirits and thy fervid blood
Must change to feeble, withered, cold and dry,
Cherish the wholesome sadness! And where'er
The tide of Life impel thee, O be prompt
To make thy present strength the staff of all,
Their staff and resting-place—so shalt thou give
To Youth the sweetest joy that Youth can know;
And for thy future self thou shalt provide
Through every change of various life, a seat,
Not built by hands, on which thy inner part,
Imperishable, many a grievous hour,
Or bleak or sultry may repose—yea, sleep
The sleep of Death, and dream of blissful worlds,
Then wake in Heaven, and find the dream all true.

It would be easy to draw from these admirably edited volumes the material for a fresh study of the growth and decay of Coleridge's marvellous genius; and the very fact that this accumulation of materials, so largely fragmentary or tentative, suggests such a study, does in a way afford a sufficient reply to those who in general object to the publication of a poet's crude or trivial overflow. After all, barring three or four poems, Coleridge was *anima poetæ*, rather than finished poet, and in that form, as one dimly sounding his way in untried regions, he is peculiarly typical of the romantic movement. If we discarded his imperfect work, we should have no means of gauging his power as a pioneer, leading at once into gorgeous dreams and a bankruptcy of the imagination.

The Oxford University Press has also brought out, with certain omissions, the same edition of Coleridge in a single volume printed on India paper. The omissions touch only one or two of the sections of epigrams and fragments at the end. The notes are included without abbreviation.

Again, the same material, now entitled "The Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge," with the dramas omitted, is issued by Frowde in a cheaper one-volume edition at the price of 1s. 6d. For the ordinary reader of Coleridge this is perhaps the most valuable, as it is the least bewildering, form of the three.

"The New Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff" (Dodd, Mead) is of mild interest for such readers as recall that former record of youthful precocity and egotism which made its little stir some years ago. This volume contains extracts from the journals kept by Mlle. Bashkirtseff between the ages of twelve and fifteen. In the inborn sense of her own supreme importance she was not unlike many children; but she was unlike them in her frank glorification of that sense, and in the fact that she never outgrew it. Her beauty of face and form, her charm of manner, the wonderful voice with which she intends to astonish the world—these are the continual themes of her celebration. "Happy the man who will have me," she chants, not yet in her teens. "He will possess the earthly Paradise! Provided that he knows how to appreciate me!" The man is already selected: the Duc de H——, handsome, dissipated, noble; "he would suit me for a husband in every respect. I love him, and that is what makes me suffer. Take away this anguish, and I shall be a thousand times more miserable. My grief makes my happiness. I live solely for that." So, or less sanely, writes this pitiful spoiled child of a roving Russian family. For the most part, her self-regard exalts her to a sort of delirium. She goes to the opera, and fancies that the whole company of singers "salute her." Another time it is the audience: "Everybody admired me. Towards the middle of the entertainment I began to feel as lovely as possible. In going out I passed between two rows of gentlemen who stared at me till their eyes bulged, and they didn't think me bad looking, one could see that. My heart swelled with pride and joy." At fifteen she experiences hardly less ecstatic moods of self-pity. Nobody understands her, she is hopelessly alone in her elevation above the crowd. She discovers that men are villains, and determines never to marry—with reservations in favor of "some prince." Through it all, there are increasing premonitions that she is not to live long enough to become famous. The world holds small chance of happiness for such as she. Nominis umbra: the vague pity lingering about that shadow may find itself quickened by this new record, but hardly sharpened to regret.

Those who read the delightful "Rhymes of Pat McCarty," with the no less delightful prose, will know what to expect from Mr. John Stevenson's "Boy in the Country," just published by Longmans, Green & Co. His English is of the first water, and the Scotch-Irish of his characters is delicious. The story, if story it may be called that moves as freely as the wind on the heath, is simply that of a boy who is sent from the city to live for a while with an aunt on a farm in County Antrim, and there becomes acquainted with the people and manners of the road and the hillside. In the account of "Old Nellie" the scene is grim and almost tragic; in the chapter on Knight Errantry the way lies through as pretty a romance as one need ask for on a fair summer's day; elsewhere, and often, it is comedy or mere adventure or wayward musings on strange faculties. We could give samples of the book to any desired extent, but prefer the bare statement: Here is good reading. The illustrations, by W. Arthur Fry, are in keeping with the text.

A really charming little book, admirably illustrated, is "Things Seen in Palestine" (London: Seeley, Service & Co.), by Mrs. Hans Spoer (A. Goodrich-Freer). Mrs. Spoer has the gift of vision and the knack of style to render what she sees; she is also a trained folk-lorist and knows her Palestine intimately. Thus, an amazing amount of material is packed into these small pages without the picture becoming obscure or being thrown out of drawing. Yet there is no pseudo-picturesqueness, and the few slips are in technical details of Mohammedanism. There most travellers come grievous croppers.

A very different kind of picturesqueness—but not pseudo either—characterizes "By Desert Ways to Baghdad" (Scribner), by Louisa Jebb, now Mrs. Wilkins. Here, too, is the gift of style and the style tells of things seen, but they are strange things seen from the outside, yet seen and rendered with marvellous detail and reality. Mrs. Wilkins makes no profession of orientalism; she does not interpret; she only describes and narrates. And the describing and narrating are done very simply. There is perhaps only one chapter of purple patching, where she digresses into the land and times of Abraham and sees her own journey across the plain of Mesopotamia under the vision of his. Even then there is only a more careful picking and polishing of phrase conjoined with a Biblical gravity. For much elsewhere is far from grave, and the journey itself was surely of the maddest. Two young women start out alone—in the sense of having no conventional dragoman—from Constantinople and work their way, travelling on horseback, save for a stretch from Mekidje to Konia on the Anatolian railway, as light as might be, across Asia Minor to Tarsus; thence by Aintab and

Urfa to Diarbekr, by raft of inflated goat-skins down the Tigris to Baghdad, up along the Euphrates to Deir and across the desert to Damascus. Their Turkish was scanty to begin with, and for Mrs. Wilkins was scanty to the end. Her companion, Miss de Bunsen, although we find her throughout thumbing a pocket dictionary, evidently knew more, enough at least to gather on the journey materials for her "Soul of a Turk" —the Hassan of this book, though neither a Turk by race, being of Albanian Christian stock, nor by religion, being an advanced mystic. What he thinks of all this very interesting and illuminating "eopy" which his two charges have made of him must be a problem. They have revived the older times when the traveller, returning from the East, felt safe in giving to the public his views on all the queer things, beasts, and people he had met. Perhaps it is this revival which makes Mrs. Wilkins's book so racy and so different from the modern laborious trifling with travel-talk. There are seventy-four quite remarkable illustrations from photographs.

Roy Devereux, in his "Aspects of Algeria" (Dutton), is no such dishevelled wanderer, but a very normal tourist fleeing from the English winter. But being in Algiers and being a serious person interested in the problems of colonization, he used his opportunities and has produced a really useful book. His chapters on Islam, past and future, and on the Arabs in art and science, with whatever else he scatteredly says on those things, may be passed by silently. It is all singularly wide of the fact. Yet he had opportunities if he had only known how to use them. On pp. 10 ff. he describes what was evidently a Zar—a rare function for a man to see—and it would be of great interest if he would compare his recollections with Chapters xii and xiii of Madame Ruchdi Pasha's "Harems et Musulmanes d'Egypte." Similarly, his meditations on the Roman province of Mauritania are dominated by Gibbon. But nearly two-thirds of the book is given to modern economic questions—the status of the Moslem subjects of France, the French as colonists and as colonial administrators, the industrial development of the country, and the future for the different races in Algeria and for the Algerian race which is already beginning to appear. On it all Mr. Devereux is not sanguine, and his views need balance, but his book is most informing and suggestive.

It is nearly thirty years since Professor Paul Deussen's "System des Vedânta" appeared in Germany, and it is remarkable that a work so important has not been translated into English before this. Those who do not read German will welcome the volume just published by the Open Court Publishing Co., in which this standard treatise of Hindu philosophy has been ably done into English by Mr. Charles Johnston, who is himself a Sanskrit scholar of proved ability. The translation is literal and has the notes of the original, which might have been made a little clearer in respect to the somewhat blind references to Sanskrit works, but which the translator has here and there amended by adding later literature. For the body of the work, dealing as it does, not with modern literature, but with Sanskrit texts, no changes have been necessary. The system presents by all odds the best account of the foremost (as it is the earliest) Hindu philosophy, that of monism, divided into the various parts demanded by modern rather than by ancient thought. Thus the doctrine of Brahman, as cosmic principle and as psychic principle, leads to a discussion of the cosmology of the Vedânta; after which the nature of the soul and its relation to the body bring the system to the point where metempsychosis can be discussed in detail. The final discussion concerns the doctrine of emancipation. It is a pity that the translator did not think it worth while to give in his own preface a brief account of the diverging school of interpretation. The system expounded by Deussen is that of Çankara, and to understand the Vedânta one should also have some idea of the doctrine of Râmânuja, well set forth by Thibaut in his Vedânta-Sûtras. But Deussen's work is the best exposition of what is virtually the dominant school of interpretation.

Although not distinguished by any novelty of interpretation, the first two volumes, recently appearing in English translation, of Mgr. Louis Duchesne's three-volume "Histoire ancienne de l'Église," have much to recommend them on other grounds. Briefly, they constitute for the period covered, from the beginnings through the fourth century approximately, the best account accessible to the general reader. And this for two reasons: their scholarship and their style. Among students of this subject and this period Duchesne has but one peer and that peer is his German contemporary, Harnack. The volumes are, then, the work of a great scholar with all in the way of breadth of view, accuracy, embodiment of recent investigations, etc., that that implies. But scholarship is no guarantee of readability, yet it is exactly in this respect that Duchesne's work scores brilliantly. The volumes are written with a rare narrative gift which assures the author a worthy place in that great succession of French writers of church history illuminated by the names of Tillemont, Baronius, and Renan. With regard to the translation of the third volume, a thing very much to be desired, the publishers of the English work, Longmans, Green & Co., are not in a position to affirm anything except that it cannot appear for some time to come.

In "Fifty Years of Prison Service" (New York: Charities Publication Committee), Mr. Zebulon Reed Brockway has made a conscientious effort to be autobiographical, but either he is not given to self-study or the habit of writing year-books has been too much for him. His book is mainly a record of his official career with the Elmira Reformatory in the fore and himself in the background. The record is often dry, always informing, and sometimes almost dramatic, particularly in those chapters in which the types of criminals are illustrated by individual histories; over and above the human interest, these narratives are immensely instructive for what they suggest regarding the possibilities of reformation. Not the least interesting, however, are the chapters describing the educational programme at Elmira, in particular the unique ethics class, in which a few hundred thieves discussed, evidently with interest, doubtless with profit, the moral philosophy of Plato and Socrates. Mr. Brockway was fifty years old, and had seen twenty-five years of prison service, when, at the opening of the Elmira Reformatory in 1876, he began the experiment in penology which has made him known throughout the world. By this time his earlier interest in church and religion had given place to a comfortable sort of mysticism, at once optimistic and hard-headed, which enabled him to believe, while working ever for the better, that all is determined for the best. No other theory of life would have served him so well. Even those who doubt whether his experiment amounted to a final demonstration will hardly deny that his work was a success. The difficulty is to find a proper way of determining the results. An investigation conducted in 1888 showed that 78.5 per cent. of the "graduates" were leading self-supporting and orderly lives. An earlier inquiry showed 81 per cent. Mr. Brockway tells us, however, that to those who had reformed the inquiry worked injustice, and it should not be repeated.

In 1894, evidently at the instigation of certain "sinister" interests, charges of cruelty were brought against the Reformatory. After two investigations the management was exonerated. It was admitted, however, that recalcitrant prisoners were sometimes "paddled," and this practice was discontinued. But although the detail seemed unimportant, the backbone of the system was broken; and in 1900, after struggling with a new and hostile management, Mr. Brockway resigned, evidently not without some bitterness of soul, though his account of the matter is manly and serene. He makes it quite clear that, while solitary confinement may work in an ordinary prison, a reformatory system is demoralized if any prisoner can choose to remain merely inactive; and he spends some pages in explaining that the paddling was not for purposes of punishment, but only to give the prisoner the "physical shock" necessary to awaken his attention. In a sense he is right, and he is also wrong. A cut of the whip administered to a horse is not necessarily retributive in motive, but a horse who knows that he will be whipped if he fails to move must logically regard it as punishment.

In "Ecce Deus" (Open Court Publishing Co.) William Benjamin Smith offers an English edition, somewhat revised and enlarged, of a German work published in 1911. This remarkable book, it may be remembered (see the *Nation*, November 23, 1911), seeks to prove positively by means of what is called the symbolic method of interpretation that the Jesus of the Gospels is not an historical man but a mythical god of a cult like Mithra. Of the fresh matter contained in the English version, the most interesting are the postscript in which Dr. Smith pays his respects to some of the reviewers of the German original, and the section headed The Gospel Portrait, in which it is argued that "it seems quite impossible that the Synoptics were aiming to depict any character at all either real or ideal." Indeed, indications of a noble character, such as words and deeds of kindness, and especially of self-sacrifice, are conspicuous by their absence. "We never hear of a single instance of the least self-sacrifice on the part of Jesus. The Passion is not in point, for its contents are purely

dogmatic" (p. 165). Striking also, both for the use of the argument from silence and for the finality of the conclusions, is the following (p. 172):

The fact that Galilee cuts no figure at all in the actual tradition of the first preaching of the Gospel negatives finally and forever the notion that Galilee was the scene of a life in which that Gospel was grounded, from which it sprung, and to which it returned as to its one and only source of authority and inspiration.

The new material, the insertion of headings to sections, the addition of indexes, and the excellence of the book-making as a whole make the English edition more valuable than the German original.

The death is reported of Elrikr Magnússon, in his eightieth year. Born and educated in Iceland, where he issued his well-known edition of the new Icelandic Bible, he was from 1871 to 1910 under-librarian of the University Library, at Cambridge, England, and a lecturer on Icelandic. With William Morris he translated many of the Icelandic stories, among them the "Grettis Saga" and the "Völsunga Saga." Later he published "Three Northern Love Stories," and "The Saga Library."

Science

The following are science books in Macmillan's spring list: "Trees in Winter," by Albert F. Blakeslee and Chester D. Jarvis; "The Fitness of the Environment," by Lawrence J. Henderson; "Mind and Health," by E. E. Weaver; "Malaria, Cause and Control," by William B. Herms; "The Farmer of To-morrow," by F. I. Anderson; "Sheep Farming," by John A. Craig and F. R. Marshall; "Principles of Fruit Growing," by Prof. L. H. Bailey, new edition; "Co-operation in Agriculture," by G. Harold Powell; "Farm Forestry," by E. G. Cheyney; "Forage Crops for the South," by S. M. Tracy; "Fruit Insects," by M. V. Slingerland and C. R. Crosby; "Milk and Its Products," by Henry H. Wing; "General Chemistry, Theoretical and Applied," by J. C. Blake; "Elementary Household Chemistry," by J. F. Snell; "Industrial Chemistry for Engineering Students," by H. K. Benson; "Gas Analysis," by L. M. Dennis; "Definitions in Physics," by K. E. Guthe; "Elementary Principles of Electricity and Magnetism," by R. H. Hough and W. M. Boehm; "Alternating Currents and Alternating Current Machinery," by Dugald C. Jackson and John Price Jackson, new edition; "Genetics, An introduction to the Study of Heredity," by Herbert Eugene Walter; "Household Bacteriology," by Robert E. Buchanan and Estelle D. Buchanan; "Manual of Bacteriology," by Robert Muir and James Ritchie, new edition; "The Fungi which Cause Plant Disease," by F. L. Stevens; "A Laboratory Guide to the Study of Parisitology," by W. B. Herms, and "Plane and Spherical Trigonometry," by A. M. Kenyon and Lewis Ingold.

The "Practical Medical Dictionary" (William Wood & Co.), of Dr. Thomas L. Stedman, evidently satisfies a demand for that sort of aid, for a second edition is on our table only a little above a year after our notice of the first. The book has grown by thirty pages and the editor prides himself upon the thoroughness of the revision which he has been able to make, besides adding a couple of thousand titles. The careful reader will not go far without recognizing that a still further revision is much to be desired, and he may say this in no captious spirit, but rather because he regrets that a book in many ways so good is not better. We must again insist that the pronunciation of Virchow here given is incorrect, and we base this criticism on personal intercourse with the family. Saemisch, now called an "Austrian" (instead of "Australian") ophthalmologist, was in fact as distinctly German as any medical man of any eminence ever known; he was born in Prussia and never lived outside of Prussia for any length of time. His death several years ago is not noted, and we may add that the biographical data in general are far from being as full and exact as the reader will wish and the preface asserts. These are trifles, but indicative of numerous snags that ought to be, and could easily be, removed.

We are, however, more concerned with Dr. Stedman's neglect of words which have a growing interest for medical men besides being long enough in use to demand recognition. Such, for example, are the terms used in physical chemistry, the application of which to biology and medicine has been much studied. The student will find *anion* and *kation* (with misleading pronunciations, although not as bad as that of the eminent biologist of foreign extraction who once publicly spoke of "kashuns") and *cryoscopy*, but when he looks for *osmosis, osmotic pressure, semipermeable membranes,* and other common terms of the subject, he will find nothing or only most incomplete and antiquated definitions. The chemistry of colloids has also been coming to the front for some time and just now looms up very conspicuously, but the reader will learn little about its special words and will look for *sol* and *gel* in vain. If the student seek exact information about modern sphygmomanometry (a subject with a literary past of fully fifteen years), he will have a hard time, unless he knows enough about it to think of Riva-Rocci and Rogers, under which names he will find pictures. He will then find also the astonishing statement that the instrument of Riva-Rocci measures the blood pressure by arresting the circulation in the finger, the fact being that our noted Italian contemporary enjoys the distinction of having devised an arm band for the compression of the brachial artery. Something similar may be said concerning the technical terms of electrocardiography, which already bulk large in medical literature. *Oscillometer* is perhaps too new a word, but a student may well wish to find out what a string- or thread-galvanometer is. The definition is in the book, but hidden under another word. Many other queries suggest themselves. What, we wonder, would the first users of the word (Portier and Richet, in 1902) think of the statement that anaphylaxis is formed from "*ana*, privative, + *phylaxis*." Is it not Homburg-*vor*-der-Höhe, and doesn't *fuchsin* come from fuchsia and only indirectly from the old botanist Fuchs? Agar-agar is commonly believed to come chiefly from Japan, and such seems to be the statement of the most recent investigator of that material. And, finally, let us add a hearty regret that Dr. Stedman, who has a reputation as a purist on both sides of the Atlantic, has chosen to give the weight of his authority to *aluminum* rather than *aluminium*.

Under the somewhat misleading title, "Wild Life and the Camera" (Lippincott), A. Radclyffe Dugmore has published an entertaining farrago composed of advice for the out-of-doors photographer and the camper, narratives of fishing advonturos, and descriptive accounts of mountain tramps, ranging geographically from Newfoundland south to Florida and west to Catalina Island. If this medley contained reproductions of only three or four photographs—those of the mallard duck rising, of the Newfoundland caribou in migration, and of the worm-eating warbler with her family—it would still be far better illustrated than the ordinary "nature book." It contains, however, ten or twelve additional photographs almost as remarkable, and another score or more every one of which is quite worth publishing. Only a very hostile reader will emphasize the undeniable fact that the text is, relatively, of no consoquonce. Relatively, wo say; for all of the twenty-two chapters (somo of which have already appeared in magazines) are at least readable, and cortain of thom are thoroughly interesting. Mr. Dugmore does not write with skill; loose constructions, an amateurish fondness for epithets, and an occasional grammatical slip indicate that ho communicates with us more eloquently by means of his camera than by means of his pen. But what he lacks in skill is in a measure compensated by his evident pleasure in talking about his hobby—photography and tho study of wild life. He sometimes manifests, too, a senso of humor that makes one wondor whether he is not aware of the incongruity between his preaching against the killing of wild creatures and his shooting "a nice fat yearling" deer to furnish food for his agreeable climb up Mt. Katahdin. Throughout the book instruction is pleasantly—often accidentally—interwoven with the author's account of his excursions. Only a few pages, we must confess, are devoted to a direct discussion of out-of-doors photography, and these pages are far from thorough.

Drama and Music

The Evolution of the English Drama up to Shakespeare, with a History of the First Blackfriars Theatre: A Survey Based upon Original Records now for the First Time Collected and Published. By Charles William Wallace. Berlin: Georg Reimer.

When, four years ago, Dr. Wallace published his "Children of the Chapel at Blackfriars, 1597-1603," students of the Elizabethan stage generally were unaware of the existence of an earlier theatre at Blackfriars, although, as it now turns out, documentary evidence to that effect had been accessible in print for nearly thirty years—in the Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission for 1879. Moreover, Dr. Wallace's

treatise just named contained no allusion to the matter. The first intimation of the existence of such a theatre to the world of scholarship at large came in the form of a letter in the *Daily Chronicle* for December 22, 1911, from Prof. Albert Feuillerat, describing certain documents relating to this subject which he had found among the Loseley MSS. These documents Professor Feuillerat published in full last year in the Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft, so that, as far as the Blackfriars is concerned, the phrase "based upon original records now for the first time collected and published" in the title of the present work is not quite accurate. Furthermore, Dr. Wallace here asserts that he had come upon the essential documents proving the existence of the earlier Blackfriars before the publication of his first volume. We do not wish to enter into the unpleasant controversy between these scholars over the question of priority of discovery which, having run its course in the *Athenæum*, may be taken up elsewhere. It would be manifestly unfair to pass judgment in the case until the arguments on both sides have been heard in full. It is carrying the spirit of controversy pretty far, however, when, but for one brief mention, Dr. Wallace excludes from his volume the name of Professor Feuillerat, who, of course, stands in the front rank of living investigators in this field.

The thesis of Dr. Wallace's work is that the real origin of the Elizabethan drama is to be sought in the dramatic entertainments at court, not in the school-drama or other forms. These court performances influenced the popular drama throughout the Tudor period, when the personality of the sovereign loomed so large, but the decisive event in bringing the influence of the court directly to bear on the popular stage was the founding of the first Blackfriars under the management of Richard Farrant, in the latter part of 1576. Here the Children of the Chapel Royal, who were accustomed to act before the Queen, gave what were virtually public performances, and thus came into direct rivalry with the popular stages. The playwrights who purveyed dramatic entertainment for the court were, of course, superior in literary quality to their rivals, and their competition tended to raise the whole level of dramatic production. Moreover, when in 1584 the first Blackfriars theatre came to an end, the court-dramatists found themselves compelled to write for the popular stages, in order to gain a livelihood —hence the transformation of the drama, in a literary sense, which we observe about that year.

From this simple statement of Dr. Wallace's theory it is evident that, whether eventually accepted or not, it is at any rate an ingenious and, at first blush, very plausible solution of the questions at issue. Apart from the influence here ascribed to the Blackfriars theatre, however, the theory is not so absolutely novel as one might imagine from its author's claims. In his "John Lyly" Professor Feuillerat laid stress on the importance of court influence in the development of the Elizabethan drama, and in his treatise, "Le Bureau des menus-plaisirs et la mise en scène à la Cour d'Elizabeth" (1910), he says explicitly: "Il n'est pas exagéré de prétendre qu'à l'office des Revels est dû en partie le magnifique essor que prit le théâtre pendant le règne d'Elizabeth." If we omit here the words, "en partie," we have a succinct statement of the thesis of Dr. Wallace's book, and it still remains to be proved that the qualification which they imply is unnecessary. The whole tendency of Professor Feuillerat's work, indeed, has been to bring into prominence this neglected factor in the evolution of the Elizabethan drama. He has never advanced, however, to the extreme position which Dr. Wallace has now assumed, and in that sense the theory elaborated in the present treatise is unquestionably novel.

From the nature of Professor Wallace's investigations which have centred upon the Blackfriars theatre, we should not, perhaps, be surprised that his book takes the form of an *ex parte* argument. But, on his own showing, before the reign of Elizabeth the number of plays acted at court which were neither moralities nor mere pageants or masques was not very large, and it seems very unlikely that such scattered performances should have had the decisive influence which he ascribes to them. The *Zeitgeist* affected the people as well as their sovereign, and the itinerant companies, so numerous even in Henry VIII's reign, who had to devise almost daily entertainment for a livelihood, were much more likely to develop a dramatic expression of it independently than to take their cue from rare court performances. In any event, the other side of the question requires a presentation which is not given here.

Dr. Wallace's idea that the English drama was liberated from religious and didactic tendencies exclusively through court influences might be erroneous without diminishing the value of his theory as to the part which the first Blackfriars played in transforming the quality of dramatic production about the year 1584. The discovery that this theatre, with its court dramatists, was competing for popular favor during the years 1576-1584 introduces undeniably a new element into the problem, but in this case, too, the evidence hardly justifies, we believe, so sweeping an assumption. The elevation of the Elizabethan drama depended on Marlowe and Greene, who wrote altogether for the popular stage, at least as much as on Lyly, who wrote for the court; but can any one affirm that these writers would not have taken to play-writing, if they had not had the example of Lyly before them? Incidentally, Dr. Wallace endeavors to depress the dates of Lyly's "Campaspe" and "Sapho and Phao" and of Peele's "Arraignment of Paris," so as to fit in with his theory as to the radical change which took place in the drama about 1584. But Professor Feuillerat has given satisfactory reasons for dating even the later of Lyly's two plays early in 1582, and we know nothing positively concerning the date of "The Arraignment of Paris," except that it was produced after the publication of Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" (end of 1579) and at least as early as 1584 (since it was published in that year), so that the current dating, 1581, is as likely to be correct as Dr. Wallace's.

Even the earlier part of this work contains much debatable matter, apart from its main thesis—as, for instance, in the transference to William Cornish of certain plays hitherto attributed to John Heywood, Edwards's authorship of "Misogonus," etc., but whatever may be the ultimate fate of Dr. Wallace's theories as to the general evolution of the English drama, or as to questions of detail, there can be no doubt that his treatise is one of the first importance, and that it is likely to determine the direction of investigation in this particular subject for some time to come. We have here a careful history of the dramatic activity at court, especially from the beginning of Henry VIII's reign down, supported at every point by a liberal citation of the original records. Even in regard to the first Blackfriars theatre the author has added considerable documentary material to that published by Professor Feuillerat, and his account of this theatre is a contribution of high value to the history of the Elizabethan stage. The same thing may be said of the Table of Plays and Masks given before Queen Elizabeth, 1558-1585, and the list of Payments for Plays at Court during the same period. The list is compiled from the Declared Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber, the duplicate accounts of the Pipe Office and the registers of the Privy Council. In the *Modern Language Review* for October, 1906, E. K. Chambers was the first to point out in an article on the subject that these records constituted the only proper basis for such a list. We are surprised that Dr. Wallace does not mention this fact.

We conclude this review with a correction of detail: "The Buggbears" is not accessible only in Grabau's edition. The play is included in R. W. Bond's "Early Plays from the Italian" (1911).

Edward Sheldon's latest play, "Romance," produced in Maxine Elliott's Theatre, differs

from his earlier works in form rather than in character. Although it asserts itself to be romantic, it is, in its principal scenes, ultra-melodramatic. The story in itself might be romantic if it were not for the ugliness of some of its details. An old bishop, wishing to prevent his grandson from hastily marrying an actress, sets out to tell him in a prologue how in his youth he had a bitter but salutary experience in an entanglement with a prima donna. Then the scene changes and the bishop's story is acted out as the play proper. In it the young clergyman, model of all the virtues, and the singer, possessed of all the graces, conceive a mutual passion at first sight. The extravagance of the introduction—which involves some scandalous reflections upon the morals of early New York society—is maintained throughout. When the simple parson would marry the singer, the latter, loving him too well to deceive him, confesses that her life has always been wayward and that she is even now the mistress of the banker at whose house he had met her. Greatly shocked, he abandons the idea of marriage, but, in his capacity of priest, strives to convert her from the error of her ways. She promises to live purely hereafter, but in a farewell scene, in which he suspects her wrongfully, his passion overcomes his spirituality, and it is the woman who has to recall him to a sense of his responsibilities, his conscience being quickened by the sound of his choir singing hymns in a midnight procession. Here Mr. Sheldon has brought into successful combination such effective melodramatic elements as an erring parson, a repentant Magdalen, musical charm, and religious sentiment, with no regard for anything but theatrical necessities. In the end the parson retires in chastened spirit, to marry the girl to whom he had long been engaged. In an epilogue the grandson, having heard this story, announces his decision of marrying his actress without delay. The play has a certain freshness and inventiveness, with several scenes which will please the crowd, but like its predecessors is weakened by the extravagance of its details.

A catalogue of the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University has been printed, with an introductory chapter by Brander Matthews. Although the Museum is only in its infancy, the list of models (completed or in preparation) of the ancient Greek and Roman theatres, of the mediæval French, English, Italian, and Spanish stages and of contemporary theatrical mechanism, makes an imposing appearance. Professor Matthews, in his preface, indicates the lines along which he hopes the institution will be developed. He writes:

> Besides a collection of models of the more significant theatres, a dramatic museum ought to possess also a large collection of views of theatres, floor-plans, elevations, and cross-sections, with drawings of the interior during an actual performance, in so far as these exist. It would have full sets of the illustrations prepared by artists of all nations for the works of the great dramatic poets, especially Shakespeare and Molière. It should seek out assiduously all the engravings of court-processions, royal entrances, allegorical tourneys, and the like, which are often useful in throwing light on the evolution of the masque in England and of the comédie-ballet in France. It again should collect every possible portrait of actors in costume, for the history of stage-costume (although not so completely neglected as the history of scene-painting) has an importance of its own. It should be the duty of such an institution to collect, to set in order, and to display to advantage the iconography of the drama. It should place at the disposal of the student all the graphic material likely to be of use to him—material which the historians of the drama have not yet utilized to the full. To accompany the accumulated illustrations, showing how certain plays were performed in the theatre at certain periods, there also should be a collection, not only of such "acting editions" of these plays as may have been published, but also of the prompt-books prepared for the use of the stage-manager, and existing only in manuscript.

The announcement that Charles Frohman is to present a revival of "Much Ado About Nothing" next season, with an all-American company, headed by John Drew as Benedick, is interesting on more accounts than one. Old playgoers will be glad to welcome Mr. Drew's return to the brilliant Shakespearean comedy in which he once shared honors with Ada Rehan, and some of them, perhaps, will speculate on the height he might now have occupied as an actor had he continued along that line of development upon which Augustin Daly started him, during the past twenty years—the prime of his professional existence. In the formation of his all-American company, Mr. Frohman will be able to realize the extent to which the syndicate system has exterminated competent Shakespearean performers. His selection will be watched with curiosity. When perfected, it ought, in any case, to give assurance against those varieties of intonations and dialects which have offended fastidious ears in some modern revivals. There is cause for reflection, too, in the sudden ardor for the Shakespearean drama manifested in theatrical circles. It is to be found even among the promoters of the moving-pictures, who are relieved of the responsibility of teaching their actors how to deliver the text, and how to suit the word to the action. What with the spectacular condensations of Sir Herbert Tree, the verbatim representations of Granville Barker's "The Winter's Tale" and "Twelfth Night," and the regular performances of Robert Mantell, Julia Marlowe, and E. H. Sothern, New York will, for once, feast full on poetic drama.

An experiment will soon be made in London with a Welsh play, enacted by Welsh actors. It is called "The Joneses."

Sir Herbert Tree is paying a flying visit to Russia, his object being an inspection of the New Theatre, in Moscow, which has the reputation of being one of the most perfectly equipped playhouses—for artistic purposes—in the world.

The Archbishop of Munich has condemned Wolf-Ferrari's opera, "The Jewels of the Madonna," on the ground that its libretto is an affront to religion.

The London *Times* refers to "the indefatigable Mr. Grainger," as one who "seems ready to provide a continuous stream of British folk-music settings."

Charles Manners is organizing two companies to sing Wagner's four Nibelung operas in English throughout the United Kingdom next season. He is convinced that the "Ring" "will be played by nearly every opera company in England, and if English conductors do not look out there will be the usual rush of foreigners to do the work."

The number of concerts heard in Germany last year is given as 2,440. The works performed reached a total of 15,512, about one-half of which (7,533) were by German composers, who numbered 374. France was represented by 98 composers, Italy by 94. Of the other composers, 136 were Austrian, 51 Belgian, 41 British, 36 Russian, 28 Swedish, 26 Dutch, 25 Danish, 17 Swiss, 17 American, 10 Polish, 10 Norwegian, 8 Spanish.

Monte Carlo will again precede Paris in producing what promises to be an interesting operatic novelty—Charpentier's "Julien." Julien is the name of the hero of the same composer's "Louise," to which the new opera is a sequel. Charpentier has been elected to the Académie des Beaux Arts to fill the place left vacant by the death of Massenet.

Art

A NEW SCULPTOR.

There is no rarer or more delightful sensation than the recognition of a new and genuine talent. This sensation I have experienced at the present exhibition of the Architectural League. What is known as the Academy's Room at the galleries of the American Fine Arts Society is, for this exhibition, given over to work from the American Academy in Rome, and among the things there exhibited is a group of some ten pieces of sculpture by Paul H. Manship, a young man who has just returned to this country after the close of his three years' study at the Roman school. The group consists of a high relief in plaster, a plaster statue of heroic size, a bronze fountain figure a little smaller than life, five or six little groups or statuettes, and a commemorative medallion—enough to give one some clear notion of a personality still in the making but already full of originality and charm.

The high relief, entitled The Woodland Dance, is, I should judge, the earliest of the pieces exhibited. It represents a capering centaur and a dancing nymph, and is competent naturalistic work; the figures, almost in the round and semi-detached from the ground, like those in a classic metope, are well modelled, the composition is successful, and the characterization of the heads is pleasant and slightly humorous. But the manner shows no particular individuality, and the only thing that distinguishes this production from that of almost any other clever young sculptor is the entire absence of the influence of Rodin—an influence found nearly everywhere to-day.

The heroic statue, or group, The Mask of Silenus, pleases me less than Mr. Manship's other works. The idea of the masked figure is ingenious, and the half-frightened child is well done, but the modelling seems less solid and thorough than in other things, and the

archaistic treatment of certain details has an ambiguous effect. One is left wondering if the face under the mask is not like the mask itself, as, apparently, it should be to agree with these details. I do not know if this statue is, in reality, earlier in date than the little groups, but it looks like the first fruits of Mr. Manship's interest in archaic Greek sculpture and a tentative effort to appropriate its piquancy.

The little groups and statuettes, Centaur and Maid, Lyric Muse, Motherhood, Playfulness, etc., seem to me almost uniformly successful and charming. Here there is no confusion and uncertainty; these satyrs and centaurs are not wearing archaic masks; it is their own faces that are archaistically treated, and the figures themselves are simplified in a manner which reminds one of the sculptures of Ægina, and which harmonizes admirably with the elaborately plaited draperies and the conventional treatment of the hair. Yet these groups are full of the direct observation of life and of an essential modernity. The archaism is, after all, only the acceptance of a method and a limit, as if one should choose to write a *ballade* or a *chant royal*, but to express one's own mind in it. And to see this archaistic manner applied to figures with a quite unarchaic freedom of movement, doing things that no archaic sculptor would have thought of making them do, is oddly exhilarating. Perhaps the best of them all is the Playfulness; the slim young mother with the wide-open archaic eye, slightly uptilted at the corners, gayly playing at ride-a-cock-horse with the baby.

These are minor works, with a distinctly sub-humorous intention, and the peculiarity of method seems to me a quite legitimate way of attaining the desired effect. They do not seem to me to be, as one of the newspaper critics has called them, "extremely mannered." Rather they seem the experiments of a young man in search of his manner—a young man who has, fortunately, an eye for the art of the past as well as for the nature of all times, and who is not willing to submit himself to the dominating influence of his own time. And if the mixed style he has employed in them should harden into a premature mannerism, as I do not believe it will, it would, at least, have the merit of being his own mannerism, not that weak reflection of the mannerism of Rodin which seems to be the stock in trade of most of our younger sculptors.

Yet if these statuettes were all that Mr. Manship had to offer, I should, much as I like them, be less confident of his future than I am inclined to be. It is in his fountain figure, The Duck Girl, that he shows what he can really do. If this be not the latest of his works, it is certainly the best, the most thoroughly considered and completed; and the fact that he has put it into bronze would lead one to think that he so regards it. Here there is very little archaism; only that degree of restraint which marks the best sculptural tradition. The hair is elaborated into little rings, and the ivy crown lies flat to the head; the drapery is slightly formalized and stiffened; the modelling of the whole figure is simplified, and the accents are everywhere kept slight. In these things it reminds one of the best Pompeian bronzes, and, as in these bronzes, everything is there under the simplified contours. This is living flesh and tissue, the movement profoundly studied, each bone and muscle and tendon in its place and functioning under the smooth skin. The figure, with its large hip and slender yet well developed bust, is probably that of some precocious Italian girl of to-day; the lovely head, which reminds us vaguely of many things seen before, is apparently a refined portrait. We are as far from the mechanically constructed pseudo-classic ideal as from vulgar realism. Finally, the composition of line and mass is admirable, especially in the way the wing of the duck falls upon the girl's thigh, and the ornament, with its conventionalized fishes' heads for spouts, is delightful. It seems to me an original work of true classic inspiration, which the ancients themselves would have cared for as I do.

Will this new sculptor fulfil his promise? Can he go on, clarifying and defining his style, his talent becoming stronger and more supple, until he stands forth indubitably a master? It is dangerous to prophesy, and we have all been often disappointed. The ugly duckling who develops into a swan is less common than the cygnet who turns out, after all, to be a goose. But, to me at least, Mr. Manship presents so swan-like an aspect that I shall watch his future with the deepest interest, and shall hope that he will prove to have the enduring patience, the indefatigable industry, the high seriousness of purpose, which are, no less than the talent which he assuredly possesses, necessary to the making of a great artist.

KENYON COX.

The Works of Ruskin. Library Edition. 39 volumes in large 8vo, illustrated. Edited by E. T. Cook and Alexander Wedderburn. London: George Allen & Co. Edition limited to two thousand copies.

When Mr. Cook and Mr. Wedderburn began printing the Library Edition of Ruskin ten years ago, the fullest edition lacked thirty titles of being complete. Meanwhile considerable publications of Ruskin's works, especially letters, have added to the responsibilities of the editors as their work progressed. To realize the enormous difficulties of editing Ruskin critically one need only recall that his literary activities began at six, and that he was publishing at eleven. Mr. Cook reckons the titles of books, pamphlets, and articles which are bibliographically desirable for a Ruskin collector at two thousand seven hundred and fifty. This was the raw material for the editors. To such inherent difficulties of a copious and widely scattered production Ruskin added the especial embarrassment of radically revised texts. The first and second volumes of "Modern Painters" were thoroughly overhauled, the changes involving considerable transpositions and excisions. "Sesame and Lilies" has appeared with three different prefaces, and in certain editions lacks a chapter. In this Library Edition one may read for the first time all the material that Ruskin prepared for this famous work. An additional care for the editors, and naturally also a great resource, was the enormous accumulation of manuscript materials. Ruskin's father kept every scrap of the writing of the gifted son, and a complete Ruskin, in the sense in which the Weimar Edition is a complete Goethe, would probably run to sixty such volumes as we are reviewing. Finally, Ruskin's extreme fastidiousness about the illustration and format of his books laid an especial class of duties upon a publisher and editors who were his disciples and friends. Upon the successful discharge of duties so variously delicate and onerous, these gentlemen are most heartily to be congratulated.

As to the text, the editors have systematically preferred the author's last revision; but they have entered all various readings, and in appendices have restored suppressed passages. At first blush one is tempted to doubt if this enormous task were really necessary, and yet Ruskin's retouching of his text is invariably instructive, and few of the passages which for one reason or another he withdrew are negligible. On the whole, we feel that students will approve the thoroughness of the editors. In fact, there is much to be said for dispatching such textual matters, once for all, and by the most competent hands. If literary executors would generally take this ambitious view of their functions, it would save the world much piecemeal and ineffectual pedantry. The tendency of certain critics to upbraid the editors for their exhaustive presentation of variants seems to us ungrateful. After all, nobody has to read the variants, and in due time popular editions will succeed what will remain for students and libraries the definitive edition.

If the editors have been absolutists in the treatment of the text, in the handling of unpublished material they have been wisely opportunistic. Their canon is the published work of Ruskin, but

they have freely drawn upon unpublished material in notes, and especially in the biographical introductions provided for each work. These introductions are a most valuable feature of the Library Edition. Whoever knows Mr. Cook's and Mr. Wedderburn's memoirs of Ruskin does not need to be told that these running introductions are not merely diligently compiled, but also written with taste and insight.

Besides the letters and other unpublished material thus used there are two thick volumes containing the most essential letters, with a calendar containing extracts of minor letters which seemed worthy of preservation. There is another volume of bibliography with a complete list of Ruskin's drawings. The last volume, of nearly seven hundred pages, is given up to a general index. Upon this, one is tempted to expatiate. It enables one to find the way topically through the maze of Ruskin's writings. For example, the index article on Turner runs to twenty-seven pages, fifty-four columns, arranged under twenty-four well-chosen heads. For his neglect of Velasquez, Ruskin has never ceased to be ridiculed. But the index shows more than sixty entries under that name. Such articles as Painting (three columns) and Political Economy (four and a half) are treasure trove for the investigator. And the index reveals quite as clearly the limitations of the man. You will seek in vain for such names as Corot, Théodore Rousseau, Millet, Manet. In compensation, Kate Greenaway, to be sure, a friend and correspondent, requires a column. Such analytical articles are in addition to the usual registration of names and things, while the more important separate works retain their especial indices.

Concerning illustrations the editors have adopted the policy of reproducing all the original cuts, and they have added as well one hundred and seventy-six drawings by Ruskin, previously unpublished. Other new illustrations have been added with wise economy. To have included well-known pictures and buildings would have swelled the bulk of the volumes inordinately. Color illustrations have usually been freshly reproduced by the chromo-lithographic process. These facsimiles are generally more satisfactory than the famous illustrations in the original editions, but in some cases the plates suggest that the drawings themselves must have faded. The editors have even availed themselves of a few unused coppers by Ruskin's hand. Thus the Library Edition must be registered bibliographically among first editions. Every volume contains a facsimile page of the original manuscript. Even Ruskin's few musical compositions have been duly collected. In the make of the books Ruskin's own preferences and the tradition of the house of Allen have been faithfully followed. The stately octavos are on fine paper with a type-face clear, distinguished, and without affectation. The whole enterprise is a noble monument to a noble personality. It becomes immediately indispensable to libraries and students, and it is hard to imagine a day when this Library Edition will be superseded.

In two recent letters to the London *Times*, Mr. Thomas Ashby, director of the British School in Rome, gives a full account of the archæological research carried on in Italy during the year 1912. Many of the discoveries he enumerates have been noted in the *Nation* from time to time; but some have not been generally known and deserve special mention here. The work done in Rome itself is for the most part familiar; the only fresh item of interest concerns the researches of Dr. Fritz Weege in the ruins of the Golden House of Nero. An important part of this palace was, as is well known, covered in Roman times by the substructions of a very large set of public baths, which until the last twenty years bore the name of Baths of Titus, but are now known to have been erected my Trajan. The rooms of Nero's palace, with their beautiful paintings, were closed in and rendered inaccessible by the massive foundation walls of the later structure, which was superimposed on them; but they became known early in the Renaissance, and were studied by artists, such as Raphael and Giovanni da Udine. Some of the rooms have always been accessible to the ordinary visitor; but in these the frescoes are much faded and blackened by the smoke of torches; while others have remained unseen since the eighteenth century, though, as in the case of the frescoes on the Palatine, drawings and engravings existed, which gave some idea of their general character. Dr. Weege has fortunately been able to explore these rooms, and found the paintings in a very good state of preservation. The Italian authorities accepted his proposal that they should completely clear the most easily accessible of the rooms containing a painting identified as Hector and Andromache. The work is now nearly completed, and the results are of such importance that it may be hoped that the other rooms will in time be laid bare; for we shall then have a unique example of the decoration of the palaces of imperial Rome in the first century A. D.

Mr. Ashby also records discoveries at Cumæ and Calabria. The work at Cumæ was begun by Professor Gabrici, who found on the lower terrace of the Acropolis traces of a pre-Hellenic settlement, which seems to have lasted until the eighth century B. C., and also the platform of a large temple, approached by a winding road; below it are massive walls which apparently served the double purpose of support to the terrace and defence of the citadel. The temple belongs to the first century A. D., and was hexastyle, with ten columns on each side. It is not yet certain whether the temple was dedicated to Jupiter or to Apollo.

The official accounts are now available of excavations carried on by Professor Orsi in Calabria in 1910. At Locri Epizephyrii a necropolis was explored, in which, owing to the absence of suitable stone for sarcophagi, large tiles were used for the burial of the bodies. Above 250 tombs were found, placed extremely close together and extending over three centuries, from about 550 B. C. to about 250 B. C. It was not rich, and no vases of special note were discovered; but a number of fine bronze mirror-handles were found. A large Doric temple was also brought to light, with numerous fragments of its terra-cotta decorations, belonging apparently to the second quarter of the fifth century B. C., and a small sanctuary of Athena was excavated. The famous Temple of Hera, on the Lacinian promontory, near Croton, was explored. The wall of enclosure of the *peribolos* was found, with a fortified entrance to it from the great road which led to the temple from Croton, belonging apparently to the period of the Roman Republic. Of the temple itself very little is left, except the one column which still stands close to the shore and is in danger of being destroyed by the waves. Architectural and decorative fragments of marble and terra-cotta were dug up. Remains of a bathing establishment of the Roman period, with a fine mosaic pavement, were found near by.

The exploration of prehistoric cemeteries in various parts of Italy still continues, and the wealth of material of this nature is continually on the increase. A large cremation cemetery, of the Bronze Age apparently, has recently been found in the Central Apennines, within the ancient Picanum. Excavations have also been carried on at various cemeteries in Etruria, notably near Leprignano, close to the site of the ancient Capena, where important discoveries had already been made in past years; while Professor Taramelli has prepared a long report on the discovery of an important Phœnician necropolis at Cagliari, in Sardinia.

John George Brown, artist, painter of The Passing Show and other pictures in which bootblacks and newsboys figured, died Saturday at his home in New York. He was born in 1831, in the County of Durham, north of England, and his boyhood was passed in Newcastle-on-Tyne, where he served seven years' apprenticeship in learning the glass trade. Some years later, while working in a glass factory in Edinburgh, he carried on art studies at the Royal Academy, under Robert Scott Lauder. In 1853 he went to London, where he supported himself by drawing and painting portraits. Shortly afterward, on hearing Henry Russell singing an immigrant song, he determined to come to America. Soon after his arrival here, he began to specialize in painting street boys. The first work to attract wide attention was His First Cigar. In 1860 he had pictures on exhibition for the first time at the National Academy of Design. The following year he was made an Academician for his picture, Curling in Central Park, which was painted for Robert Gordon. In 1869 he was elected president of the Academy. He also served as president of the American Water Color Society and the Artist Fund Society.

Among the best-known of Brown's pictures are The Passing Show, The Dress Pa-

rade, The Three (Scape) Graces, The 'Longshoreman's Noon, A Merry Air and a Sad Heart, The Thrilling Moment, The Old Folks at Home, A Jolly Lot, What Say?, Silent Supplication, When We Were Girls, Training the Dog, The Gang, At the Cottage Door, The Stump Speech, and Grand Menan Fishermen Pulling for the Shore. His output of work was large, between twenty and thirty paintings a year. Many of these have never been seen except by a few who happened to drop in on the painter while he was at work on them.

Finance

REFORMING THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

After prolonged discussion, in and out of the press, the expected bills to reform Stock Exchange procedure were introduced in the Albany Legislature last week. A little while ago, it was expected that measures prohibiting "short sales" and requiring incorporation of the Stock Exchange would be included. In the event, those subjects were not touched. The bill on which attention really focussed was a measure to prohibit and punish "manipulation." It provided that any one who raises or lowers prices of stocks "by means of pretended purchases and sales thereof, or by any other fictitious transactions or devices," whereby "no simultaneous change of ownership or interest therein is effected," shall be punished by $5,000 fine or two years' imprisonment, or both. The same afternoon, the Stock Exchange governing committee adopted a rule that any member of the Exchange or of any firm with such membership, who "shall give, or with knowledge execute, orders for the purchase or sale of securities which would involve no change of ownership," may be suspended from the Exchange for a period of twelve months.

Supposing the Albany bill against manipulation enacted into law—an entirely plausible supposition—and supposing the law to act as a positive deterrent on the offences at which it is aimed, what would the reformed Stock Exchange be like? The truth is, that the New York stock market has drifted so far from what it used to be, and from what any other great stock exchange in the world now is, that it is not entirely easy to draw the picture. In their moments of frankness, most observant members of the New York Stock Exchange would probably confess that the patronage of the institution has been narrowing down more and more, in recent years, first to a group of immensely wealthy outside capitalists who mark prices up or down through a mixture of brute force, gambling machinery, and Peter Funk auction methods, and secondly, to a not particularly wealthy mob of individual speculators, who try to follow such operations and usually leave their money behind them.

It is an old tradition of Wall Street that a market will never grow really active unless it has "great leaders." There have been in the past long stretches of inactivity when it was common complaint that the leaders were all gone. Yet somehow it always happened, after such intervals, that new and fundamental reasons for sweeping changes in values suddenly appeared, and then a new generation of Leaders came into the limelight. Thus it was never quite certain whether the leaders created the market or the market the leaders.

It must be admitted that, even in the days of the Jim Fisks and Jay Goulds, the general public was indulgent to the exploits of those celebrities. There was at least a spice of excitement about it. The financial pages of the afternoon papers were absorbing reading, and not infrequently the achievements of these high financiers of the Stock Exchange appropriated a "three-decker head" and a "column story" on the outside page. Only ten years ago, John W. Gates and his associates occupied, in the mind of the simple reader of the news, a place not unlike that which the lanzknechts and border chieftains filled in the minds of honest civilians of an older century. Probably, also, much of the interest with which the public followed such careers arose from its knowledge that the adventurers in question were throwing their private fortunes into the wild game of chance, and stood to win or lose everything themselves on the turn of a day's market.

Whether because of the latter-day "coordination" of this industry, along with others, or because of the mere "concentration of capital," or because fiduciary institutions began, here and there, to put stock speculation in the front of banking science—whatever the cause, a change undoubtedly came over this pleasing avocation. Something of the sense of monotony and dulness which pervades a manufacturing trade, when a ten-million-dollar company, equipped with scientific management, supersedes the old-fashioned hand-worker and individual employer, began to surround this new and calculated manipulation. Evils and vices of the old régime of professional speculation were retained, but none of the element of picturesque personal achievement. The groups with one foot in a bank directors' office and the other in the stock market seemed (at least in Wall Street's suspicious eyes) to perpetuate most of what was obnoxious in the old-time freebooters of the market, while discarding all their dramatic interest. Robin Hood and his merry men were absorbed and replaced by the Interurban Highway Operators' Corporation, a holding company.

But all this transformation leaves the question open whether, from the point of view of any one save the participants in this new order of Stock Exchange manipulation, anything will be lost by obstructing the process altogether. Wall Street itself is well aware that even brokers' commissions are charily distributed under the up-to-date plan of doing things, while, as for the general outside public, that has long since been convinced that the dice on the table are nowadays loaded, not only by secret inside knowledge of company affairs, but by connections with powerful financial groups and institutions, in case the individual part of the experiment goes wrong. In consequence, not only have people at large lost faith in the Stock Exchange as a fair and open market, but a dead hand has even been laid on popular interest in the course of prices as an expression of the business community's sober judgment of the future. Perhaps, therefore, the mere fact of rehabilitation of the Stock Exchange, in the eyes of the thrifty and respectable outside public, might make the present crusade against manipulation worth the while.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, C. G., and Aldrich, L. B. Smithsonian Pyrheliometry Revised. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

Aplington, K. A. Pilgrims of the Plains. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co. $1.25 net.

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Bligh, S. M. Social Therapeutics. Frowde.

Catalogue of Newspaper Files in the Library of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin. Second edition. Madison.

Choisy, L.-F. Alfred Tennyson. Paris: Librairie H. Champion.

Corbin, Alice. The Spinning Woman of the Sky: Poems. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co. 60 cents.

Curtis, E. S. The Book of Judges. Macmillan. 75 cents net.

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Heiberg, Neils. White-Ear and Peter: The Story of a Fox and a Fox Terrier. Colored plates by Cecil Aldin. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Hinkley, J. W. A Narrative of Service with the Third Wisconsin Infantry. Wisconsin History Commission.

Historical Records and Studies. Vol. VI, Part II, December, 1912. U. S. Catholic Historical Society.

Hornung, E. W. Witching Hill. Scribner. $1.25 net.

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Jourdain, E. F. French Classical Drama. Frowde.
Journals of the Continental Congress. Vol XX, 1781, pages 437-776. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Keller, Ernest. Eusèbe, Historien des Persécutions. Paris: Librairie Fischbacher.
King, Scobe. The Conquest of Ines Ripley. Boston: Roxburgh Pub. Co.
Litchfield, G. D. The Burning Question. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Lodge, Oliver. Modern Problems. Doran. $2 net.
Loeb Classical Library. Lucian. Vol. I. Translated by A. M. Harmon. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
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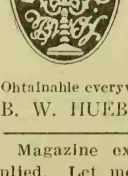

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1913.

The Week

Any settlement whatever in Mexico, even if but temporary, would have been welcome, and the one arrived at on Tuesday is perhaps as satisfactory as could have, at the moment, been found. Madero was depending solely upon his generals, and when they failed him, the game was up. What they did was not of the nature of a *golpe de estado*—that had come before—but was to force a cessation of the war raging in the very capital. By so much, it may be said that Generals Huerta and Blanquet acted patriotically. Something had speedily to be done to prevent, not alone a bloody and fruitless civil war, but foreign complications threatening the very independence of Mexico. The last have now seemingly been averted, and that is a great gain, even if the ultimate solution of the real Mexican problem remains yet in the unknown. There is no great promise in a military interregnum. One does not like the idea of the Pretorian Guard making Presidents. But the acute crisis is passed, and the Mexican people may yet find a way to struggle back to stable civil government. Meanwhile, what has already happened is a fine justification of the cool and sound policy of President Taft in keeping hands off. A precipitate intervention would have created ten thousand evils for every one that it cured. Mr. Taft stood resolutely by the position which he first took, that the Mexicans must be left to fight their own quarrels through—so long as Americans were not exposed in any numbers to slaughter—and the result must be a great source of gratification as well as relief to him. It certainly is to the whole country.

Last Monday was still Tuesday of last week in the Senate of the United States. An agreement to take a vote on the Connecticut Dam bill had been made for the "legislative day" of Tuesday, and as the speech-making could not be cut short, the day was cut long. The debate was long and earnest and really important; for there was involved the whole question of controlling water-power by the Government, and of compelling the users of water from a navigable stream, or the developers of electric power from it, to pay a reasonable tax. But the final vote of the Senate was against this new view of the Government's rights and duties, and the bill was passed without the provisions which champions of the conservation doctrine, like Senator Burton, had ardently advocated. It is not expected that the Connecticut Dam bill, in its present form, can pass the House at this session. Should it do so, it is understood that President Taft would veto it. Thus it would appear that the Senate had simply wasted its time. But if it has given the conservationists a juster idea of the opposing forces, and has the effect of inciting to new effort to get all these matters settled in the right way, the time spent has really been well spent.

Republican Senators in caucus at Washington on Saturday took action that looks decidedly interesting from the standpoint of political prognosis. In selecting as objects upon which effort is to be concentrated for the remainder of the session five bills of the kind that a few years ago would have been called progressive, and which now are more generally spoken of as Progressive, the Republican caucus has given perhaps the most substantial indication that has yet been furnished of the existence of a "get-together" process as between the two segments into which the Roosevelt revolt divided the party following. Of four of these five bills—or at least bills essentially identical with them—Mr. La Follette can claim the authorship; and all the five are advocated both by him and by the Progressive Senators. The Wisconsin Senator must be taking a grim satisfaction in such a verification of the claim that he kept insisting on throughout the tempestuous period when the Roosevelt whirlwind was sweeping through the country last year, after so unceremoniously blowing him off the field. Mr. La Follette always maintained that the progressive movement within the Republican party had been making enormous headway, and that everything looked hopeful for it until the Colonel rushed in and upset all that had been done. Whatever may be the fact on this head, certain it is that Mr. La Follette had been working strenuously and successfully for years in the promotion of a progressive programme, before Mr. Roosevelt discovered that there was anything in it; and it is easy to understand the Senator's feelings when the Colonel pushed him aside and made himself "the whole show." Mr. La Follette must feel now as though he were making a fresh start at the point where he left off a year ago.

It would be almost revolutionary if Mr. Wilson were to carry out his alleged purpose of confining his inaugural address to two thousand words. This would release the attention of the audience within fifteen minutes. An open-air speech to the multitude at an inclement season is like Macbeth's bloody errand—"'twere well it were done quickly." After all, most of those who face Mr. Wilson at the east front of the Capitol will have assembled, not to listen to a long disquisition, but to witness an impressive ceremony and to look into the face of the citizen whom a nation has raised to its highest office. Except at some critical juncture in public affairs, an inaugural address should seek terse expression which will interest by its spirit rather than by its argument, by its mirror of the man rather than by its promises of future accomplishment. To press into a few words what most of his predecessors have spread over many would put Mr. Wilson's rhetorical ability to a severe test, but his success would assure his remarks a reading not accorded to such an utterance since Lincoln's day.

The imposition of jail sentences on the president and twenty-eight officers or employees of the National Cash Register Company, as a result of their conviction under the Anti-Trust law, attracts wide attention for two reasons. It is only the second case in which such sentence has been imposed, and the company concerned is a well-known and important enterprise. The president of the company receives the extreme penalty prescribed by the Anti-Trust law—$5,000 fine and a year in prison. The defendants had been tried before a Federal jury in Cincinnati, under a grand jury

indictment found on February 22 of last year. This was a criminal indictment, of which the counts alleged the driving of competitors from the trade by bribing their employees, injuring their credit, influencing transportation companies against them, cutting prices by illegitimate means, threatening suits for the purpose of harassing the business of rivals, organizing dummy competing corporations, and instigating suits against the patents of competitors for purposes of annoyance. The evidence has been detailed and voluminous; on Thursday of last week the jury found the defendants guilty on all counts of the indictment.

The judge, in imposing sentence, referred with special emphasis to the evidence that the concern had maintained a "competition department whose sole duties were, not to sell goods, but to prevent the sale of goods by competitors." As our readers know, the *Nation* has opposed, throughout the Anti-Trust suits, the newspaper clamor for general recourse to the imprisonment penalty of the law of 1890. We have held that, in the great majority of cases brought before the court there had been no clear agreement in the courts, prior to the Supreme Court's two great decisions in May of 1911, as to just what did or did not constitute restraint of trade. This being so, and defendants being able to show opinions of lower courts which were at least ambiguous, it appeared to us in the highest degree unreasonable to impose a penalty such as the law reserves habitually for offenders who violate it knowingly and defiantly. The weakness of the defence in the present case lay in the fact that nearly a year had elapsed since the Supreme Court's plain ruling on the nature of illegal restraint of trade, and in the character of the business methods alleged in the indictment. The motion made by the defendants' counsel for arrest of judgment bases itself, not on the ground of a verdict contrary to the evidence, but on grounds of legal technicality, including the contention that the Anti-Trust law is unconstitutional.

Gen. Woodford's death removes a Civil War veteran who, in addition to his services at the crisis of the nation's life, gave full devotion to his country in many forms of useful activity. His greatest opportunity came when, as Minister to Spain in 1898, he labored with might and main to prevent war. And he publicly maintained at Boston, in October of that year, that our Government could have obtained the withdrawal of Spanish rule from Cuba "without the firing of a shot or the loss of a life." This may have seemed an extreme statement at the time, but not when, three years later, the full story of his diplomatic negotiations and dispatches was for the first time published by the Washington authorities. Then it became clear that if President McKinley had not been so terrorized by Congress that he had not the courage to second Minister Woodford's efforts, hostilities could have been averted. It was on April 5, 1898, that Gen. Woodford sent a moving dispatch to the President —which he did not lay before Congress —giving the positive assurance that the Spanish Government was willing to grant two out of our three demands, with the other one virtually certain soon also to be granted, and adding: "I believe that this means peace, which the sober judgment of our people will approve long before next November [election month!], and which must be approved at the bar of final history." But McKinley already had his war message written, and sent it to Congress with only the barest mention of Minister Woodford's earnest appeal.

A State that gave the Roosevelt electors a plurality of 60,000 last November would seem to be one that was particularly without excuse for harboring any dickering or deals between the saints and the sinners, yet Michigan actually leads the way in a reuniting of the Republicans and the Progressives. The latter get the platform, which is so mediæval as to except judges from its proposal for the adoption of the recall, and the former have the satisfaction of marching under the same old banner which, up to June 18 of last year, even the Colonel held sacred. This unholy alliance proves that, however it may be in New York, former Chairman Hotchkiss's recent statement at Albany is not of universal application. The Progressive leader remarked: "I am safe in saying that the Progressives would not enter the same room with Republican leaders." He, or at least his chief, will be constrained to revise this assertion, however, when they give due consideration to the battle-cry of the Michigan Republicans. "Get together and fight the Democrats" was the heaven-sent word that dispelled all anger and threw brother once more into brother's arms.

Upon the statement of two negro women that they had seen him throw the body of a murdered white woman into a cellar, a negro was lynched at Houston, Miss. The next day a ring, said to have been the property of the murdered woman, was found in the possession of another negro, who confessed the crime. He was burned to death in the court house yard. And a dispatch solemnly records the report that "No further trouble is feared from the negroes, most of them taking the matter calmly, seeming to think that the guilty one received just punishment." What the innocent one received they are evidently too well schooled in the ways of justice to talk about. If anything could add to the ghastliness of this two days' exhibition in a single town, it would be supplied by the twenty-three-year-old son of an Evansville, Ind., factory owner, who deliberately shot and killed three negro employees of his father's, giving as his excuse that his victims were trying to run the plant, that they had threatened his life, and that they were carrying revolvers and knives. The police, it is explained, believe that the youth was temporarily insane. One is tempted to ask whether the same characterization will not be made of whol sections of the country one day.

"Few of us realize," says the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal*, "how the death-rate among infants has been steadily growing." The editorial is entitled "Startling Statistics," and it opens thus:

> One baby dies every ten seconds. Six babies die every minute. Three hundred and sixty babies die every hour, and eight thousand, six hundred and forty babies die every day.

There is, of course, nothing in these statistics to show that "the death-rate among infants is steadily growing"; but the impression made on the mind of the average reader by magazine articles, reform addresses, and the like, which seek to startle rather than to inform, is just such as has been made on the mind of this editor. It may be thought that this can do no harm; that,

for instance, though the truth is that the death-rate among infants has been steadily and enormously diminishing, instead of "steadily growing," yet there is room for much more improvement, need for much more effort, and so the error can do no mischief. But in point of fact, this *class* of errors can do a great deal of mischief; for there is nothing that contributes so much to the growth of thoughtless revolutionism as the spread of false and reckless assertions concerning the actual tendencies of the existing order of society.

That Joaquin Miller's vogue should have been greater in London than it ever has been in this country is quite in accordance with Europe's traditional attitude towards American literature. The Old World has never forgiven us for failing to live up to its ideal of our primitive civilization. It is the volcanic or eccentric elements in our literature that Europe prefers to accept as typically American—Poe and Whitman in the spirit of their works, Bret Harte in his picturesque material, and Joaquin Miller in his own picturesque personality of flowing mane, flannel shirt, and boots. Miller's theatrical flair suited London's preconceived notions of our Far West, notions based partly on inductive reasoning, and partly on Bret Harte's romantic evocation of a California that never existed. The foreigner never ceases wondering why the tamers of a continent and the upbuilders of the greatest industrial society in history should fail to be inspired by the work of their own hands. Mr. Arnold Bennett is quoted as saying that, if Balzac had seen Pittsburgh, he would have cried out, "Give me a pen!" It is not at all unlikely that if Balzac had seen Pittsburgh he would have made a better go of those numerous commercial schemes for making money that he was always engaged upon. Instead of devoting himself to Père Goriot, he might have gone into partnership with Mr Carnegie.

Judge Ward's decision that ex-President Castro was illegally excluded from this country by the immigration authorities, may be appealed from by the Government, but it has already had its due and wholesome effect. It has released Castro, but that is of minor consequence. He may come or go as he pleases, and hereafter will receive only the attention which his personality, such as it is, deserves. But the principle has been established that incoming aliens have rights under our laws, which the administrative officials cannot override. Above all, Judge Ward's decision makes an end of the absurd pretence of the Government that, because Castro refused, on examination, to incriminate himself, therefore he was a criminal. If such a doctrine had been set up in Venezuela, we know what would have been said of it here. To have it brushed aside by our own courts is a great clearing of the air. For the State Department it is a mortifying and even humiliating ending of what from the first had every appearance of being a personal and vengeful persecution of Castro.

The plight of Ambassador Leishman must be another mortification to the State Department. Why he should have been promoted to Berlin has never been satisfactorily explained, particularly as the Americans in Turkey were never enthusiastic about his service there. Now that the present open scandal has developed, it does not seem proper that he should remain a day longer at his post. Mr. Taft, we all know, is inclined, in a case like this, to take the easiest way out, which would be to allow Mr. Leishman to serve the remaining two weeks before Mr. Wilson becomes President, when his resignation goes in. But if it is true that he is in arrears for his rent, as well as in the payment of other bills, to say nothing of the suit against him in this city because of his stock-gambling losses, the situation would seem to be too serious to admit of delay. Our diplomatic service has none too good a repute on the Continent, and under the Knox régime its prestige has steadily waned. But its standing will be injured and not heightened by glossing over this scandal. An immediate recall is what the situation requires, even if the stories from Berlin are without foundation. Mr. Leishman's usefulness has plainly come to an end.

An incidental remark in an article in the London *Economist* on "The Advance of Argentina" throws an interesting sidelight on the vast sweep of the interests that would be affected if England were to abandon her free-trade policy. The astonishing scale on which Argentina has been developing is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time, and the *Economist* points out that one of the main factors in this development has been the steady stream of British capital flowing into the country, the present amount of such investment being estimated at £500,000,000—two and a half billion dollars. "It is worth while," says the *Economist*, "to remember that any artificial measures aimed at restricting the entrance [into the United Kingdom] of foreign grain and meat will, so far as they are successful, strike a blow at some of our most meritorious countrymen across the sea." The truth is that, whichever way the British protectionists turn their eyes, they encounter difficulties and drawbacks, while the advantages they offer are of a decidedly shadowy nature. The only thing that gave their cause anything of a real "boost" was the calamity cry—the story of decline of British trade and industry which, for a time, gained the public ear; but subsequent developments emphatically disposed of all this, and the whole movement has ever since been limping badly.

The amalgamation of the three principal English railway unions would, in one respect, seem to bring nearer the possibility of a general strike of transport workers such as has been threatened by the irreconcilable element in the British unions ever since the partial failure, or partial success, as one chooses to regard it, of the great strike movement in Great Britain during the last two years. The extremists are even looking forward to the great Union of Unions which shall put labor in a position to dictate terms to its masters and the state. At the same time there is a distinct concession to the conservative element in the provision which vests in the executive officers of the new union the authority to order and terminate strikes without a vote by the members of the union. It was shown during the recent strikes that the leadership of the unions is much more moderate than the rank and file. One of the main tenets of the syndicalist creed which aims at the amalgamation of all labor unions into a single fighting body is that all important decisions shall be made by a referendum vote. Hence the new railway organization embodies a compromise between two tendencies.

IN THE COILS OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

There is something almost laughable in the pained astonishment now prevailing at Washington in the matter of swollen appropriation bills. Everybody is alarmed at the rising tide of extravagance, yet everybody is helpless. President Taft is still busy on his plans for something like a national budget, but he has no power to cut down Government spending, except by vetoing entire appropriation bills—and that is no real remedy. The Chairman of the Appropriations Committee in the House raises his voice in emphatic warning against the rate of expenditure which Congress is authorizing, but all that he can do is to protest. He cannot stop the waste. The centralized control of appropriation bills with which the Appropriations Committee was vested years ago, has gradually been taken away from it. There are now some ten or twelve committees each authorized to frame and report its own appropriation bill. And this scattered authority has meant squandered public money. The leader of the majority in the House, Mr. Underwood, has been appealed to, and his attitude in the matter is what it ought to be, but he can do little except to pass on the appeal to his party followers. Neither he nor anybody else has the power to come down with a blunt: "You shall not have this money."

How much good it does merely to beg a popular assembly, with the unrestricted power of the purse, to be economical, may be seen in the Public Buildings bill, which was introduced in the House on Saturday. Bear in mind the circumstances. The session is drawing to a close with the Democratic leaders in a state of great apprehension over the mounting appropriations. Pledged to economy, they see the bills piling higher and higher. The solemn warning has been issued that, unless there is the sharpest possible cutting down of the remaining bills, the appropriations of this session will exceed those of the last by $100,000,000, and equal if not surpass the high-water mark of Republican extravagance. Now, this is the time—the critical time—chosen for bringing forward a bill which would appropriate in one lump more than $25,000,000 for public buildings in various parts of the country.

Who is responsible for this? Nobody and everybody. It is just the result of a huge scramble, favors being widely and unblushingly distributed for the purpose of getting votes for the measure. No Representative with a piece of "pork" safely in the barrel will object to its being shoved along. The bill was drawn not only without the authority of the most influential Democrats of the House, but against their wishes and, indeed, their protests. Congressman Fitzgerald, of the Appropriations Committee, who is opposed to the whole plan, spurned the offer of an item of $300,000 for Brooklyn, which was made as an inducement to him to acquiesce, or at least keep silence. But others in both parties were caught wholesale by sprinkling through the bill almost innumerable appropriations of from $100,000 down to $5,000, each one being intended as the justification of the Congressman to his constituents for voting for a measure which, as a whole, is indefensible. The entire bill, considered in itself and in the circumstances of its being pressed upon the House, is one of the most glaring illustrations ever given the country of the evils of our happy-go-lucky methods of public finance.

The mischief, in the proportions to which it has grown, is not one to be cured by a budget system, pure and simple. That would be a great help, no doubt, and ought to be urged and tried. But it could not go to the root of the evil. After you had framed your budget as carefully as expert knowledge could make it, how could you be sure that Congress would be bound by it? What guarantee could you have that log-rolling measures, like the Public Buildings bill, would not at any moment gain sufficient headway to burst through all your labored plans of economy? It is one thing to lead Congressmen up to a budget, but another to make them drink it. It is not only a more painstaking and quasi-scientific apportioning of Government expenditures that is needed, but a power of control, lodged somewhere, that shall see to it that the thing proposed is carried out, and that the official plans are not trampled upon by Congressional raiders.

We know how the difficulty has been met in British finance. All money bills are reserved for the Government. A private member cannot even introduce a bill to spend public funds. Thus a rigid control is kept in the hands of a responsible Ministry. The Chancellor of the Exchequer can make his estimates without fear of having them knocked sky-high by a log-rolling combination in the House of Commons. In addition to a national budget, we must acquire somehow the authority to compel living up to the budget, if we are effectively to make head against extravagance at Washington. At present, as we can all see, there is only the feeblest control. Control would involve, of course, sound judgment. In the Public Buildings bill there are, for example, some appropriations that are not only justified but needed. What intelligent control would do would be to allow these items, but remorselessly to excise all those thrown in simply as makeweights, or tacit bribes, in order to get the bill passed. Till we get something of that sort, or until the President be empowered, as the Governor of New York is, to veto separate items in an appropriation bill, we need not expect to free ourselves successfully from the coils of extravagance, which are now crushing Congress as the serpents did Laocoön and his sons.

THE BULL MOOSE AND THE COURTS

Mr. Roosevelt has spoken and written on the judiciary, times without number; but never, we believe, has he made an utterance so illuminative as to the condition of his own mind, or so instructive as to the true significance of his agitation, as was contained in his Lincoln Day speech. His main text was the Idaho decision excluding the Roosevelt electors from the official ballot. That this decision, however unfortunate, was simply the inevitable interpretation of the law of the State, seems to us clear. We have recently set forth the actual facts of the case, which seem to us plainly to show that Mr. Roosevelt's charges were based on ignorance. But let us waive that. Let us grant that Mr. Roosevelt has reason to believe otherwise. Let it be supposed, for the sake of the argument, that the Idaho Supreme Court rendered a decision that was not in accord with a true interpretation of the law. And then let us ask ourselves what is to be thought of the state of mind of a man who, at the celebration of the birthday of Lincoln, can speak in this way:

At this moment there has occurred in Idaho a decision by the highest State court which, within its own limits, is an even graver offence against justice and decency and an even greater blot on the American judiciary than the Dred Scott decision itself. . . . This decision I hold to have been an outrage upon the people of Idaho, and not merely upon them but upon the people of all the United States, for any interference with the right of an American in any State to cast his vote and to have it counted for the President of his choice is an offence against the Americans of all the States.

The Dred Scott decision was one of the memorable events of our national history—it may even be said, of the world's history. Whatever may have been its legal merits, whether it was right or wrong from the standpoint of professional interpretation of the Constitution, it embodied the clash of mighty political elements, it brought to a focus the light and heat that had been beating upon the tremendous question of slavery and of States' rights for a generation. When Lincoln denounced it —even denounced it as a conspiracy— he was grappling with great forces that everybody knew were at work, forces that soon after came into collision in a stupendous trial by blood and fire. To mention in the same breath with it the act of a court on a technical point of election procedure, a point not bound up with any general principle, a point not paralleled anywhere else except in California, where a similar decision was made by the courts, but made in Mr. Roosevelt's favor—to place this isolated judgment in juxtaposition with the Dred Scott decision and base upon it an appeal to national indignation and popular passion, is the act of a man either filled with an egotism hardly to be distinguished from insanity, or so reckless as to be willing, in the pursuit of his ambition, deliberately to play the part of a contemptible demagogue.

And what is Mr. Roosevelt's remedy for this appalling outrage that he sees in the Idaho decision—this audacity of the judges in reading the law otherwise than as he would have them read it?

A case like that in Idaho shows the need of the power of popular recall of the judiciary, a need which I believe could probably be best met by having the judges appointed or elected for life, but subject on petition to recall by popular vote every two years.

Upon this we do not propose to comment; with those who like that kind of judiciary it is unprofitable to argue, and for those who do not there is no need of argument. We merely remark that when Mr. Roosevelt first came out with his own particular nostrum of the recall of decisions, he laid great stress on the difference between that and the recall of judges, and warned his hearers that the wicked press would be accusing him of having advocated the recall of judges, when all that he proposed was the reversal, by popular vote, of judicial decisions in a strictly limited class of Constitutional cases.

On the recall of decisions, Mr. Roosevelt offers nothing specially new, unless it be when he says: "I care not whether you call this action of theirs [the people's] construing the Constitution or making the Constitution." His critics have always known that he did not care, and they have always asserted that making—or unmaking—the Constitution is precisely what this recall of decisions would amount to. But Mr. Roosevelt absolutely ignores the fact that, so far as State Constitutions are concerned—and that is what he professes to be talking about—there is an easy way to do this already in existence. He may or may not be aware that there is pending in his own State at the present moment a Constitutional amendment which would give the Legislature full and unrestricted power to act as it thought best in the whole class of questions to which his recall of decisions is intended to apply. The amendment has been adopted by one Legislature; if the present Legislature takes like action, it can be made part of the State Constitution this coming November. To do so may be more radical as to the immediate matter in hand than it would be to "recall" the Ives decision of the Court of Appeals, or any similar decision or decisions; but it would be doing the thing as it should be done, decently and in order.

The very thing that attracts the Rooseveltian mind about recall of judges and recall of decisions is that they do things not decently and in order, but by noise and tumult. They do not go about the task of curbing the courts through the setting of narrower bounds to their powers; they strike at the very heart of the idea of the judicial function. And no enemy of these proposals has ever given so convincing a presentation of the dangers to which these proposals would open the door as Mr. Roosevelt himself has just made. Does he try to show that the Idaho judges misinterpreted the law? Does he try to show that they were personally corrupt? Does he try to show that they acted under the pressure of outside political influences? None of all this. He simply denounces their act as having had consequences that were evil. Whether that was the fault of the law or the fault of the judges he makes no pretence of examining. If an ex-President, the head of a great party, can make such an appeal at a time of tranquillity, what is to be expected of the common demagogue, and what is to be expected of the general mass of the people, in a time of extraordinary excitement?

FRENCH PROSPECTS.

The news from France, in this first week of M. Poincaré's Presidency, continues to emphasize the tone of optimism and universal good will which was struck after the election of a month ago. The republic is looking forward to an era of good feeling. The new President and his Prime Minister, M. Briand, are regarded as the two men best fitted to raise the business of government from the slough of factional politics to the level of true nationalism. It was M. Briand who some three years ago announced that the time had come for a policy of "appeasement." The feuds and rancors that had sprung from the Dreyfus affair were to be swept away. The hatreds engendered by the conflict between the state and the church were no longer to be inflamed artificially for political purposes. In other words, parties and persons standing outside the dominant alliance of Radicals and Socialists were no longer to be regarded as under suspicion. A "formula"—and formulas are still dear to the Gallic mind—could be found broad enough to include all Frenchmen. That is very much the burden of the news to-day, but it plainly must be taken with a certain amount of reserve. The journals of weight and standing in France whose views are apt to shape the reports sent out by foreign correspondents have as a rule been in opposition to the parties in power. They would naturally be inclined to welcome any new régime as a better régime. But even allowing for such bias, there is no denying the fact that

M. Poincaré has assumed office at a moment when an exceptionally healthy and confident tone animates the French nation.

The internal condition of France shows a notable advance towards pacification. The labor unrest which found its most vigorous expression in the activities of the General Confederation of Labor, with its blend of socialistic and anarchistic policies, seems to have attained its climax in the great railway strike of the autumn of 1910. It was M. Briand's masterful handling of that crisis that made him the logical expounder of a policy of appeasement. His past affiliations were with Socialism and Anarchism, but responsibility found him prepared to defend the existing order with as much vigor as the most moderate of citizens could demand. The activity of the revolutionary Confederation of Labor has waned since that date. The firm policy adopted by the Cabinet towards the revolutionary unions of schoolmasters last year was another instance of a growing determination on the part of the Government not to submit to intimidation. The strikes and demonstrations which were an annual feature of life in Paris have of late fallen into abeyance. It is true that revolutionary Syndicalism is still a live question of the day, but it is the theories of Syndicalism that are being most hotly discussed. France has had no labor disturbance during the last two years that can compare with the crises which Great Britain has passed through, or even with the strikes carried on in this country under the picturesque auspices of the I. W. W.

It is a significant fact that even Gustave Hervé, the exponent of anti-militarism and anti-patriotism, who once upon a time called upon the army recruits to throw the flag of the republic upon the dunghill, has seen fit to moderate his views. Hervé has been compelled to take into account the change that has come over the spirit of the French nation during the half-dozen years that followed the appearance of the Moroccan question. That has, of course, been more or less a formal issue over which France and Germany engaged in a bitter duel that only recently came to an end with the establishment of a French protectorate over Morocco. It was a struggle which, from the French point of view, had for its object the reduction of France to a mere dependency upon Germany. It was marked by more than one severe crisis; more than once the question of war or peace hung in the balance. The contest began with a humiliation of France, back in 1905, when the German Emperor forced the retirement of M. Delcassé from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. But in the course of the struggle the French people found themselves. The unofficial alliance with Great Britain was one of the factors which enabled France to stand up to German pressure. But simultaneously there has been a strengthening of the popular morale. Ten years ago those who believed in the republic were afraid of the army, and the army itself was rent apart by the animosities springing out of the Dreyfus affair. To-day the spirit of "appeasement" pervades the army, and the country is no longer afraid of its troops. Gustave Hervé has had to take that fact somewhat into account.

This same spirit of healthy confidence is manifested in the literature of the day. Paris will never be without her anarchists in letters and art, but the sickly decadentisms and epicureanisms of a dozen years ago have lost much of their vogue. Maurice Barrès is the most notable example of those who are turning from dilettantisms of various kinds to the gospel of duty. The simple ideals of the provincial literature of France, as expounded by René Bazin and Henry Bordeaux, are making their impress on the literature of the *blasé* metropolis. The "cult of the land and of the dead," which is but a literary name for patriotism, has grown in literature, undoubtedly under the influence of the long struggle against Germany. Altogether, it is not surprising that there are those who speak of present conditions in France as almost a national renaissance.

"JUST BILLS."

Thirty-eight of the forty-eight State Legislatures are in session, and two more will meet before the year is half gone. Out of two score deliberative bodies what wisdom may not come! Yet there are indications now and then that all that is legislative is not wise. A Wisconsin State Senator, for instance, has introduced a bill to abolish the junior "prom" and other class dances of the University of Wisconsin. If any member of the Connecticut Legislature were so bold as to introduce a bill of this sort, it is not hard to imagine what winged words would beat upon his ears from New Haven. But the Wisconsin Senator has his reasons. A hearing on a bill to abolish fraternities brought forth testimony of lavish expenditures by students for social diversion. "When university students tend to impoverish their parents by supporting an eighteen-hundred-dollar dance," exclaimed the Senator, subsequently, "it is high time the people of a democratic State should be informed of what is going on at their State-endowed university." Arizona, on the other hand, does not seem concerned over what may be going on in this line at Tucson, but is greatly disturbed over a proposal to put the union label on all legislative stationery. The House, after a heated debate, defeated the motion, but in the Senate all stationery must bear the label of the union.

One of the oddest bills that have confronted the Legislature of North Carolina this year would make illegal the keeping of honey-bees within one hundred yards of the public roads in Pender County. There was much applause, it is reported, when this bill was read for final passage. One inquisitive Senator wanted to know how bees could be kept from the road. A colleague explained that rural mail-carriers in Pender were greatly troubled by certain bee-stands located near the mail-boxes. Another moved to amend the bill by extending its provisions to wasps, bumble-bees, and "yellow-jackets." A third declared that he would not vote for the bill until he was sure that it would not work injury to some humble citizen of Pender County with a small tract of land who might not be able to locate his bee-stands as far as one hundred yards from the road. Finally it was discovered that the introducer of the measure was absent, and so it went over. More serious is freakish tampering with the fundamental law of a State. The Constitution of South Dakota is hardly a quarter of a century old, and it has been materially amended, yet a constitutional convention is about to be called to revise it. Will that convention repeat the mistake, common to so many of our State Constitutions, of putting into that instrument matters of detail that belong to statutes and not to Constitutions, and

thus perpetuate the necessity of frequent changes?

The flood of freak bills is confined to no section of the country. In Pennsylvania, "bills by the score have been introduced in both Senate and House at Harrisburg. Some of them are important. Most of them are not—are just bills." The same complaint comes from California, a trifle more bitingly expressed, the headlines being: "Clean Gone Crazy. The State Capitol at Sacramento Has Become a Lunatic Asylum." The text is in the same tone:

> The character of our Legislature as an organized body will not be known until its final adjournment, but that it contains a large number of members whose mental balance is so completely lost that their proper place is a sanatorium is evident from the great number of freak bills introduced. . . . Some anarchist wishes to abolish the militia. A near-anarchist would abolish the Legislature and substitute a single house. It is said that more than forty constitutional amendments have been introduced, and that the prospect is that so many of them will pass that it will be necessary to call a special election to vote on them.

One newspaper attempts to set forth the philosophy of such proceedings. "The tendency of all legislative bodies," it remarks, "is to turn out a mass of new laws." The consolation is that very few freak proposals reach the Governor.

What gives one pause in any consideration of this situation is that bills reflect the mentality of their sponsors. Like bill, like legislator—and, what is of more consequence, like legislator, like constituent. Yet it must be conceded that the latter has fought valiantly to free himself of the stigma implied in this comparison by trying one device after another to improve the quality of his legislator. He has prohibited the Legislature from meeting annually, and limited it to biennial, and, in one case, that of Alabama, to quadrennial, sessions. He has imposed the further limitation of 40, 45, 50, 60, 70, 75, or 90 days in two-thirds of the States upon the duration of the session. He has begun to establish legislative reference bureaus to tell the legislators how to say what they mean, and in some States he is dividing the session into two parts, the recess being supposed to furnish opportunity for reflecting upon what to do with the legislation that has been proposed. All of these devices, however, have not stopped the deluge of bills, or centred debate upon the more important measures. Here is the real objection to freak or unnecessary proposals. They divert the attention of the lawmakers from the essential to the unessential, and thus bring about a misconception of what legislators are for. We need a training-school for lawmakers in order to enable them to see the difference between a well-considered programme of laws and "just bills."

TAKING POETRY TOO SERIOUSLY.

In view of all that is being done to encourage the poetic art in America, it can scarcely be said that we fail to take poetry seriously. Is it not possible, on the contrary, that we take it too seriously, and that this attitude, having its effect upon the poets themselves, is responsible for a certain sense of strain, a certain absence of simplicity and naturalness, in their expression? What is demanded of them, at present, is not merely poetry, but great poetry—as a nation we will not be satisfied with less—and in their efforts to supply it, our poets run the risk of confusing artistic greatness with moral seriousness and spiritual elevation. It makes no difference what the subject may be. Anything from a love lyric to an elegy on the death of an airman must be treated in the same manner, must be subjected to the same sublimation of style and sentiment, so as to lose every trace of the common or familiar and to become "ideal." An excellent case in point is afforded by a poem which appeared in a popular magazine on the death of the aviator Moisant. "They say that magazines do not publish great poetry nowadays," remarked the editor. "Why, Shelley himself would have been proud to have written that poem if he were alive to-day!" And it was indeed in the Shelleyan manner, this poem; so much so, indeed, that the effect was really ludicrous; as if what the poet had striven after had been a parody rather than the sincere expression of the pathos involved in the untoward event commemorated.

Now, ideality is admittedly the highest attribute of great art. But the constant effort to idealize life by spiritualizing emotion and sentiment, as part of a deliberate poetic and rhetorical process, produces a sense of effort and unreality. Much of our contemporary American verse shows this sort of forced ideal, and attains elevation only at the expense of real emotional warmth and imagination. The drift is, indeed, towards a purely intellectual exercise of the fancy, based rather upon concepts than upon intuitive perceptions. It was Miss Ellen Terry who said she had never heard so much talk about beauty, or seen so little evidence of its sensuous appreciation, as among American college women. The same might be said of American verse, which impresses the reader no less by its coldness than by its intricate subtleties of form. Nor has subject-matter much to do with this. The young poets who to-day rebel most against what they call "Puritanism" in American art, and seek to introduce a note of "passion," assume precisely the same attitude in essaying to celebrate its glowing mysteries; and in attempting to exalt these, they import into them outworn conceptions of allurement and of sin in the manner of Swinburne and Baudelaire or Oscar Wilde. It is, after all, merely an exchange of models. The mood is the same, and we are just as far as before from real poetry—that is, poetry that is an intimate personal record of thought and emotion.

It is not new themes that we need, but the knowledge that the province of poetry marches upon that of prose, that the material for the one as for the other lies close at hand, ready for use, and that the surest way to attain heights in either is to pay strict attention to truth and naturalness of expression. The taste for sublimities tends to dry up the sources of the simple, tender, purely human sentiment that finds utterance, for example, in the verse of some of the younger French poets of to-day who at once in their ease and their elegance afford a distinct relief from our own lyrists. The latter, like our athletes, seem often "over-trained." These French versifiers have also that "sense of humor" which we so irritably arrogate to ourselves as a national excellence, though it does not safeguard us against taking ourselves very seriously indeed in nearly everything we attempt. We strive so to "appear," while they feel absolutely at home in their medium of expression, daring to say so much in verse that we should shrink from for fear that it might be "bad manners" or beneath our dignity. No incident which pleases or amuses them, no fancy which excites or grati-

fies them, is unworthy to be turned into easy, flexible, and dexterous verse—yet verse admirable in warmth and tenderness of sentiment—to which they bring a closeness of observation, a realistic coloring of description, a cleverness of witty invention, productive of charming surprises, from stanza to stanza, that we seldom encounter in our own versifiers.

It seems plain that the great poetry for which we are so desirous to-day, and which must first of all be natural and sincere, might be more surely attained in the course of time if we were to relax somewhat from our strained and tense attitude in courting the Muse. We should make of poetry one of the graces rather than one of the severe duties of the intellectual life. And we should, in the meantime, be accumulating an admirable body of well-turned minor verse, without due appreciation of which, according to the degree of its merits, we may fail to recognize the great manifestation when it does finally arrive.

THE INTERNATIONAL ART EXHIBITION.

The Association of American Painters and Sculptors has deserved well of the city in exhibiting, along with a somewhat limited selection of recent American work, a comprehensive series of the earlier revolutionary painters with an adequate representation of the very latest anti-realistic schools. Thus materials for a public verdict on Post-Impressionism, Cubism, and Futurism are generously offered. The exhibition will run long enough for readjustment to these novel types of invention; the battle of the critics may be fought within eye-shot of the hostile lines, and the discriminating minority of the public, the ultimate judge in these matters, may take its position for or against the new movements. Obviously, if sculpture and painting are to be utterly revolutionized along anti-naturalistic lines, as certain critics confidently predict, why, the sooner the turn-over is made the better. If, on the contrary, as we believe, these new tendencies are mainly the insignificant seething of crude and undisciplined personalities, the sooner this fact is perceived the better. In either event, good must result from bringing the new art out of the incense of clique and special pleading into the light of every day.

Aside from this special aspect of the show, President Davies and his associates have provided pleasure of a non-contentious sort by assembling works of highly individual flavor which escape the categories of movements and schools. Few New Yorkers have had the chance of enjoying the rich fantasy of Redon, of estimating the morbid power of Van Gogh, the barbaric intensity of Gauguin, the stalwart constructions of Cézanne. It is interesting also to have the chance to view the painting of that pride of otherwise despairing British art, Augustus John. In the foreign exhibits the Association has handsomely lived up to its programme of Internationalism, Internationalism being, of course, defined as a technical and revolutionary word.

Not the least valuable feature of the exhibition is the close juxtaposition with the newest work of paintings of the so-called Impressionistic schools—Manet, Monet, Renoir. All those revolutionists of thirty years ago now assume the sedate aspects of classics. Ingres, his rival Delacroix, and their successor Degas harmonize on the wall, with an old-masterly assurance. The fact that these leaders of a couple of generations ago now plainly fall into the general tradition of great painting, emphasizes the reality of the revolution on foot. The romantic Delacroix belongs with the classic Ingres; it is safe to say that Picabia and Matisse never will belong with either. Art is at the brink either of genuine revolution, or, as we believe, of a monstrous aberration. Either way, something like a new thing has been found under the sun, even if the newness turn out to derive from such venerable sources as excessive boredom, ignorant self-assertiveness, or over-ingenious pursuit of novelty and notoriety. If the newest art is really to be the art of the future, plainly *homo sapiens* must become a new creature—

> 'Ban, 'Ban, Cacaliban
> Has a new master: get a new man.

Waiving these ulterior issues, the exhibition sets an excellent example of efficient organization and accomplishment. For years the National Academy has been grieving for want of a building in which large and stately shows may be given. But this new Association proves that the way to give shows is to want to give them badly enough to take the necessary trouble. Nothing could be more satisfactory from every point of view than the installation of the present exhibition. If the Academy can give a large and fine exhibition under its competitive system, to give it is merely a question of rearranging, on a plan that could be repeated year by year, any large, well-lighted hall. The financial support implied in such a step should readily be forthcoming. The Academy should take up what is virtually a challenge of the revolutionaries. The way to combat the extravagances of the innovators is not club-corner ridicule, but to show pictures and statues that make out a convincing case for sane traditional ideals. The way to get a splendid building for Academy exhibitions is to give shows that plainly call for fine housing.

If the shade of Dr. Johnson could step into the present exhibition, one can imagine it emitting a spectral guffaw that would blow at least half the exhibits irrevocably through the skylight. And if this robust sprite were suddenly told that the official art of the nation was being shown in cupboards and crannies because nobody would build an art palace, it would be not the Post-Impressionists, but the conservators of our national artistic tradition who would hear the impressive utterance—Fiddlestick!

SIDNEY'S "ARCADIA."

The death of Sir Philip Sidney in his thirty-second year, a few weeks after the wound received at Zutphen, was only the culminating tragedy of several which it is difficult not to read into his life. The highest type of English gentleman though he was, with a quickening influence upon many sides of activity, mourned by a whole nation when he died, he leaves those who have studied the bright promise of his youth grievously disappointed that some of his best talents were somehow almost smothered. This is bound to be the feeling with reference especially to his literary career. He was fitted by native ability and by education to be much more than a patron of letters. And it is true that his name is usually included among the great writers of his remarkable day. Yet after due allowance is made for a few sonnets, which have an independent beauty, his reputation in literature is too much entangled with passing fashions of the age not to suf-

fer greatly when it is measured by more permanent standards.

Sidney's most extensive work, the "Arcadia,"* is very little read these days, and it is small wonder. If Scott and Dickens cause present-day readers impatience by their method of leaving one thread while they turn back to pick up another, what shall one say of Sidney's convoluted progress? Yet to the sympathetic student of Sidney the "Arcadia" is an absorbing document. While recognizing it, from a modern point of view, a failure, one may find profit in searching it for signs of literary ability which might have achieved enormously, if properly directed.

I.

The "Arcadia" leaves the modern reader more uncertain as to its author's intention than almost any other important work of that time. It appears to have no critical purpose. Even the enigmatic Ariosto is not so baffling as Sidney. For above the entertainment which the author of "Orlando Furioso" palpably got from the vast body of fiction then opened up to Europe, his mind is felt to be reacting critically. He at least surveys his material with a cynical smile, and his elevation above it bestows upon it a sort of unity and artistic purpose. And Spenser, whatever else he may have intended to do, revealed, as no other writer of his day had done, the poetic adaptability of many elements of life. He it was who gave to the cant expression "pure poetry" its one drop of sense. He had, at the very least, a poetic outlook on life, and through it maintains his individuality.

To me it must always seem strange that Sidney should not have made something more than he did of the prose romance. Let it be granted that he beautifully domesticated a late Alexandrian product, and that his work is better than any of its kind written by contemporaries. Yet the impression of the piece as a whole is of a "Faerie Queene" (not including the stretches of allegory in that poem) put into prose; that is, with the very "salt" of the poem's existence gone. The regret over Sidney's failure is made still greater by the thought that when he first undertook the work he was feeling his way towards a form close to the modern novel. If we may trust the statements of Mr. Bertram Dobell, who has discovered in manuscript the first draft of the "Arcadia," the hopelessly episodic complexion of the current version replaced, in the original version, a pretty sustained development of character, with the incidental stories falling into a nicely proportioned framework and serving merely as illustrations of important traits in the central personages.

However this may be, Sidney soon yielded to the full plan of Heliodorus and other Alexandrians who had made the prose romance popular, and glutted his work with episode. The surprises of situation and the delight in corruscated ornament were allowed to impair the main narrative and character-study. Having vitiated these as a means of holding his story together, upon what did he rely for unity of action? This is an important point. The Greek romancers had a pretty definite conception of Fortune to serve as backbone, the romances of the Middle Ages were built around the institution of chivalry. And Sidney, too, if he took his work seriously, as I believe he did, must have felt the need of a big propelling motive. Yet where to look for it? Old landmarks had been uprooted in almost every branch of knowledge, as well as in religion, and settled lines of belief had not been restored. Not until years later did any such "justification" as Milton found for his epic release itself. That Sidney was conscious of the problem is attested by his half-hearted attempt to transform the old idea of Fortune into the Renaissance conception of *virtù*, or human efficacy. Other writers also appear to have missed the underlying motives which literature once had. Painter and Golding, we know, pretended to read Christian allegory into the tales of ancient Greece or Rome which they translated; and it may be that Stephen Gosson, for all his distortions, expressed a widespread yearning for a sound vindication of literature.

The confusion of ideas was broader than literature; it touched all else. For the moment it was difficult to understand how life, in any large way, was controlled by fixed human motives. Such being the case, the epic, or epic-romance, of all the types of literature, suffered the most. By its nature it requires some broad generalization to rest on. In the absence of one, Spenser, as I have suggested, trusted not a little to the sheer lift and sweep of poetry. Sidney, with less chance of success, not improbably put a similar reliance upon his own poetic prose, which, indeed, he regarded theoretically as poetry, following Aristotle's principle. For the rest, his story gets on as best it can by "creative evolution," one chapter begetting another. Perhaps, indeed, M. Bergson's phrase is an exacter description of an artistic method, then common, than it is of the modern universe. The fact is striking that literature, though lacking an articulate *raison d'être*, possessed enormous vitality. Ancient or modern, it swept along irresistibly. The sixteenth century was the last age, and perhaps the first, in which a serious writer would have begun an epic work with virtually nothing to hold it together. Yet, true to the time from which it sprang, the "Arcadia" possesses extraordinary energy—each of the very numerous episodes being told with steady enthusiasm—but no direction; it goes round and round. If to Sidney his work seemed to have some relation to actuality, this must have been because in a vague way it does reflect the sheer rush of life of which the age was conscious.

Herein lies the futility of the "Arcadia," so far as we moderns are concerned, that if, as a whole, it is to have any significance, this must be an irradiation of energy which each is forced to interpret for himself. Whatever there may be in excess of its literal meaning is not communicable from one to another, but has to be vaguely felt, after the manner of the indefinite symbolism to which poets sometimes resort. Did Sidney, for instance, employ in the "Arcadia" some of the Platonism which he learned at Oxford? He gazes so directly and withal with such wonder at certain moments of life that one is tempted to read into that look a transcendental understanding, such as crops out in the "Astrophel and Stella." Or it may be that it is only the Pygmalion in him. For, like Spenser, he is palpably fascinated by some of his creations, and thereby seems to give them a life not their own. Love of beauty was strong in him, and with such a one beauty was apt to transfigure. Yet if the "Arcadia" was more than the "frolic of invention," the author kept the secret to himself.

II.

This central weakness, a fatal weakness to be sure, being admitted, the "Arcadia" offers many compensations. It has the stuff of good comedy; novelists might have drawn upon it much more than they have done, especially for the hints it gives of woman's mental processes; it is full of lyric feeling not badly expressed, and its style is rich and spacious. In a word, it shows much of the excellence and versatility of the age. Briefly, it is the story of two Greek princes, cousins, Pyrocles and

*The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney. (Cambridge English Classics). In three volumes. Edited by Albert Feuillerat, professor of English literature in the University of Rennes. Volume I, "The Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia." Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net. The bibliography of the "Arcadia" is complicated. Written as early as 1580, it underwent revision at Sidney's hands, and was first published, incomplete as he left it, in 1590. Of the earliest form, which was circulated but never printed, three manuscript copies were discovered in 1907 by Mr. Bertram Dobell, two of these having since come, as we have been informed, to this country. In 1593 the original "Arcadia" was combined by an unknown person, though reported to be the Countess of Pembroke, with the first printed quarto, and was issued. This is the version which is usually reprinted. But Professor Feuillerat has adopted for his text the version of 1590, reproducing the archaic spelling, and in Vol. II of the Works will furnish that part of the original "Arcadia" which was later added to complete the story. The Works will also include the Poems, "The Defence of Poesie," the Correspondence and Political Pamphlets, as well as the translations of the Psalms and of Mornay's "Vérité de la Religion chrestienne."

Musidorus by name, who, after numerous adventures, among them a shipwreck, win their way to Arcadia, to which an elderly king, to outwit an oracle, has retired with his young wife and two beautiful daughters. As the king, for oracular reasons, does not wish his daughters to marry, one prince has disguised himself as an Amazon, the other as a shepherd. The devices by which the princes make themselves known to the girls, gain their love, and in the end marry them, are bound up with an almost infinite series of surprises, shared by eighty-eight named personages and by many who are not named. Quite two dozen of the characters have histories of their own which are recounted at length, and which are brought into connection with the main adventure. Obviously, there is nothing meagre about the background of this story. Almost all of the chivalric apparatus found in the "Faerie Queene" is present here: fair love-sick ladies float aimlessly across the horizon; the jousting is as plentiful and as various; excellent, ill-apparelled knights "carry it away"; if there is no dragon, at least a lion and bear give scope to men's courage; pastoral interludes abound, as well as choice rural vignettes, among them as charming a picture as ever Spenser painted of maidens bathing in a stream; there is a stubborn captivity presided over by a wicked woman, morally akin to Tasso's Armida.

All this background enters into one's appreciation of the "Arcadia," producing a cumulative effect, but Sidney's literary talent can be brought out sufficiently by reference to the main traits which I have enumerated. First, the comedy. Though the situations are largely borrowed from ancient writers, he has manipulated them with a rare instinct for their possibilities. It is a question whether even Shakespeare, except for one detail, has greatly improved upon a bit of farce to which Sidney showed him the way. The duel between Viola in disguise and Sir Andrew in "Twelfth Night" is anticipated by the encounter of two cowards in the third book of the "Arcadia." Shakespeare, by having one of the combatants a girl, touches the situation with prettiness and a certain refinement. Here is the challenge of Damætas to Clinias, which should be read in connection with Sir Andrew's well-known bravado:

> O Clinias, thou Clinias, the wickedest worm that ever went upon two legs; the very fritter of frauds, and seething pot of iniquity: I, Damætas, chief governour of all the royal cattle, and also of Pamela (whom thy Master most perniciously hath suggested out of my dominion), do defy thee, in a mortal affray from the bodkin to the pike upward. Which if thou dost presume to take in hand, I will out of that superfluous body of thine make thy soul to be evacuated.

The words being delivered, Clinias bade the messenger to "tell the lout that sent him, that he disdained to have anything to do with him." But men were present to prick both parties on, and the duel had to take place, though Damætas, for one, was eager for it—when he fancied that his challenge would not be accepted. "Then lo, Damætas began to speak his loud voice, to look big, to march up and down, and in his march to lift his legs higher than he was wont, swearing by no mean devotions that the walls should not keep the coward from him; but he would fetch him out of his conniebcrrie." His shield was to bear the following device: a plough with the oxen loosed from it, a sword with the many arms and legs it had cut off, and a great army of pens and inkhorns and books. All these were to mean that he had left the plough to do such bloody deeds that a host of writers would be kept busy to "historify" them. Asked why he wrote no motto on the shield, he replied that "that was indeed like the painter that sayeth in his picture, 'Here is the dog, and here is the hare.'" The comedy, which is developed at considerable length, never flags, and the manner in which Sidney delays the climax by some fresh surprise and sharpens the action by precise "gesture lines" makes the scene one of the notable farces in English literature. If it is not quite the equal of Shakespeare's, it may be compared without disadvantage with the similar scene in "The Rivals."

Sidney also keeps well sustained the fun of Pyrocles's disguise as the Amazon Zelmane. The doting of the old king, who takes him for a maiden, and the competition of mother and daughter, who know him to be a man, lead up to a roaring climax when Pyrocles makes an appointment separately with king and queen to meet him in a cave, but leaves them shamefacedly to confront each other. Of elaborate comic scenes there are few in the "Arcadia," but innumerable funny situations are roughly sketched. Musidorus in shepherd's dress trying to reveal his identity to Pamela by making love in her presence to the wench Mopsa, while Pamela, seeing his game, holds him for a time to his ostensible avowal; his leaving the deluded Mopsa later to wait in a tree for his return when, unknown to her, he has eloped with Pamela; a proposal by deputy having the same result as Miles Standish's; and a score of other such devices witness to a rollicking humor which, if it had had the outlet of drama, might have been long acclaimed.* This statement may sound extreme to those who judge Sidney by the bits of extravagant grotesque found particularly in his battle scenes. But these are manifestly supposed to embody that grim epic humor to which even Homer was not averse, or to furnish a contrast to more refined scenes—the sort of foil beloved of Spenser.

III.

I have said that Sidney's chance of inventing what might have been the first of modern novels was gone when he sacrificed character-study to the surprises of situation, yet a novel might still be easily made out of the "Arcadia" by a deal of pruning and by slightly developing the lines of character which are clearly marked out. The contrast furnished by the two girls, the somewhat independent yet feminine Pamela and the yielding, winsome Philoclea, is well recognized. The former has often been compared with Richardson's maiden of the same name. A truer comparison would link Pamela and her sister with Shakespearean heroines. Sidney's women have, in fact, much in common with Shakespeare's, especially lightheartedness, archness, humor, and love of banter. Pamela, in love with Musidorus, is listening as he tells the tale of his cousin Pyrocles, and interrupts so far as to say, "And therein you may (if you list) say something of that same Musidorus, his cousin, because, they going together, the story of Pyrocles (which I only desire) may be better understood." Philoclea is less patient: "But go forward, dear Pyrocles, I long to hear out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the best part of your story." The repartee of Philoclea and Pyrocles, whose Amazonian disguise is not yet suspected, is strikingly like the exchanges of Orlando and Rosalind while the latter is playing the man. Later, Philoclea, anxious and yet loath to reveal her love, catches precisely Juliet's manner: "Shall I seek far-fetched inventions? True it is, alas, too true it is, O Zelmane (for so I love to call thee, since in that name my love first began, and in the shade of that name my love shall best lie hidden) that even while so thou wert (what eye bewitched me I know not), my passions were fitter to desire than to be desired. Shall I say, then, I am sorry, or that my love must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to Pyrocles? . . . Thy virtue won me; with virtue preserve me. Dost thou love me? Keep me then still worthy to be beloved." Nor will any one fail to see a resemblance to the embryonic Juliet, namely, to Julia of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," in Pamela's toying with a missive received from Musidorus after he, for his too great ardor, has had to be disciplined:

*"The May Lady," a dramatic interlude composed by Sidney to entertain the Queen at Wanstead, the Earl of Leicester's castle, in 1578, is too slight a thing to afford a measure of his ability. Therion, a forester, and Espilus, a shepherd, contend in argument and amœbæan song for the possession of the Lady of May. This is much the sort of thing occasionally met with in the "Arcadia." Some fairly good fun is supplied by Rombus, a pedant, who utters a deal of bad Latin and Latinate English.

But when she saw the letter, her heart gave her from whence it came. And therefore, clapping it to again, she went away from it, as if it had been a contagious garment of an infected person; and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loath to read it. Shall I (said she) second his boldness so far as to read his presumptuous letters? And yet (said she) he sees me not to grow the bolder thereby. And how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therefore not worthy to be received; and yet the paper (she thought) was not guilty. At last, she concluded, it were not much amiss to look it over, that she might out of his words pick some further quarrel against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, and took it up again, till (ere she were aware) her eyes would needs read it.

The debt of Shakespeare's women to John Lyly has been stated many times; what they may owe to Sidney has never been sufficiently studied.

Characterization in the "Arcadia," as might be suspected, comes out incidentally, one might say inevitably, rather than from design. The occasional penetrating sentiment which has made the passion of "Astrophel and Stella" appear to be something more than pretence, is met with in almost as poignant form in the longer work. Musidorus, in momentary difficulties with Pamela, began "to bewail not for himself (whom he hated) but that so notable a love should perish." At one point Philoclea was embarrassed by her own boldness, "whereat she blushed, and yet kissed him again to hide her blushing." On another occasion the same lady for a while "did nothing but turn up and down, as if she had hoped to turn away the fancy that mastered her, and hid her face, as if she could have hidden herself from her own fancies." With but a few strokes Mopsa is made into a veritable Audrey. "In faith, you jest with me: you are a merry man indeed," is her sufficient way of discrediting a nobleman's advances, and nothing could be more in character than her voluble, inconsequential manner when she receives permission to tell a tale. One of the shepherds, being asked to give an opinion of the pretending shepherd, Musidorus, says tartly: "The lad may prove well enough, if he oversoon think not too well of himself, and will bear away that he heareth of his elders." So much has been made of Lyly's innovation, evident in his plays, of distinguishing the speech of the low-born from that of the nobility that Sidney's similar, earlier achievement might properly be dwelt on. How far he was in advance of Robert Greene in this respect is brought home by the instance of Margaret, daughter of a gamekeeper, in "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," who glibly quotes Virgil.

Richardson's indebtedness to certain of Sidney's characters has often been felt, but has never been precisely stated. It is difficult to illustrate; yet every one must recognize the hints which were at the disposal of the later writer. The introspection and powers of self-analysis which some of the personages in the "Arcadia" possessed, especially when examining the sentiment of love, were just the kind of thing to appeal strongly to Richardson; his kinship here to Sidney is much more marked than to the author of "Euphues," in which work the similar examinations partake less of the modern spirit than of the conventions of courtly love. Usually, as I have previously said, Sidney lacks the dead-level seriousness of Richardson, but in one scene, where Pamela, urged by the wicked woman Cecropia to yield up her virtue, upholds the cause of chastity and of God's right purposes, it might be Richardson's heroine talking; though at this point she is equally to be compared to the Lady in "Comus," where the very situation is substantially repeated.

IV.

The language of the "Arcadia" has caused greater annoyance to those who have merely dipped into it than to the few who know it well. It is so easy to make a great to-do over scattered sentences like the following: "And so, as they sate devising how to give more feathers to the wings of Time," etc.; or "her handkerchief, which had lately drunk up the tears of her eyes," etc. The chances are that if the prose style of the day had not been discredited by Euphuism, Sidney's work, which has next to nothing in common with Lyly's, would receive fairer treatment. Pathetic fallacy it is guilty of, though not so enormously as is generally supposed; but Shakespeare sinned in that way, too. And it is noteworthy that when Sidney reads into inanimate objects human sentiments, his analogies are at least precise on the surface. When the girls have finished bathing in the Ladon, which has grown amorous after such an experience, and are drying themselves, "the water (with some drops) seemed to weep, that it should part from such bodies." Owing to the tricks of the Petrarchists, the whole universe was easily conceived of as being thrilled by a lady's beauty, and Sidney, while falling in with the habit, strove more than most for accurate likenesses. Not infrequently one runs across such a choice bit as this: "Her lips, although they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite the guests that looked on them; her cheeks blushing, and withal when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses when their leaves are with a little breath stirred." If it is said that prose is tortured by the general run of Sidney's analogies, then the same charge, in less degree, must be brought against Bacon in the Essays. He himself might have written Sidney's comment on a dog coming out of the river, "shaking off the water (as great men do their friends) now he had no further cause to use it."

Naturally, the language of the "Arcadia" will never again come into use; though it is perhaps worth noting that for Sidney's "goodly cypress, who bowing her fair head over the water, it seemed she looked into it, and dressed her green locks by that running river," the purist Hawthorne has an overhanging tree beside the river at Concord which with its outstretched arms appears ready to dive in. But I would not dismiss Sidney's style with an apology; it was too much a part of himself to deserve anything of the sort. If Spenser could catch the poetry of a mere fleck of light, the sunshine in a grove or the glint of a stream, Sidney's language seldom fails to bring out the tender beauty of the humblest surroundings:

It [the picture] was of a young maid which sate pulling out a thorn out of a lamb's foot, with her look so attentive upon it, as if that little foot could have been the circle of her thoughts.

H. DEW. F.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The late Edward N. Crane, of Newark (who died suddenly in June, 1911), had been for the last eight or ten years an enthusiastic collector of Americana, especially of New Jersey books. His library, it is announced, will be sold at auction this coming spring by the George H. Richmond Literature Company, of this city.

Few books are rarer than the first publications relating to New Jersey. Of the six thin tracts published by the Scottish Proprietors, 1676-1685, Mr. Crane was able to procure two:

(1.) "An Abstract, or Abbreviation of some Few of the Many (Later and Former) Testimonys from the Inhabitants of New-Jersey, and other Eminent Persons," London, 1681. Of this, the second book on New Jersey, four other copies are known, in the John Carter Brown Library, British Museum, and Huntington and Halsey collections. (2.) "An Advertisement Concerning the Province of East-New-Jersey in America. Published for the Information of such as are desirous to be concerned therein, or to transport themselves thereto." Edinburgh, 1685. Of this piece only two other copies are known, one in the New York Public Library, the other in the Huntington collection.

Other New Jersey books, slightly less rare than the two named above, which Mr. Crane procured are:

(3.) George Scott's "Model of the Government of the Province of East-New-Jersey in America: And Encouragement for such as Design to be concerned there." Edinburgh, 1685. Of this book, some fifteen or sixteen copies are recorded. The Crane copy was formerly Mr. Lefferts's, and is of the variety intended, it is supposed, for circulation in England, pp. 37, 38 having been reprinted. The variety intended for circulation in Scotland, with the passage recommending religious freedom as an inducement for emigration, is the rarer.

(4.) Thomas Budd's "Good Order established in Pennsylvania & New Jersey in America," 1685. Although the book bears no place of printing, the imprint reading simply "Printed in the year 1685," there is little doubt that it was printed in Philadelphia by William Bradford, and was, except for an almanac, the first book printed by him. Some eight or ten copies have been traced.

(5.) Thomas's "Historical and Geographical Account of the Province and Country of Pennsylvania and of West-New-Jersey," London, 1698. The Crane copy is fine and crisp in the original binding. It was formerly in Newbold Edgar's library, dispersed privately.

The rarest book in Mr. Crane's library is probably "A Discourse and View of Virginia," by Gov. William Berkeley, a thin pamphlet of twelve pages, printed, probably, in 1662. The only other copy known is in the British Museum. Neither of these two copies has a title-page, and it is possible that none was ever printed, though, as the text begins on A2, it is certain that a leaf of some kind, possibly only a blank, is lacking.

Among other early books on Virginia are Robert Johnson's "Nova Britannia" (1609) and "New Life of Virginia" (1612); Smith's "General Historie" (1624), with first issue of title-page and with the rare slip of errata; Bullock's "Virginia Impartially Examined and left to Public View" (1649); Beverly's "History of Virginia" (1722); and Jones's "Present State of Virginia" (1724).

Mr. Crane was always much interested in collections of Voyages. He acquired the Eugene Paillet copy of the first French collection of voyages, "Extrait ou Recueil des Isles Nouvellement Trouvés" (1532), in an elaborate binding. His set of voyages published by Hulsius, which is complete (with minor imperfections), formerly belonged to the late E. D. Church, who disposed of it when he purchased the great Henry Stevens set, for which he paid $6,500. The first collection of voyages in English, Peter Martyr's "Decades of the New World," translated by Richard Eden (1555), is in the library, though the copy is an inferior one. Hakluyt's first collection, "Divers Voyages touching the discoverie of America" (1582), is one of the rarest and most interesting of books, though, as usual, both maps are in facsimile. Hakluyt's enlarged "Voyages" (1589) and the final collection in three volumes (1598-1600), as well as Samuel Purchas's "Pilgrimes," five volumes (1625-26), made up partly from manuscripts left by Hakluyt, are in the library, besides Ramusio, Linschoten, Montanus, Pinkerton, and other later collections.

The series of editions of Las Casas is remarkable. Besides the nine original Spanish tracts, there are numerous translations, including the one in English, "The Spanish Colonie" (1583), the most valuable of all.

Among books on Canada and the Northern Frontier are Champlain's "Voyages" of 1613, 1619, 1620, 1632, and 1640, all perfect, except the last, which has the large map in facsimile. The editions of 1620 and 1640 are merely title editions, the text being identical with the books of 1619 and 1632. The series of editions of Lescarbot's "Nouvelle France" is equally good. There are French editions of 1609, 1611, 1612, and 1618, the first and last being fine copies from the Charles H. Kalbfleisch collection, afterwards Newbold Edgar's. There is also the English edition (1609), translated at Hakluyt's suggestion by P. Erondelle, a French schoolmaster in London.

Alsop's "Character of the Province of Maryland" (1665); Denton's "Brief Description of New York, formerly called New Netherland" (1670), the date, as usual, cut off by the binder; Wood's "New Englands Prospect" (1634), first edition with the correct map, and Hubbard's "Present State of New England" (1677) are other books in English of first-class importance.

We mention last, because of most importance, the Latin Columbus letter. This is Plannck's second edition (Rome, 1493), four leaves, a fine and perfect copy. It was formerly the Astor Library copy, sold a few years ago as a duplicate by the New York Public Library.

Correspondence

MR. HENRY C. LEA'S "HISTORY OF THE INQUISITION."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of January 16 occurs the following passage in the Paris correspondence of S. D.:

M. Bratli says of Henry C. Lea [author of the "History of the Inquisition"]: "He cites papers and documents from nearly all the archives of Europe, without its being known that he anywhere undertook personal researches"—an insinuation which may have point where persons like Philip II are concerned, but is to no purpose in matters concerning the Inquisition.

Your learned and esteemed correspondent doubtless did not perceive the unfortunate impression which this passage might give to those readers who were not already aware of the unimpeachable standards of accurate and original scholarship adhered to during a lifetime by the late Mr. Henry C. Lea. The facts have been elsewhere placed on record, by Prof. Edward Potts Cheyney, of the University of Pennsylvania, in an obituary notice of Mr. Lea, published in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society, Vol. I, 1911, No. 198. Believing that they ought to be publicly noted also in the same columns where the French author's unjust insinuation was printed, I wrote to Philadelphia, and with permission now make the quotation below from a letter of Professor Cheyney, dated January 28, 1913. The quotation specifically meets the insinuation:

Mr. Lea had a large body of manuscript material copied from various European archives by thoroughly competent copyists; and these copies are still in existence, and accessible to any one, in his library. I have gone over many of them, both with him during his lifetime, and in the process of classification with one of my colleagues, Mr. Howland, since his death. They are not only systematically and carefully made transcripts, but are annotated all through by his own hand, indicating the use he made of them. Work done by official, semi-official, or other capable copyists is universally considered to be just as authoritative material as if the author went himself directly to the actual original. In fact, the use of printed sources is obviously dependent on the work of such copyists. . . . Any question of the originality of the materials used by Mr. Lea, or of his patient care in their use, seems absurd to any one who was familiar with his habits of work.

Apropos of histories of the Inquisition, it is proper to mention here a book, not named by your learned correspondent, which, until the appearance of De Cauzons's work, reviewed by him, gave the most authoritative account of the ecclesiastical courts and procedure of the Middle Ages—I mean Fournier's "Les Officialités au moyen âge" (1880). Unfortunately, it is now out of print; I have not seen it offered in the book-lists once during the past ten years; and Professor Fournier apparently is not to give us a second edition. Any one who knows of a copy that can be consulted in this country will do a favor by letting me know.

JOHN H. WIGMORE.

Northwestern University, February 15.

EXPLOITING THE PHILIPPINES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a hopeful sign that the President-elect has publicly expressed sentiments in close accord with your editorial (November 14, 1912), on the "Philippines Question."

Mr. Wilson is popularly reputed to be of conservative tendencies, and, in all likelihood, will make haste slowly in forcing any radical recommendations upon the Congress. It is a foregone conclusion that the Jones bill or any measure affecting the present *status quo* will develop active opposition. In such cases the usual procedure is a compromise pending the investigation of a Congressional committee or a Presidential commission. The personnel of such bodies is usually composed of distinguished public men of high standing.

During a residence of more than eleven years in the Philippines, and in pursuits that have taken me many times throughout the archipelago from the Batanes to the Sulu Sea, I have observed that distinguished visitors see these islands and meet their people under conditions not of a sort to give them a close insight into actual conditions. We have here a well-organized defensive league whose explicit duties are to "steer" visitors of prominence so that they may not come into contact with any disturbing or inharmonious elements. The agents are paid for this purpose, and the "Filipino pays the freight."

When the late Secretary of War, Dickinson, was here, his itinerary was not only prearranged, but he was carefully policed night and day, in order that no American or Filipino known to have dissenting views from the policy of the Administration should have access to him.

To cement our grip upon these possessions we have effected a masterpiece of diplomatic tact. In ten years, notwithstanding a stationary population, and without any reduction whatsoever of the high-salaried American staff, we have nearly doubled (see Blue Book) the civil-service roster of low-salaried native employees. Now all the past records of the Filipino Assembly show a desire and effort to administer affairs with the closest economy consistent with efficiency. As some thousands of these appointments were made for no other reason than to justify our boast that we are inducting the native into the art of government, one-half or more of them would, under a Filipino régime, be summarily dismissed as supernumeraries. But the burning question is, which half?

Our brilliant *coup* has worked out to make both halves united and solid supporters of America. Our every energy is now concentrated upon goading this patient people into some overt or treasonable act which shall call for the intervention of the mailed fist, in order that we may shout aloud in triumph, "We told you so." A trivial petty larceny we magnify into "Threatened Insurrection," writ large. At a recent banquet, poor little Quezon used these words: "The United States had better give us our freedom. It will be better for them to do so, and better for the Filipinos." The next day the American newspapers had, under fearsome scarcheads: "Quezon makes veiled threats against the authority of the United States." And even Bishop Brent used his pulpit to denounce this act of "black ingratitude." This, however, is not the first time in the history of our country that the pulpit has thundered in behalf of the sacred institution of slavery.

WM. S. LYON.

Manila, January 6.

HEADLINE ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Whether the headlines of one's morning paper are matter for laughter or tears is largely a question of the reader's temperament. As in the case of Atticus, there is often ground enough for both—especially on the part of those who are interested in the potent influences at work upon our speech. For in its striving for certain praiseworthy ends—brevity, conciseness, tellingness of phrase—the newspaper headline occasionally plays fantastic tricks before high heaven. I subjoin a few samples, clipped from the representative newspapers of one of our largest cities. And I hasten to add, in order to forestall an amply warranted skepticism, that the originals are all in my possession.

The first batch offers exercises in ingenuity. "Woman Fires Self Lighting Pipe" leaves one in some suspense as to what was really fired, but the statement is lucid in comparison with another from the same paper: "To Pen for Killing Over One Cent." The paragraph thus headed contains an account of a sentence to the penitentiary imposed upon one Stanley Wesnewski for the killing of Frank Mantowski in a dispute over the possession of one cent. Through the labyrinth of the following (there *is* a clue!) one may wander at will: "Judge Orders Man Suing Wife Said She Saw in Hall Brought In." "Men Nearly Blind Suitor Girl Favors" does blunder round about a meaning; but the purport of the next remains greatly dark: "Sees No House Row Harm; Mayor Says Body Has No Important Legislation Control Split Delays." "Light Clerks Macbeth Supes" is the terse summary of a paragraph recounting how the clerks of a certain light and power company were employed as supernumeraries in a performance of "Macbeth." And a momentary shock of surprise has its compensating pleasure as the following grows upon one: "Large Plymouth Rock Hen Lays Toy Egg on Drop in Market Price"—a triumph probably of the same artist who had previously written: "Ex-Bankers' Head is Dead." The mysterious caption, "Raps Tear-Making Rites," heads an account of a clergyman's statement that "the old idea of having the funeral an intentionally tear-producing affair was out of date"; while "Grips Convict Toil Poser" is headline English for "tackles the problem of convict labor."

Moreover, to the headline is due a rapid enrichment of our vocabulary. It has long been a matter of course that all legislators should be "Solons," all aldermen "city fathers," all detectives "sleuths," and all aviators "bird men." But it is with a wild surmise that one greets "Crop Sage Who Advises Buy Direct from Farm," until one sees below the line the features of Secretary Wilson, and learns that the Crop Sage is the "Agricultural Secretary" (*sic*). A few days later the same paper offers the following: "Biscuit Baron Finds South Outstrips North in Progress." The Biscuit Baron turns out to be "the millionaire President of the National Biscuit Company." "Defends Alien-Getters" calls attention to the defence of a certain State Board of Immigration. But it is in a rival paper that the following gem appears: "Angry at Being Shot Shootee Beats Shooter." It may be added that the headline (observed last week), "Gun Thought Empty Discharges, Striking Gamebearer in Van," is not designed to convey anatomical information, but merely to state the fact that the "shootee" was walking ahead of the "shooter"!

The headlines, too, are magnificently Elizabethan in the freedom with which any part of speech is made to do duty for any other. "Held, Due to River Death"; "Puts Baron Canteen Father"; "Eyesore Fate in Doubt"; "Cites Jap Christ Hatred"; "Two Die of Stair Falls"; "Woman Steals as Sleuth Step"; "Mr. —— to Travel-Talk"; "To Honeymoon in South Africa"; "Crawls Snow to School"; "Races Continent with Death."

Nor is chaste elegance of style without its votaries. "Tolstoi Memorial Frost; Fire-eaters, Slamming American Conduct, Spoil Cincinnati Tribute"; "Pop Concert Audience Dents Lid in Encores"; "St. Louisan, Broke Abroad, Peels Liner Spuds to Get Home"; "Bible Revisionists Combing Europe" (glossed for the uninitiated in the sub-head: "Papal Commission Has Envoys Searching Libraries of Many Nations"); "Titled Touts to Get Frosty Glare." Occasionally the headliner even shows that he has drunk of Aganippe's well: "Jug of Wine, Can of Paint and Thou Leads to Jail."

And newspaper headlines are more widely read than anything else in print.

JOHN LIVINGSTON LOWES.

Washington University, January 29.

"TRIPE-VISAGED."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the second part of "Henry IV," act 5, scene 4, line 9, Doll Tearsheet applies to the beadle, who has come to arrest her, the epithet of "tripe-visaged rascal." It had never occurred to me that there was any obscurity in the term until recently I saw it defined in the Century Dictionary as: "Having a face resembling tripe, either in paleness or sallowness, or in being flabby, baggy, and expressionless." This at once impressed me because it varied so widely from the sense that I had attributed to the term, and I investigated further. I was surprised to find it given in Schmidt's Shakespeare Lexicon as: "An epithet applied by Doll Tearsheet to the beadle, in a sense probably not quite clear to herself (pale? sallow?)."

Now it appears quite evident to me that the sweet-tempered Doll knew just what she meant and meant just what she and the beadle both understood the term to mean. The surface of a piece of tripe has a pitted appearance dreadfully suggestive of pock-marks, and doubtless Doll used the most offensive term she could think of for an equivalent of "pock-faced." The frequency with which the allusion to pock-marks occurred in that age is shown by such expressions as "pocke eaten," 1550; "pock-fretten," 1640; "poke frekyns," 1530; "poik-braik," 1568, etc. F. STURGES ALLEN.

Springfield, Mass., February 14.

Literature

YOUNG CHINA.

Recent Events and Present Policies in China. By J. O. P. Bland, joint author, with E. Backhouse, of "China Under the Empress Dowager." Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $4 net.

Mr. Bland's long experience in China entitles him to respect as an authority. To the question, "What are the prospects of Young China's evolving an effective and acceptable administration under the Republic before the dangerous elements of the community shall have thrown off the last remnants of control?" he replies that "salvation from this quarter is impossible: not only because Young China itself is unregenerate and undisciplined, but because its ideals and projects of government involve the creation of a new social and political structure utterly unsuited to the character and traditions of the race; because it is contrary to all experience that a people cut off from its deep-rooted beliefs and habits of life should develop and retain a vigorous national consciousness." But there are other authorities who are as optimistic about the future of China as Mr. Bland is pessimistic: Dr. Morrison and "Putnam Weale," for example. What is the layman to think when experts such as these disagree?

The natural answer to such a question is the affirmation that all opinions are probably equally worthless. But the opinion of a recognized publicist in a critical affair like that of China at the moment goes far to mould public opinion in the Western world, and the voice of the people ultimately shapes the policies of such countries as enjoy free government. What observers like Mr. Bland believe or say should be considered with some attention. He prophesies ill for a rule as unsteady as that of Peking during the past year. The Peking corre-

spondent of the London *Times* describes the Government of China as still "dangerously invertebrate"; nevertheless, that Government holds on without any serious menace to its authority. While the southern provinces incline to lawless obstruction and the fringes of the empire are menaced by foreign nations, trade and the revenue continue to increase and the central administration receives substantial if not sufficient funds. The truth seems to be that no estimate of Chinese affairs is adequate which is based upon the principles of political philosophy as accepted in the West. China has retained the instinct for self-preservation inherent in communities of the mediæval type where the people, if allowed to work, can live off the ground they cultivate without much concern for the interruption of either imports or exports. They constitute a political entity that is virtually indestructible. We have forgotten that this has long ceased to be the case with European states, the richest of which would be strangled by any serious derangement in the machinery of its administration or of its relations with the outside world. Mr. Bland has overlooked this essential difference between a state of the antique type and the scientifically organized commercial powers. The repetitious discussion carried through the five hundred pages of his book presents a travesty on Mr. Cleveland's famous dictum, for here it is a theory, not a situation, that confronts us. Were we to accept his theory of inevitable collapse in China, the effect upon her immediate future might well be disastrous in removing from her the sympathetic attention of neutral Powers upon whose moral support in the throes of transition she has some right to rely.

It is not easy to controvert the author's main contention that the programme of the revolution is impossible of achievement. It is, of course, a tremendous experiment: who can say that it will succeed? The premises of his argument rest mainly upon the principles enunciated by John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer—principles so generally accepted in the Caucasian world where they were propounded that any logical deduction from them obtains assent from Western readers. The trouble with this proceeding seems to lie in the fallacy, quite unsuspected by these readers, of applying to the Oriental a philosophy the fundamentals of which are very imperfectly supported by political experience in the East. On the other hand, the range and complexity of the subject are so great that, after we have thrown away our old text-books, no Western student is as yet competent to declare a new system upon which the course of events can be reasonably interpreted. We may in a vague way discern in China more definite influence derived from kinship and from belief in the prevalence of departed spirits than in Europe; a less definite conviction than we have in logical processes of reasoning and in such institutions as jurisprudence and the Church. These generalities do not go very far, nor can they be assumed as postulates, but in view of our inadequate grasp of the problem we should be extremely wary in committing ourselves to deduction.

As Mr. Bland does commit himself freely to deductions, an examination of some of his statements ought to be permitted, whatever may be said for the bases of his disquisition. Perhaps it is due to temperament that he fails to discover religious inspiration of any sort in China. "The effects of Western education," he says, "reflect the callous agnosticism of the masses; hardly a whisper, in all this valley of dry bones, of any vivifying breath. The glory that once was China has departed, like that of Greece and Rome, because of the decay of religious faith and worship." Others who have lived there and who know as much of China as he report the matter differently. From them we learn that the Chinese are susceptible to inspiration of a purely spiritual kind and actually show better than most Asiatics their appreciation of a living faith. The fact that, being a practical people, their reverence does not assume the ecstatic or sensual forms familiar in India and Burma should not blind us to its existence and reality in China, or make us forget that in the Superior Man of Confucius or in the older conception of *Tao* the Chinese have long been animated by ideas of the highest spiritual significance. In such an issue we must prefer the testimony of many observers to that of one. A similar tendency to discredit the spiritual side of Chinese character seems to inspire the author's assertion that "loyalty to a leader is the rarest of Chinese virtues." Chinese patriotism has been sadly bedraggled during the last century of Manchu truculence and corruption, but it is not likely in so brief a time to have disappeared from a race which can display numerous brilliant examples of that virtue in thirty centuries of recorded history. Loyalty is a spirit that may take protean forms and even mask under disguises. In China, where alone until recently the educated Chinese could conceive of life as worth living, it has ever been a spirit of fealty to one's class or interests within the empire. Until they learned of the existence of other states equal in culture and strength to their own, whose ambitions were capable of antagonizing China's superior claims, they had no more idea of applying the term to their country than have we to the inhabited globe. Now, in their newly-born consciousness of foreign rivalry, they are clearly moved by the devotion and even chivalry inspired by a true love of country, however confused by the "shouting of unstable and interested politicians, blind leaders of the blind, without permanent inspiration or consistent purpose."

While in these and some other respects Mr. Bland does not appear to have made his contention good against those who read the Chinese spirit differently, he is justified in ridiculing the idea that old habits and traditions will be transformed through the magic of the word "Republic." There is nothing divine, nothing compelling, in the name. The causes of the uprising against the Manchus were chiefly economic, and the proclaiming of the Republic by the Cantonese was, if you please, an act of inspired selfishness. The South has never raised a man who could control China, and it is unlikely that it ever will. But in acumen and dexterity the men of Kwangtung and Fuhkien are superior as a whole to those of the other provinces. They perceived a better chance for their future participation in the general government in a copartnership under representative institutions than in the hopeless attempt to force a southern dynasty upon the nation. There are seeds of trouble in the antagonism between South and North, as there were for Japan at the beginning of the Meiji era in the jealousy and ambitions of Satsuma, but the prospect for some sort of cohesion is certainly greater under a republic, however imperfect, than under a dynastic leader from one or the other of the rival factions. English writers not infrequently exhibit the prejudice against republican forms that is generally to be found in English "society." It is possible that Mr. Bland is influenced by a feeling common to his class, and that he overlooks the fact that a monarchy conducted "constitutionally" in a country which has only known an autocratic control involves as radical a change as a republic. He thinks rightly that a political *volte-face* like this may leave the people of China ignorant of its purport, but his deduction from this does not necessarily follow. The utter absence of political consciousness among the masses is not so much a menace as a safeguard against indefinite continuance of the turmoil. This proved to be the case in Japan. These are peoples who have always left the conduct of politics to their betters. If the literati could agree among themselves as to problems of statecraft, they would obey orders. To them the proof of the pudding always lay in the eating; if a mismanaged state induced economic distress, they troubled very little about the recipe, but went out with staves to look for the cook. The intellectuals are, therefore, fairly justified by age-old pre-

cedents in assuming entire control and in establishing, with the ballot, qualifications for a "silk-gowned franchise"; it is a sensible precaution of the brain of the body politic against the lust and passion of its still unregulated members. The people of China must be "managed" for a long time to come, and it is fitting that they should be controlled and educated by the class which they have always respected—a class recruited, however, from the best of the common folk. That this class is feeling its way towards new and strange forms of government to free the nation from insufferable evils of the past, amid appalling risks from a civilized world beyond their own, is an aspect of the case which calls for friendly consideration rather than a too particular criticism of motives and methods.

It is this phase of the problem of changing China which inspires our strictures upon Mr. Bland's discussion. His creditable career entitles his views to respectful examination. They are advanced with ability, but they are supported almost entirely by his personal observation and remain, after all, personal opinions the value of which can only be tested by time. If they are accepted in this country as a reason for condemning a valiant if quixotic effort of China's young enthusiasts to rescue their nation from the fate of ancient Babylonia, they may do some harm.

CURRENT FICTION.

[THE NORTHWEST AND GILBERT PARKER.]

The Man at Lone Lake. By Virna Sheard. New York: Cassell & Co.

Corporal Cameron of the Northwest Mounted Police. By Ralph Connor. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Pierre and His People. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Romany of the Snows. The same.

Northern Lights. The same.

Mrs. Falchion. The same.

The other day, in reviewing "The Long Portage," by Harold Bindloss (November 21, 1912), we noted that the fiction of the Canadian Northwest is now the product of a well-understood convention. Such is the fate of all frontier fiction. Those bold types of humanity in untrammelled action which thrill a law-abiding and sedentary public run quickly into grooves, and are seen to act according to established rule. The miner, the cowboy, the bad Indian, the gambler, the tenderfoot, the woodsman, the female camp-follower, the sheriff, the dive-keeper, the athletic "sky-pilot," the Yankee school-marm, the half-breed, the beautiful and virtuous daughter of the ranch—these pretty well exhaust the types to be encountered in our far-Western fiction. And the very clearness of their outlines sets a limit to their usefulness in the hands of a serious story-teller. Bret Harte, in later years, could only imitate himself, his Californians became pale shadows of the figures which he had once made vivid and famous. The miner, the desperado, the cowboy, are already, as it were, set pieces. A great artist may yet conceivably give them new meaning, but they seem destined to live chiefly in the hands of the melodramatist, the "short-story" expert, and the "photoplay-wright."

The fiction of the Canadian Northwest is of somewhat younger growth, and the process of hardening has not gone so far as with our ranch and trail literature. But it is well under way. Many of its human types are virtually the same as ours—with a French or British accent. Two of them, and the dominant two, are radically different. His red coat and imperial authority give the mounted policeman an immense advantage over the county sheriff in civilian clothes who stands casually for the law on our side of the line. The very title of sheriff is a bit dingy and dubious, almost as likely to belong to the dupe or the villain of American romance as to its hero. There is no doubt about the mounted policeman. He is, so far as we are able to learn, always right and always picturesque.

The second distinct type is the Younger Son, corrupted or flung off by civilization and destined to become a man in the Bush before the death of the heir makes him a nobleman at home. This is evidently a different person from our tenderfoot, a person of consequence, to be regarded with solicitude, not ridicule. Our tenderfoot is reformed sufficiently for our purposes when he has learned to bust a broncho, pull a gun, and "irrigate" freely without showing it. The Younger Son is reformed when he has purged his system of alcohol and "side" and learned to pick up a living with his hands. He is then fitted to return to civilization and prove that a lord's a man for a' that.

Of this type is the "man at Lone Lake." He has turned hermit in the Bush, to fight the morphia habit. His only neighbor is an old trapper, whose daughter has run away from him because she cannot bear his trade. She takes refuge in a convent, and sends him word that she will never come back till he gives up his trapping. Finally he is struck down by paralysis, and sends the man at Lone Lake to bring the girl back—his trapping days are over. Of course, the man and the girl fall in love, the man conquers his appetite for morphia, succeeds to a baronetcy, and returns to England with his bride—not, however, without difficulties in connection with a villanous half-breed, who abducts the girl. She is rescued by the god of novelists, and the villain dies at the hands of an officer of the Mounted Police.

Corporal Cameron is not heir to a baronetcy but to a Highland chieftainship. At his Scottish university he is a wonderful football player, and not incapable of scholarship, but drink brings about his disgrace on field and in classroom. He proves unfit for business, and goes to Canada as a failure. There he achieves success as a farm-hand, as a member of a surveyor's gang, and finally as a mounted policeman.

At the beginning of the third book, when one has a little wearied of descriptions of farm life, local merry-makings, and the like, the action accommodatingly bursts into melodrama, and thereafter matters are lively enough. Cameron is kidnapped by a whiskey-runner, miraculously escapes death a half-dozen times, joins the Mounted Police, and quickly becomes "the best man on the force." Most remarkable of all is the development of "heart-interest" in the later pages of the story. A shapeless, grammarless, unclean farm-wench, whom the earlier chapters have displayed hopelessly enamoured of Cameron, is in two years transformed by the power of love into a golden-haired, graceful, manicured, and radiant damsel, fit and destined to be the mate of Corporal Cameron.

What Bret Harte was to the American frontier, Gilbert Parker is to the Canadian Northwest. The fact is brought home by the first three volumes of the new Imperial Edition of his works, which contain his earlier short stories in this popular field. Sir Gilbert's introduction to the first of these volumes, "Pierre and His People," gives an account of their origin. He was born and educated in Canada, but at twenty became editor of a newspaper in Sydney, and spent the following years writing or roving in Australia and the South Seas. But the life of the Canadian frontier held his imagination, and when in 1889 he came to London, he brought with him a collection of tales of the Northwest. Aspiring to publish them, he got Archibald Forbes to read them. Forbes's sole comment was that the young writer had "the best collection of titles he had ever known." Parker took the hint, and burned them all that night. The next day, pausing aimlessly before the window of a second-hand shop, he saw the leather coat and fur cap of a Hudson Bay Company trapper. "At that window," he says, "I began to build upon the ashes of last night's fire." Pretty Pierre, the original of whom he had known as a child, seemed to look out of the shop-window at him. He went home and began the Pierre series, which first won him a public, and which, as he

justly avers, "was the pioneer of the Far North in fiction."

The story he wrote that night was "The Patrol of the Cypress Hills." Its chief figures are Pretty Pierre and an officer of the Mounted Police; and they or their analogues keep the lead throughout the three volumes of tales here reprinted, and throughout Sir Gilbert's Canadian fiction as a whole. Pierre, the half-breed—gambler, outlaw, and slayer of men—is pictured as, in effect, a Beaucaire of the North. He lives his desperate life with a bloom upon his cheeks, a song upon his lips. His manners are fastidious in their way, and he has a code of honor. He wrongs no woman, and is generous towards many a man. He is, it will be perceived, Bret Harte's Oakhurst, with a different costume and accent. Not that there is question of deliberate imitation: Pretty Pierre is Beaucaire, Oakhurst, Robin Hood—a romantic type of inexhaustible charm and effectiveness. It exists, however imperfectly, in any scantily policed society, from that of the Northwestern frontier to that of certain well-known districts in New York City.

The mounted policeman belongs to another universal type: the chivalrous "cop" is as dear to the popular heart—or almost as dear—as the chivalrous "crook." But the officer of the Northwest has, we have hinted, a special glamour due to his imperial authority. We are now acquiring a true analogue in the United States in the person of the forest ranger, who has already made his appearance in fiction. His authority is more than local, he represents something more to the imagination than even the Government at Washington. But he lacks the glamour of the imperial Rider of the Plains. At the very end of the long and hectic tale called "Mrs. Falchion," a member of the Mounted Police appears just in time to prevent a bloody fracas between a gang of river-drivers and a gang of fishermen. "I am a sergeant of the Mounted Police of Canada!" he cries; "my jurisdiction extends from Winnipeg to Vancouver. You cannot have this man except over my body: and for my body every one of you will pay with your lives; for every blow struck this night there will be a hundred blows. . . ." A little declamatory, a trifle theatrical, these people of Sir Gilbert Parker's—an incorrigible romancer, to whom coincidence is a pillar of cloud, and poetic justice a pillar of fire.

This new edition, which will run to eighteen volumes, is quite as handsome as the editions of Kipling, Stevenson, and Meredith, previously issued by the same publishers. It is to be had only in sets.

GEORGE MOORE AGAIN.

Hail and Farewell. Salve. By George Moore. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.75 net.

The first volume of this trilogy, which was entitled "Ave," set forth in full the considerations and reconsiderations which led Mr. Moore in the days of the Boer War to make a reconnoitring expedition into Ireland and to take counsel with the literary chiefs in Dublin concerning the future of art. This second volume treats of the transference from London to Dublin of his bag and baggage, his Manets and his Monets, of his long and earnest endeavor to become a concordant note in the Irish Renaissance, and of his final tragic conviction that Roman Catholicism was hostile to art, and that "Dogma and Literature were incompatible." The anti-Roman thesis gives to the book a certain tenuous continuity, but it appears to be only incidental to the main purpose of the work.

What this purpose is may best be explained by reference to the nearest French equivalent. In the preface to the great "Journal des Goncourt," brother Edmond says: "We have tried to make our contemporaries live again among posterity in life-like guise, to make them live again by the spirited stenography of a conversation, by the physiological surprise of a gesture, by those flashes of passion in which a personality is revealed, by that *je ne sais quoi* which renders the intensity of life—by noting, in short, a little of that fever which is peculiar to the heady life of Paris." On the 28th of May, 1857, the Goncourt firm entered this thought in their journal: *Un joli titre pour des souvenirs publiés de son vivant: SOUVENIRS DE MA VIE MORTE.* In 1906 Mr. Moore carried out the hint with his "Memoirs of My Dead Life." Add to this his earlier "Confessions of a Young Man" and the trilogy now before us, and the scope of his design becomes apparent: he aspires to be the Goncourt of the English decadence—the Boswell of a literary generation.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the matter of his epos is distinctly inferior. In the French work we are confronted with the real leaders of the generation, the peers of France who received their inheritance from Hugo and Balzac: Flaubert with his life poisoned by remorse for once having coupled two genitives, Gautier exploding in reckless paradox, Sainte-Beuve adorned with earrings of cherries and overflowing in fine malicious chat, Taine disputatious, Scherer coldly circumspect, Renan silent but curious like a respectable woman at a supper of courtesans, Zola comparing notes with Edmond on the pain in his intestines—and much more of less and greater import. This gossip at the lowest is still, so to speak, gossip from the tents of the heroes encamped before Troy. When we turn to Mr. Moore's journals, we are not turning to the Goncourt of a corresponding literary generation in England. We are no longer at the centre of the engagement. We are rather regaled with gossip from the camp-followers of the French movement. It is Symons, and Yeats, and Moore against Sainte-Beuve, and Flaubert, and Zola. On the whole, it is an English "Epigoniad" against a French "Iliad."

Yet as the Goncourt of English "side-issues" Mr. Moore has no rival. He deserves the credit for introducing into English a vivid personal narrative of literary contemporaries, which is almost a new literary form; what though all his heresies were long since anticipated by the guests at the Magny dinners. His work, furthermore, so far as the manner is concerned, possesses both the merits and defects of his French predecessors. He says apparently everything that he pleases without regard to the pleasure of living sensibilities. He mingles delightful bits of reverie with passages of studied grossness, pages of piquant dialogue, epigrams, criticisms of music, art, poetry, characters of the living and the dead. Most of his Irish fellow-workers he sketches with the detachment of a whimsical contempt. Of "dear old" Edward Martyn, one of the lesser dramatists, he writes, with his usual felicity of suggestion:

> A great psychologist might have predicted his solitary life in two musty rooms above a tobacconist's shop, and his last habits, such as pouring his tea into a saucer, balancing the saucer on three fingers like an old woman in the country. Edward is all right if he gets his mass in the morning and his pipe in the evening. A great bulk of peasantry with a delicious strain of Palestrina running through it.

He never lets slip an opportunity to add a comic stroke to his delineation of the character of Mr. Yeats:

> When the hooker that was taking Yeats over to Aran, or taking him back to Galway, was caught in a storm, Yeats fell upon his knees and tried to say a prayer; but the nearest thing to one he could think of was "Of man's first disobedience and the fruit," and he spoke as much of "Paradise Lost" as he could remember.

As usual, Mr. Moore writes with most particularity and interest of himself. He makes it perfectly clear that Ireland could never be anything to him but an exquisite place to dream in: "Oh, how beautiful is the world of vagrancy lost to us forever, Æ.!" There is nothing finer in all Moore's works than some of these occasional passages of vague and drifting reverie:

> A numbness stole upon my eyelids, and I began to see the strange folk plainer, coming in procession to the altar, headed by the Druids. Ireland was wonderful then, . . . and, opening my eyes, Ireland

seemed wonderful in the blue morning that hung above her, unfolding like a flower—a great blue convolvulus hanging above the green land, swelling like the sea. My eyes closed again. It seemed to me that I could dream for ever of the gods, and the mysteries of Time, and the changes in the life of Man, of the listless beauty of the sky above, fading imperceptibly as the hours went by.

After a succession of these fine swan flights, it is amusing to find Mr. Moore comparing himself with Catholic Martyn, and wondering whether it would be wise for him to exchange, "were it possible, a wine-glass of intelligence for a rummer of temperament." More to the point is the passage in which he seems to reveal an awareness that his quarrel is not with Catholic Ireland nor with Protestant England, but with the whole spirit of Western civilization. His final words of self-justification will remind the reader of Dowden's defence of Shelley:

The right of property holds good in all society; but in the West ethics invade the personal life in a manner unknown to the East, so much so that the Oriental stands agape at our folly, knowing well that every man brings different instincts and ideas into the world with him. The East says to the West, "You prate incessantly about monogamy——" A sudden thought darting across my mind left my sentence unfinished, and I asked myself what manner of man I was. . . . An extraordinarily clear and inflexible moral sense rose up and confronted me, and, looking down my past life, I was astonished to see how dependent my deeds had always been upon my ideas. *I had never been able to do anything that I thought wrong, and my conscience had inspired my books.*

However ill Mr. Moore has prospered in his endeavor to domesticate in England this Franco-Turkish latitude of conscience, it must be very satisfactory to him for his own part to look back over a perfectly impeccable past. We Occidentals know little of this inflexible rectitude of conduct. It is at odds with the genius of our morals and of our literature. Even our priests and holy men have not professed it; they have acknowledged their bad days of backsliding and shameful defeat. For we of English race know ourselves to be men of blood and sin, emerging from the welter and conflict with blotted 'scutcheons to partial triumphs; and, at our final retrospect, the best of us are of Henry the Fifth's mood:

More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

To put the whole matter on merely literary grounds, we resist Moore—though he is a pretty writer—to save Shakespeare, whom, on the whole, year in and year out, we prefer. East is East, and West is West; and when Mr. Moore has drained that wine-glass of intelligence, he may have another flash of insight, in which he may perceive that it is not dogma and literature that are incompatible, but George Moore and an English tradition of a thousand years.

The Catholic Encyclopedia. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann and Others. In fifteen volumes. Vol. XV. New York: Robert Appleton.

With the publication of the fifteenth volume the Catholic Encyclopedia is brought to a close, and its editors and publishers are to be congratulated upon the completion of a really notable undertaking. The successive volumes have appeared with unfailing regularity; but five years having elapsed since the first came from the press, an unusual feat in a work of this magnitude. The present volume concludes with useful lists of errata covering the entire work. These are so much longer for the later than for the earlier volumes as to suggest that the difficulties of keeping up to schedule time increased as the work progressed. This was, of course, to have been expected, and argues no lack of care and fidelity on the part of the editors. The general quality of the whole has been well sustained, both in text and in illustrations, and the final volume seems fully on a level with its predecessors. Among its many important articles special mention may be made of those on the Council of Trent, the Vatican Council, the United States, Universities, Vows, Vestments, and Virgin Mary, the last two profusely illustrated, and also of the one on Westminster, containing a fine picture of the new London cathedral.

The elaborate article on the Trinity, "the central doctrine of the Christian religion," as it is called, is an excellent example of the historical and dogmatic method of approved Roman Catholic theology. The doctrine is found by the authors in the New Testament, and in the primitive church fathers, but the claim frequently made by orthodox Protestant divines, that it is taught also in the Old Testament, is not insisted upon.

The long and careful article on Tradition expounds and defends the Catholic principle in an admirably clear and unequivocal fashion. The following passages sufficiently indicate the author's point of view:

The living magisterium, therefore, makes extensive use of documents of the past, but it does so while judging and interpreting, gladly finding in them its present thought, but likewise, when needful, distinguishing its present thought from what is traditional only in appearance. It is revealed truth always living in the mind of the Church, or, if it is preferred, the present thought of the Church in continuity with her traditional thought, which is for it the final criterion, according to which the living magisterium adopts as true or rejects as false the often obscure and confused formulas which occur in the monuments of the past. Thus are explained both her respect for the writings of the Fathers of the Church and her supreme independence towards those writings; she judges them more than she is judged by them. . . . Doctrinal infallibility has been guaranteed to the episcopal body and to the head of that body as it was guaranteed to the Apostles, with this difference, however, between the Apostles and the bishops, that each Apostle was personally infallible, . . . whereas only the body of bishops is infallible and each bishop is not so, save in proportion as he teaches in communion and concert with the entire episcopal body. At the head of this episcopal body is the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff, the successor of St. Peter in his primacy, as he is his successor in his see. As supreme authority in the teaching body, which is infallible, he himself is infallible.

The Union of Christendom is discussed in an interesting and instructive article of more than twenty pages, dealing both with the divisions of past and present and with the many efforts at reunion. The author is not sanguine of an early healing of the existing schisms between the Greek and Roman Churches, and between Catholics and Protestants, and he insists, as an orthodox Romanist must, that reunion can come, if at all, only through the return of all Christians to the bosom of the Mother Church, the Roman Catholic communion.

The two articles on Woman and Woman in English-speaking Countries, the one by an Austrian and the other by an American, represent somewhat different points of view. The former refers approvingly to the woman movement as "a gratifying sign of the times," but adds, "It is difficult to unite the direct participation of woman in the political and parliamentary life of the present time with her predominant duty as a mother. . . . On the other hand, the indirect influence of women, which in a well ordered state makes for the stability of the moral order, would suffer severe injury by political equality." The latter, while recognizing that "the opinions of the majority of Catholics seem to hold the political activity of women in disfavor," points out that "the Catholic Church has made no doctrinal pronouncement on the question of women's rights in the present meaning of that term," and that many prominent bishops have openly favored woman's suffrage.

The longest article in the volume is on the Vatican, containing an elaborate description of the palace and of its various museums, librarics, chapels, and residential apartments, and an account of its architectural history, its government, and administrative boards. The article is full of interesting and instructive information, some of it not easily accessible elsewhere, and is in every

way a model of what an encyclopædia article should be.

My Friends at Brook Farm. By John Van Der Zee Sears. New York: Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.

Mr. Sears we take to be a man of affairs, not of books, though he refers to a little book on the life of ants as written by him, growing out of observations at Brook Farm. His father, born on Cape Cod, found a home in Albany, N. Y., among the descendants of the Dutch, and, marrying in that environment, numbered among his children our author, whom at a tender age he sent with a sister somewhat older to school at Brook Farm. The book records in interesting and simple fashion a boy's observations and impressions while in that famous community, giving glimpses of noted personages and a picturesque experience well worth remembering. Mr. Sears's references to Transcendentalism and the deeper life at Brook Farm are informal and brief, but clear and probably accurate as far as they go. He says:

> Their philosophy may be formulated as the philosophy of Here and Now, on the spot with the goods at the moment. This instant is the appointed time to live for all you are worth. Put your heart into your work right here. Respect for the past is all right, but never look back so intently as not to see what is before you Here and Now. Hope for the future is all right, but let not dreams of the good time coming becloud clear comprehension of the realities at hand Here and Now. This was their ideal, and they lived up to it every day and all day long. The unstated purpose was the carrying out of a social experiment, a practical attempt to form a community living the simple life. I can truly say I have never known a community anywhere who enjoyed this earthly existence more thoroughly than did these Brook Farmers. . . . To wake up every morning eager to begin an eager, active, joyful day, without a thought of anxiety—that was their ideal; and like their other ideals was fairly realized.

During our author's stay the community was reorganized formally on the Fourier basis, under the influence of Albert Brisbane, then a noted social reformer, but soon after succumbed under misfortunes, the most noteworthy being an invasion of smallpox and disastrous incendiary fires, due to neighborhood ill-will.

As an account of interesting personages and happenings seen from the point of view of a clever boy, the book is well worth while. Mr. Sears's Dutch friends suffered him with much reluctance to go into such associations. The boy himself was recalcitrant against New England institutions, having in particular an aversion to brown bread, an inevitable form of provender. But the kindly life soon won him over, and he describes it with admiring zest. The school, which had for its head George Ripley, was wisely managed, permitting an intermingling of work and play that developed the faculties well. As much was learned in the woods and fields as in the classrooms, for the teachers were the constant companions of their charges. No wholesome game was looked upon askance, nor was it allowed to interfere with hard work, the elders always leading the way. Mr. Ripley had especial charge of the cow-stable, in which were a score or so of cows that supplied the milk, choosing this task because the most repulsive. Mr. Sears became his first assistant, succeeding, he tells us, in this function Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had retired from the community, but came back sometimes as a friendly visitor. Mrs. Ripley, a refined lady, chose for the same reason to scrub the floors. The temper in which these labors were undertaken made them light and pleasant. Nothing was more enjoyed and elaborately carried out than the plays and pageants, in the winter in-doors, but when possible in the open, in the woods, or the amphitheatre by the brook. Here Abby Morton Diaz, authoress of the "William Henry Letters," was a moving spirit, while all pertaining to music was in charge of John S. Dwight. The most famous men and women of the time came to see, to lecture formally, and better still, to talk at their ease, in the free and pleasant atmosphere.

It is a fault of the book that it gives almost no dates or statistics. We do not know just when Mr. Sears went to Brook Farm, nor how long he stayed. The numbers of the community are not given, and of the noted people associated with it, we have often only vague mention, sometimes none at all. George William Curtis, for instance, is not noticed. The name of Orestes A. Brownson is barely given. Of Hawthorne we have only the briefest record, as a handsome fellow, then little known to fame, who came and went. Margaret Fuller is a very transient figure in the narrative, a visitor who oppresses the boyish auditor by talk not well adapted, while, on the other hand, Elizabeth Peabody is charming. In contrast with this neglect, Mr. Emerson, never a member, but often a sympathetic sojourner, is reverently remembered. George Ripley and his wife are brightly in the foreground, delightful personalities, he destined to great usefulness as perhaps the best critic of his day. Of John S. Dwight and Charles A. Dana, each on his way to a career of eminence, we have vivid pictures. So, too, of Father Hecker, who was then the Brook Farm baker, but who later swung back from Transcendentalism to old Rome, and founded the order of the Paulist Fathers. The book illuminates, but leaves in shadow much that one would like to see more clearly.

The Charles Dickens Originals. By Edwin Pugh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Of making many books on Dickens there is no end. Mr. Pugh confesses to two, but he does not intend his last to be a weariness to the flesh. On the contrary, he writes to satisfy a widespread interest in gossip about a popular novelist. He does, indeed, speak of his purpose to establish the deep influence that Dickens's acquaintances and friends had on his characterization and outlook on life. But he does not take this declared purpose too seriously. It would be inconvenient. The abandon of his method may be seen in his treatment of the suggestion "that Sidney Carton was founded on another purely imaginary character, Richard Wardour, the hero in Wilkie Collins's play, 'The Frozen Deep.'" With a fine scorn of logical procedure, he declares: "I have never read 'The Frozen Deep.' Nevertheless, I scout the suggestion that Dickens could ever have been indebted to any other writer—or, indeed, anybody—for any least part of his material."

He has justification for this attitude. A desire for scientific proof would have robbed him of the pleasure of writing the book at all. Dickens left so little evidence about his methods of composition and his sources of inspiration that a discussion of orginals is bound to deal in unfounded conjecture. Besides, such questions as whether Kate Nickleby was copied from Dickens's sister-in-law, Mary Hogarth, or whether Sam Vale was the original of Sam Weller, have little real significance for the novelist's achievement. It is a psychological platitude that the creative imagination does not copy. It may gather details from a myriad different sources and must fuse them into a new whole that is independent and unique. Dickens himself affirms as much concerning one of his characters that was not created but made—Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House." Writing to Leigh Hunt of a fancied resemblance, he said:

> Every one in writing must speak from points in his experience, and so I of mine with you; but when I have felt it was going too close I stopped myself, and the most blotted parts of my manuscripts are those in which I have been striving hard to make the impression I was writing from *unlike* you. The diary writing I took from Haydon, not from you. I now first learn from yourself that you ever set anything to music, and I could not have copied *that* from you. The character is not you, for there are traits in it common to 50,000 people besides.

If Mr. Pugh posed merely as an entertainer, his book might be dismissed

in a few lines. But he is constantly assuming the robes of the critic. He likes to scatter scintillating paradoxes in the manner of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton. The point to which he returns time and again is Dickens's caricature. He asseverates that "it is precisely because of this stark rawness in depiction that Dickens's people, by virtue of their very eccentricity, live." Indeed, he avers with deep solemnity: "This is the miracle of art that only Dickens, after Shakespeare, was able to perform with consistent success."

The amused but catholic reader inquires what justifies such praise. He thinks of the creatures evoked by Dickens's imagination. He sees their red noses and cringing gestures. He hears the nasal twang of their voices or the deprecating cough that punctuates their conversation. Surely there is here an intensity of visualization and realization that is rare. Dickens did, indeed, live through the experiences in his books. Turn now to other great characters in fiction. Think of Marta in the "Marta y Maria" of Palacio Valdés. She stands for mystical devotion as much as Pecksniff stands for oily hypocrisy. Everything she does reveals the growing dominance of this religious ideal. Her acts are a consistent and convincing expression of her state of soul. Think of Anna Karenina in Tolstoy's novel. She, too, is visualized with rare vividness, but more salient is the unity of impression given by her conduct throughout the long book. Her passion is witnessed by innumerable acts that bring conviction and sympathy to the reader's heart. Set Falstaff against Mr. Micawber, as Mr. Pugh suggests. Falstaff talks an infinite deal, but, from the moment when he falls from praying to purse-taking because 'tis his vocation, to the moment when he babbles of green fields, his acts are the acts of the one and inimitable Falstaff.

It is just here that Dickens's characters fail to maintain in us, despite our lively realization of their appearance and speech, that willing suspension of disbelief which constitutes the illusion art diffuses over its objects. Who can believe in the improvident Mr. Micawber as a prosperous citizen in Australia? Who can believe in the literary career of David Copperfield while thinking of the doll-like Dora holding the pens for him? A further illustration of how little we consider Dickens's world as the same world we live in may be seen in Sairey Gamp. That unsurpassable embodiment of vulgarity, so highly amusing in bizarrely fantastic Dickensland, would be unbearably disgusting if conceived of in our world. When tested by their conduct, Dickens's creations lose their miraculous quality. His characters live, not because of the exaggeration in the caricature—that is the very feature that makes them unreal—but because, having their being only in the atmosphere of humorous grotesquerie where their creator's imagination placed them, we willingly forget this unreality.

Of this truth Mr. Pugh catches fleeting glimpses. But he scorns to entertain a suggestion that would derogate from the greatness of Dickens's achievement or the universal truth of his art. With a dogmatism that reminds one of the "bludgeon school" of criticism, he indulges in the following delicate urbanity:

> The fact is that when any man says of literature or art that it presents a false picture of life he is talking like a fool, not a nice silly fool, but a conceited fool.

Notes

Doubleday, Page & Co. are bringing out Mrs. Humphry Ward's new book, "The Mating of Lydia," which is described as a modern love story laid in rural England.

Among the books which Sturgis & Walton have in press are: "The Price of Inefficiency," by Frank Koester, and a new novel by John Fleming Wilson, entitled "The Princess of Sorry Valley."

Mr. Updike, of the Merrymount Press, Boston, announces the publication of a second group of books in the Humanist's Library, under the general editorship of Lewis Einstein. They are "Pico della Mirandola: A Platonick Discourse upon Love," translated by Thomas Stanley and edited by Edmund G. Gardner; "Giovanni della Casa: The Galateo—of Manners and Behaviour," edited by J. E. Spingarn, and "Albrecht Dürer: Journeys to Venice and to the Low Countries," edited by Roger Fry.

McBride, Nast & Co. will publish Alexander Black's romantic story, "Thorney," and "The Children in the Shadow," a work by Ernest K. Coulter which opposes the bill to abolish the Children's Court in New York.

"A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," soon to be issued by Seeley, Service & Co., has been written by a lady of culture and position. The book is edited by Miss Grace Ellison.

Putnams will soon have ready: "Patchword Comedy," a story by Humfrey Jordan; "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words," by Louis A. Flemming; "Things Learned by Living," by John Bascom; Vol. III in "The Story of the Civil War"—"The Campaigns of 1863 to July 10," by William Roscoe Livermore, and the following Cambridge books: "The Icelandic Sagas," by W. A. Craigie; "The Vikings," by Prof. Allen Mawer; "English Patriotic Poetry," selected by L. Godwin Salt, and "The Early History of the House of Savoy (1000-1233)," by C. W. Previté Orton.

The following are miscellaneous titles in Macmillan's list of spring publications: "Training the Boy," by William A. McKeever; "Labrador: the Country and the People," by Wilfred T. Grenfell, new and enlarged edition; "Trans-Himalaya: Discoveries and Adventures in Tibet," by Dr. Sven Hedin, Vol. III; "Guide to the Best Fiction in English," by Ernest A. Baker; "Historical Fiction," the same; "Ancient Ideals," by Henry Osborn Taylor, new and revised edition; "Myself and I," poems by Fannie Stearns Davis; "The Governments of Europe," by Frederic Austin Ogg; "The Science of Human Behavior," by Maurice Parmelee; "Educational Administration: Quantitative Studies," by E. L. Thorndike; "History of Education in Modern Times," by F. P. Graves; "Handbook of Exposition," by R. A. Jelliffe, and "Everyday English," by Franklin T. Baker.

Applications for the Kahn Foundation for the Foreign Travel of American Teachers should be sent to the Secretary of the Foundation, Sub-station 84, New York city, not later than March 1. The fellowships carry with them stipends of $3,000 and no obligation other than that of making a year's journey around the world and rendering a report to the trustees. Fellows will be selected early in May and will begin their travels on July 1.

It is not hard to see why in England the great Dictionary of National Biography (Macmillan) should be regarded as a national institution. A mere glance through its pages must be like a visit to Westminster Abbey. Take the last two volumes of the second supplement to the Dictionary, containing the biographies of distinguished persons who died between January, 1901, and December, 1911. A nation that has so many great names to lose in the short space of ten years is entitled to look back at the past with pride and to envisage the future with courage. Francis Galton, S. R. Gardiner, W. S. Gilbert, Joseph D. Hooker, William Huggins, Holman Hunt, Henry Irving, Jebb, Lecky, Meredith, Cecil Rhodes, Herbert Spencer, H. M. Stanley, Swinburne, George Frederick Watts, and James McNeill Whistler are the outstanding figures in a numerous and distinguished company.

Like the original volumes of the Dictionary, these two supplementary volumes—the first volume of the supplement containing the much discussed memoir of Edward VII has already been noticed in the *Nation*—make fascinating reading. The plan of the Dictionary calls for the sober and highly condensed presentation of the truth, but it is far from neglecting the anecdotal or the picturesque. One can always count upon unearthing a piquant phrase or fact. Thus we consider it a real contribution to knowledge when we are informed that the author of "Pinafore" and "The Pirates of Penzance," when he was two years old, was kidnapped by Neapolitan brigands and ransomed for £25. Sir Francis Galton not only established the science of eugenics and invented finger-prints and the composite photographs; he also constructed a map to show the geographical distribution of beauty in Great Britain. In his sketch of Phil May, E. V. Lucas tells how May was once asked for a loan of £50 and turned over all he had, which was only half the sum. Thereafter May used to avoid meeting the borrower because he felt that he still owed him £25. We may quote a few lines from Thomas Seccombe's estimate of George Meredith: "Meredith's novels are more like Platonic dialogues than works of

fictiou. His characters have as a rule singularly little volition or speech of their own. . . . He was articulate enough when he desired to be so. But the uovel was more or less occidental to him. His descriptive power and insight into the secret chambers of the brain were indeed superb."

The University of Cambridge played an important part iu the early history of the English Separatists. It was the alma mater of Robert Browne, the founder of the movement; of John Robinson, who was so closely connected with the Pilgrim Fathers; and of Francis Johnson, the leader of the first group of English Anabaptists. But hitherto no special study has been given to the contribution made by the University to this phase of religious life in England. As regards the Baptists, at least, this gap has now been filled by Mr. Bernard Nutter's little book on "The Story of the Cambridge Baptists and the Struggle for Religious Liberty" (Heffer; Cambridge, Eng.). It naturally gives special prominence to the influence exercised at Cambridge by Robert Robinson and by his eminent successor in the Baptist pastorate, Robert Hall, whose eloquence was regarded by his contemporaries as equal to that of Pitt or Fox. Incidentally, Mr. Nutter traces the course of the agitation for Nonconformist emancipatiou at the University, from the time of the Act of Uniformity to the abolition of religious tests at graduation.

Mr. Wilfred M. Short, for many years private secretary to Mr. Balfour, has brought out a volume of some 550 pages, entitled "Arthur James Balfour as Philosopher and Thinker" (Longmans). The book is, as the preface informs us, "an attempt to present in a convenient form the more important and interesting non-political views to which Mr. Balfour has given expression in his public writings, speeches, and addresses from the year 1879 to the present year." Just why the public should need an anthology of Mr. Balfour is not told us. The value of a philosophical anthology is always questionable, as logical continuity of thought is generally supposed to be one of the prerequisites of any real philosophy. However, there doubtless are many loyal followers of Mr. Balfour who will be interested in learning their leader's opinions on every possible subject; and all such readers will find in this book just what they want, and all arranged (most appropriately) in alphabetical order, from Authority, Bacon, and Beauty, to Stevenson and Tributes. The only wonder is that Mr. Short found nothing from his master's pen on Xenophon and Zeno.

Sergeant Maynard, the eminent lawyer and judge of the period of the later Stuarts, preferred the Year Books to comedy as the companions of his travels, and many others since that time have felt the fascination of these very human descriptions of the law trials in mediæval English courts. The Year Books have long been recognized as throwing light not only on the history of law and judicial procedure, but on many conditions of every-day life and the relations of every-day people, and on the manners and wit of the bench and the bar. Yet until the middle of the last century, these reports were either in manuscript or in untrustworthy texts, printed with eminent disregard for accuracy. In 1863, the first modern edition appeared in the Rolls Series, and from that time to the recent retirement of Mr. Pike as editor and the probable discontinuation of the British Government's share in the work, some twenty volumes have been issued for the reigns of Edward I and Edward III. Later, in 1903, the Selden Society, inspired by its founder and brilliant literary director, the late Professor Maitland, began the publication of a supplementary series for the reign of Edward II, which is now in its seventh volume, with two more in active preparation. Recently, the Law School of Harvard University has announced its intention to issue the Year Books of the reign of Richard II as a memorial to the late dean, Prof. James Barr Ames. In the seventh volume of the Selden Society series (Year Books of Edward II, Vol. VII. The Eyre of Kent, 6 and 7 Edward II, A. D. 1313-1314, Vol. II, London, 1912), W. C. Bolland, the surviving editor, both Professor Maitland and L. W. Vernon-Harcourt having died during the progress of the work, has discussed anew the difficult problem of the authorship of the Year Books. He rejects the old tradition that they were unofficial reports made by officials of the court in their private time, and believes that they were written up from notes taken by juniors of the court in the interest possibly of a syndicate of sergeants, who above other men needed information of this kind. Mr. Bolland's view, which it may be noted is essentially that held by Professor Maitland and presented by Holdsworth in his "History of English Law," seems to be the only solution capable of meeting the many difficult and intricate questions which are raised.

It is the study of a people and a temperament rather than a narrative of war that G. F. Abbott has written in "The Holy War in Tripoli" (Longmans). Partly this is due to the desultory nature of the Italian campaign in North Africa, but in part also to the writer's self-imposed limitations. In return for the Turkish Government's permission to join the forces in Tripolitania, which permission was granted in spite of the fact that Mr. Abbott has been a sharp critic of the Ottoman rule in Europe, the author, writing when the war was still in progress, has omitted such information of a specific nature as might have proved useful to the enemy. The pages are full enough of alarums and excursions, but our interest, and the author's evidently, is almost entirely in his background. Vigorously and in considerable detail, but without the flamboyancies that are usually considered esential to a description of the sun-baked deserts of the brooding East, Mr. Abbott has drawn an arresting picture of arid North Africa and the psychology of its people as it manifests itself in a moment of crisis. The one-sided nature of the war, if we compare the Italians and their Turco-Arab opponents in numbers and equipment, is pitiful. It was the desert alone that held back the European invaders so long. If the Turkish armies now engaged in the Balkans have been sent to the firing line under anything like the same circumstances that obtained in Tripoli, the victories of the allies are altogether explained.

For its romantic interest, the Guadalquivir, described by Paul Gwynne in "Along Spain's River of Romance" (McBride, Nast), should be classed with the Nile and the Euphrates rather than with European streams like the Rhine and the Loire, for its history dates back to the dawn of civilization. The Tarshish of the Scriptures was probably situated near its mouth. Along its banks fought and traded Phœnicians, Carthaginians, Hebrews, Romans, Vandals, Goths, Moslems, and Christians. And at the present day it traverses Spain's sunniest, gayest, and most fertile province. Mr. Gwynne, an Englishman with a fondness for adventure, exploration, archæology, folk-lore, history, aud literature, has had the happy thought to follow the Guadalquivir from its obscure source in the hills of Cazorla down to its Mediterranean outlet. This journey was accomplished afoot, on donkey, and in boat. His book reflects his manifold interests. He is always less concerned with the actual river than with what it symbolizes. He presents a good deal of information, but his style is light and readable, though the humor is at times a trifle strained. He is least happy when he makes imaginary peasants recount folk-tales which he obtained from Trueba, Fernán Caballero, and others, a debt acknowledged in the introductory chapter. Mr. Gwynne does not possess the art of making his Andalusians speak naturally. The book is illustrated with numerous wash drawings and colored lithographs.

The "Cligés" of Chrétien de Troyes, the best, in mediæval opinion, of all his romances, has been translated in prose by L. J. Gardiner for Duffield's New Medieval Library. The work has been well done; the rendering is very faithful, and the English is simple, pleasant, and free from affected archaism. The love-psychology which charmed the ladies of Champagne is no longer novel, but "Cligés" is still interesting in many ways—as a deliberate offset to the Tristan story, for instance, and as the first Western version of the feigned-death motive that led eventually to "Romeo and Juliet." The enthusiasm of Mr. Gardiner's introduction, however, is certainly excessive. To say that Soredamors, Guinevere, Fenice, and Thessala "form a gallery of portraits unprecedented in literature" is to bring their slight mediæval pallor into pitiful contrast with the living heroines of classic verse.

Edmund Curtis's biography of Roger of Sicily is a welcome addition to the Heroes of the Nations series (Putnam). The cosmopolitan brilliancy of the court of Frederick II is a matter of common knowledge; it is not so generally known that Palermo was equally cosmopolitan and almost equally brilliant a century before his time, and that the career of Roger as count and king was no less rich in varied activity thau that of his more famous grandson. Mr. Curtis does full justice to Roger's personal achievements in diplomacy and in campaign, but it is easy to see that he is chiefly interested in the innovations that marked the political and financial organization of the *Regno*. Introductory and concluding chapters treat the coming of the Hautevilles and the decline of the kingdom under Roger's immediate successors, so that the book is in reality an adequate, though brief, account of the whole Norman dynasty. Mr. Curtis has done his work with admirable completeness and accuracy. One

or two of the chapters are perhaps rather thick with technical details, but in the biography proper the style is clear and interesting and at times extremely good. The illustrations are excellent. Several are from photographs of places, several from Siragusa's edition of Peter of Eboli. These latter are always printed (doubtless through no fault of the author) "with acknowledgments to Instituto Storico Italiano Fonti, per la *Storia d' Italia*."

Prof. Henry Wood, head of the German department in the Johns Hopkins University, has published through Georg Reimer, of Berlin, his maiden volume, "Faust-Studien, Ein Beitrag zum Verständnis Goethes in seiner Dichtung." It is remarkable that the German of an American Quaker, a man originally trained under Wülcker, of Leipzig, for work in English, should exhibit only occasional slips. "Und ahmte seinem Stile nach" (p. 10, l. 35) may be a misprint, as there are certainly two in the immediate neighborhood; "Addressat" (p. 23, l. 3) has the sound of commercial correspondence; "So wird man einer noch grösseren Einheit gawahr" (p. 24, ll. 11-12) is quaint, at the very least; "Der soeben zitierte Uebersetzer ins Englische" (p. 41, l. 18) seems clumsy, especially after the suspended construction. Some other peculiar expressions could be cited. But the author's lack of clearness arises rather from an apparent indifference as to whether the reader follows him or not. One gets the impression now and then that Professor Wood is talking rather to himself than to others. The argument in favor of the strong influence of Hans Sachs upon some portions of "Das Vorspiel im Theater" is worked out in detail, but hardly holds, since the theme of the decadent powers of old age is so common that it may be easily assumed in "Faust" without the least suggestion from the old Nuremberg mastersinger. Professor Wood is one of the many commentators who do not feel quite satisfied until Goethe's every idea has been safely traced home to some external source. Of the five essays the cycle of papers treating the witch's kitchen scene is the most extensive. The arguments to prove the Hexe is Johann Caspar Lavater are by no means convincing. Professor Wood contends that, because the Hexe draws her magic circle "mit seltsamen Gebärden" and because she "fängt an mit grosser Emphase aus dem Buche zu declamieren," therefore she must represent Lavater, for he often spoke with great vigor and used vehement gesticulations. Nor is the argument convincing that, as Goethe uses the word "exorzisieren" in a paragraph of "Dichtung und Wahrheit" (Book XIV) concerning Merck and Lavater, it logically follows that he had the Hexenküche and Lavater in mind when he wrote it, and that the witch represents Lavater. The concluding paper on Friedrich Maximilian Klinger's "Faust-Romane" and Goethe's "Faust" is the best of the book. Professor Wood has collected rich material and has handled it well. Rieger's "Briefbuch zu Friedrich Maximilian Klinger" (Darmstadt, 1896) helped to clear up the relations of Goethe and Klinger, especially after the latter removed to Russia, though Rieger, as a relative of Klinger, may have laid too much of the blame for the estrangement upon Goethe. On the other hand, Professor Wood favors Goethe unduly, by reading into the correspondence what is not clearly there. For instance, it is difficult to find in Goethe's letter of May 8, 1814, to Klinger any cunning plan to sound the latter as to the sources of his "Faust-Romane," or in Klinger's lengthy reply of May 26, 1814, any evasion of Goethe's supposed ulterior purpose. But it is an interesting theory.

Under the simple title "Virgil" the Macmillan Company brings out a second edition of T. R. Glover's "Studies in Virgil," noticed in these columns eight years ago. There is little addition or alteration in the text, but the supply of foot-note material is perceptibly increased. The handling of the character of Æncas remains, as before, the least satisfactory portion of a generally excellent book. The difficulty with Æneas is simply the difficulty inevitable to any modern mind of achieving a sympathetic understanding of Virgil's fundamental plan. We can judge Dido according to ordinary standards of human action and passion, but if we attempt to apply the same standards to Æneas we are at once out of harmony with the poet's purpose and our criticisms can end only in confusion. If Æneas had been actuated simply by human motives, his band would never have seen the banks of the Tiber, while, if the gods themselves had adjusted their own differences and led him straight to the destined goal, the poem would have been just as hopelessly disarranged in other respects. Taking the whole history of the Æneid into consideration, it is fairly safe to assume that auy one who to-day can find in the protagonist only a miserable failure has not yet found out exactly what Virgil was aiming at. We must take issue with a foot-note on page 160 concerning Horace: "The odes in which he takes the high imperial line of virtue and reformation are very curious. It is hard to imagine any one taking them very seriously who knew Horace at all well, and it is impossible to suppose them to be banter. Perhaps Augustus thought they would do for his public." The serious odes of Horace are hardly as "curious" as the attitude of mind which can read his work as a whole and then seek to exclude any serious moral feeling and purpose from the maturer years in which most of the odes were written.

Cincinnatus Heine ("Joaquin") Miller died on Monday in the one-room cabin which he had built years ago on the Piedmont Hills of California. He was born in Indiana, in 1841, but removed when a small boy to Oregon. He sought gold in California, practiced law, and edited a newspaper. After vainly trying to publish his first poems, "Songs of the Sierras," in this country, he brought them out in London, where they were much esteemed. When he returned to this land, his hermitage in the West became an American institution. He continued to write—hating the labor of it, he said—because it was his best means of support, and published: "Pacific Palms," "Songs of the Sunland," "The Ship of the Desert," "Life Among the Modocs," "First Families of the Sierras," "The One Fair Woman," "The Danites in the Sierras," "Shadows of Shasta," "Memoric and Rime," "Baroness of New York," "Songs of Far-Away Lands," "The Building of the City Beautiful, a Poetic Romance," "Chants for the Boer," "True Bear Stories," and several plays, among them "The Danites."

Charles Major, the author, died on Thursday of last week at his home in Shelbyville, Ind., aged fifty-six. After practicing law for a number of years, he turned to literature, publishing his first book, "When Knighthood Was in Flower," in 1898. Other books followed, among them "Bears of Blue River," "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," "A Forest Hearth," "Yolanda, Maid of Burguudy," "Uncle Tom Andy Bill," and "A Gentle Knight of Old Brandenburg."

The death, in his fifty-eighth year, is announced from Rochester, N. Y., of William De Lancey Ellwanger, the author of "A Summer Snowflake and Drift of Other Verse and Song" and "The Oriental Rug."

Science

Instinct and Experience. By C. Lloyd Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Bergson's works have attracted so much attention of late that we are not surprised to find the philosophers of the day turning seriously to the old problem of the relation of instinct to intelligence to which the Frenchman gives such prominence, in his most popular book, "L'Evolution créatrice." Accordingly, in July, 1910, at Cambridge, England, a notable array of English psychologists met together with no other object than to compare their own views on this subject, and to listen to an exposition of Bergson's doctrines from his most loyal English disciple, H. Wildon Carr. Upon that occasion, Prof. Lloyd Morgan appeared as one of the principal speakers; and the book before us is virtually a continuation of the debate which then took place. It is a fuller exposition of the writer's views where he feels they have been misunderstood, a reply to criticisms of his positions made by the other debaters, and an attempt to show the relation of his conceptions to those of Bergson, Driesch the neo-vitalist, and others.

The earlier publications of the author have been so attractive to lay readers that we are tempted at first to treat the work before us from their standpoint. It is evident, however, from what has just been said as to the contents of the book, that these lay readers will find themselves in the position of belated persons who do not reach an audience hall until all the principal addresses have been made; and who, finding one of the original speakers rising again, naturally expect to hear from him a résumé and discussion of the most significant points in the debate. But in this they are destined to disappointment, for they discover (p. 2) that he intends to undertake no such task. He acknowledges at the very start that he appears as an advocate of special views from which his fellow-debaters dissent; and his hearers listen in the main to labored efforts to maintain positions which were gained by the debat-

er in his younger days and which his opponents feel ought to be abandoned or substantially changed. Such general readers are therefore likely to close the book, as they might leave the lecture-hall, with a sense of disappointment.

From the point of view of the technically trained student, we note that the earlier works of Professor Morgan had their special value as records of careful experiment in animal behavior. He dealt with certain distinctions which appear on the surface between instinct and habit, and between instinct and intelligence, and which he found available for his uses and satisfactory enough for descriptive purposes; but it has never been clear that he was giving sufficient thought to the fundamental import of the distinctions he made, which was, of course, the real subject of the Cambridge symposium. One might have expected then to find in this book indications that the criticisms made by his opponents in the course of the debate had led to some changes of view where his positions seemed particularly weak; but this expectation is not met. Our author prefers to stick to his antique guns, not, we fear, without some loss of prestige.

An important part of his argument is based upon a theory of his own in relation to the functioning in special parts of the nervous system. One would think he might himself perceive upon how dangerous a foundation he is thus building, inasmuch as he acknowledges, towards the end of the book (p. 283), "that we are still novices in the interpretation of the integrative processes within the cortex, and . . . ought not to found too much on our present ignorance." How can one who is convinced of this ignorance in relation to the cortex fail to go further, and acknowledge that we really know quite too little of the nature of the functioning within the nervous system to warrant his view that the distinction between reflex action, instinctive action, and the intelligent control due to experience, is based upon differences of functioning within the spinal cord, the sub-cortical brain centres, and the cerebral cortex, respectively (p. 58 ff)?

As a matter of fact, if anything was brought out clearly in the course of the Cambridge debate it was that we have little real warrant for making the sharp distinctions in this field which we find practically serviceable in every-day life; and in the attempt to justify this usage on theoretical grounds, our author becomes involved in not a few troublesome inconsistencies. For instance, we find him (p. 56) defending his old view that instincts are "complex reflexes"; and this notwithstanding his contention, above referred to, that a sharp distinction may be made between reflexes and instinctive reactions because these two types of action involve functioning within diverse nerve tracts. Furthermore, if we agree that he is warranted in holding this view that instinctive reactions are complex reflexes, we can see no reason why he should reject altogether the notion that intelligent control due to experience may be as closely correlated with instinctive reactions as these latter are with the reflexes.

But we may pass over these defects to note one signal advantage in our author's method of approach. It is not without significance that the title given to his book is different from that given to the debate to which it refers; for the author thus shifts our attention from the relation between instinct and intelligence to the relation between instinct and experience, and thus tacitly suggests that instinct and intelligence cannot be properly related if one takes the position of a scientific observer, as he assumes to do. He evidently appreciates that, whereas instinct, on the one hand, is an objective concept appropriately considered by one approaching the subject from the biologist's standpoint; on the other hand, intelligence is a subjective concept, *i. e.*, one relating to our conscious life. The two are indeed on different planes, if we may so speak; and the fact that we overlook this in our attempts to correlate them leads to endless confusion in our thought. So he asks us to attempt the correlation of instinct, not with intelligence, but with experience regarded as an objective fact; and in this is clearly justified. It is true that, notwithstanding his emphasis of the difference between "experienceds" and "experiencings" (*e. g.*, chap. v), he does not always keep this distinction clear before his readers, who are accustomed to use the word experience to refer to mental states. Nor does he himself always avoid the confusions above referred to; as, for instance, when (p. 81) he says that the objective facts which we describe as "acquired modes of behavior . . . fall under the heading intelligence"; or when he endeavors (p. 90 ff) to bolster up the conception of the appearance in the course of evolutionary process of an "effective consciousness," of which conception he made much in his earlier writings. On the whole, however, his determination to cling to objective considerations in attempting to correlate experience with instinct is no small advance in method.

In the comparisons he makes between his own views and those of other writers whose works have attracted attention, he displays his usual skill, and introspective keenness, and, withal, commendable fairness. This is especially evidenced in chapter vii, which is given to an attempt to discover the real meaning of Bergson's "Philosophy of Instinct." Here we find him persistently endeavoring to take a sympathetic attitude, and to comprehend the standpoint and conceptions of this popular philosopher, while presenting a serious arraignment of his views.

Mr. Timothy Lewis, of Aberystwyth College, is preparing for the press a sixteenth-century Welsh medical compendium, containing about 600 recipes, charms, etc., which were probably brought together by Thomas Williams, of Trefriw.

The aged Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace is bringing out through Cassell "Social Environment and Moral Progress."

"A Reader of Scientific and Technological Spanish," edited with vocabulary and notes by Lieut.-Col. C. DeW. Willcox, of the United States Military Academy, is announced by Sturgis & Walton.

Forthcoming science books in Putnam's list include: a new and enlarged edition of "Volcanoes, their Structure and Significance," by Prof. T. G. Bonney, and the following Cambridge publications: "The Modern War Ship," by Edward L. Attwood; "Mendel's Principles of Heredity," by W. Bateson; "The Story of a Loaf of Bread," by Prof. T. B. Wood, and "Collected Papers," by J. Y. Buchanan.

Music and Drama

Practical Reflections on the Figurative Art of Singing. By Giambattista Mancini. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $2 net.

Giambattista Mancini was one of the most famous teachers of the old Italian *bel canto*. He was born in 1716, and died in 1800. In 1760 he was invited to Vienna to teach the imperial princesses. Seventeen years later he gave to the world a treatise on the art of singing, the value of which was appreciated at once, especially in France, where two different translations of it were published. The English version, though late, is by no means untimely. Mancini lived at the time when florid song was in its full glory in Italy, and many of the hints he gives are as valuable to teachers and students at present as they were in his day. Although the dramatic style of singing is more in vogue than ever, the public has by no means lost its liking for the ornamental style, as witness the extraordinary furor created a few years ago by Tetrazzini. Richard Strauss introduced in his latest opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," an aria which vies in the brilliancy of its embellishments with the most difficult of the *fioriture* written by Rossini for Patti and other specialists in ornamental song; and Frieda Hempel, who sang this aria, has expressed the opinion that the florid style is destined to prevail once more over the dramatic.

The translator, Pietro Buzzi, of Los Angeles, has turned the quaint Italian of Mancini into lucid English. His dedi-

cation of the book to Alessandro Bonci, "the only living exponent of the art that made Italy famous during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries," may surprise the devotees of Caruso; but Caruso owes his position as the leading tenor of the time more to the beauty of his voice and to the art of dramatic expression than to the practice of the *canto figurato* on which the vocalists of the old Italian school chiefly relied, as does Bonci. The blending of registers, the portamento and appoggiatura, the *messa di voce*, the trill and the mordent, the brilliant cadenza, are all at the command of Caruso, but he does not specialize in them; one forgets his accomplishments in the superior dramatic and emotional qualities of his singing and acting, whereas in the case of Bonci they are his chief stock in trade. Parisian critics were on one occasion very indignant with Caruso for introducing a flourish at the end of "La donna è mobile" in "Rigoletto." They were right to condemn this, for that tune ought to be sung in a simple, straightforward manner; but it was Caruso's sole offence against Verdi's style.

When Bonci sings that same air he makes it the occasion to show how beautifully he can swell and decrease the volume of his tones and do other things the singing teacher has taught him. In the good old times, it was thought the proper thing to apply such tricks on every occasion. Witness what Mancini says in regard to Cuzzoni (the spoiled idol of the public whom Handel once called "a veritable she-devil," and threatened to throw out of the window unless she sang a certain aria as he had written it):

> When singing a melodic song, she knew how to adorn and embellish it with such varied "gouppettos" and passages without marring the melody; now blending, then vibrated with trills and mordents; now "staccato," then sustained, and then loose runs in a redoubled style, soaring with a portamento from a chest tone to a high head tone, and, finally, all these were done with that fine perfection that caused admiration and wonder.

Many interesting details of this nature are given by the author concerning other favorites of the golden age of florid song—Stradella, Faustina, Ferri, etc. The last-named could sing a chromatic chain of trills up and down two octaves in one breath—a feat that seems impossible. Nor can we realize what that meant to the operatic audiences of his day. Melba is famous for her beautiful and even trill, which, however, is regarded as a mere detail of no special importance. To Mancini the trill is "the perfection and beauty" of the art of singing. He is indignant because Signor Manfredini criticised his attitude in this matter, and points out that the public shares his predilection:

> Take a singer who has a good voice, easy execution, good taste, and refined style, perfect cadences, genuine passages, and "Fermate," but no trill, and on the other hand, take a singer with only a few of the above-mentioned qualities, but possessing the trill, and ask the audience who is the better. How can you doubt? The second, of course, is the preferred, liked, and honored.

Mancini gives practical directions in regard to the attainment of a good trill, of agility, and the other things so much admired in his period. He tells about the conservatories in Venice and Naples where these things were best taught, and discourses on the superiority of Florentine speech over other Italian idioms as a model for singers. Recitative and even acting receive some share of his attention, though in a somewhat apologetic fashion, because these arts were so neglected in his day. He also explains why so few succeed in music, one reason being that "women, owing to their sex, abandon study when young and deem it worthless, because they receive praise for their talent." It is amusing to find in these pages, written 130 years ago, the same complaints one hears to-day regarding the decadence of the vocal art and the absence of gifted younger singers to take the place of the veterans. The reasons for the decline are the same, too: "What hope can remain when we see a pupil literally sold by the teacher to the manager, the teacher's only interest being the enormous percentage to be paid him for an incomplete and unfinished course of instruction?"

Putnams announce "Voice Training for Choirs and Schools," a Cambridge book by Cyril Bradley Rootham.

"Chamber Music: A Treatise for Students," by Thomas F. Dunhill, is in Macmillan's spring list.

The Quinlan Opera Company, which is to give the Wagner operas in English in the British Isles next season, and also in the colonies, has returned from an eighteen months' tour, embracing Great Britain, South Africa, and Australia. Over 400 performances were given, and the company travelled 43,000 miles; yet it is stated by the management that "in this period never once has the public been disappointed by the non-appearance of any particular artist, or the changing of the opera."

Munich will have its usual Wagner and Mozart festivals the coming summer. Four of Mozart's operas will be sung in August, while Wagner's "Tristan," "Meistersinger," and the four Nibelung operas will be sung in August and September. Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" will also be staged, and performed four times during those two months.

Teresa Carreño, who is a great favorite in Europe as in America, is doing good work for the cause of American music by including in the programmes of her present concert tour, which takes her to all the larger and many of the smaller European towns, a set of MacDowell piano pieces, which she plays in a manner to spread his renown.

In the London *Times's* remarks on the first performance in England of Strauss's "Rosenkavalier," under Mr. Beecham's direction, two statements are of particular interest: "Even with considerable cuts, which were made last night, the opera is too long." "Every one of Wagner's works might be, and probably has been, cited as supplying something to Strauss in 'Der Rosenkavalier.'"

The first operatic novelty of the season was produced last week at the Metropolitan, not by the Metropolitan Opera Company, which has so far contented itself with revivals, but by the Philadelphia-Chicago Company, which is continuing Oscar Hammerstein's policy of friendliness to new operas. The work in question was "Conchita," by Riccardo Zandonai, a young Italian composer, who has studied with Mascagni. The opera was first produced in Milan in October, 1911, and in the following year it was heard in London—where one of the most prominent critics declared that its score was the most perfect of its kind that had yet come from modern Italy—an opinion which is not shared by the professional judges in this country; nor was any enthusiasm over it manifested by the audiences in any of the three cities (Chicago, Philadelphia and New York) in which Mr. Dippel has so far produced it. The story of the opera is based on "La Femme de la Pantin," by Pierre Louys, considerably modified by the librettists to make it less objectionable on moral grounds. It is concerned with the efforts of a rich man named Mateo to win the love of Conchita, a cigarette girl in a Seville factory, and his failure till after he has given her a good thrashing. It is said that Puccini refused this libretto, and he was certainly wise in so doing. Yet it has redeeming features, chief of which is the fact that it presents scenes of local color that recall the masterworks of Bizet and Charpentier—"Carmen" and "Louise." For these scenes of dancing and the movement of crowds, Zandonai has written some appropriately animated music; and he has learned the trick of orchestrating with brilliant colors. As a whole, however, his score is dull, because of a lack of real melody in either the vocal or the orchestral parts.

Death has carried off, at a ripe age, one of the few members of the extremely numerous Austrian Imperial family, who had a genuine and life-long interest in music. Former rulers and princes of the Hapsburg house are intimately associated with the history of the tone world, but during the past half-century it was principally Archduke Rainer, whose death recently occurred in Vienna, that was associated with the furtherance and cultivation of music. His place is now likely to be filled by Archduke Eugene.

Macmillan's spring list includes: "In the Vanguard," a three-act play by Mrs. Spencer Trask; "English Drama of the Restoration and Eighteenth Century," by George Henry Nettleton, and "Representative English Comedies, Vol. II, The Later Contemporaries of Shakespeare," by Charles Mills Gayley.

The American Stage Society will give a

presentation on Monday afternoon, February 24, for the first time in America, of Arnold Bennett's three-act comedy, "The Honeymoon." The cast will include Laura Hope Crews, Mrs. Sara Cowell Le Moyne, G. W. Anson, Howard Estabrook, William Fagan, Ernest Lawford, Frank Reicher, Albert Reid, and Richard Sterling.

The Oxford University Dramatic Society have just produced Thomas Dekker's "The Shoemaker's Holiday," and seem to have acquitted themselves fairly well in the circumstances.

The poetic drama "Nimrod" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard), by Francis Rolt-Wheeler, is the fruit of long and frequent revision. It was first completed as a dramatic poem in 1903, was remodelled and copyrighted as a play in 1906, and has now been entirely rewritten. In its present shape it is not only a notable addition to the modern literary drama, but possesses qualities which, with slight modification, ought to make it valuable for theatrical representation, especially of a spectacular kind. It has an abundance of striking and picturesque incident, contains much vigorous characterization, and is written in fluent and virile blank verse, which, if it seldom soars into the higher regions of fancy, is often eloquent and imaginative and—what is much to the purpose—uncommonly well adapted to stage declamation. Perhaps it may be described most accurately as romantic melodrama of a very superior order. The hero, of course, is that son of Cush briefly immortalized in the Scriptures as "a mighty hunter before the Lord." But it is not in that capacity, except incidentally, that he figures in the play, nor is any attempt made to connect him with historical fact or legendary lore. He is purely a creature of fiction. Serving as the commander-in-chief of Astrael, the King and high priest of the Chaldean city of Eridhu, he aspires to the hand of the King's daughter, Astupheli, who loves him, and has confided to him the secret of his own royal and priestly birth, which her father had zealously concealed. Astrael, threatened by revolution, sends him on an expedition against the cities of the plain, promising Astupheli's hand as the reward of victory, but planning to marry her, by the aid of the priests, during his absence. Learning of this treachery, when it is too late for him to defeat it, Nimrod appeals to the Jewish patriarch, Enochael, who, by prayer, invokes a tempest which obscures the sun and so prevents the marriage rites until Nimrod can return, rescue his love, and avenge himself upon his foes. The story is told with great spirit and with more illuminative action than is generally found in works of this description. Nimrod, Astrael, the intriguing high priest, Cal-Erech, the patriarch Enochael, Astupheli, and several minor personages are vividly drawn and full of histrionic opportunity. And the author has contrived to preserve an appropriate atmosphere of far antiquity, while taking the utmost advantage of poetic license. His Enochael, recalling both Abraham and Elijah, does not belong to the same era as his revolutionary hermit, and Nimrod's political opinions are of a distinctly modern cast, but he, too, for all we know, may have been among the prophets. The learning, the influence, and the unscrupulosity ascribed to the Chaldean priesthood are fully justified, at all events in poetic drama, and the final scene, if somewhat ultra-melodramatic, would afford a rare chance to a powerful emotional actress.

In "Le Théâtre d'Ibsen" (Paris: Perrin & Cie.), W. Berteval, following Ibsen's advice to his critics, has studied the plays chronologically. M. Berteval is always conscientious and sometimes very keen, especially in analysis. By remaining deaf to fanciful interpretations of previous critics, he has cleared up a number of obscurities. Three chapters are particularly good, those on "Emperor and Galilean," "Peer Gynt," and "Brand." The author's avowed purpose is to explode the symbolistic interpretation of Ibsen. In this his chief opponent is Count Prozor, who, indeed, is permitted to present his views in the preface of the present volume. But if the ideas of the symbolists concerning Ibsen are too divergent and conflicting to bring conviction, M. Berteval's brief for accepting the plays purely on their face value is somewhat impaired by Ibsen's willingness that critics should often guess what he meant. Nor is M. Berteval himself quite consistent. On page 3 he says that Ibsen wrote merely for his own satisfaction—"il a écrit pour soi, il a obéi à sa seule inspiration"—and on page 5, "il a un but moral." Another defect of the book is the lack of any broad generalization. While following the chronological order of the plays, the author gives scarcely any indication of the evolution thus suggested.

Art.

THE MORGAN PICTURES AT THE METROPOLITAN.

Mr. Morgan has never collected pictures in the systematic spirit in which he has assembled his incomparable collection of prints, books, autographs, and manuscripts. Quite naturally, therefore, the twenty-nine pictures now generously lent to the Metropolitan Museum represent somewhat divergent principles of selection. In the main, it is a choice of the more important canvases which served to decorate his London house. A few, like the famous Colonna Raphael, the exquisite altar piece of the Alessandri family by Fra Filippo Lippi, the Velasquez, and the Rubenses, were presumably bought for their art historical importance. Some especial unconventional inspiration must account for the purchase of a most winning portrait of a child by an unknown Spanish artist, in whom I should like to recognize Francisco Zurburan. Evidently, the graciousness of the portraiture of the early English school, with the contemporary work of the French portraitists, has made the deepest appeal to Mr. Morgan's taste. Indeed, this has been a characteristic enthusiasm of the collecting of the last thirty years. It is no wonder that, before the restlessness and vulgarity of most modern portraiture amateurs, have willingly taken refuge with the gentle distinction of Sir Joshua, the poetic glamour of Gainsborough, the vital simplicity and rightness of Raeburn. Such French limners as Van Loo, Drouais, and Quentin Latour, while they generally bring a less engaging point of view, offer an even more impressive knowledge and a more satisfying perfection of workmanship.

The drawback to this delightful art is its tendency to push prettiness to the point of sentimentality. One may note it in the portrait group by Mme. Vigée Lebrun, in the reiterated coquettishness of the little girl by Greuze, who winds away her yarn from a mischievous kitten, in Hoppner's Godsal children prettily posing before a setting sun, even in Sir Joshua's head of that languishing fair widow Lady Waldegrave. It would be an interesting lesson in pictorial quality to pass from the English and most of the French pictures to the anonymous portrait of a Spanish child, to Raeburn's Lady Maitland and Miss Rose, and Latour's Mme. de Mondonville. What constitutes the superiority of these latter portraits is their honesty. About most of the others, even including the Van Dyck full-length of a patrician lady and her child, there is some element of clever masquerade.

Yet how lovely some of these calculated effects are! Lady Delmé, with her children and their spaniel, under an oak—could any one play more fetchingly at motherhood? Sir Joshua's cool intelligence, his amazing skill as *régisseur* of the aristocratic spectacle, is here at its height. How fastidiously he declines all expected and commonplace features, retaining the charming slight dissonance between a saffron robe and the mellow browns and greens, where most painters would have been frightened into some obvious harmony. Romney and Gainsborough one does not see at their best here. In the notorious "Stolen Duchess" in her present state I can see little interesting but the mystery of her abduction. Had I won into the Agnews' gallery, I should have stolen preferably almost anything else. Yet the full-length Lady Gideon has much of Gainsborough's chivalric note, and perhaps Lawrence's sensationally effective Miss Farren (more obscurely known as the Countess of Derby) may atone for a certain disappointment in her gallery neighbors. Lawrence was only twenty years old when he painted it, and happily not yet the lazy man of talent, much-fêted knight, and admired P.R.A. Of course, the picture is theatrical, but then Elizabeth Farren was an actress. And you get from the canvas the thrill that her fine eyes suddenly directed upon you would produce.

The great Raphael, which was painted in 1504 for the Poor Clares of Perugia, does not thrill me, when I recall the

Marriage of the Virgin of the same year. Indeed, I suppose there now is only a few square inches of Raphael's handiwork visible in the entire picture. Yet the design of Raphael is so noble that it seems indestructible either by repainting or copying. We are in the realm of a divine geometry, of an abstract beauty that persists even when its particular forms have deteriorated. Note how the swaying form of the Virgin is steadied and balanced by the little St. John, how the canopy opens like a lily above the pyramidal group, while the angels above suavely carry the diverging lines back into the picture. Even the projecting hood repeats the easy ovals of the pattern in the third dimension. For the best Raphaels we must cross the water; yet we are profoundly fortunate in having so representative a masterpiece in America. In contrast with the garbled surfaces of the Raphael is the authentic, delicate shimmer of downy tempera and gold in Fra Filippo Lippi's St. Lawrence. One can imagine the lusty friar smiling with a certain condescension over the anæmic grace with which he endows the saint, and taking a whimsical pleasure in the ironical worldliness which he imputes to the older saints. The color is as exquisite as that of an apple tree in spring.

Rubens is here in his vitality and measured gorgeousness, but Fromentin is right: Rubens is not a great portraitist. Hobbema, in the famous Water Mill, presents a fine example of his solid uninspired prose. He thought nothing interesting about landscape, but saw it with rare integrity. Turner, in a Venetian scene, brings the contrast of a hectic and not quite normal poetry. Constable, in a scene on his beloved Stour, offers an embarrassment of riches in several charming landscapes not very happily compressed within a single frame. Velasquez's Infanta is admirable in its probity, but the element of charm is not there, nor is the workmanship at all of his most magical.

Raeburn's two Scotch gentlewomen, as I have already hinted, are so simply right and appealing that any words in their regard seem quite superfluous. For me the keen and novel sensation of the show comes from these two portraits, and the nameless Spanish Child; from the Fra Filippo, and the unassuming head by Quentin Latour. But there is much else that is pleasurable, instructive, and in its degree important. In exhibiting this choice group of pictures Mr. Morgan has put all American art lovers deeply in his debt.

F. J. M., JR.

"Ancient Stained and Painted Glass," by F. Sydney Eden, is a Cambridge manual in Putnam's list.

Macmillan's spring list includes "Pictures and Their Painters," by E. V. Lucas.

Finance

NEW AND OLD INFLUENCES ON THE MARKETS.

On Monday of last week, the rate for call money on the New York Stock Exchange—usually a fairly accurate barometer of American money market conditions generally—rose to 4 per cent., as against the 3 per cent. maximum prevalent since the beginning of the year. Last week closed with the rate at 4½. Meantime, the rate for three months' loans in Wall Street has advanced from 4¼ to 5 per cent.

Neither the rate for call money nor the rate for time loans is abnormally high; the one touched 20 per cent. and the other 6, barely two months ago. But that comparison is not the test. The significance of the past week's money rates is better measured by the statement that neither market has reached as high a rate, thus early in the season, in any year since 1907. Taking call money, for example, the present high rate was not touched in 1912, after the first-of-January settlements were completed, until the first week of April; nor in 1911, until the late weeks of December; nor in 1910, a year of much disturbance, until the end of April; nor in 1909, until October.

This unusually early tightening of the money market has not been wholly unexpected. It followed some weekly New York bank statements which made quite as impressive a comparison for themselves. Surplus reserves of the banks in the Clearing House last Saturday were not only barely one-fifth of what they were at that date in 1912 or 1911, but were lower than any February figure during the dozen past years, except for the quite abnormal tight-money periods of 1906 and 1907. The surplus had, in fact, been declining steadily since the statement of January 25, whereas last year the maximum of this season was not reached before February, and the year before, not until March.

But this early turn of the bank position to comparative weakness was no mystery. Currency sent from New York bank reserves to the harvest States, during the autumn season, rushed back in the usual quantity after January 1; but its effect on bank reserves has been offset by export of no less than $25,000,000 gold from New York to Europe and South America, since the beginning of 1913. There has, in fact, been only one occasion, since the outpour of gold which followed the "Venezuela panic" and the breakdown of our Treasury's reserve at the end of 1894, when so large a total sum of gold as this has left New York on export during the first seven weeks of the calendar year. Since the opening of January, also, the loan account of the New York banks, which in that period of 1910 increased $37,000,000, in 1911 $88,000,000, and in 1912 $123,000,000, has this year increased $136,000,000.

That unusually large increase did not reflect unusual activity, either in the season's general business or in its financial operations. But it undoubtedly did signify that New York had this season borrowed less from other great money markets and had lent more to them than is customary at this season. The particular cause for such a condition has been the state of affairs in Europe. Continuance of the Balkan War has prolonged the strain on the great European markets, where the natural effect of the resulting political and financial disturbance has been high money. This condition has been very greatly aggravated through the hoarding of money by the people of Continental Europe, which has drawn huge sums from bank reserves.

Until last week's sudden and sharp advance in Wall Street rates, every European market has this year been bidding more for money than New York, and most of them still pay more than we. Unusual as such a situation undoubtedly is, it is not in all respects a new position; at this time in 1900, European bank reserves were even more upset through the war blockade of the $8,000,000 monthly shipments of gold from the Transvaal mines, and the New York money rate was below that of London, Paris, or Berlin. But the Boer War was very promptly followed by widespread and emphatic reaction in European trade activity, and business demand for credit had very soon sunk to a minimum. The sequel to the Balkan War has been that the general trade activity of the great European States has hardly halted. Last month's export and import trade of England, for example—a fair measure of European conditions—broke all January records.

But all this shows that the abnormal conditions, in the American money market at the opening of the year, are due primarily and perhaps exclusively to the unusual state of things in Europe. It is necessary, therefore, in studying the significance to our own situation of the present week's rise in the New York money market, to make full allowance for these circumstances quite outside of the United States. So long as Europe needs money urgently, and bids more for it than borrowers in New York will pay, the natural flow of capital from the cheapest to the dearest market will necessitate continuance of the conditions under which our own markets have begun the year.

There are three possible turns in the situation which may alter these existing relations between our own and the for-

eign markets. Termination of the Eastern war might bring to an end the exceptional stringency on Europe's money markets. Our own rate for money might advance so high as to force the European borrowers to go elsewhere. Or a decided slackening in the pace of Europe's trade activity, such as followed 1899, might reduce the foreign need for capital and release our markets from the strain.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, E. C., and Foster, W. D. Heroines of Modern Progress. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.
Beesly, A. H. Poems Old and New. Longmans. $1 net.
Benson, A. C. Along the Road. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Bernstein, Herman. With Master Minds. Universal Series Publishing Co.
Bertheroy, Jean. Les Chanteurs Florentins. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Biggers, E. D. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Indianapolis. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.
Bowsher, C. A. Gold. Third edition. Cleveland, O.: University of the World. 25 cents.
Brindley, J. E. History of Road Legislation in Iowa. Iowa City: State Historical Society.
Burrell, D. J. The Old-Time Religion. American Tract Society. $1 net.
Carleton, William. New Lives for Old. Boston: Small, Maynard. $1.20 net.
Chisholm, A. M. Precious Waters. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Cooper, C. H. and T. Athenæ Cantabrigienses Vol. III, 1609-1611. With additions, corrections, also a new and complete Index to the Whole Work. Cambridge, England: Bowes & Bowes.
Copeland, M. T. The Cotton Manufacturing Industry of the United States. Cambridge: Harvard University. $2 net.
Copley, F. B. The Impeachment of President Israels. Macmillan. $1 net.
Cureau, Adolphe. Les Sociétés Primitives de l'Afrique Equatoriale. Paris: A. Colin. 6 francs.
Cyr, E. M. Cyr's New Primer. Boston: Ginn. 30 cents.
Danby, Frank. Concert Pitch. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Dauzat, Albert. La Défense de la Langue Française. Paris: A. Colin. 3.50 francs.
Everyman's Library. Nos. 605, 612, 613, 624, 625, 633. Dutton.
Fassett, J. H. The Beacon Primer. Boston: Ginn. 35 cents.
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> In the first place, I maintain that the Filipinos—the vast majority of them, at any rate—have never been consulted regarding their independence. The islands composing the archipelago number over three thousand and are widely scattered. The people of one island have little or no relation with the inhabitants of another. . . . There has been no plébiscite, and it would require days and weeks for them to gather and register their opinions on the subject.

Compare with the summary manner in which it is proposed to turn the Filipinos adrift, our careful procedure when we took over the islands. A rigorous plébiscite was carried out. To every one of the three thousand islands in the Philippine archipelago went a revenue cutter carrying a force of United States marines, a ballot-box, and four official tellers. The utmost freedom was extended to every Filipino, man, woman, or child, to register his or her vote. Only after the vote from the three thousand islands had been carefully counted and compiled and checked and re-checked, and the unanimous desire of the Filipinos to be annexed was made manifest, did we step in and take possession.

The decision of the Supreme Court upholding the constitutionality of the "white slave" law is highly important in itself, and not less so in its bearing on other questions involving the limits of the power of the Federal Government over interstate traffic. The Court was unanimous in its finding, and the result is thought to be almost conclusive as to the position the Court will take upon a law forbidding the transportation of liquor for sale in States in which such sale is prohibited by State law. Another subject which, according to a Washington dispatch, is regarded by lawyers there as likewise virtually settled by the decision is that of laws prohibiting the transportation in interstate commerce of goods produced under labor conditions that are not regarded as coming up to modern standards. But, whatever the Supreme Court may, in point of fact, decide when such legislation comes before it for action, there is a very sharp distinction between a law of this kind and such a law as that whose validity has just been declared. It was a chief contention that the Federal power asserted in this law was an invasion of the rights reserved to the State; but, says the Court, in the course of its opinion, "if such power be exerted to control what the States cannot, it is an argument for—not against—its legality." The case of an interstate regulation in the interest of uniform labor legislation in all the States stands on a very different footing.

London dispatches confirm last week's story of a steamship company with a capital of $15,000,000, to build a fleet of new ships to ply between our Atlantic and Pacific ports via the Panama Canal. One peculiarity of the scheme is that the Hamburg-American Steamship Company is to be half-owner of the new company, contributing $7,500,000. This is borne out by a letter from Herr Ballin, of the Hamburg-American Company. The ships would be built in American shipyards, and would be exempt from canal tolls, under existing law. They would therefore (as Secretary Knox said to Sir Edward Grey) receive a subsidy from the United States equal to the amount paid by other ships not so exempt. Thus it would turn out that the Hamburg-American Company, which has never had a subsidy from its own Government, would receive one from ours. This shows that the new enterprise is not without its comic features.

From Mr. Bryce's remark, in his address to the New York County Lawyers' Association, that the outcry against the judiciary is not without provocation, few will be found to dissent. Criticism of judges has long been familiar in this country, and has been confined to no party and no school of opinion. What is novel in late years, and characteristic of that restless segment of the population which has in large measure taken up the Roosevelt banner, is on the one hand a certain looseness and wildness of criticism, and on the other a childish readiness to seize upon the first thing that offers itself by way of remedy. Mr. Bryce, having in mind the proprietics of his position, expresses no opinion as to the controversial question of the recall of judges; but he does not feel debarred from discussing the gen-

eral problem. And, as a mere matter of course, he refers to it as the problem of insuring "that the State's judges be men who possess eminent capacity and independence of character." Well, does any advocate of the recall venture to maintain that that device will tend to the obtaining of such judges? The most that can be claimed for it is that it will get a bad judge *off* the bench; and probably not one in a hundred of those who jump at the nostrum has taken the trouble to think of the difference between occasionally getting rid of a bad judge and constantly obtaining judges of "eminent capacity and independence of character." The tendency of the recall will be to make such judges much more scarce than they are now—to increase, instead of diminishing, the difference between the standards of the American judiciary and those of the English or Canadian. The difference between Mr. Bryce's talk and that of the recall people is precisely the difference between a grown man's thinking and a child's.

By admitting Edward F. Mylius, the Englishman who was convicted of criminally libelling King George, a United States court has again warned the Secretary of Commerce and his subordinates that there are other views of the immigration laws than their own narrow ones. Judge Noyes holds that Mylius's offence involved no moral turpitude, and he is now at liberty to reside in this country. Secretary Nagel says he will appeal, as he has threatened to in the case of Castro, which was a more flagrant bit of blundering by the Department than that of Mylius. This appeal will, we believe, not avail the Department. These two judicial decisions have been among the most salutary of recent political happenings. Primarily, they demonstrate the necessity of having these guardians of the law to review the acts of administrative officers. Otherwise abuses of all kinds would arise out of the whims of temporary officials. The very stability of these courts means stability of policy. In such cases as these the courts demonstrate something the public is now inclined to overlook: that they form one of the greatest bulwarks of our liberties.

All the old saws about the way to economize have been left far behind by the present Congress. Its rule for saving is to double the expenditures. The Public Buildings bill, which left the House carrying $25,000,000, was promptly reported to the Senate with $20,000,000 more clapped on. Yet all this must have been done in the spirit of the severest retrenchment, for everybody in the Capitol is loud in praises of economy, and ready at any moment to make a vigorous speech in favor of cutting to the quick all appropriations in which he is not directly interested. Economy never had so many votaries, apparently, yet so few practitioners. Every Congressman would be a Poor Richard if he could, if we were to take his own word for it, yet circumstances seem to compel him to be a lavish squanderer of the public funds. He furnishes, at any rate, one argument more for the need of a system of rigid and responsible control in our national finance.

Thirty-six years ago, when the pension appropriation was about $35,000,000, Garfield spoke of the figure then reached as being, almost as a matter of course, the highest that our expenditure for war pensions would attain. The next year, however, it went up to about $57,000,000; nine years later, in 1887, it struck the $80,000,000 mark; three more years carried it up to nearly $125,000,000; it stood pretty stationary in the neighborhood of $140,000,000 for some twelve or fifteen years ending with 1906; then the figure hovered around $160,000,000 for several years, ending with $165,000,000 a year ago; and now we have the high-water mark of more than $180,000,000. Half a century after the close of the Civil War, and with no war in the interval except the short and almost bloodless affair with Spain, the pension charge on the country is more than five times what Garfield, himself an old soldier of the great war, considered as evidently the highest mark it would reach. The experience is an index of what kind of business we shall have on our hands if we ever take up the scheme of old-age and similar pensions for the people in general.

It's an ill wind that blows good to no one, and so Delaware is pricking up her ears in hopes of a transfer of the business of chartering corporations from New Jersey, their unnatural mother, to one who would fain be the right kind of step-mother to them. It has been fourteen years since the Blue Hen legislators began this endeavor to attract the affections of Big Business, but their efforts have not had much success. Yet the initiation fee for a Trust in Delaware is only about three-fourths of what it is in New Jersey; the annual tax imposed upon it is but half of that inflicted at Trenton; stockholders and directors may hold their meetings wherever they please, thus escaping the necessity of taking the ferry or the tube to Jersey City now and then; "intermeddlers" have less chance of getting at the corporation's books under the Delaware law; also, stock may be issued as compensation for service rendered, while in suspicious New Jersey it may be put out for property only. In fine, there are no fewer than eighteen points in which Delaware has the advantage of her neighbor. With Gov. Wilson's Seven Sisters looking daggers at the Trusts, is she not justified in expecting more revenue from Big and possibly Bad Business than she has yet enjoyed?

In an address, a few days ago, to the Oklahoma Legislature, Lieut.-Gov. Harding, of Iowa, warned Oklahomans not to dispose of their school lands. He pointed to the experience of Iowa, which sold hers for twelve and fifteen dollars an acre, and now sees them selling for $150 and $250. The chief difficulty in all the States, said Mr. Harding, is that there are too many laws, especially laws that are not backed up by public opinion. On the other hand, communities are inclined to try to wrest law to suit their wishes, as in the case of an Illinois town which demanded that the Governor should send militia to protect the citizens during a labor difficulty, and was surprised to find itself under martial law in consequence. "Always," remarked the speaker, "there is some fellow who wants to amend the Constitution." Also there is now an annual besieging of Legislatures by women asking for the ballot. In Iowa, according to the Lieutenant-Governor, "one session the House kills the bill, and the next the Senate does it. That's a mighty good system sometimes." But not nearly so good as it was once.

Senator Gallinger's bill to rid Washington of unworthy and, in some instances, fraudulent institutions of

"learning" should have an effect upon the tone of education throughout the country. Owing to such things as the investigation and appraisal of medical schools by the Carnegie Foundation, people are more inclined to pay heed to adverse criticisms of our educational systems, public and private, than ever before. In the same direction would be the effect of a similar examination of law schools throughout the country, which the Foundation is reported to be making. As a people, we have never discriminated sharply between a so-called high school or college and a real one, still less between a pretended university and one deserving of the name. This has been in a measure due to the ideal we have had of education as a privilege for everybody. But we are waking up to the fact that nothing is gained by a misleading name, and that a first-class secondary school is preferable to a fourth-rate "college."

Among the interesting items offered in the Borden sale in New York last week were two volumes of original dispatches and letters of Gen. U. S. Grant, "chiefly in his own handwriting." The first volume, running from July 9, 1864, to April 7, 1865, contains 285 letters of Gen. Grant; also letters from him to President Johnson and to Congress, and a roster of the officers in the Confederate army under Lee when he surrendered. The second volume is described as containing manuscript correspondence between President Johnson and Gen. Grant "which was not permitted to be preserved in the Government archives." We do not know who purchased these volumes, but it seems clear that whatever may have been the feeling about them once, every one of these documents ought to be in the national archives. We hope that the Library of Congress has been able to get hold of them. If not, the incident merely reinforces our frequently expressed contention for an archives building and a commissioner of archives, one of whose duties should be the obtaining of just such valuable papers as these for preservation among the historic records of the Government, where they obviously belong.

It is a satisfaction to note that United States District Judge Hand has imposed on one of the two "white-slavers" convicted in his court three weeks ago the maximum sentence permitted by the law, a penitentiary term of five years. Why the other received only two years we do not know; presumably there were circumstances that justified so marked a difference. But the penalty allowed under the Federal law is not high enough. Twenty years would be none too great. In England, where the idea of flogging a convict is certainly not one that appeals to the habits of thought of the community, that punishment was recently specially provided by act of Parliament for this loathsome class of criminals, and it has actually been inflicted. The feeling there, when the subject was discussed in Parliament, was that only by providing a punishment that would really strike terror into these wretches could this peculiarly abominable crime be checked. The New York State law has, within the past few years, been amended so as to make twenty years the maximum term, and the same thing ought to be done with the Federal law.

Europe, for some time to come, will probably hear a little less of Dreadnought competitions and more of army corps and artillery reorganization. The change of interest from sea to land is undoubtedly one of the results of the Balkan War. The recent intimations from Berlin of a readiness to come to terms with Great Britain in the matter of naval construction may be explained in part as arising from a real improvement in the state of Anglo-German feeling, but in part, too, as due to the new responsibilities which the changed aspect of things in the near East has imposed on the armies of the Triple Alliance. The partners in that bond must now arm against the Balkan allies as well as against France and Russia, since there can be little doubt, in view of the intense feeling against Austria among the victorious little nationalities of the peninsula, on which side they will be found in case of a European Armageddon. Hence the steps taken in Germany for an increase in the strength of the standing army with a corresponding agitation in France. The German militarists are in a position to argue that in proportion to its population the Fatherland is by no means making the sacrifices it is capable of. With sixty-five million people to France's less than forty millions, Germany maintains a peace strength hardly superior to that of France, if at all. The German standing army is supposed to consist of just about an even 650,000 officers and men, as opposed to 565,000 for France. But the latter country has an additional 150,000 men in its colonial army, of which half is quartered in Algeria and Tunis and is readily available for service at home. Counting in the first line of reserves the French have, on paper, the advantage with an estimated total strength of 1,300,000 men to Germany's 1,160,000. But the German Landwehr would throw in an additional 600,000 men, and behind these it is estimated that there are one and a half million of partly trained recruits available.

Extracts from the diary of Abdul Hamid II, late Sultan of Turkey, are being published in a German periodical. They reveal the former Padishah as a man of wide interests, in touch with many modern movements upon which he has strong convictions of his own. His dislike for the present world-wide feminist agitation is something more than the view of a conservative Mussulman. He probably discerns in woman's uprising a social force of which he has been himself a victim. The modern man, as the ex-Sultan sees it, is so terribly browbeaten by his women folks at home that his natural impulse is to take it out of somebody else. So he takes it out of his kings. Hence the absurd Western habit of going in for constitutions, revolutions, dethronements, and the like. It was otherwise when every man was a little Sultan in his own household. He knew both the sweetness and utility of despotic power, and could sympathize with his Caliph's natural desire to hold on to what was his. And yet Abdul Hamid's present position refutes the despotic idea. The deposed monarch is happier than when he was Commander of the Faithful and lived in constant fear of assassination. His principal concern then was to keep his Ministers so busy plotting against one another that they might have no time to plot against him. His favorite literature was the daily reports from his extensive spy bureau. To-day he lives care free, his mind accessible to philosophic speculation, and with an apparently unlimited supply of the Sunday newspapers from Western Europe and the United States.

OUR DUTY TO MEXICO.

It is needless to pile up words about the deep damnation of Madero's taking off. The official explanations of that murder, as the whole civilized world regards it, are so muddled and self-inculpatory that they only heighten the barbarity, while intensifying the shock. There may have been no direct order to kill Madero. It may be impossible to show that there was a tangible plot to take him out at night where he would be shot. But all the surroundings of the affair are suspicious and bloody. In the savage frenzy prevailing, a hint would have been equivalent to a command. From the moment it was known that the deposed President was not to be allowed to leave the country, the worst was to be feared for him. He was felt to be a doomed man.

Yet the monstrous crime, considered not in its personal but its international aspects, calls for no change of policy on the part of our Government. It does not essentially alter the nature of the relations between Mexico and the United States, though it undoubtedly calls for even more careful study of what our course ought to be in the future. On Saturday night, almost at the very time when Madero was being done to death, President Taft reaffirmed his determination not to intervene in Mexico unless absolutely compelled to do so. The shocking events in Mexico City should not affect that decision. We have only one crime more to contemplate; simply added proof that brute passions have been let loose in Mexico, and that our dealings with that country must be marked by the extreme of caution and vigilance, yet with the unremitting purpose to do what is wise and just for the people of both lands, never forgetting that the Mexican nation as a whole must not be confounded with the military adventurers who may temporarily get their clutch upon its throat.

It is a wholesome sign that the American press is so largely sober and restrained on the subject of intervention. The run of newspaper comment is that no specifically new duty is laid upon our Government by the killing of Madero. It is true that our Ambassador had been instructed to urge that Madero's life should be spared; but this was only a suggestion in the interest of humanity, and of the standing of the new Mexican régime in the eyes of the world; and if Huerta and the others made up their minds to disregard this, that is their own affair. The penalty they are already incurring in the alarm and disgust of their own countrymen and in the reprobation of all civilized people.

Now, to assert, as some English newspapers, and one or two reckless American sheets, are doing, that we "commanded" the Provisional Government not to take Madero's life, and that it has "defied" this nation in a way to demand intervention with a strong hand, is the pitch of unreason. President Taft promptly disclaimed any such inference, grieved and depressed as he was by the news of the murder of Madero, and the country continues to respond to his judicious and peaceful lead in all this business. He spoke with some vehemence and with real moral elevation on Saturday night, when he alluded to the charge that his policy towards Mexico had been "cowardly." Such a taunt, he justly said, was one that a President, charged with the great issues of peace or war, should put beneath his feet. It takes far more courage to resist an insensate clamor for warlike measures than to bluster at the head of the crowd. The truly cowardly part is to yield when your heart and conscience tell you that it is wrong to do so. There has been much loose talk about its being necessary for the United States so to deal with Mexico as to maintain our "prestige." But prestige is as slippery a word as "honor." It was Lord Salisbury who once said that he wished the word "prestige" could be excluded from the diplomatic vocabulary, because it had so unpleasant a connection, etymologically, with deceit! One of its definitions is "a flattering illusion"; and that is surely what those are laboring under who think that our army could make a holiday march into Mexico and settle all her difficulties at one stroke of the sword.

Putting all such wild dreams aside, what is the prudent, the statesmanlike, the patriotic course for our Government to pursue towards Mexico? Surely there is no great mystery about it. If the Mexicans can, even along bloody paths, proceed to set up a reasonably stable Government of their own, we must aid them in every way open to us to do it —aid them by forbearance, but also by friendly counsels. Our Government and our Ambassador in Mexico City can, as it were, make themselves the mouthpiece of civilization. They can apply a quiet moral pressure to the rulers of Mexico. Those men must be made to understand that there is such a thing as the public opinion of the world, and that they are answerable to it; that Mexico cannot be permitted to lurch back into the barbarous governmental methods of seventy years ago, as if nothing had happened since. All this, of course, lends immense importance to the selection of the next Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Wilson should seek the best man attainable—known for his love of peace, for his tact, for his ability to see the right thing to do and the just thing to say. Only by such a choice and by the most patient and sagacious course in determining the attitude of his Administration in this vexed and highly complicated matter, can the new President surmount what might easily be a crisis or even a calamity confronting him from the first hour of his taking office.

TWO TRADITIONS.

The birthday of Washington has been honored by general observance for more than a century; it is only within the last two decades that Lincoln's birthday has assumed anything like a coordinate place in the national thought. The nearness of the two anniversaries in time makes a comparison between the place held in the hearts of their countrymen by these two foremost Americans inevitable; and it is undeniable that, whether Washington has or has not held his own majestic eminence in the present generation, Lincoln's rank as an embodiment of popular ideals and as an object of national homage is today vastly higher than it was when a quarter-century, instead of a half-century, separated us from the time of his labors and his martyrdom. One circumstance, however, is common to the two. Neither in the case of the Father of his Country, nor in that of the man who steered it through the time of its supreme danger and guided it in the extirpation of the blot of slavery, is the haze of legend or the partiality of patriotism necessary to account for the tribute of reverence which we pay to their names. The greatness of Washington and the greatness of Lincoln are

established, with equal security, in the facts of their lives and character as weighed by historians and publicists who are free from our national bias and judge them by the standards of world history.

But around the figure of a national hero there is sure to arise a cloud of legend and myth. Perhaps this is a necessary part of the process by which he becomes permanently set apart from the lesser personages of the country's history, and through which his name acquires the force of a symbol of patriotic aspiration and noble endeavor. However this may be, together with the good in it there is undeniable harm; and especially there is injury ultimately to the reality of the very fame which it is the first effect of this idealizing process to enhance. For along with the idealizing there is sure to come, sooner or later, a devitalizing of the hero. Few if any persons are now living who can remember the time when the name of Washington was going through the stages which, in the past decade or two, we have been witnessing in the case of Lincoln; but very many of us can remember the time when it came to be realized that Washington had become, in the minds of the multitude, little more than a "plaster saint." Shrewd-minded schoolboys were given to suspecting that there wasn't very much to Washington after all, and that we simply had to stand together as good Americans and call him a very great man because he was the head of the Continental army and the first President of the country, and was highly respectable in his personal qualities. After a generation or two of conventional idolization of Washington, there came a time during which the paradox was presented that those who had really studied the history of his time recognized his title to the highest eminence, while many who knew little or nothing about it suspected that the Washington tradition was almost wholly a myth.

The myth-building in the case of Lincoln takes, to be sure, quite a different form. The Lincoln myth that is now making concerns not so much his personality as his intellect and his purposes. He is represented as a prophet from whose inspiration we may derive the solution of all our present-day problems. "The democracy of Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg speech applied in municipal affairs" is prescribed as the magic solvent of the problem of city government; and on an adjoining page of the same prominent periodical in which this occurs we find that "the industrial evolutionist" merely "agrees with Abraham Lincoln that, 'as the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should coöperate as friends, and that each particular head should direct and control that pair of hands.'" That Lincoln in his Gettysburg speech was thinking solely of the preservation of the great republic which for three-quarters of a century had represented to the world the cause of democracy, that in speaking of the control of one man's hands by another man's head he was (as we assume in the absence of context) protesting against chattel slavery, makes no difference to these myth-makers. They are bent on finding in him a vision and a purpose of which no trace is to be found in his words or acts; a process which bids fair to transform the most genuine and most human of men into a shimmering vision of unearthly wisdom in whose reality nobody will believe.

"We are doing just what Lincoln would do if he were living" has become a familiar catchword in these latter days. But nobody says "we are doing just what Washington would do." For this many reasons may be assigned. Lincoln lived nearer to our own time. Lincoln was a man of the people, while Washington was a landed gentleman. Lincoln was of a genial and sympathetic nature, while Washington was cold and reserved. There is something in all this. But perhaps most important of all is the fact that Lincoln's connection with the emancipation of the slaves lends itself to an indefinite amount of emotional exploitation, and this is a time of emotional exploitation. If we look facts squarely in the face, however—if, instead of setting up a fictitious Lincoln or wrenching his words into fantastic meanings, we examine his acts and his words as in very truth they were—we shall find that the name of Lincoln lends no more countenance to emotional agitation in the name of a vague humanitarianism than does the name of Washington himself. Different as were the two men, in native disposition as well as in education and environment, they were alike in their sense of solemn responsibility as custodians of the cause of a nation of sober and law-abiding freemen. Not even Washington,

That mind serene, impenetrably just,

ever showed more firmness than did Lincoln in pursuing, amid all the tumult and clamor of the great war, that steady course dictated by his conception of his duty under the Constitution. Of our two foremost men, neither was a soaring genius, and neither was the prophet of a new morality or a new sociology; both did supreme service to their country and to the world by performing with consummate sagacity and with unstinted devotion the plain duties of leadership and government.

THE FAILURE OF THE LEVEES.

When the Mississippi, bursting its banks, extends in a flood seventy miles wide, deluging thousands of square miles, destroying crops, drowning cattle, and leaving behind it mud, pestilence, and starvation, people in other parts of the country express their sympathy by raising subscriptions and organizing relief expeditions. It requires, however, a calamity to keep the attention of the ordinary man centred for any length of time upon any such problem. A minor misfortune like the Beulah crevasse, in which no lives were lost, arouses scant interest. "Something wrong, probably, with the levee system," is the general feeling. And, in fact, the engineers of the Mississippi are still trying to explain how a disaster which caused much suffering last year in the Beulah district could be repeated.

There is, indeed, something wrong with the levee system. The New Orleans newspapers declare that another $8,000,000 appropriation by Congress, supplemented by aid from Louisiana, Mississippi, and Arkansas, will suffice to perfect the embankments. But the Memphis *Commercial-Appeal* puts the Congressional appropriation needed at $60,000,000! The Federal Government has already expended $70,000,000 in its attempts to subdue "the Father of Waters," and the States, counting convict labor with other items of expense, may have contributed as much again; but the mighty stream has continued to break away as easily as Gulliver broke the ropes of the Lilliputians. As far back as 1717, M. Le Blond de la Tour built a mile of levee to protect the infant city

of Nouvelle-Orléans. By 1828 embankments were virtually continuous as far north as the mouth of the Red River. Just at the outbreak of the Civil War, the policies of the State and Federal Governments with regard to riparian protection were crystallized, or fossilized, by the report of Capt. Andrew D. Humphreys, who, after ten years of investigation, endorsed the levee system as the only means of effectually protecting some 29,000 square miles of land below the river's high-water mark. Unfortunately, a crawfish boring into an earthwork may render futile the efforts of the best engineers of the Humphreys school. As the flood water rises higher and higher against the levee, its pressure increases, and the track of an earthworm will complete the damage the crawfish has begun. The water trickles through to the lowlands, ever enlarging its vent, until suddenly the road atop the levee crumbles into a swirling yellow stream, the embankment melts away, and a torrent pours through the opening.

On January 26 the crevasse in Beulah levee was 125 feet wide, and pouring out a sheet of water six feet deep. On February 3 gradual erosion had reached the loam section of the embankment and 200 feet of earthwork suddenly washed out, making the total width of the crevasse more than 600 feet. Truly, there is something wrong with the levee system. But there must be some means of protection. If the people of the States chiefly concerned, and the people of the United States, have been willing to put $140,000,000 into earthworks, it has been only because the damage by flood has been ten times as great. And if real protection can be had, the expense need frighten no one.

Perhaps some men have "known the river" better than Mark Twain, but surely none has so fully possessed the gift of imparting this knowledge to others. He outlined in a book the various schemes for relief discussed on his journey down the river, after the great flood of 1882, without, however, arriving at any conclusion as to their merits. Those opposed to further levee-building, he said, pointed out that the higher you built the levee, the higher the river bottom would rise. This has been proved. Some believed that the surplus water could be diverted into Lake Borgne, etc. Engineers have unanimously opposed all plans for diversion of current. Some believed in averting floods by the use of reservoirs in the upper river from which the flood waters could be released in low-water seasons. This is the remedy which has been found specific in Egypt, and which is appealing to thoughtful people here.

The *Florida Times-Union* remarks that to build the walls to restrain the flood is to raise the channel, then to raise the walls, until we have a river flowing through a pipe to the sea. It concedes that the inundated districts should be made safe, but reasons that, "if we would reclaim the lower lands and make the river our servant as it is now our master, we must prepare reservoirs in which the surplus waters may be kept until they are needed." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* refers to the Assuan dam, by which "the tears of Isis have been not only arrested, but made to water potatoes, onions, and cotton."

The problem, whatever solution may be evolved, will require vast expenditures; but it must be remembered that the reward is certain. The Mississippi Valley is second in extent only to that of the Amazon. It contains 1,250,000 square miles, and, as a writer in *Harper's* said, "as a dwelling place for man it is by far the first upon our globe." For the great tributaries of the Mississippi the surest preventive of flood is forestation, but this would be the work of many years. Meantime, the opinion of the experts who have curbed the Nile should be had before any more money is expended in levees. The right of the inhabitants of the alluvial lands below Cape Girardeau to be safeguarded against floods will not be questioned when adequate means of protection have been agreed upon.

SLANDER MADE EASY.

By the London telegrams we have learned in general of the complete breakdown of the charges of corruption made against members of the Cabinet, in connection with the Marconi contract. But it takes a detailed reading of the evidence brought out at the official inquiry, and of the cross-examination of the man, Mr. W. R. Lawson, who was chiefly responsible for spreading the slanders through the press, to give one an adequate idea of the monstrous nature of this attack on the integrity of Ministers of the Crown. The reputation for personal honesty on the part of members of the Government in England has long stood so high and has so rarely been impeached, that these scandalous insinuations caused a great sensation. Happily, they have been shown to be utterly without foundation. England has not suddenly lurched back to the days of Marlborough, and got a lot of jobbers in office. But the circumstances in which the damaging accusations were made, and the subsequent entire blowing away of the whole mass of rumor and surmise, are such as to justify more than a passing reference to the matter. If the result was to clear the Ministers, it was also to incriminate a certain type of journalism.

The charges grew out of the contract made by the Government with the Marconi Company, and the wild gamble in Marconi shares on the Stock Exchange. In a series of articles in the *Outlook* and the *National Review*, the assertion was explicitly made that Ministers had taken advantage of their official knowledge to speculate in these shares. The thing had been gossiped about in brokers' offices and clubs, but first got into print in the *Outlook*. It declared that "a sinister use had been made of the names of Cabinet Ministers in the City and elsewhere in association with Marconi shares." At another time Mr. Lawson spoke definitely of "four names," one of them being "a Kaffir magnate," and the others Cabinet Ministers. One of the latter was so plainly indicated that everybody knew the Attorney-General to be meant. At the inquiry, Mr. Lawson testified that the other two were the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Postmaster-General. On cross-examination, he admitted that he really knew nothing about any Kaffir magnate. Now, note the questions and answers in the case of the members of the Cabinet:

> The Chairman—Had you the slightest grounds for implicating those names in connection with the rumors?—Simply the rumors themselves.
>
> Mr. W. Redmond—Had you a single shred of evidence that the rumors were true?—I had nothing beyond the rumors. I had no positive evidence.
>
> Do you think that a charge so dreadfully serious as this against three Ministers of the Crown should have been made without evidence of any kind?—No.

There was a great deal more equally fatal for Mr. Lawson, who finally, in a kind of desperation over the plight

in which he found himself, cried out: "If Ministers of the Crown will allow lying rumors to go about for months, how can you expect any one to take more interest in their reputation than they do themselves?" This is the frankest admission of a code of newspaper ethics, practiced in some quarters, which we remember ever to have come across. The theory appears to be that you may catch up a lot of malicious inventions about public men, first circulated in pot-houses and back-alleys, then help them along with additions of your own, and at last put the whole mass in print, excusing yourself on the plea that if the stories were not true the slandered persons ought to have branded them as false long before. According to this, you are at liberty to start up out of the gutter and throw mud at a man, and then if he does not instantly brush his coat in public, to declare that he made the mud-throwing seem fully justified!

It is not worth while to follow Mr. Lawson as he was driven from hole to hole by a merciless cross-examiner. His alleged facts were shown to be the merest moonshine, his boasted documentary evidence was burned to nothing by the acid of a few questions, and he was forced again and again to say, abjectly, "That was a mistake," "I should not have said it," "I withdraw that." But his impudence did not wholly desert him. "I maintain," he said at one point, "that, so far from doing the Ministers harm, I gave them an opportunity of clearing themselves." That is, to charge a Government official with villanous conduct is really a favor to him, since it enables him to affirm that he is an honest man! Was there ever such an attempt to make a victim appear a beneficiary?

It is needless to say that all journalists who are above picking pockets would repudiate with scorn the justification of his course which Mr. Lawson advanced, as if with the question, "What is a poor newspaper man to do if he does not give credence to and put into type every lying rumor that comes his way?" This is to make slander easy. It is to erect back-wounding calumny into an honorable calling. The libel laws offer a partial remedy. There appears to be no doubt that Mr. Lawson and his associate will have to answer in court for what they have said in their papers. It is to be hoped, after the pitiful exhibition they have made, that they will be cast in swingeing damages. But the moral of the whole will be lost unless the decent members of the press everywhere are prompted, by this exposure of reckless mendacity, to take anew an oath against all such hasty defiling of their columns—and poisoning the public mind—with back-stairs gossip and wicked efforts, by insinuation, to rob men of their good name.

CRITICS WITH A CONSCIENCE.

In an article in the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Edward Garnett adds his voice to the chorus of dissatisfaction, heard these days, with the state of literary criticism. Mr. Poel's recent production of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida" brought the critics face to face with a little-known play, and, according to Mr. Garnett, showed the best of them to be oddly deficient. Their comments "are typical of the process by which drama of great, rare, or particular interest is regularly strangled in London." If a piece is unusual, he says, the critics at once conclude that it is all wrong. Yet this is hardly in accord with the facts. There was widespread approval for "The Miracle," which came as close to being a circus as anything put on the London stage these many years. We should incline to reverse Mr. Garnett's statement and say that critics have too much reflected the popular absorption in the spectacular and, in general, in the strange and remote Oriental plays that have had so great a run. Further, so much has recently been heard of talent unrecognized that critics have been put on their guard. According to present-day ethics, it is a more venial sin to praise what may turn out to be poor work than to belittle a coming light.

But the greatest fault in contemporary criticism, not only of drama but of literature in general, the writer has failed to touch, even indirectly. Apparently, two kinds of literary criticism are going along side by side, each yielding somewhat to the other, though at heart incompatible. There are the modernists, who, having figured it out that it is about time for another important era of literary activity, think to hasten its coming by acclaiming as significant anything that deals with up-to-date problems or catches the surface glow of the age. With clean-cut literary standards they do not bother, for the supposed reason that each generation must create its own rules and requirements. Loosely they make comparison with great writers of the past, but merely to give weight to their own judgments. One work has the variety of a Thackeray, another has Tolstoy's epic sweep, etc. On the other hand, there are critics with a truer understanding of what constitutes greatness who endeavor to judge for the most part in the traditional way. Yet their policy also lacks sharpness, because, along with the modernists, though to a less degree, they make vague concessions to the changed conditions of the present day. Their conservatism is in no respect aggressive. By a compromise with methods in which they do not actually believe, their work becomes more or less futile, and they lay themselves open to the charge of being timid old fogies. Until literary criticism wins back definite standards and dares to apply them it cannot hope to vindicate itself from just the sort of attacks that are now made.

It is possible that the standards which were in use nearly a century ago would still serve. A play, after all, is a play, and a novel is always a novel, and each, to be successful, requires much the same art now as formerly. As for poetry, if we exclude the sonnet, which, to be sure, grew out of the ancient ode, there is scarcely a poetic type that the Greeks did not practice. Nor are the newest themes so new as we often suppose. Mr. Moody's "Great Divide" professedly only read into present conditions the situation of the rape of the Sabine women, and M. Bernstein's "Samson" has an ancient earmark. "Ghosts" and "King Lear" bear a resemblance to "Œdipus." Changes in superficial conditions will never destroy the oneness of great art. It would be wholesome for the popular appreciation of literature if contemporary works were carefully compared with recognized classics. When a publisher or dabbler in criticism glibly likens a best-seller to Dickens, the scrupulous critic might do worse than to take him at his word and pursue the comparison to the end. Some may say that, in these days of newspaper headlines and ingenious advertising, this is just the way to give a worthless production a factitious value. But since it has been proved that even curt condemnation can

thus be turned into eulogy, we should not be worse off for the experiment.

There are, besides, unmistakable indications that solid, conscientious criticism is much desired. The demand has grown out of a ridiculous situation. Certain established writers have shown impatience with the lavish praise bestowed upon what should properly be classed as apprentice work. A mere youth, by juggling cant, economic or sociological terms of the day, and by running much to the theatrical, produces a play which all but a few critics pronounce a sensation. Of genuine knowledge of the deeper side of human nature there is no trace. It is not strange that men of experience whose plays contain the fruits of mature reflection should rebel at virtually finding themselves put in the same class with whippersnappers. To them all who take this situation to heart might well look for relief. It is a delicate matter, for writers will hesitate to exalt themselves by lowering a brother in the craft. But when the main body of literary criticism is in danger of defeating its own end, delicacy may properly give way to conscience. What should be demanded is not more "sympathetic" criticism, but more rigid comparison of present-day works with those which have gained the suffrage of time. The public would soon see the point.

A NEW AUSTRALIAN ANTHOLOGY.

SYDNEY, Australia, January 15.

A fourth Australian anthology in twenty years witnesses to a "boom" in Australian verse, doubtless running parallel on a higher plane to the industrial and political boom that has made Australia the paradise of the artisan. The bane of all these collections is the, perhaps unavoidable, lowness of their standard, which admits mere rhyme where rhythm and a lilt and the note of song are demanded. Even the best of them, that otherwise admirably edited by Mr. Bertram Stevens, and reviewed in these columns six years ago, yields too often to the desire to propitiate persons in authority, whose prose is better than their verse. For a different reason—apparently from the absence of any standard at all—the present selection falls short of high excellence.*

The first generation of Australian poets was a disastrous race. Adam Lindsay Gordon, the strongest of them all, after leading a somewhat erratic existence, died by his own hand; Kendall, the purest and most spontaneous, died of utter exhaustion after spending a year in a madhouse; and Lionel Michael, to make sure of no longer escaping his doom, perished by drowning and the bullet simultaneously. Their successors have not been free from misfortune: Francis Lauderdale Adams, an aspiring soul of large capacity, left Australia for England, as so many ill-encouraged Australian writers have done, only to find a suicide's grave on the coast of Kent; B. H. Boake, another suicide, fell a victim to melancholia so recently as 1892; and Victor Daley died of the poet's disease, consumption, though not at an early age. That the life-stories of contemporary Australian poets are brightening is doubtless due to a more settled and prosperous society, more assured means of subsistence, and greater encouragement on the part of the conductors of public prints and periodicals.

One of the best, the Victor Daley just mentioned, like many of Apollo's sons in Australia, was of Irish birth and paternity; he was born in Navan, County Armagh, in the very centre of old romance. Therefore, some would say, he was a bohemian. But he was also, on the mother's side, of Scottish extraction, and therefore, others would say, he was a respectable bohemian. The Irishman in him, say his friends, was frank, warm-hearted, and careless; the Scot in him was cold, calculating, and cynical. Cold-blooded, he lacked the poet's passion; warm-brained, he produced verses that rank high for their music, their rich coloring, and their charm. Like many Australian poets—like Gordon and Kendall themselves—Daley was at first strongly imitative. Moore, Rogers, and Swinburne, T. B. Aldrich, and Joaquin Miller, successively set the tune of his verse. Line after line has been traced back by Mr. A. G. Stephens to these masters. Yet in his earlier volume, "At Dawn and Dusk," he was obviously gaining mastery over his material and fusing it in an internal fire. In the later collection, "Wine and Roses," his originality is patent. The editors of the new anthology reprint only from the earlier volume, as Mr. Stevens had necessarily done, when it was in their power to reprint from the later, but "A Sunset Fantasy" shows Daley at his best:

> Spellbound by a sweet fantasy
> At evenglow I stand
> Beside an opaline strange sea
> That rings a sunset land.
>
> The rich lights fade out one by one,
> And, like a peony
> Drowning in wine, the crimson sun
> Sinks down in that strange sea.

The rhythm is everywhere perfect. The verses are those of a true poet; indeed, as the admiring editors of this anthology assert, of one of the greatest Australian poets. They composed themselves, as poems should. Once the idea occurred to him, it could be developed under any circumstances or in any surroundings. Is not that inspiration?

But the feature that will attract most readers in other countries is the poetic representation of the primitive, the changing, and the enduring aspects of Australian life and its environment. We had not thought of the ex-High Commissioner of New Zealand in London, now director of the School of Economics in London University, W. P. Reeves, as a writer of stately and sonorous verse (his squibs were known), but his chant-like poem, "The Passing of the Forest," reminds one of Coleridge. Does a chief author of the Socialist legislation in New Zealand ever apply his own lines to the Factory Act and the system of industrial arbitration that he founded? Does he ever call upon himself to scan—

> The ruined beauty wasted in a night,
> The blackened wonder God alone could plan,
> And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay
> Is this for Progress—beauty swept away.

It was not beauty that was then destroyed, but freedom and a natural self-adjusting mechanism, evolved from within, not imposed from without.

A picture of a cattle stampede by Will Ogilvie is worthy of Gordon. Like the chief Australian poet's "Sick Stockrider," it is drawn from life by the hero of an incident that is of frequent occurrence in the bush, but has never been more vividly painted. Mr. Ogilvie, who (like Gordon) "fought grim battle in the West, to live a lost love down," was born and reared in Scotland, but came out to Australia, where, as we see, he took an active part in distinctive Australian pursuits. Ever restless, he migrated to the United States, but though he again returned to Scotland, his heart is evidently still in Australia, which lays a strange spell—the spell of the bush—on all who have really lived its life.

The same theme is more calmly treated by Col. Kenneth Mackenzie in a poem, "The Australian Bush," that covers almost the whole of the pastoralist's existence. After long years of political and military activity (he commanded the first Bushman's Contingent that served in South Africa), he still recalls—

> Sweet scent of myall, belts of deep green yarran,
> The crimson splendor of thy solemn dawns,
> The stillness of thy deserts vast and barren,
> Where Death and Life play chess with men for pawns.

He, too, recalls the stampede and the "thousand hoofs' deep thunder," "the fierce moments," the "wild gallops," "the glad hours of kingly strife," and all the

**An Austral Garden: an Anthology of Australian Verse.* Selected and edited by M. P. Hansen and D. McLachlan. Melbourne: Geo. Robertson & Co.

other incidents of "the lost station of my dreams"—the "station" being the equivalent of "ranch."

If these poems appear grave and are long-lined, the flexibility of the Australian mind is seen in Ethel Turner's "Gum Leaves," which is a harmony (*à la* Whistler) in red, white, blue, and gray. It is no less seen in the quick movement of Bernard O'Dowd's "Resurgent"—a glad song to Spring, with the romantic touch at the close which the earlier poets hardly knew and the younger seldom forget.

An Australian anthology without a companion picture of the often disastrous summer would be incomplete, and two such adorn this representative volume. Charles Kingsley, in his days of strength, bravely sang of the north wind, of which he was to die; here is a poet, E. S. Emerson, as true an optimist as his American namesake, and he exultingly chants "A Rain Song." Every drop of rain that falls in droughty Australia is telegraphed everywhere; the message that "it's raining" is "an anthem of elation," and each rainy day is a "canto sweet of God's great song."

J. C.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

One regrets to find a familiar but scarcely correct statement repeated by Prof. George B. Churchill in his introduction to "Richard the Third" (The Tudor Shakespeare). He says: "In America . . . the presentation of this play by a native company on March 5, 1750, at the theatre in Nassau Street, New York, practically begins the history of our stage." The ultimate, if not the direct, authority for this assertion seems to be Seilhamer's "History of the American Theatre," which opens with an account of Murray and Kean's company of Philadelphia comedians, and lays stress on their performance of "Richard the Third" in New York, mentioned by Professor Churchill.

Seilhamer's history, excellent as it is, contains other errors. The author writes one chapter on The American Theatrical Towns, 1750-58, naming only Williamsburg, Annapolis, New York, and Philadelphia (I, 81); he alludes to the Southwark Theatre, Philadelphia, which dates from 1766, as "the first permanent playhouse in America" (I, 151); he terms the Charleston Theatre, built in 1773, "the first theatre in South Carolina" (I, 329). That each one of these statements is erroneous, can, I think, be shown. Present interest in stage history may justify a brief discussion.

Seilhamer's work ignores the existence of a permanent theatre in Charleston fifteen years before the opening of the Nassau Street Theatre in New York, thirty-odd years before the erection of the Southwark in Philadelphia, and almost forty years previous to the building of what Seilhamer thought to be the first one in South Carolina. Contemporary newspaper notices of the earlier institution are reprinted in McCrady's "South Carolina Under the Royal Government," but they appear to have escaped the observation of Seilhamer and other Philadelphians and New Yorkers writing about the American stage. The first notice appears in the *South Carolina Gazette* for February 21, 1735: "At the New Theatre, Queen Street, will be acted on Monday next a tragedy called 'The Orpban, or The Unhappy Marriage' (McCrady, p. 526). One week later is found this advertisement: "By the Desire of the Troop and Foot Companies, At the New Theatre in Queen St., will be acted on Tuesday next a Comedy called the 'Recruiting Officer,' with several entertainments, as will be expressed in the foot bills" (*ibid.*, p. 527). For March 12 we find advertised "The London Merchant, or The History of George Barnwell." These three plays McCrady does not attempt to identify, but "The Orphan" is easily recognized as Otway's tragedy; "The Recruiting Officer" is the equally well-known comedy of George Farquhar, while "George Barnwell" was written by Lillo and presented in London just four years previous to its Charleston performance. All these plays became exceedingly popular in America later on. Another advertisement, dated January, 1737, gives particulars as to the price of seats. The play to be performed is "The Tragedy called 'Cato,' written by the late Mr. Addison, with a Prologue by Mr. Pope. Tickets to be had at Mr. Charles Sheppeard's; Stage and Balcony Boxes 30s., Pitt 25s., Gallery 5s. To begin exactly at six o'clock" (McCrady, p. 527). On November 22, 1737, a concert is advertised to take place "at the Queen Street Theatre," the tickets on sale at Mr. Charles Sheppeard's.

The scale of admission prices just given is remarkable when one compares the charges then prevailing elsewhere in America. Seilhamer quotes various advertisements, in which the seats run from 5 to 10 shillings in boxes, 4 to 7½ shillings in the pit, and 2 to 3 shillings in the gallery. Making all due allowance for local differences in money values at that day, one must discern a sharp contrast between these figures and the Charleston rate of 30 shillings for boxes and 25 shillings for the pit. Seilhamer also gives an advertisement from a later Charleston paper in the season of 1774, announcing the sale of box seats at 35 shillings, pit at 25 shillings, and gallery at 20 shillings. Evidently in Charleston the theatre did not appeal for patronage to the common people. But the rates charged for admission, the standard of plays given, and the fact that the theatre was so called even when a concert was given there, all go to prove that the structure was permanent and was worthy of its name.

With reference to the later history of this theatre, some information may be gleaned from items in an unpublished diary known to McCrady, but not quoted by him. This journal was kept by a Charleston lady, Mrs. A. M., the wife of a wealthy merchant, and large excerpts in manuscript are preserved by the South Carolina Historical Society. From this document we learn that the good lady "went to the play of George Barnwell" in Charleston on November 25, 1754, and to unnamed plays on December 27, 1754, and on January 27, 1755. In 1764 she saw these plays: February 3, "George Barnwell"; February 13, "The Conscious Lovers"; February 24, "Jane Shore"; February 27, "Love for Love"; March 19, "The Jealous Wife"; March 29, "Theodosius"; April 9, "The Mourning Bride"; April 12, "Romeo and Juliet"; May 10, "King Lear." Again in 1766 Mrs. M. mentions seeing these dramas: January 17, "The Distressed Mother"; February 10, "Love in a Village," the first American production of which play Seilhamer claims for Philadelphia on March 19, 1767; March 13, "The Provoked Husband"; April 13, "School for Love."

Exactly who acted in these earliest plays remains a question. That it was the so-called American Company that played in Charleston in 1764, and presumably in 1766, is shown by a newspaper notice just sent to me by Miss Webber, secretary of the South Carolina Historical Society. This is copied from the *South Carolina Gazette* for November 5, 1763, and runs: "A company of comedians arrived here last Monday from Virginia, who are called the American Company, and were formerly under the direction of Mr. Lewis Hallam, till his death. Amongst the principal performers, we hear, are Mr. David Douglas (the present manager, married to Mrs. Hallam), Mr. Lewis Hallam, jr., Mr. Quelch, Mrs. Douglas, Mrs. Harman, etc. They come warmly recommended from the Northern colonies, where they have performed several years with great applause, and in their private capacities acquired the best of characters. A theatre is already contracted for, 75 feet by 35, to be erected near where that of Messrs. Holliday and Company formerly stood, and intended to be opened the 5th of December next." Evidently this was the first visit to Charleston of the company playing in 1773-4, and their theatre was a temporary structure. The whole subject forms a neglected, but, in my opinion, an important, chapter in the annals of the American stage.

ROBERT ADGER LAW.

Correspondence

THE WHITE HOUSE UNDER CLEVELAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I point out one error in the otherwise admirable article on "Simplicity at Washington" in your issue of January 30? I refer to the evident implication that the official receptions given during President Cleveland's Administrations were well managed and constituted a model to be followed by President-elect Wilson. As a Cleveland Democrat, I yield to no man in my admiration for that great President's sound judgment in matters of state, his consistent devotion to high ideals, and his sterling patriotism; but I must admit that the evening receptions were not well managed, though this was presumably due to bad judgment on the part of subordinates rather than to any act or neglect on the part of the President himself.

The chief troubles were that no one was ever required to show his card of invitation (so that many persons came who had not been invited at all), and that, to adopt the words of your article, "servants in livery" (or without livery, but livery would have been better, to prevent confusion) "were lacking, and guards were few." The

natural result was not merely that the number of visitors exceeded the accommodations, but that there was no adequate means of preventing the visitors from being crowded together for a considerable time so closely that the pressure was not only uncomfortable, but dangerous, and, in a sense, indecent. I attended most of these receptions during the years 1894-97, and the trouble was always the same. From the moment one reached the White House steps until one came to the ante-room adjoining the reception-room proper, one was always in a closely packed mass of human beings, moving gradually forward if movement was possible, but often immovable for lack of space. At the coatroom one had a minute's relief, and when one reached the ante-room one could cool down a little and arrange one's disordered dress; but for a long period of time (the movement being naturally very slow) every one was subjected to the discomfort of this crowding. Certainly, the "distinguished German" to whom you refer never attended an evening reception, as otherwise he would have said, "If this be 'great and true democracy,' give *me* 'the glitter of the Viennese court,' where at least I am treated like a human being."

I do not know whether the system has been improved in these respects since 1897; but if it has, Gov. Wilson's fellow-citizens have a right to demand that there shall be no return to the old method of receiving them, even if more servants and guards be required.

And may I touch on another matter? Gov. Wilson's quiet disapproval of the silly inauguration ball is refreshing. Is it too much to hope that his common sense will also protest against the even sillier custom of expecting the President to shake the hand of every one of the thousands who attend his official receptions? When the country was small and the guests proportionately few, the matter was not very serious, though I believe Washington never adopted the custom. Now that the country is so large, and the President is called upon to receive such throngs of people, this handshaking is a very serious tax on his strength—a tax as bad for his health as the 100 per cent. wool duty is bad for all our healths. Washington probably thought that the hand which wielded the sword should not be treated like a common pump-handle. Should not the hand which so ably guides the pen be equally respected?

CHARLES C. BINNEY.

Philadelphia, February 18.

WOMAN'S MIND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is one little casual remark in Mr. Fite's article on "The Feminist Mind" (in your issue of February 6) which many readers, indignant at the contemptuous tone of the article as a whole, will probably overlook. After giving as his "formulation" for the feminine mind that "it corresponds most closely to the masculine mind *just before* the presumptive stage of maturity"—that while "the masculine mind goes on to maturity, the feminine mind seems hardly to get beyond the stage of adolescence"—Mr. Fite remembers a few rather glaring exceptions to his rule, and says: "I am not raising the odious question, whether women are 'so' by nature, but whether they are so *de facto*. *De facto* I should say that the formulation fits the feminine average or type." Now to set aside this little "odious question" is actually to set aside the main factor in the case. If women are mostly in the adolescent stage, there are two things that may be done about it. One is to keep them in their place, to snub them when they are "fresh," to drive them off when they try to meddle with the affairs of "grown-ups." The other is to help them to grow up. Which course one advocates depends, one would suppose, upon whether or not one thinks that women are by nature capable of growing up. But though all the rest of Mr. Fite's article appears grounded in the assumption that women are immature and unintelligent *by nature*, in the passage quoted above he expressly disclaims making any such assumption.

Now I freely admit that for most practical purposes the average woman of to-day is less intelligent than the average man. She is more apt to be influenced in her judgments by personal considerations, more apt to rely upon intuition, more apt to condone a breach of trust. But not one of these differences holds between men and women who have had approximately the same training and approximately the same stimulus. I have read and heard (alas, who has not?) an enormous number of sweeping statements about women, but I have never come across the statement that business or professional women were less alive to standards of scrupulous honesty than business or professional men. I thought for a moment that Mr. Fite was about to make such a statement. "Those," he says, "who deal with women in business are not impressed by their self-sacrifice, but rather by their failure to comprehend the elementary principles of justice." But the example given shortly afterwards (of the feminine customer who hardly pauses to reflect that the privilege of unlimited exchange of goods has an effect upon the prices charged) shows that what he has in mind is not at all the business woman, but the average woman—who is, of course, utterly unaccustomed to the business point of view and unacquainted with the simplest economic principles.

The kind of decisions and judgments that the ordinary woman is usually called upon to make do not, in point of fact, demand abstract reasoning. Personal considerations are as a rule the only ones that she need take into account. The "naïve freedom from the restraining considerations that would be presented by a broader view of the case," which Mr. Fite regards as characteristic of women's minds, is the result, not of a mental organization different from that of men, but merely of the fact that "a broader view of the case" is not demanded of them, and their interest in "broader views" is consequently only an academic one. This is why intuition has so large a share in the mental processes of women. The nature of the common fallacy about feminine intuition is indicated in a single sentence which I quote from a very lucid examination of the general subject. "It is not true that men's minds and women's minds have different ways of working; but it is true that upon certain occasions . . . we all act from intuition, and that the circumstances of women's lives have hitherto been such as to make their interests lie somewhat more exclusively in those regions in which conduct is intuitive than in those in which it is long thought out" ("Intuition and Reason," by C. L. Franklin, *Monist*, Jan., 1893). And just as the ordinary business woman is no less honest than the average business man, so the average woman who has had training and practice in abstract thinking is no less logical than the average man with the same training and practice. Women do not work out mathematical problems by intuition—nor do men read the expressions of people's faces by any conscious logical process.

There is, of course, no need of admitting that, even as we are, we are anything like as stupid as Mr. Fite makes us out. But in so far as the things he says of us are true, one of the strongest arguments for woman suffrage is that it will go far towards making them untrue.

MARGARET LADD FRANKLIN.

New York, February 15.

REVIEWING BAD BOOKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express the great pleasure and profit with which I read each successive issue of the *Nation*. This journal has set so high a standard in its comprehensiveness, its scholarship, its critical taste, and its literary excellence, that any cavil is absolutely precluded.

But I have had some earnest reflections upon present literary tastes and tendencies, in consequence of which I desire to make a protest and a plea.

The plot of prose fiction has in the main always centred on the theme of human love. This has at once appeared as the dominant interest of the writer, and been accounted the indispensable thread to hold the attention of the reader. Now tradition, as the veriest hind knows, is to-day undergoing severe scrutiny. But it does not follow that certain traditional sanctions of morality have themselves been overthrown, although this very fact seems to be assumed in the treatment of love in much of our current fiction. The subject is no longer approached with respect, but with—anything you please. In the older classic forms there was transgression also in the sex relation, but it was usually depicted in the true setting of its perversion and its enormity of consequence. In current fiction no one is made to feel it a sin; on the contrary, in its overthrow of restraint and convention, in its bold assertion of the primacy of desire, it seeks to become itself a law, to be judged by none higher. The woman blinks and wipes her lips and says, "I have done no wrong."

The relation of the sexes as exploited by our clever literary craftsmen flies into the teeth of that very scientific movement in whose name, tacitly at least, they profess to speak. There has been an "evolution" in the institution of marriage and of the home as we have it. Men have tried other ways, long before it entered the mind of the literary adventurer to try these new ways in modern fiction; but the experience of many millenniums in the rough school of life taught them that it would not work. In the age-long conflict between right and desire men have been cudgelled

into decency. This experience will have to be gone over again if certain types in present-day fiction get out and seriously try to set the fashion in actual life. In your last issue you report Ernest Belford Bax as saying, in a recent book, that what a man and a woman do between themselves is nobody's business, so they themselves are willing. It does seem that, not reason or knowledge, but desire only, could father such a thought or philosophy. Let this be said merely: facts as they have been lived out in life do not substantiate such an assumption. Mr. Bax and men like him ought to know this, or quit writing.

There ought to be some effective way of taking the conceit out of men of this type, for they appear to labor under the delusion that they are giving the world something new and enlightened and progressive. Or, possibly, their philosophy is merely a bid for advertisement. But why advertise it? Why give an analytical review of such books? Why not merely say for the week, So many volumes received—or pounds, which, upon even hasty inspection, showed that they were not up to standard, fit for use? Or if mention must be made, why not say, as your reviewer said of a certain book in your last issue, "This book has its value for the author; it has given him practice in writing"? Or why not say more specifically of such literature something like this: "Such a book as this does harm to the public, but it does more harm to the author. The public may overcome its bad effects, but the injury to the writer is probably irreparable. His book is a mental abortion, which will probably preclude his mind from ever functioning normally again"? AUGUST F. FEHLANDT.

Michigan, N. D., February 15.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest Professor Hart and others to know that the expression *Aren't I* has, within the last year, become not uncommon among *children* of this part of the country. The writer first made its acquaintance from the mouths of his own children, and approves of the expression as filling a "long-felt want." L. M. P.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, February 10.

A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Two publishers' advertisements displayed in the same type follow the author's name on the title-page of the new printing of Woodrow Wilson's "George Washington." Immediately after the imposing list of Mr. Wilson's degrees is added "President of the United States," and just below, "Copiously Illustrated." As the 4th of March has not yet arrived and as the copyright of the work dates back to 1896, the accuracy of the title "George Washington, by Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., Litt.D., LL.D., President of the United States," might be disputed—quite apart from the question of good taste. The name of the highest office in America is here used as a commercial instrument for marketing a new edition. In the name of the first American President, who so nobly and carefully guarded the dignity of that office, a protest should be recorded.

WILLIAM F. PEIRCE.

Kenyon College, February 14.

A GUIDE TO FRENCH FICTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for January 2 Mr. Frank R. Arnold draws attention to the *Romans-Revue*, which offers a survey, from the ecclesiastical standpoint, of current French fiction. The moving spirit of the *Romans-Revue* is evidently the talented young abbé, Louis Bethléem. It is perhaps not generally known in this country that the samo person is the author of a guide to French fiction of the past: "Romans à Lire et Romans à Proscrire," Librairie Oscar Masson, Cambrai, 1911. This work has enjoyed such a rapid sale that it is already in the fifth edition. While treating mainly of French fiction, it includes mention of numerous foreign novelists, such as Manzoni, Fogazzaro, Annunzio, Tolstoi, Hoffmann, Sienkiewicz, Sterne, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, Doyle.

To the philosophically inclined critic of literature or religion, "Romans à Lire" is one of the most valuable hand-books that have appeared in a generation. The reader is admitted immediately to the inner councils of the Church, and has as guide and companion a brilliant and highly trained intellect. Probably no one of the thousands of novels mentioned has the fascination of this volume. As the reader turns over these pages, which are mainly of censure and protest, he has constantly before his mind the parallel struggle of the Church against modernism and higher criticism. One leaves the book with a realization of the tremendous gap that separates the Church from the now-dominant form of literature. The amount of fiction which may be read by all of the faithful is small, as will be seen from the fact that even "Paul et Virginie," in spite of the praise given it, "ne doit pas être mis, sans corrections, à la portée de la jeunesse." Similar reservations are made concerning George Sand's "Mare au Diable," Chateaubriand's "Dernier Abencérage," and many other supposedly innocent stories.

The condemnation of some of these works is, however, not due to the Abbé Bethléem; he naturally feels obliged to condemn all novels which have been placed on the Index (pp. 22-44). No more convenient list of novels thus condemned has been published. One is not surprised to read here, after such names as Sand, Dumas, *père*, and Balzac, the words: *omnes fabulæ amatoriæ*, and, after Zola, the words: *opera omnia*. It is in the part of the volume commencing on page 45 that the author really shows his own personality. His *parti pris* is to be seen, on the one hand, in the censure which he awards to all of the great names in French fiction, and, on the other, in the laudation or complacency with which he speaks of such limited talents as those of Coppée, Huysmans, Bazin, Lemaître, not to mention scores of nonentities. An interesting experiment would consist in making a list of the fifty greatest French novels, according to the supposedly best critics, and then to compare this list with the Abbé's catalogue of fiction. It may be doubted whether more than two or three of the fifty novels would be found "innocuous."

It is of course impossible to enter into any detailed description of the last three hundred and fifty pages of "Romans à Lire et Romans à Proscrire." Attention may be called, however, to a passing fling (p. 88) at Professors Lanson and Croiset. Evidently the critical methods dominant in France—and elsewhere, for that matter—are not to the liking of our good Abbé.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, February 18.

Literature

PRECURSORS OF LIFE ASSURANCE.

An Introduction to the History of Life Assurance. By A. Fingland Jack. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.50 net.

The history of life insurance has not yet been written. It is to be hoped that when it appears it will be as scholarly and as interesting as Mr. Jack's book on some of the precursors of the institution. Life insurance, as we now know it, dates virtually from the establishment of the Equitable in Great Britain in 1762. Before that the institution had obtained no stronghold. That it was not regarded with general approval is perhaps attested by De Foe's observation: "Insuring of life I cannot admire. I shall say nothing of it, but that in Italy, where stabbing and poisoning is so much in vogue, something may be said for it, and on contingent annuities, and yet I never knew the thing much approved on any account." Possibly this lack of interest was due to the fact that the need which life insurance meets had been met in the past in some other way.

As a matter of fact, death dues are of long standing. Prominent among the divergent purposes of the Roman Collegia was that of providing fitting burial for the members. Under the Empire this was the all-important consideration with the Collegia Tenuiorum, associations of people of the lower classes, including even slaves. Apparently, an unfettered right of association prevailed in the days of the Republic, but under the Emperors restrictive measures are discerned. Both Cæsar and Augustus suppressed those colleges which they regarded as dangerous, and it was decreed that new associations should be formed only by special permission. This was part of a clear-sighted policy. The Emperors distrusted the upper and middle classes, and for this reason deprived them of the right to combine. Their reliance was upon the army and the lower class, and they therefore tolerated the Collegia Tenuiorum; indeed, they went out of their way to encourage such associations.

There exists an inscription of the year 136 A. D. which furnishes some interesting information regarding one of

the Collegia—the Collegium Cultorum Dianæ et Antinoi, at Lanuvium—and which doubtless may be taken as typical. New members had to pay an entrance fee of 100 sestertii (about 14s. 7d.), and provide an amphora of "good wine," and thereafter contribute to the funds 5 asses (about 2 3-16d.) monthly. The capital thus created constituted the provision for the burial of members. On the death of a member, a sum of 300 sestertii was paid out to meet the expenses, 50 sestertii of this amount being distributed among the funeral train.

It is easy to trace a certain resemblance between such associations as this and the modern life insurance company. Methods somewhat analogous to life insurance of to-day existed also in connection with the Roman army. The Emperors, for obvious reasons, were liberal in their largess to the legionaries, and the recipients were bound to deposit with the ensigns half of what befell them on each occasion, the sum being put to their credit and repaid only at the end of their service, save perhaps in exceptional cases. It remains a disputed question how far the Roman colleges may be regarded as societies aiming at mutual assistance. Yet, as Mr. Jack observes, they had only a step to take to become so. But was the step taken? Mommsen supposed that the Collegia Tenuiorum, in addition to the care of burials, devoted themselves to aims of reciprocal support. Others have followed him in this view. The evidence, however, is not yet sufficient to support the theory.

Also, that there is any direct line of development between the Roman colleges and the gilds of a later period has still to be proved. A number of causes contributed to the rise of the gilds. In the days of weak or non-existent central authority, and consequent ill-administration of justice and lack of poor-relief, an amalgamation of private interests was necessary. We must recall, further, that the ideal of the family, which was particularly an inheritance of the Germanic races, began to be lost: as the family tie loosened and failed in the exercise of its function, a substitute had to be found. Another thing was the decay of the mark communities before the incoming régime of land proprietorships and overlords. Briefly, association was recognized as a means of supplying a new bond for purposes of mutual assistance and support in a day when it was difficult for the individual to stand alone. Whatever the various primary objects of the gilds, every species exhibits the same spirit of brotherhood, going out not merely in that one direction, but embracing as well the other needs of life.

The early history of the gilds is involved in obscurity. There is evidence, however, that they existed in England as early as the ninth century. Those which merit most our attention are the Frith Gilds, the Merchant Gilds, the Craft Gilds, and the Social-Religious and Religious Gilds. The frith gilds were sworn brotherhoods, concerning themselves mainly with the attempt to fill the gaps caused by defects in the matter of law and order due to a weak central authority. They did not, however, exclude the idea of brotherly support and assistance in other directions. In very early times we find the frith gilds in the Frankish Empire and the Netherlands, as well as in England, and it is probable that they existed to some considerable extent in Germany. With the growth of law and order a new era of gild-development began; the form and character of the gild were governed by the vocation of the members and the interests depending thereupon.

There is reason to suppose that the merchant gilds originated in the second half of the eleventh century. We find no trace of them in Anglo-Saxon days, and it is impossible to tell whether they came into England with the Conquest or arose there spontaneously after that event. Once started, their growth was rapid. As early as the reign of Henry I the merchant gild is mentioned in municipal charters. Of the hundred and sixty towns represented at one time or another in the Parliaments of Edward I, as many as ninety-two possessed merchant gilds. While the basic idea of associations of this class seems to have been that of a trading monopoly, we find among their ordinances provisions for attendance at the funerals of deceased members and prayers for the dead, side by side with which were arrangements for mutual support: sick gildsmen were to be visited, and assistance was to be rendered from the funds of the society to brethren who had fallen into poverty and distress, either by an absolute grant or by a loan free of interest; and sometimes the daughters of such needy members were to be dowered for marriage or the convent. The merchant gild seems to have lost its *raison d'être* with the rapid growth and specialization of industries, though the name long survived.

While it may be impossible to trace the craft gild back to the Roman Collegia in a continuous line, it is not improbable that some of the artisan corporations in Gaul had a continuous existence from the fifth to the twelfth century, and even that the organizations of servile craftsmen on the lands of the larger manors and monasteries may have been consciously constituted on the model of the Roman colleges. Though the manorial associations were far from being craft gilds, it seems safe to assume that in many instances they were transformed into such. The two institutions differed in one important particular: the manorial associations were brought about from without; whereas, in the case of the craft gilds, the craftsmen doubtless first associated for mutual objects of brotherhood, for mutual support against the ordinary vicissitudes of life, for mutual intercourse, and mutual pursuit of recreative and religious objects, as well as for the protection of property and freedom. It was only natural that the gild should soon begin to busy itself with practical trade matters, until this object became predominant.

We see that the craft gild has two distinct sets of activities, one affecting the members as craftsmen, the other affecting them as members of a social class. The gild system became one of minute control of the craft. On the one hand, great stress was laid upon the quality of the work done, and on the conditions under which it was done, and, on the other hand, upon a careful regulation of the supply of the trade material. Turning to the social side, we find that it was not merely that help was afforded when the member was beyond all self-help. It was recognized that there were times of difficulty and depression in trade, and the gild chest was open to those whose position could be made secure by the loan of a sum of money to tide them over the difficult period; they were thus not only preserved from penury, but their business was by such means retained to them, and with it their self-respect. Cases of distress, other than those of a temporary character, were met by setting down a certain stipend out of the funds. On the death of a poor brother, an honorable burial was provided for him, and the funds of the craft gilds therefore performed the function of sickness and burial clubs. The advantages extended beyond the craftsman himself to members of his family.

The social-religious gild played a large part in the Middle Ages, both in England and on the Continent. In associations of this class, the relief appears to have been measured not by the loss from the contingencies insured against, but by the actual poverty occasioned by the loss. There is, as Mr. Jack points out, a striking contrast between this attitude and the intense specialization in the various branches of insurance to-day. As a rule, the members of the gild seem to have accepted responsibility for the fixed amount for each of their number who might be in misfortune, but there are instances where, in the event of more than one requiring relief at the same time, the sum receivable by each was reduced.

Outside of the gilds we discover unmistakable tendencies towards mutual assistance. The reprobation of usury, and even of the taking of any interest at all, is one of these. On the other hand, there were a number of expedients which cannot be included in the category of mutual assistance, but which

easily possess insurance features. Such, for example, was the purchase of rents or annuities. The *montes* possessed similar characteristics. These were loans, sometimes forced and often voluntary, on which an annual money payment was made. This payment, in order to avoid the incriminating term "interest," was regarded as reimbursement of capital. With the weakening of the doctrine of usury, the activities of the *montes* were in many cases transformed into those of banking houses.

The gambling insurance of the Middle Ages was another precursor of modern insurance. If A pays £10 to B, who in consideration therefor agrees to pay A £100, should C's ship (in which neither has a previous money interest) founder during a certain voyage, the compact is obviously nothing but a piece of gambling. Of course, if A has goods to the value of £100 in C's ship, the contract might, for him at least, be regarded as one of insurance. It was a natural transition from such a situation to one where a person about to take a voyage paid a *premio*, which should insure the payment of ransom in the event of capture by the Turks or Barbary pirates.

The sixteenth century gave birth to Holtzschuher and Obrecht, with their theories of compulsory insurance of children, and the seventeenth to Tonti, whose theories may easily be surmised by those familiar with the modern term "tontine." In the seventeenth century also the illustrious Jan de Wit, then Grand Pensionary, first conceived the idea of applying the doctrine of probabilities to the valuation of human life. Nothing came, however, from his effort. In 1693 Edmund Halley, the astronomer, made a great advance in the science by his paper submitted to the Royal Society under the title, "An Estimate of the Degrees of the Mortality of Mankind, drawn from curious Tables of the births and funerals of the City of Breslau; with an attempt to ascertain the price of annuities upon lives."

Thus the way was paved for modern life insurance, the history of which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred have been content to ignore. In compiling this erudite yet very readable treatise, Mr. Jack has dignified the system which we now know, by forcing us to recognize that it owes its enormous vogue quite as much to the instinct of the human race as to the persistent activities of "the life-insurance man."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Red Hand of Ulster. By George A. Birmingham. New York: Geo. H. Doran Co.

American readers, at least, can hardly help feeling this to be a sad come-down for the author of "Spanish Gold" and "Priscilla's Spies." In place of the light-hearted and spontaneous humor of those delightful narratives, we have here a piece of deliberate and heavy-handed political satire. Anti-Unionism in Ulster, with an elaborate conspiracy ending in a battle in the streets of Belfast, might have given this writer a chance for some admirable fooling. In fact, the "timeliness" of his theme fails to rescue the performance from dulness. An Irish multi-millionaire, that richest man in the world who figures under so many aliases in current fiction, wearies of London society, which he has easily brought to heel, and casts about for some new thing. A chance suggestion by his secretary that an Irish revolution might be amusing takes his fancy. The anti-Unionists are his best hope. He promptly allies himself with one McNeice, a fanatical Orangeman and a born leader. Arms are smuggled into Ulster in Conroy's yacht, and on a day the embattled zealots actually face the King's troops. The event is a fiasco: the soldiers have orders to fire into the air, and the Orangemen are such poor marksmen that they do no damage. Presently the troops, instead of awarding the crown of martyrdom to the ambitious foe, quietly withdraw themselves, to the consternation of the patriots. The affair ends with a naval bombardment, consisting of a single shot, which destroys a statue of Queen Victoria in a Belfast square. "O. Henry" might have made an amusing short story out of these materials. As here spun out and rubbed in by Mr. Birmingham, they seem of little account. But it may be that the eye of the true-born and politics-ridden Briton is needed to discern their hidden meaning.

Prudent Priscilla. By Mary C. E. Wemyss. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The author of "The Professional Aunt" appeals chiefly, we suppose, to a feminine audience. Her humor is of the sort esteemed by knitters in the sun as "bright" and "cute," and disposed of by brusque male verdict as "fresh." The Priscilla of the chronicle is the young wife of a well-to-do English squire, and has an income of her own, of which she never lets us hear the last. The squire's name is Richard, but she chooses to call him Christopher, which, we somewhat obscurely gather, is an act of piquancy. Life moves smoothly at the Manor House. Christopher's only visible task is to cultivate the red health becoming to his station. Priscilla plays Lady Bountiful among the villagers, never forgetting to be sprightly even when being kind. After some years of marriage there are no children at the Manor House, and Priscilla spends a great many of her pages in assuring her readers and her husband that this doesn't matter at all. Christopher is all she wants; children would be sure to be a nuisance; she is determined not to be treated as a disappointed woman, and so on. Of course, it is plain that it does matter, that this is what the book is about, if it is about anything. Priscilla has an old nurse who may be counted on to put new heart into the topic whenever it might otherwise be in danger of lapsing. In short, this is the record of a long flirtation with the idea of maternity. There is only one possible ending, of course—the happy one. The hour arrives when a secret is to be whispered into the red ear of Christopher; and the rest may as well be silence.

In the Vortex. By Clive Holland. New York: McBride, Nast & Co.

Perhaps the reason why stories of the Latin Quarter continue to be produced in such numbers is that they satisfy the thirst of many half educated readers for Arcadian literature. The story-book Bohemia is bounded on the north by Arcadia, and on the south by the Mohammedan Paradise. Its utter unreality is one secret of its popularity; its comparatively discreet appeal to the baser instincts is another. In the matter of unreality, "In the Vortex" is almost a burlesque. The opening scenes are laid in New England—a New England where at psychological moments the thrushes sing in the elms of the village street, and where, on one occasion, "the roseate dawn of a spring day was about to break in the *western* sky and creeping over the meadows." The author's liberties with Nature are interestingly paralleled by his liberties with language. "If yer are going" is a fair sample of his New England dialect; "Timothy O'Hagan, a journalist, *gen des lettres* and cosmopolitan," will give an idea of his French; and "there was something so charming and disingenuous about Glynn, and his gray eyes were so clear and questioning for a man that she had, as she phrased it, 'let herself go'" illustrates the fine impartiality of his ordinary diction. But details of this sort will not disturb most of Mr. Holland's readers. They will no doubt revel in the "Bohemian atmosphere" gained by highly colored descriptions of restaurants, studios, and balls, and by the liberal sprinkling of more or less French words.

Pride of War. By Gustaf Janson. Translated from the Swedish original "Lögnerna." Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

One looks back to the title-page of this volume to see whether it is not published by some Peace Society. In the form of a series of sketches from the Tripolitan campaign, it is really

a commentary on Sherman's familiar definition of war. War is built upon lies and supported by them; war is anarchy; war is reversion to the brute; war is theft; war is murder.

These are the texts of a series of narratives written picturesquely and strongly. They give us glimpses of Bedouin life and customs; of the skirmish line, the battle-field, the hospital. "A Fantasia" contains an interesting account of a Bedouin festival; "Lies," perhaps the most effective tract in the series, concludes with an impressive bit of dramatic irony. Before the reader has finished the book he grows a little tired of the recurrent moral, which the writer's earnestness has led him to overemphasize.

THE RHYTHM OF PROSE.

A History of English Prose Rhythm. By George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.50 net.

In judging this book, as is the case with most of Professor Saintsbury's work, two quite different points of view may be taken, corresponding to two notable traits of the author's mind. No living critic reacts more finely and spontaneously to the individual passage of beauty wherever found; in this sense his *gusto*, to use an old and desirable word, is almost impeccable. On the other hand, not many writers, certainly no living English writer of his eminence, can flounder so helplessly and at times be so wrong-headed as he when he undertakes that reasoned and systematic criticism of beauty which is more properly the function of *taste*.

So in this history. If one reads it as a kind of anthology of English prose, with a running comment concerned largely, but by no means exclusively, with rhythm, it will be found highly interesting and stimulating. As an example of Professor Saintsbury at his best—and his best is very good—we commend his paragraphs on the passage in Isaiah lx, beginning with the words, "Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee," and ending with, "For the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." No reader of the Bible need be told that the language of these verses is beautiful, but there are very few readers, we suspect, who, after hearing Professor Saintsbury's comments, will not admit that they never before felt its full sweetness and marvellous splendor. Nor is it a little thing that the critic makes a fairly elaborate comparison of the English form of these verses with their form in the Septuagint and the Vulgate, and by so doing brings out the magnificent rhetorical resources of our tongue which we sometimes forget. It is significant, however, that the force of the critic's eulogium depends more on his consideration of vowel sounds and grammatical endings than on any specific analysis of the rhythmical scheme.

This same quickness of response to the quality of the individual passage has enabled Professor Saintsbury to give an excellent criticism of the work of Wyclif on the Bible, and of its value relatively to that of Tyndale. Indeed, he is likely to be particularly sound and fine when dealing with details of Scriptural style. Those who have any lingering doubts of the failure of the Revised Version as a devotional book, would do well to ponder the page in which our critic loses his temper gloriously over the Revisers of 1870-1885, "the very Ziim and Ochim and Iim of the fauna of our literature," as he calls them. The passage is so characteristic of Professor Saintsbury and shows so clearly the nonchalance with which he carries the subject of his book, viz., rhythm, that it may be quoted at some length:

> Let us, for another example, take what is perhaps the finest passage, rhythmically, of the New Testament, as "Arise, shine," is not far from being the finest of the Old. The mess which those unfortunate Revisers made of this is notorious. Being utterly ignorant of English literature, they altered "glass" to "mirror," because, I suppose, they were clever enough to know that "glass" was not used for mirrors in the Apostle's days, and not clever enough to have heard of Gascoigne's "Steel *Glass*" in the days of the "Authorized" translators themselves. By recurring to "love," instead of "charity" (an error, even from the strictest "crib" point of view, for it leaves the English reader uncertain whether ἀγάπη or ἔρως is meant), they have at one blow cut the whole rhythm of the passage to pieces, and substituted ugly jolting thuds for undulating spring-work. Because they thought a cymbal did not "tinkle," but did "clang," they spoilt the sound of a whole phrase, and very doubtfully improved its sense, by altering to "clanging" (they had not even the sense to try "clashing," and I wonder why they did not use "bang"). Because of the absurd objection to synonyms which has been, and will be, pilloried, they spoilt the euphony by making both the "prophecies" and the "knowledge" be "done away." They had not even the courage to be literal, where it would have been again in place, by rendering "*through* a mirror," and they deliberately underwent the curse of Mr. Pendennis's schoolmaster by rendering δὲ "and" instead of "but" in the final clause.

It is not to be inferred that the excellence of Professor Saintsbury's work is confined to the minute details of criticism. In dealing with the changes in rhythmical style from age to age and with the various literary currents, he is often shrewd and satisfactory, as he is always enormously literate. As for his literacy, indeed, it becomes a little irksome to find him still insisting on the number of books he has read, and the number of times he has read a particular book. On hearing his own statement that he has now gone through Malory "nearer the fiftieth than the twentieth time," his enemies—and we believe he has such—might grumble that his work would have been better if he read less and reflected more. For if this History displays his sensitiveness to the beauty of individual passages and his familiarity with the changes of literary fashion, it also displays a certain precipitance in his intellectual procedure, which renders his criticism weak constructively and deprives it of authority, even, to some extent, of usefulness.

To be more specific, we must reproduce one of his schematizations, which are interspersed through the book, and which form the basis of his criticism so far as he attends to his nominal subject, rhythm. A famous clause from Sir Thomas Browne, in a passage rightly quoted for its "magnificence," will serve:

ănd quĭĕtlў | rēstĕd | ūndĕr thĕ drūms | ănd trāmplĭngs | ŏf thrēe | cōnquēsts |

As will be seen from this scheme, Professor Saintsbury uses the ordinary metrical signs to denote the quantity of syllables, but in determining feet he never divides in the middle of a word, as is done in verse. Nor, on the other hand, are his feet marked off by those rhetorical pauses which naturally divide prose into short *cola*. His division is purely arbitrary, and, as a consequence, has little significance. The passage quoted above, if divided metrically, would stand thus:

ănd quī- | ĕtlў rēst- | ĕd ūn- | dĕr thĕ drūms | ănd trāmp- | lĭngs ŏf thrēe | cōnquēsts |

We suspect that the only way to arrive at any definite ideas in regard to time values would be a frankly metrical schematization of this sort, though it would be open to grave misunderstanding if supposed to represent precisely the same thing as is represented by similar marks in verse. It is not easy to see how otherwise any unit of measurement can be found which will lead to fruitful comparisons. The only other method which has any relation to the rhythmical facts would give us the following scheme:

ănd quĭĕtlў rēstĕd | ūndĕr thĕ drūms ănd trāmplĭngs | ŏf thrēe cōnquēsts |

Such a system would make the comparison of time values vague and almost meaningless, but it might possibly facilitate the larger comparison of rhetorical cadences, which are really the essential matter in prose rhythm. Professor Saintsbury falls between the metrical and the rhetorical systems, with the result that his schematization, so far as the division into feet goes, has no relation to the facts of prose rhythm, wheth-

er considered in their relation to the prosody of verse or studied as independent phenomena.

But his error, as we see it, is even deeper. On his first page he quotes Aristotle's description of prose as "neither possessing metre nor destitute of rhythm" (neither *emmetric* nor *arrhythmic*), but in his intellectual precipitance quite fails to see the all-important bearing of this principle. Verse is *emmetric* by reason of that moulding rhythmical sense which the Greeks called *plasma*. By this innate sense the quantity of syllables in reading verse is to a certain degree lengthened or shortened beyond the norm of ordinary speaking, so that a line of poetry falls into a regular succession of long and short syllables, in which the long syllables bear a fairly constant ratio of length to the short syllables, and which can be grouped into metrical divisions (feet) corresponding to the bars of music. But in reading prose the force of *plasma* is much less strongly felt, with the result that prose, though it may have its own rhythm, is not properly *emmetric*. As a consequence, this whole process of scanning prose passages by macron and breve is open to grave misapprehension in theory, and in practice is likely to lead nowhere. It would be perfectly easy to find a flatly unrhythmical prose passage which would fall under precisely the same scheme as a passage which is highly rhythmical. Set down one of Professor Saintsbury's successions of macrons and breves, without the corresponding words; you will rarely be able to decide whether it belongs to a rhythmical or unrhythmical passage.

To get at the rhythm of prose it would be necessary to employ some totally different schematization from that which Professor Saintsbury takes over from prosody and only halfway adapts to new conditions. The rhythm in prose will be found to depend mainly on the rhetorical position of phrases and clauses, and on the use of sonorous words in the places of rhetorical emphasis, which cannot be indicated by the bare symbols of prosody—if they can be profitably indicated by any symbols. As a matter of fact, when Professor Saintsbury applies himself to the praise of any passage of notable rhythmic effects, he commonly forgets his system altogether, and deals directly with balance and cadence and sonority with no reference to macrons and breves. And when he does so proceed, he speaks with an authority that cannot be gainsaid. But as a systematic treatise or as a philosophical exposition of prose rhythm his book is almost valueless.

Reminiscences of the South Seas. By John La Farge. With 48 illustrations, 32 in color, by the author. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $7.50 net.

In 1890 and the following year John La Farge, with his friend, Henry Adams, made a leisurely progress through the Pacific islands, sojourning especially in Samoa and the Sandwich Islands. They met on friendly terms the deposed monarch and great gentleman, Mataafa; they were adopted into the line of the Shark God. Their nude paddlers took them from village to village. Waterfalls spread into bathing pools whose outgoing current met the lap of the waves in palm-lined channels. As they approached, the official virgin of the village, the *Taupo*, came to them offering hospitality. A part of their entertainment would usually be the sitting *siva* dance, executed now by stalwart boatmen, now by lithe maidens. It involved a ripple of the entire body to the finger tips, a free rhythm and flexible control such as dancers born to the cumbering garments of civilization never attain. The *siva* is less an accomplishment than an instinct. The Samoan girls used to beat its measures as they lay huddled and dozing together in the palm-leaf huts. Mere infants would gravely mimic the fluent, swimming cadences of their elders.

In this rustic Arcadia the genius of the great painter received a kind of renovation. His skilful brush seized the gestures of these racial dances, and recorded the graceful ritual of life in these peaceful communities. He questioned the elders about their beliefs and elicited strange bits of demonology persisting under the veneer of recent Christianity. The whole experience set him to musing on the issues of art and life. These found literary expression in journals and letters home, out of which this book is compiled. The style is gradual, insinuating, unemphatic, and ill adapted to brief quotation. Withal it is of singular ripeness and charm. An impatient reader will make little of it. For him it is not written. Whoever brings to these pages something of the Polynesian and classic mood will be richly rewarded. There are gracious forms of human wisdom that seem best observed and thought-out in the deep Samoan moonlight. All this fascination may be only the result of a rather animal gentleness and moderation, yet it accords with the more reasoned moderation of the Greeks, and raises the same instructive contrast with the futile restlessness of much civilized effort.

It is interesting to note that this bath of aboriginal life only strengthened the classicism of La Farge. He grasps joyously at Homeric parallels, constantly refuses to be blinded by the color, which he thoroughly understood, and sees the human spectacle in terms of line and movement. Under such a sun, a lurch into modern luminism might well have been expected. Nothing of the sort in La Farge's Pacific sketches. And here let us recall that even the brusque talent of Paul Gauguin was reshaped along quite classic and monumental lines during his stay in Hawaii. With the daily spectacle of the nude in open air before him, La Farge's admiration never reverted to the modern specialists on this theme. He is silent about Zorn and Besnard, and all the professional Orientalists, and thinks instead of Millet, Delacroix, and the old masters:

> Of the moderns, Millet and Delacroix *alone* give the look of the nude alive and out of the studio. Also the Venetians and the older men are not out of the facts. And praise be to the Maker of all (art included), I have not seen any *black* except at night—and even then, "si peu, si peu." Rembrandt would be happy here, especially in the evenings, when the cocoanut fire—that is so bright as to look bright in the day—makes a centre of light strong enough to turn the brown skins to silver and to gold; and then passes by every gradation of the prism into nameless depths that black paint will never give. My dear old painters, even to Van Eyck and Memling, how well they "carry" over the globe!

The pleasure of this delightful book is much enhanced by the numerous and fairly successful reproductions of the author's color sketches.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward and A. R. Waller. Volume IX: "From Steele and Addison to Pope and Swift." New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

We note among the collaborators in this volume several of those whose contributions in the past have done most to establish the success of the series. For instance, as in previous volumes, A. W. Ward furnishes the chapter on Historical and Political Writers, and W. R. Sorley that on the philosophers of the period—Berkeley, Shaftesbury, the deists and their opponents. The work of Professor Ward is distinguished, as usual, by learning, vigor, and judgment. Especially valuable is his review of Bolingbroke's political writings—doubtless, the best appreciation that has yet appeared of the production of that versatile genius in this particular field. Professor Sorley continues here his lucid expositions of English philosophical thought, and in the chapter on Writers of Burlesque and Translators we meet again with Charles Whibley, whose vivacity and incisive critical gifts are all the more conspicuous from their rarity in these volumes. Professor Saintsbury, to whom the lion's share has so often fallen in previous volumes, has here only a part of the chapter on the Lesser Verse Writers—a varied assemblage, from "knowing" Walsh to Isaac

Watts, and from Blackmore to Savage. In dealing with so unpromising a subject the writer's sense of humor, lively imagery, trick of literary allusion, and sure instinct for what is really fine in literature stand him in good stead.

Among the chapters from new contributors we note especially the admirable one on Defoe—The Newspaper and the Novel—by Prof. W. P. Trent. In the author's estimate, Defoe is not so much the maligned patriot of his early biographers as a brilliant and mercenary journalist, the deterioration of whose character was in a measure due to hard usage—especially in the affair of the pillory (1703). The judgment of Defoe's contemporaries upon his character was almost unanimously unfavorable, and, where such is the case, one need not trouble about the sophistries of later biographers, to whom the genius of their author is a source of intellectual pleasure merely, instead of practical inconvenience. It is to be said, however, that Professor Trent does not regard Defoe even in his later development so much as a shameless and wholesale liar as "a consummate casuist who was often his own chief dupe." The chapter contains some important corrections in the biographies of this writer. So, for instance, Defoe's imprisonment, which began early in 1703, is shown to have ended about November 1 of that year, instead of in August, 1704. Accordingly, his famous journal, the *Review*, was not founded while the editor was in prison. Of especial importance for its bearing on Defoe's character is Professor Trent's account of the affair of his supposed illness at the end of 1714, to which he alludes so pathetically in his "Appeal to Honour and Justice," published in February, 1715. Professor Trent discredits the story of this illness and makes it clear that at no time was his pen more prolific than during this period of his feigned disability. As a writer Professor Trent happily describes Defoe as "the greatest of plebeian geniuses," and he traces convincingly his evolution as a novelist out of his experience as a journalist and miscellaneous author rather than from the influences of previous fiction.

The other great writers of the period hardly fare so well as Defoe in this volume. Most satisfactory, perhaps, is the chapter on Steele and Addison, by Harold Routh, although it should seem to be a narrow definition of genius which would deny the possession of this quality, to Addison at least. We object, too, to Mr. Routh's assumption that the simplification of English prose towards the end of the seventeenth century was due to the more active social intercourse which followed on the institution of coffee-houses. But men's tongues moved just as rapidly at The Mermaid tavern fifty or sixty years before. Nevertheless, this chapter gives an adequate account of the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* as intimate expressions of the spirit of the age and as powerful reforming agencies in contemporary life. The discussion of Swift by G. A. Aitken is clear and accurate in point of scholarship, but even in a work of this kind one would expect some attempt to portray with bolder relief this extraordinary personality, which combines every element of interest—genius, mystery, and tragedy. The chapter on Pope, by Professor Bensly, must be pronounced wholly inadequate. Nothing so commonplace on a writer of the first rank has appeared before in this series. It reads like an average classroom lecture, intended to convey to undergraduates the "needful information." Of a very different quality is the treatment of William Law and the Mystics, by Miss C. F. E. Spurgeon, one of the most interesting contributions to the present volume. The exposition of the mystical teaching of Boehme and Law, which once possessed an influence, even over leading minds, that is now little realized, is apt to engage the attention of many readers who are otherwise unaccustomed to occupy themselves with literature of this kind. Among the remaining chapters we note T. F. Henderson's valuable digest of what is known concerning Scottish popular poetry before Burns, G. A. Aitken's authoritative outline of Arbuthnot's life and work, and the useful summaries of the labors of scholars and antiquaries during this period—mainly, of course, in classical and historical research—by J. D. Duff and H. G. Aldis.

The bibliographies make up about one-fourth of the entire volume, and in some sections have an exceptional value. For example, the list of Defoe's writings, compiled by Professor Trent, is the fullest and most accurate in existence. As regards earlier journalists, it is, perhaps, worth noting that since the publication of this volume an elaborate life of Sir Roger L'Estrange, by G. Kitchin, has appeared. In the bibliography of John Gay we miss the two paraphrases from Ariosto which were first published in the *Archiv für das Studium der neueren Sprachen* for 1909. The pieces are preserved in Gay's handwriting and their authenticity is beyond dispute. This omission is particularly regrettable, as the second of these *contes*, based on the Fiordispina episode of the "Orlando Furioso," is one of the best things that we have from Gay's pen. Accompanying the paraphrases in the above-mentioned article are the variants from an interesting early draft of Gay's charming poem, "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece," written to celebrate the completion of his friend's translation of the Iliad and also imitated from Ariosto.

The Stock Exchange from Within. By W. C. Van Antwerp. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Van Antwerp's sketch of the origin, nature, and functions of the Stock Exchange is written primarily as a reply to outside attacks on the methods of that institution, especially in the recent Pujo Committee hearings. Since the author is at present a member of the board of governors, it is actually a view "from within." It is not, however, an unqualified panegyric on the methods and practices which surround that interesting institution, for it points out faults as well as virtues. A chapter on the Uses and Abuses of Speculation takes fair and judicious account of existing evils, and it undoubtedly characterizes the worst of them in the comment that "the great evil of speculation consists in the buying of securities or real estate or anything else with borrowed money, by uninformed people who cannot afford to lose." This very essential fact is often left out of account by critics of the Stock Exchange itself.

In the much-discussed matter of "manipulation," Mr. Van Antwerp admits that this imparting artificially of an unreal appearance of activity or strength "at times assumes the proportions of a real evil." He points out fairly the efforts of the governing committee to suppress it. The difficulty of dealing with such offences, when the culprit who gave the simultaneous buying and selling orders was not a member of the Exchange and hence not amenable to its discipline, and when the brokers executing the orders were not aware of their character, is set forth on the general grounds which have become familiar in the recent argument over preventive legislation by the State. Perhaps it would have to be admitted that the recent and stringent rule adopted by the governing committee, that "no Stock Exchange member or member of a Stock Exchange firm shall give, or with knowledge execute, orders for the purchase or sale of securities which would involve no change of ownership," recognizes the fact that past regulation has been somewhat deficient. From another point of view, the frank statement at the Albany hearing, by counsel for the Exchange, that State legislation might properly undertake to deal with the outside culprits in such matters, suggested where the authority of the Exchange itself may have needed outside support.

Mr. Van Antwerp makes interesting comment on the characteristics of the Stock Exchange and its daily business; on the manner of passing on applicants for membership, and on such particular vocations among its members, mysterious to the general outside public, as the "specialist," the "two-dollar broker," the "odd-lot broker," the "arbitrageur," and the "floor trader." The

ethics and economic function of "short selling" are again set forth, and the arguments against incorporation recited. Much of the atmosphere of the Stock Exchange is summed up in the remark that "yesterday is embalmed with the Pharaohs; they never speak here of what *has* happened, but only of what *will* happen—and this is a new day."

For a work written without pretence of scientific investigation, this contains considerable reference and citation to the more formal literature on the topics concerned, and its historical dates and references are generally accurate. Mr. Horace White's report as chairman of the Hughes Committee of 1909 on stock exchanges and speculation is so frequently referred to, that a mistaking of his identity is unfortunate. The book repeatedly speaks of "Governor Horace White." There was such a person; he was chosen Lieutenant-Governor under Mr. Hughes, and filled out that Governor's unexpired term when Mr. Hughes went to the Supreme Court; but he was not the chairman of the Hughes Commission or a writer on finance. Mr. Horace White, of New York city, is surely a sufficiently well-known person not to be confused with Mr. Horace White, of Syracuse.

Memories of Victorian London. By L. B. Walford. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

"The twentieth century will revel in the pen-portraiture of the nineteenth," said Coventry Patmore many years ago to Mrs. Walford, in course of a conversation arising out of her own last-published novel, and perhaps there is just a hint of personal feeling in her comment on the remark, "How ironical this sounds now!" The novels of L. B. Walford had a considerable vogue in their day, and if a younger generation is unfamiliar with "Mr. Smith," "Cousins," and "A Mere Child," it is only because the spirit of the times has changed, just as the external appearance of the London streets is very different from what it was when Mrs. Walford first made her curtsey before Queen Victoria And if the author permits herself a sigh of regret that her books no longer make the appeal to the popular taste that they once did, the sigh is a very fleeting one, and she cheerfully applies her practiced pen to a field of literature that never stales.

In the present volume, which records a different series of incidents and impressions from those narrated in the previous "Recollections of a Scottish Novelist," Mrs. Walford gives her reminiscences of life in an eclectic rather than an exclusive circle of London society, from the year 1864 until the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria in 1897. The manner of the book is fragmentary, almost random, preserving no sequence save that of time, and the incidents recorded are only linked together by the personality of "Mary," the charming relative of the author, to whose letters and journals the volume owes much of its inspiration, and whose identity, we confess, piques our curiosity, but eludes us. Principally in the earlier chapters there are a few arid passages and some anecdotes that seem hardly worth recording; but these are amply atoned for by much that fascinates. Mrs. Walford has something to tell of most of the prominent figures in the social, literary, and artistic life of London during the past half-century; and often what she has to say is new, almost always it is interesting.

Of Oscar Wilde she tells a characteristic story. At the time of his marriage, when the young *ménage* was not too affluent, a benevolent aunt presented him with fifty pounds to assist in furnishing the house—the household goods he had acquired up to then consisting of a clock, a table, and three Chippendale chairs. After the honeymoon the young couple appeared before her, and "with great exultation" displayed two Apostle spoons in which they had invested her present. In chapter xxii a charming episode, unfortunately too long for quotation, is recorded in which the names of Leighton, Millais, and Thackeray are linked together; and one short anecdote of Shelley's sisters must be given, which is new, at any rate, to the present reviewer. The elder of the sisters was once asked: "Are you a sister of the poet Shelley?" To which she replied with *hauteur:* "I once had a brother who I believe wrote immoral verses, but I am thankful to say I have never read any of them."

L'Arbitrage international chez les Hellènes. Par A. Raeder. Translation into French by M. Synnestvedt. Imported by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Greeks invented international arbitration. It was the natural resource of a group of autonomous states who were constantly disputing their individual rights, especially their boundaries, and concluding treaties and conventions, while they recognized certain legal rights common to them all. It was to the interest of the larger states that the smaller should not embroil the Greek world, and it was besides strongly characteristic of the Greeks in general to seize an opportunity to state both sides of a question and appeal to a third party to decide on the winner. So the shepherds in Theocritus leave it to any chance comer to award the prize for their songs, and the countrymen in the newly-found "Epitrepontes" of Menander entrust a more serious decision, the fate of a deserted child and the jewelry exposed with it, to an old man who is passing in the street. The arbitrator's ability to decide, and the necessity of abiding by his decision, are taken for granted, and even in the cases of international arbitration here collected by Raeder a refusal to trust the good faith of a proposed arbitrator stands out as a striking exception. This was when, in 342 B. C., after occupying the island of Halonnesus which was claimed by Athens, Philip of Macedon proposed to settle the affair by arbitration. Thereupon Demosthenes declared that it would be impossible to find an impartial state to arbitrate, and Hegesippus added that in any case Philip would bribe the judges. Here it may be noted that, in the eyes of the Hellenes, Philip was an outer barbarian, and they allowed no barbarians international rights.

This exclusive attitude of the Hellenes has led some authorities, like Bonfils, to deny that they had achieved international law in the modern sense. But Raeder points out that in this respect the European nations resemble to some extent the Greek states: "Nous n'attribuons le vrai traitement d'égal à égal, au point de vue du droit international, qu'aux peuples européens, sauf en partie à la Turquie, et aux pays colonisés par l'Europe, ainsi qu'au Japon. Le monde Mahométan, la Chine, etc., sont rangés dans une classe inférieure, et pour les autres sociétés on ne peut vraiment pas dire qu'elles aient une situation juridique quelconque à nos yeux." But while the more powerful states imposed arbitration on the smaller, among themselves they usually preferred to dispense with it, and the Athenians thought it merely impertinent of Philip when he exhorted them to refer their differences with him to arbitration on the ground that Athens had obliged Thasos and Maronea to submit their petty claims to arbitration. Athens, however, was always more willing than Sparta to accept arbitration, and the attempt of Pericles to summon a congress to found a permanent court of arbitration, attested by Plutarch in his Life of Pericles, was foiled by Sparta, who compelled the whole Peloponnesus to refuse to participate in any such project. In general, permanent arbitration clauses in treaties, when they were adopted later by the Leagues, virtually never, according to Raeder, prevented war.

The arbitrators agreed upon were sometimes a distinguished individual like Themistocles, sometimes a whole town which would vote *en masse*, or a commission chosen from one or more towns, sometimes, though not as often as one would expect, the oracle of Delphi, and then usually on colonial rights. The decisions were deposited in some safe place, usually a temple such as the sanctuary of Apollo on Delos or of Æsculapius at Epidaurus.

Such a work as Raeder's has only

lately become possible, because the literary evidence for arbitration is relatively scanty, and we rely in the main on inscriptions discovered in recent years. It is appropriate that the first publication of the Nobel Institute should be an exhaustive study by a well-known Danish scholar.

Notes

March 1 will see the publication by Holt of the concluding volume of Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe." The book will be entitled "Jean-Christophe: Journey's End," and will contain the last three volumes of the French edition—"Love and Friendship," "The Burning Bush," and "The New Dawn."

A new book by H. G. Wells is announced for immediate publication by B. W. Huebsch. It is entitled "The Discovery of the Future," and is based on an address delivered by Mr. Wells before the Royal Institution.

The same house will issue shortly: "Syndicalism, Industrial Unionism, and Socialism," by John Spargo, and "The Truth About Socialism," by Allan L. Benson.

The following titles are promised by Doran this week: "The Great Acceptance," a story by Guy Thorne; "With the Turks in Thrace," by Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett; "Starving America," by Alfred W. McCann, and "Wesley's World Parish," by George G. Findlay and Mary Grace Findlay.

McBride, Nast & Co. will bring out the first of next month "The Balkan War Drama," by Cyril Campbell.

Among their forthcoming books, Scribners have the following: "Letters of General Meade," edited by George E. Meade; "European Cities at Work," by Frederic C. Howe; "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," two volumes, illustrated, by Anna de Koven; "Journals of Danker and Sluyter, 1679-80," by B. B. James; "A Small Boy and Others," the story of his boyhood, by Henry James; "Rose Bertin, the Creator of Fashion at the Court of Marie Antoinette," by Emile Langlade, adapted from the French by Dr. Angelo A. S. Rappoport; "Germany and the Germans, From an American Point of View," by Price Collier; "Monarchical Socialism in Germany," by Elmer Roberts; "Veiled Mysteries of Egypt," by S. H. Leeder; "The Gateway to the Sahara: Observations and Experiences in Tripoli," by Charles W. Furlong; "The Pathos of Distance: A Book of a Thousand and One Moments," by James Huneker; "Enjoyment of Poetry," by Max Eastman; "Helen Redeemed and Other Poems," by Maurice Hewlett; Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," new popular edition, with an introduction by Robert E. Speer; a popular centenary edition of Stanley's "In Darkest Africa"; "Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians," by Mary Gay Humphreys; "What Is the Truth About Jesus Christ?" by Friedrich Loofs; "The Life and Teachings of Jesus," by Charles F. Kent, and "The Fundamental Christian Faith," by Dr. Charles A. Briggs, D.D.

As a companion volume to "The Girlhood of Queen Elizabeth," Messrs. Constable are about to publish "The Youth of Henry VIII: A Narrative in Contemporary Letters," by Frank A. Mumby.

A "History of the Renaissance," designed for the general reader, by J. D. Symon and S. L. Bensusan, is in the press of Messrs. Jack.

There will shortly come from the press of Paul Elder & Company a volume of essays entitled "Intimations," by John D. Barry, and "The Critic in the Orient," a book of travel impressions by George Hamilton Fitch.

Miscellaneous publications in Little, Brown's spring list include: "The Philippine Problem," by Frederick Chamberlin; "The Empire of India," by Sir J. Bamfylde Fuller, being a new volume in the All Red British Empire series; "Famous Speeches," second series, by Herbert Paul; "The Romance of the Men of Devon," by Francis Gribble; "A Sunny Life: The Biography of Samuel June Barrows," by Isabel C. Barrows; "The Prince Imperial," a biography of the son of Napoleon III, by Augustin Filon; two new volumes in the Continental Legal History series, and a new book in the Modern Criminal Science series.

The Committee on Research Institute is collecting information about bibliographical material and indexes kept in manuscript by libraries and individuals. Those who have such material in their possession or know of the whereabouts of any are requested to communicate with the chairman of the committee, Aksel G. S. Josephson, care of the John Crerar Library, Chicago.

The Oxford edition of Browning's "Ring and the Book," on India paper, has for frontispiece a photogravure of the portrait by Field Talfourd, and several facsimiles from the Yellow Book. An introduction is furnished by Edward Dowden.

In writing the life of "Mary Sidney, Countess of Pembroke" (London: David Nutt), Mrs. Francis Berkeley Young has gone back scrupulously to original documents. Several of these, including letters from the Countess to her relatives and to personages at court, have never before been published. Although Mrs. Young is more concerned as scholar to let the documents speak for themselves than to indulge the inferences of the trained biographer, she contrives to present a fairly clear picture. Born in 1561, seven years the junior of her brother Philip and two years older than Robert, Mary Sidney had the capacity to sustain family traditions as distinguished as any in the realm. Her father, Sir Henry, had been brought up as a child with Prince Edward, and later became Lord Deputy of Ireland and Lord President of Wales, besides, with his wife, Mary Dudley, playing an important part at court. It may be that her marriage with Henry Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, a man twenty-five years her senior, tended to develop certain native resources which in a less disparate match might have lain hidden; namely, her literary side. Both by her own productions and by her influence on others, she ranked as probably the first woman of letters of her day, and more than any one else reflected the activity of certain Italian ladies whose courts were thronged with literary folk.

The countess's home at Wilton was comparable to Urbino in the days of the great duchess and of her brilliant lady-in-waiting, Emilia Pia. Her actual share in the "Arcadia" is not certain, though it is clear that she was equal to the task of patching together the loose ends which Sir Philip had left. With him she also undertook a metrical translation of the Psalms, doing the major part of the work, and, as Mrs. Young believes, showing the greater skill. She seems to have rightly judged her powers as best suited to translating. She published an English version of a work by Philippe Du Plessis Mornay, the friend of Sir Philip, calling it "A Discourse of Life and Death"; a blank-verse translation of Garnier's "Antonie"; and rendered into English *terza rima* (the verse of the original) Petrarch's "Trionfo della Morte." She was also the author of "The Doleful Lay of Clarinda," an elegy first published in Spenser's "Astrophel," and of "Astrea," a pastoral dialogue in praise of Elizabeth, which first appeared in Davison's "Poetical Rhapsody." The rendering of Petrarch, which Mrs. Young prints for the first time, from a manuscript in the library of the Inner Temple, is interesting mainly as a *tour de force*. We quote the opening lines:

That gallant Ladie, glorioushe bright,
The statelie pillar once of worthinesse,
And now a little dust, a naked spright,
Turn'd from hir warres a joyefull conqueresse:
Hir warres, where she had foyl'd the mightie foe,
Whose wylie stratagems the world distresse.
And foyl'd him, not with sword, with speare, or bowe,
But with chaste heart, faire visage, upright thought,
Wise speache, which did with honor linked goe.

Not to give all who sought the countess as their patron, we may mention Nicholas Breton, Samuel Daniel, Abraham Fraunce, Spenser, Nashe, Watson, Drayton. The dedications to the lady by these men and others, which Mrs. Young reprints, in spite of the customary flattery they contain, witness to the solidity of Mary Sidney's intelligence and to the enormous impulse which she gave to literature. Finally, Mrs. Young reviews the controversy over the authorship (variously attributed to William Browne and Ben Jonson) of the countess's noble epitaph:

Underneath this sable Herse
Lyes the subject of all verse, etc.

The Life of James Fenimore Cooper, which Miss Mary E. Phillips has just published through John Lane Company, aims so far as possible to be a personal sketch of the man himself, not a new estimate of his writings. From printed and unprinted documents, the author has brought together a series of interesting pictures of Cooper, especially during his years of residence in France and England and travelling on the Continent, where his reputation made him everywhere a welcome guest. Nobility sought him out, and in France one princess made such demands upon him that Mrs. Cooper writes that she would be jealous if the lady were not a grandmother—though it was admitted that she did not look it. After Sir Walter Scott and Cooper met, for the first time, in Paris, Scott wrote in his diary, "So the Scotch and the American Lions took the field together." Their common publisher in Paris Scott described as "our gosling" (his name was Goselin), and hoped that at least "he laid golden eggs."

It is said that when Cooper, sitting for his portrait by Mme. de Mirabel, was asked to look at the picture of a distinguished statesman, he replied, "No, if I must look at any, it shall be my master," and he raised his eyes to a portrait of Sir Walter Scott. Of Lafayette, Cooper saw much at the old general's country place, not far from Paris. "No one," the American wrote, "can be pleasanter in private, and he is full of historical anecdotes that he tells with great simplicity and frequently with great humor."

After a year and a half of France, 1826-1828, the Coopers moved to England. We hear much of the banker-poet Rogers, who on one occasion spoke slightingly of Washington Irving's "Columbus," saying that "It's rather long." Cooper retorted sharply, "That's a short criticism." With Lady Holland the American had a pleasant passage of wit. When at her table he refused a plate of herring, she remarked that they were Dutch, that they could only be procured through an ambassador. Cooper, unimpressed, replied, "There are too many good things of native production to require a voyage to Holland on my account." Wordsworth he liked very much when he met him once informally. He had previously declined to make his acquaintance at a public function, stating that a man was seldom his true self on such an occasion. Perhaps no one on the Continent inspired the writer more than the Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz, with whom he rode much over the Campagna. It is pleasant to read anew of the foreign estimates of Cooper's work. Sir Walter, the master, wrote in his journal in 1828, "I have read Cooper's new novel, 'The Red Rover.' The current of it rolls entirely on the ocean. Something too much of nautical language. It is very clever, though." Thackeray thought Leather Stocking "the greatest character created in fiction since the Don Quixote of Cervantes." The death-scene in "The Prairie" surpassed, to his mind, anything he had "met in English literature." Victor Hugo pronounced Cooper the greatest novelist of the century—excepting the authors of France. Balzac's judgment was even more discriminating: "If Cooper had succeeded in the painting of character to the same extent that he did in painting the phenomena of nature, he would have uttered the last word of our art." Hundreds of illustrations, many of them of scenes in Cooper's own day, add greatly to the interest of this book.

In "An Interpretation of Rudolf Eucken's Philosophy" (Putnam), W. Tudor Jones aims to present the essentials of Eucken's teaching "in a form which is as simple as the subject-matter allows." But, if we may make the distinction, clarification rather than simplification is what is chiefly needed, and any attempt to make Eucken clear would require a reconstruction, or possibly some beginning of genuine construction, of the whole point of view. This the *pictas* of the pupil hardly contemplates. Meanwhile Mr. Jones succeeds in giving a faithful impression, and for an impressionistic philosophy this is perhaps enough.

Great credit is due the Bureau of Education at Washington for bringing out "Special Collections in Libraries in the United States," by W. Dawson Johnston and Isadore G. Mudge. This work, small as it is, will prove of inestimable value to all investigators. The first of the previous publications of this sort, noted in the preface, was that compiled by William Coolidge Lane and Charles Knowles Bolton and issued in 1892 as a "Bibliographical Contribution" (No. 45) of Harvard University. The next was embodied in the Report of the Librarian of Congress for 1901. The following year the New York Library Club put out a manual containing a list of all the libraries of Greater New York, with detailed accounts of their history, regulations, and resources. The editors of the pamphlet just issued by the Bureau of Education appear to have been ignorant of this work, which covers quite exhaustively a part of the field upon which they have labored. Last year three other publications of this kind were issued, to all of which the editors call attention. No one who has not been engaged in such a work can appreciate the difficulty of gathering the information. Many to whom circulars of inquiry are sent fail to pay any attention to them; others return but scant replies. Every means has to be exhausted before the facts can be procured. Although the present work is not faultless—for one thing, thicker faced type might have been used to mark important features—it is a great advance beyond previous efforts of the kind, and it is to be hoped that the Government will issue enlarged and revised editions of it at frequent intervals. In a cursory examination we have noted a few omissions. There is no mention of the Long Island Historical Society, which in 1902 reported 2,309 volumes of genealogies or family histories; nor of the Library of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York, at the Masonic Temple, on Twenty-third Street, which contains 5,000 volumes and several hundred pamphlets on Masonic topics. The New Yorker in search of such books, if he followed the present guide, would have to go to Boston, Chicago, or Cedar Rapids. The New York Public Library, in 1902, had 10,000 volumes of Patent Reports of which no account is taken. The Los Angeles Public Library has 1,100 books and pamphlets bearing directly on California and more than 1,200 volumes in Spanish relating to Mexico; neither collection is included. We also look in vain under Domestic Economy for any reference to the unique collection of thousands of menu cards, many of them possessing historic associations, belonging to the New York Public Library. On page 95, among works indicating the location of many of the rarer Americana, the Church Catalogue of Americana might with perfect propriety have received mention. The 3,000 trade catalogues of the Carnegie Library at Pittsburgh are referred to in the index, but not the 6,000 in the Philadelphia Museum Library; nor the latter's 500 directories, three-fourths of which are of foreign cities.

It is a pleasure to read a text-book of the type furnished by Lieut.-Col. G. S. A. Ranking, now lecturer in Persian at the University of Oxford, in his revision of the late John T. Platts's "Grammar of the Persian Language" (Clarendon Press; Frowde), a work which originally appeared in 1894. Col. Ranking has not merely recast portions of the original text, but has entirely rewritten the sections on word-formation and verb-classification (Platts's classification being reprinted in an appendix), as well as portions of the discussion of Arabic grammar which is essential to every student of Persian, and he has furnished a brief but illuminating section on prosody. He adds a capital outline of Persian syntax, which is most important, because, while the syntax of the older Iranian languages—Avesta, Old Persian, and Pahlavi—has already been treated, virtually the only contributions to a knowledge of the modern Iranian syntax have been those of Trumpp for Afghan ("Grammar of the Pasto," pp. 305-362) and of Von Stackelberg for Ossetic ("Beiträge zur Syntax des Ossetischen"). There is only one portion of the work by which the beginner in Persian may be misled. Nearly all the etymologies and other comparative material are drawn from the "Etudes iraniennes" of Darmesteter, which has now been superseded by such studies as Hübschmann's "Persische Studien," Horn's "Neupersische Schriftsprache" in the "Grundriss der iranischen Philologie" of Geiger and Kuhn, and the "Mittelpersisch" of Salemann in the same "Grundriss." None of these appears to have been consulted by Col. Ranking; nor has he employed any of the more recent works on Avesta or Old Persian, between which dialects he does not carefully distinguish.

"In Portugal" (Lane), by Aubrey F. G. Bell, is a series of desultory and disconnected sketches rather than a formal narrative of travel, and is apparently designed to be a companion volume to "The Magic of Spain," published last year by the same author. In the present work no corner of Lusitania has been left unvisited. Mr. Bell has been to many a nook little frequented by tourists and has described sympathetically what he has seen. What otherwise would be pleasant is made difficult by the author's excessive use of Portuguese words and phrases and numerous long quotations from native poets. Portuguese is not a language with which many general readers are familiar. In addition to the travel sketches there is an account of the Portuguese language and a critical estimate of Guerra Junqueiro, Portugal's greatest living poet, now serving his country as Minister to Switzerland.

The Cole Lectures at Vanderbilt University in 1912 were delivered by President William H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, on the topic, "What Does Christianity Mean?" (Revell). Strictly only the first lecture, on The Essence of Christianity, is in answer to the inquiry which gives title to the course. Other chapters deal with The Aim of Education, The Principle of Fellowship, and The Basis and Test of Character. President Faunce finds the meaning of Christianity neither in ritual, nor in creed, nor in a series of historical facts, nor yet in good morals, but in the Christian revelation of the eternal purpose of God and the developing of that purpose in human institutions. This answer does not differ greatly from Harnack's celebrated discussion of the same subject, although it is expressed in more popular form. Dr. Faunce has a happy gift of setting forth a mild form of advanced doctrine in a manner which does not irritate minds disposed to be orthodox, and his pages are marked by persuasive reasonableness. His lectures make no addition to

the body of apologetics, but they declare the fundamentals of spiritual Christianity in a manner to clarify confused conceptions and to reveal the large body of positive truth which remains unshaken by recent discussions.

The recent contention of the German philosopher Drews, based in large measure upon suggestions made in America by B. W. Smith and in England by J. M. Robertson, to the effect that Jesus is not an historical personage but a myth, has stirred up a lively controversy the end of which does not yet appear. Hitherto the replies to Drews have proceeded, naturally enough, mainly from German theologians against whose historical method the philosopher's guns were levelled. America, however, the birthplace of "The pre-Christian Jesus," has not been silent. Quite recently, Professor Case, of Chicago, devoted a small volume to the question at issue the excellence of which is guaranteed by the fact that Smith, in his English edition of "Ecce Deus," found it necessary to make a cutting rejoinder. And now, in the volume just at hand, "Jesus the Christ: Historical or Mythical" (Imported by Scribners), England, the source of "Pagan Christs" and "Christianity and Mythology," speaks in the person of Dr. T. J. Thorburn, a divine favorably known by his contributions to the problem of the narrative of the birth and resurrection of Jesus, who undertakes a specific reply to the positions taken in the first part of Drews's "Die Christusmythe." This reply is to be commended as an impersonal, candid, and painstaking examination of the evidence upon which Drews builds his theory, especially of the mythological elements which Robertson professes to find in the gospels. While insisting that the mythical interpretation of the figure of Jesus has no basis in fact, Dr. Thorburn concedes both that the term "Nazareth" is probably equivalent to Galilee (p. 175) and that much is to be said in favor of Smith's theory that Iscariot means not "the traitor," but simply "the deliverer-up" (p. 253).

Dr. Benjamin Eli Smith, editor of the Century Dictionary and its allied publications, died Monday at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y. He was born at Beirut, Syria, the son of a missionary, in 1857; he graduated from Amherst in 1877, and was made a doctor of letters by that college in 1902. He had been associated with the Century Company since 1883. One of his first literary works was a translation of Schwegler's "History of Philosophy." He also translated Cicero's "De Amicitia," edited Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanack," and issued selections from Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, and Pascal, besides supervising the Century Cyclopedia of Names and the Century Atlas.

Harry Langford Wilson, professor of Roman archæology and epigraphy in the Johns Hopkins University and president of the Archæological Institute of America, died suddenly, of pneumonia, February 23. He was born at Wilton, Ontario, October 28, 1867. He was a graduate of Queen's University, Canada (B.A., 1887; M.A., 1888), and of the Johns Hopkins University (Ph.D., 1896). In 1903 he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Queen's University. In 1906-7 he served as professor in the American School of Classical Studies in Rome. In 1908 he was elected a foreign member of the Imperial German Archæological Institute. In December, 1912, he was elected president of the Archæological Institute of America. He was author of "The Metaphor in the Epic Poems of P. Papinius Statius" (1898), editor of the Satires of Juvenal (1903), and a frequent contributor to various archæological journals.

Paul-Marie-Pierre Thureau-Dangin, since 1908 perpetual secretary of the French Academy, died in Paris on Monday, at the age of seventy-five. He was the author of several works on political and religious history.

Science

Dr. Woods Hutchinson's new book, "Common Diseases," will be issued next week by Houghton Mifflin.

Prof. Nathaniel Lord Britton is publishing, through Scribners, "An Illustrated Flora of the Northern United States, Canada, and the British Possessions."

Little, Brown will bring out this spring "Engineers' Handbook on Patents," by William Macomber.

The larger part of *Bird-Lore* for January-February is devoted to the thirteenth Christmas bird census, which consists of 199 reports from all parts of the country. The largest number of species, 103, and 9,227 individuals, was observed at Santa Barbara, Cal., between the hours of 6:30 A. M. and 5:45 P. M. Attention is directed to the great destruction of the valuable water birds on the Labrador coast, and suitable legislation to check it is asked of the Newfoundland Government.

Prof. Willis I. Milham's "Meteorology" (Macmillan) embodies the results of the author's experience as a teacher of a large course in elementary meteorology during the past eight years at Williams College, supplemented by some months of practical study at the central office of the Weather Bureau in Washington. There has been increasing need of a book of this type for some time past. Davis's "Elementary Meteorology" is now fifteen years old. In that period the advance of meteorology has been very rapid, and Davis's text is naturally somewhat behind the times in several respects, although in clearness of presentation and in logical treatment his book has easily maintained its position. Professor Milham has given us a text which is fully up to date, and which is very strong on the bibliographic side. The present status of the science is well summarized. Marginal headings, questions, and topics for investigation add greatly to the value of the book for teaching purposes. Few books on meteorology really meet the needs of both student and general reader. Professor Milham's volume, like many others, is designed to fulfil this purpose. The chapter on weather forecasting is one of the best, and gives a clear statement of the principles of forecasting in such a way that they can be understood by any intelligent reader.

When the reader closes George Iles's "Leading American Inventors" (Holt), he has a right to the feeling that in this line of endeavor, at least, Americans have justified themselves. Mr. Iles restricts his list to the dozen or so men who, in the course of a century, have conceived and perfected inventions which have profoundly modified our civilization. It would be most interesting to trace the changes in society which Stevens and Fulton wrought by their inventions in transportation, and Morse in communication. One instance of the sort is given at length. Rhodes, in his "History of the United States," shows clearly that slavery was dying out in this country until it received a new and vital impulse from the success in cotton-growing. And this success was absolutely dependent on the development of a machine like Whitney's cotton gin. We can look back to a quiet scene when Mrs. Greene, the widow of Gen. Nathanael Greene, of Revolutionary fame, said to some visitors who were deploring the lack of such a machine, "Gentlemen, apply to my friend, Mr. Whitney; he can make anything." He made the machine, and the Civil War was inevitable. While not many inventions lead to such enormous upheavals, yet the revolution made by Goodyear when he added a new elemental substance, rubber, to the stock of human possessions, was very great. And in their line, Sholes, Tilghman, and Mergenthaler altered civilization by changing printing; Howe modified home-life with the sewing-machine; McCormick revolutionized farming by the reaper; and Ericsson gave a different turn to war by the Monitor. This fascinating aspect of invention Mr. Iles has wisely kept in the foreground. As for the inventors themselves, their struggles, self-absorption, their tardy success, if personal success ever came to them, make a pathetic story. Nor does the attitude of the financier and promoter towards inventions make pleasant reading. In almost every instance they were not intelligent enough to foresee the final success; and after this was attained, in spite of treachery and neglect, their rôle was one of rapacity and greed, the inventor receiving fame as his share and they the profit. Read in this larger way, these short biographies have great interest and value. Mr. Iles also deserves credit for collecting data for his lives which were hitherto little available.

The Instituto Geográfico Militar Argentino has lately issued the first number of an Anuario which indicates the beginning of important cartographical work for farther South America. It appears to be the intention of the Institute to accept its share of the laborious and costly work of triangulating and levelling by which the figure of the earth is coming to be more closely known, and to contribute twenty-one sheets to the 1:1,000,000 map of the world, following the project advocated for some years past by Penck, of Berlin, and according to the scheme adopted by an important international commission assembled in London in 1909.

One of the important products of the recent Sunda-Expedition of the Geographical Society of Frankfort-on-the-Main is a special study of the morphology of the island of Sumbawa, in the Malay Archipelago, by Dr. J. Elbert. The author makes novel application of a detailed study of the stage of dissection which the volcanoes of the island have reached as a means of deciphering their geological succession. The

revelation of changes of level, attested by elevated shore lines and drowned coral reefs, is extraordinary; for in the comparatively brief geological period since the eruption and partial dissection of the Sumbawa volcanoes, the sea margin has left its marks at various levels between 1,200 metres above and 400 metres below the present level.

The steady progress of work under the Geological Survey of Canada—a branch of the Department of Mines—carries it now to the publication of Memoir 13, on Southern Vancouver Island, by Charles H. Clapp (Ottawa). For those who desire only a summary, the first thirty pages on topography and geology will suffice admirably, while the remaining pages contain detailed information for the specialist. A result of general interest is contained in the explanation of the highlands of Vancouver as a formerly worn-down mountainous region, now uplifted and again dissected into mountainous form; thus yet another example is added to the growing list of mountains not in their first, but in at least their second, cycle of erosion.

There is a quality of fresh, agrestic vigor in the late Prof. F. H. King's "Farmers of Forty Centuries" (Madison, Wis.: Mrs. King) which compensates for the absence of literary style. The author made a journey through the accessible portions of the Far East with an eye single to his purpose of observing methods of farming. Neither temples nor politics nor geishas tempted him a moment from the path of his desire. His note-books, crammed with rapidly recorded observations, contain stores of information which, despite some evidences of haste and a rather exasperating lack of arrangement, will be useful to students of agriculture. Like all Western travellers in Asia, he is impressed with the enormous populations supported upon the land. "Nearly 500,000,000 people," he tells us, "are being maintained chiefly upon the products of an area smaller than the improved farm lands of the United States." This estimate, to be accurate, should embrace the region of French Indo-Asia. The cause of their well-being is not wholly, as we in the West incorrectly imagine, their careful tillage, or their great industry and low standards of living. The rainfall of the Asiatic Pacific slope is both larger than in our Atlantic area and falls more exclusively during the summer months, when its efficiency in crop production may be highest. Moreover, "the selection of rice and of the millets as the great staple food crops of these nations, and the systems of agriculture they have evolved to realize the most from them, are to us remarkable and indicate a grasp of essentials and principles which may well cause Western nations to pause and reflect." A considerable factor in this productivity is the extensive system of canalization which, in China alone, would represent forty canals across the United States from east to west and sixty from north to south, a mileage greater than that of all our railways combined. A trip through the vast loess region of northern China, of which he takes no account, would have furnished the author still another source of economic maintenance to credit to China.

In "The Steamship Conquest of the World" (Conquest of Science Series; Lippincott), Frederick A. Talbot gives an excellent survey. From the first rough sketch to the completed floating hotel he takes us through the draughting room, and the tank in which various models are tested in the search for the greatest stability and speed; through the mould loft and the machine shops, where the plates to form the keel and the skin are shaped, and the frames, the vessel's ribs, are bent to form; along the ways on which the structure is erected, and follows the growth until the ship is launched, finished, and fitted out for service. Similarly, we can trace the evolution of the steam engine from simple beginnings to the Mauretania's turbines of 70,000 horsepower. It is to be regretted that more space was not given to the introduction of electricity and internal-combustion engines. There are chapters on safety at sea, ice perils, dangers of the deep, surveying, ocean graveyards, salvage of wrecks, "ship surgery," or the rebuilding of stranded steamers, the fight for the "blue ribbon of the Atlantic," etc., all of which should prove interesting to the ocean traveller. That on The Luxury of the Modern Liner will appeal strongly to the passenger of plethoric purse and make him of more slender means marvel that so much money devoted to mere decoration should be, as it probably is, a profitable investment. The seasoned voyager is usually content with scrupulous cleanliness, an ample cabin, spacious decks, attentive service, a good table, safety, and a speed appropriate to his need. The cover title, "Conquest of the Sea," is more attractive than exact. This conquest has not been achieved by the fast liners he describes at such length, but by the humble tramp steamer which has so displaced the sailing ship, that "white-winged argosy of peace," as to absorb more than 90 per cent. of the world's commerce. To this unlovely but useful craft, her design and internal arrangement, the author devotes scant attention. The book is not wholly free from typographical errors. The word "taffrail," here used in a general sense, applies only to the rail at the stern of a ship. Ivigtut, not "Ivitgut," is the port in Greenland whence kryolite or kryolith, not "kyrolith," is shipped. These are but slight blemishes in a useful and entertaining work.

Drama

The volume of "Plays by Björnsterne Björnson," which Scribners are about to publish, contains "The New System," "The Gauntlet," and "Beyond Human Power," in a translation by Edwin Björkman.

The "Five Little Plays" by the well-known English dramatist, Alfred Sutro, which have just been published (Brentano's), are all characteristic of their author in ingenuity of invention and fluency of dialogue, but none of them suggests the sincerity of purpose and inevitability of consequence which constitute the essence of true drama. They give the impression of imaginative sketches—sometimes very clever sketches—not of transcripts from actual life. In spite of a certain superficial plausibility, the action of the puppets is too clearly governed, not by nature or circumstance, but by managerial preordination. Most of them were written, apparently, for the exploitation of particular players. "The Man in the Stalls," which had some success in London, is a fanciful variation upon the eternal theme of the domestic triangle, with an element of surprise in it, which would be very likely to stir the enthusiasm of the groundlings, but is far too improbable for credence. It shows how a false wife avenges herself upon a recreant lover and hoodwinks a confiding and honorable husband, whose simplicity, it may be added, is almost as phenomenal as her own duplicity. The piece has "situations" and some "smart" dialogue, but is hopelessly tricky and unsympathetic. In "A Marriage Has Been Arranged" a rough multi-millionaire, seeking an aristocratic marriage, first provokes a titled pauper beauty—sold to him by her mother—to bitter recrimination by his cynical self-exposure and then wins her by an unexpected proof of his fundamental nobility and generosity. Few more stage-worn figures are to be found in the theatrical lumber room. The talk, for all the occasional snappy sentences, is as artificial and conventional as the speakers. "The Man on the Kerb," a study of the underworld, in which an unfortunate fellow, unemployed through no fault of his own, is exhibited, with his wife and infant, in the last stages of starvation and despair, has more of dramatic earnestness in it and contains some true and pathetic strokes, but the effect at last is marred by excess of melodramatic agony. But this, well played, would be a moving piece before the footlights. In "The Open Door" the noble Sir Geoffrey and the peerless Lady Tormenster pass the midnight hours in mutual admissions of passionate but sinless love, while the husband of the lady snores unconsciously above. They part before he wakes. This is a pretty scene, handled with delicate adroitness, but the atmosphere that pervades it is of the theatre, not of life. "The Bracelet," which had the honor of production in the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, is a domestic comedietta, of no especial significance, but very well made. It relates the discomfiture of a sentimental stock-broker, who incurs the fury of his formidable wife, for the sake of a pretty governess. This piece has amusing incidents and characters, and also has its moral, though not a particularly fresh one.

Charles Frohman has completed arrangements for John Mason's appearance next season in a new comedy by Augustus Thomas, who will devote his entire time between now and next September to completing the piece.

Sir Herbert Tree is back in London, preparing for the production of a new play at His Majesty's at Easter. He has been studying the methods of the Art Theatre in Moscow, where he saw Gordon Craig's production of "Hamlet." It appears to have left him with the impression that the art of the author had been subordinated to that of the producer. In this respect, the chaste symbolism of Mr. Craig does not seem to be an improvement upon the luxurious and luxuriant spectacle of which Sir Herbert himself is a past master. The sooner stage reformers learn that the play and the acting are the important things in the theatre, [illegible] will be

for the art of which they prate so incessantly.

"The Son and Heir," by Gladys Unger, just produced in the Strand Theatre in London, appears, like most thesis plays, to present extravagant special conditions as fair examples of a general rule. A tyrannical and brutal old baronet, in his blind regard for his son and heir, an intolerable young cub, is supremely indifferent to the happiness of the rest of the family. He separates his eldest daughter from her lover and compels her to marry a dissolute and shameless politician, and when he hears that his younger daughter has listened to the suit of his son's penniless tutor, promptly orders the latter out of the house. Nor will he listen to the older sister's intercession until she tells him that she will endure her matrimonial degradation no longer, but means to elope, next morning, with the man she really loves. In the morning, however, the baronet gives his consent to the younger girl's betrothal to the tutor, whereupon the elder sister dismisses her lover and voluntarily resumes the matrimonial yoke.

"Macbeth" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are first among the projected revivals of Granville Barker.

The coming revival of "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's Theatre, in London, is to be followed soon by a reproduction, in the London Vaudeville, of A. W. Pinero's once popular farce, "The Schoolmistress." This piece was produced originally in the spring of 1886. Arthur Cecil made a hit as Vere Queckett, and John Clayton another as Admiral Rankling, while Mrs. John Wood triumphed as Miss Dyott, Rose Norreys was Peggy Hesselrigge, and Fred Kerr the Lieut. Mallory. In the revival, Hilda Trevelyan will be the Bessie, Mr. Gwenn the Admiral, and Dion Boucicault the Vere Queckett. Who will replace Mrs. John Wood has not yet been finally settled.

It does not seem probable that Stanley Houghton will repeat with his latest play, "Trust the People," just produced at the London Garrick, the success which he won with "Hindle Wakes" and "The Younger Generation." A London critic says:

Here is Mr. Stanley Houghton, who knows Lancashire, not content to write about what he knows, but sitting down to write about what he doesn't know, the behavior of Cabinet Ministers *en petit comité*, and a queer hash he, of course, makes of it.

Edmund Tearle, whose death in England was announced a few days ago, was a brother of the late Osmund Tearle, once leading man in Wallack's Theatre. Both brothers acquired honorable reputations in the British Isles as Shakespearean actors. Edmund was born in 1856, was at one time a manager in Leeds, and was popular in modern sensational melodrama, as well as in the legitimate. When Ristori played Lady Macbeth in English, he supported her as the Thane, and accompanied her to the United States. At home he found favor as Virginius and Richard III, and was praised also for his Othello, Ingomar, Hamlet, and Jacques. He revived "Damon and Pythias" and John Howard Payne's "Brutus" with considerable success. In 1892 he produced "Julius Cæsar" at the Olympic Theatre in London, but failed to make much impression. In the provinces, however, he was highly esteemed as a capable and conscientious actor.

Music

"Composers in Love and Marriage," a new book by J. Cuthbert Hadden, will be brought out shortly by Scribners.

There is a general idea prevalent among people interested in musical work that comparatively few institutions of learning offer any definite credit for the study of music. In the great majority of the larger schools courses are offered in harmony, counterpoint, and history and appreciation of music, but in few cases can the student make any extensive advance in the different branches of the art. Oberlin College, however, with the Oberlin Conservatory as one of the affiliated departments of the school, is now offering a course that is interesting musical people throughout the country. At Oberlin music not only receives liberal credit as one of the regular courses of the college, but it is one of the subjects which a student may take as a major. The major system at Oberlin, as at many other colleges, is a comprehensive plan of the entire course of study mapped out by the undergraduate and his faculty adviser. Of the 120 hours required for the Oberlin degree, the major study must comprise not less than fifteen nor more than thirty-two. The regularly required subjects, one of which must be a course in the fine arts or in the appreciation of music, tend to give a well-balanced general education, while the major system provides an opportunity for reasonable specialization. Thus a man who is interested in music, or who contemplates entering the Conservatory after receiving his A.B., may elect music as his major study. The requirement in this major is eighteen hours of theory, which includes a thorough course in harmony, counterpoint, harmonic analysis, and the elements of musical form. The courses in the history and appreciation of music are conducted by Prof. Edward Dickinson, author of several well-known books, including "The Education of a Music Lover."

The "progressives" in politics are old-fogy reactionaries compared with the "progressives" in music. Apparently even Arnold Schönberg, the notorious German cacophonist, has not spoken the last word. The Russian composer, Scriabine, has written an orchestral work called "Prometheus," which seems to mark the limit of the secession movement. In order to understand this music, it is necessary, according to the official commentator, to regard the notes C, D, E, F sharp, A, and B flat as forming a consonant chord; and if that jumble of tones is a consonance, what must a dissonance be! To give the audience a better chance to understand this work, it was played twice in one concert given in London; yet the critics and the audience were mystified. "It is not the musical art we know; it may be another one," wrote the *Times* critic.

The management of the Berlin Opera has made some improvements in the staging of "Rheingold," which are described as "wonderfully realistic and effective." Von Hülsen hit upon the expedient of having three members of the ballet impersonate the Rhine maidens, while the singers were stationed just below them, though out of sight of the audience. The arrangement enabled the Rhine daughters to plunge and swim about by means of a new technical appliance with a freedom that would be quite impossible if they had to do the singing themselves, and the illusion was striking. A few novel and startling effects were also introduced in Nibelheim, while some beautifully picturesque results were obtained in the scene on the mountain heights where Wotan and Fricka lie sleeping.

One of America's foremost musical critics, William Foster Apthorp, died of heart failure on Wednesday at Vevey, Switzerland, which had been his home for some years. He was born in 1848, and when seven years old was taken abroad, to get his schooling in Dresden, Berlin, and Rome. In 1860 he returned to Boston, and nine years later graduated from Harvard. In music, John K. Paine and B. J. Lang were his teachers. In 1872 he began to turn his knowledge to use by teaching harmony, first at Ryan's National College of Music and afterwards at the New England Conservatory. From 1872 to 1877 he had charge of the musical department of the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which at that time W. D. Howells was the editor. His first book was printed in 1879. It contains selections of wise and witty pages from the autobiography, the literary essays, and the letters of Berlioz—a most entertaining book. The skill with which the French idioms are turned into their French equivalents betrayed the exceptional literary gift of Mr. Apthorp—a gift which, beginning with 1881, the readers of the Boston *Transcript* had almost daily occasion to admire for more than twenty years, during which he did much to elevate the tone of American criticism and to help form a taste for the best in music. For a number of years he was also the editor of the programme books of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Doubtless there was too much "parsing" in some of his analyses, but, as a whole, they gave as good a preliminary idea of a musical work as can be given in words. He undertook the herculean task of editing for the Scribners the "Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians," in three volumes, which are particularly valuable because of their literary references and for the opportunity they give to get information on particular operas, oratorios, and famous songs and instrumental pieces. Full of useful suggestions, as well as most entertaining, are his books, "Musicians and Music Lovers," "By the Way," "The Opera, Past and Present."

Art

Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art: An Outline of East Asiatic Design. By Ernest Francisco Fenollosa. With 184 full-page illustrations, many colored, two volumes quarto. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $10 net.

By a magnificent effort, as if foreseeing his premature death, Fenollosa precipitated within three months' space this remarkable compend of his dearest tastes and finest wisdom. Out of the pencil copy with the aid of Japanese experts his widow has made this book.

It is the work of an enthusiast at fever heat, and, obviously, since the author was never in a position to substantiate his chronology and attributions, the reader must approach the historical statements in these volumes with a certain skepticism. Fenollosa, as he himself always stoutly maintained, was not in the strict sense a scholar. His knowledge of the Chinese and Japanese languages was insufficient to allow him to control his authorities at first hand. But Fenollosa was something much rarer than a scholar. An adventurous spirit, indefatigably curious in all matters of the mind and heart, trained in philosophy, familiar with the great art of the West before he devoted his life to that of the Far East, his was the profoundest culture and the widest human experience that has been directed to this particular theme. Then he possessed an extraordinary eloquence. His descriptions and appreciations of the masterpieces of Japanese and Chinese design have a passionate rhythm. Constantly rhapsody threatens to lapse into absurdity, but some saving restraint of taste always saves the day. The purple patches in these volumes are in an ultra-romantic fashion very fine literature.

If Fenollosa lacked the mole-like persistency of the born specialist, he had advantages of first-hand contact with the best art of the Far East such as have possibly come to no other student. For years he was Imperial Commissioner to inventory the temple treasures of Japan, where, withal, the finest Chinese paintings are found. Thus he had not merely the boon of encyclopædic experience, but the greater advantage of untrammelled leisure. As he did his work for the Japanese Government he began to collect on his own account, and allying himself with Boston amateurs of taste and means, he thus built up the extraordinary collection of Far Eastern painting now in the Art Museum of Boston. Doubtless certain European scholars are in a position to correct his volumes freely; it is certain that none could give so vivid a sense of the specific beauty of this art or awaken so deep a reverence for the civilization that produced it. Again, the winning personality of Fenollosa brought him unique facilities. As a champion of aristocratic and national art against invading European tendencies in Japan, he had access to the private collections of the old nobles. He was a familiar and valued visitor in the studios of the last of the Kano and Tosa painters, and he came just in time to garner the accumulated art traditions of these ancient schools. In short, if he left undone what an average specialist might readily accomplish, he did what no other man could possibly have done in the way of appraising and actually preserving the ancient glories of the Far East in art. We can touch only in passing upon points of especial interest in these two volumes, and still more lightly on certain defects natural to the man or deriving from the conditions under which his great work was hastened to completion.

One of Fenollosa's most striking theories is that of an underlying Polynesian basis for all of Far Eastern design. From Peru, along the Pacific shores to Siam, he believes certain characteristic motives—the mask, the eye, the frigate bird emblem—may be traced. These reappear on the most primitive Chinese bronzes. Evidently, it is not possible to weigh this generalization here. It is plausible on its face, and corresponds with the fact that the Japanese stubbornly retain racial habits that seem Polynesian. Whatever the future of the Polynesian hypothesis, Chinese art before the Christian era had outgrown these aboriginal beginnings. Fenollosa points out convincingly that the socialistic positivism of Confucius was ever alien to art. The awaking came through contact with the luxurious civilization of the Mesopotamian valley and adjacent Turkestan, through the individualism of Laotse, and the coming of Buddhism from India. And here arises the problem of Hellenistic influence in China, a topic often more vigorously discussed than clearly illuminated. Fenollosa sensibly concludes that, while the slightly Hellenized Buddhist sculpture of India might have counted for something in transmission, what China really got from the second to the seventh century after Christ was a mediated and highly diluted Hellenism, chiefly borrowed from her neighbors and occasional dependents, the Parthians and Scythians of Central Asia. He thinks, too, that the influence was transient and without lasting effects. This cautious and acceptable conclusion brings Greek influence down to very little, and makes the mediation of the Indian Greco-Buddhist style superfluous. It seems reasonable to us to go a step further and ask if Sassanian art of the third and fourth centuries A. D. will not explain every case of so-called Hellenism in India and the Far East. Not the Mausoleum, but the cliff carvings in honor of Chapour II and III seem to be the prototypes for all Hellenized Buddhistic monuments. Earlier infiltrations of Grecian motives after Alexander's time are likely to have been, but these are as yet unproved and presumably were of the most negligible sort. It should not be necessary to add that Sassanian art itself is merely Oriental and realistic, with only the slightest infusion of Greek stylism. It was the luxurious realism of the Mesopotamian art, whose outposts reached beyond Khotan, that for a moment carried abstract Chinese design from its moorings. The perfection of the realistic manner may be studied in those "grape-vine and lion" mirrors filled with the most vivacious high relief which native amateurs ascribe to the late Han dynasty (first and second centuries A. D.). Fenollosa more reasonably sets them four or five centuries later as superb and exceptional expressions of the Tang genius.

The attempt to reconstruct the legendary glories of Tang painting (618-906) from later copies is the most fascinating part of this work, the most debatable and, to your reviewer, the most satisfactory. The undertaking is of enormous difficulty. We presume there are not extant half a dozen sheets or scrolls which the most hopeful expert would assign to this period. But there are thousands of copies, mostly of Japanese workmanship, professing faithfully to convey the glories of Wang-wei, Yen-li-pen and Godoshi, and other half-mythical masters, besides a considerable amount of ancient critical literature. The task of reconstruction, then, is much as if merely from the Greco-Roman copies of the Vatican and the reading of Pausanias and Pliny one should endeavor to infer the qualities of Greek sculpture. Winckelmann actually did that, with results more enticing from a literary than from an archæological point of view. It is here that Fenollosa's fairly clairvoyant sense of quality stood him in good stead. His selection of the trustworthy copies represents the ardor and experience of a lifetime. On the side of hieratic art one may say that he has established for Tang a canon of mingled grandeur and sweetness. Only the finest panels of Ambruogio Lorenzetti seem to match the mood and quality of this half-obscured school. Tang landscape presents a less specific aspect, and one may be prepared to conclude against the elder critics and native experts that the finer development of landscape is a product of the troubled interim of the Five Dynasties (907-959), and of Sung (960-1280). Such a view would comport with the human temper of these respective dynastics. A society, admirably adjusted along lines of military efficiency by the Tang Emperors, in which the dry moralism of Confucius managed to live peaceably both with the eager individualism of Laotse and with Buddhist quietism, had small need of the solace of mountain and river, whereas the world of the Five Dynasties and of Sung, always unquiet, imperilled by dissensions at home and advancing barbarians at the border, may well have betaken itself in the spirit of Rousseau to the calming spectacle of sublime nature.

In treating the historical periods of Chinese and Japanese design Fenollosa follows in the footsteps of Giles, Bushell, Laurence Binyon, Arthur Morrison, Petrucci, Seichi-taki, Okakura Kakuzo, and others. His superiority on the historical side may well be contested, but nobody has brought to the appreciation of this beautiful art an equal vividness

of soul commanding equal stylistic resources. Small grounds of disappointment with the work are the disproportionate space given to hieratic art, and the rather succinct treatment of landscape. Here a long and fine excerpt from the painter-critic Kakki, and the fact that the theme has been treated often and sympathetically, does not compensate for what Fenollosa might have written. We also feel that he rates too low the painting of the Yuan (1280-1368) and Ming (1368-1644) dynasties. Admitting its inferiority to Sung painting, the art of the later dynasties was exquisite in social *genre*, idyllically charming in landscape, and masterly in portraiture. That Fenollosa's ground was deliberately taken, this extract from the Introduction will show:

> Nor do I attempt to treat all forms and phases of art, but only imaginative or creative art. Art may be looked upon as a continuous effort, a solid material manufacture that persists through the ages, and that never languishes, but this sort of art is for the most part classical and uncreative, and will be found to borrow all its motives and all its forms from rare creative epochs. My intention, and one which I believe will render an important historical service, is to treat the creative periods only.

Here is the issue squarely made. We can only say that the idyllic and effeminate temper of Ming does not seem to us in any way derivative or secondary. It surely does represent a lower order of inspiration, but on its lower plane it is as creative as the mood that produced the austere courtly *genre* and sublimated landscape of Sung. To be exquisite in a small way is neither to offend nor to lack sincerity. Our author apparently uses the word creative in some esoteric sense, as he clearly does the word classic when he opposes it to imaginative and creative. Surely, the classic periods are precisely those which posterity perceives to have been highly creative. We do not wish to emphasize unduly these differences of judgment. If Fenollosa has, as we feel, underestimated the art of Yuan and Ming, the exaggeration is a wholesome one, and the practical loss small. In these periods the average Occidental finds himself safely amid his usual predilections, and needs little guidance.

We believe this book will take rank among the few great humane treatises on art. In the widest sense it is both historical and critical. It is based on no isolated study of the monuments, though no man had done this more faithfully, but upon profound knowledge and admiration of Far Eastern civilization as a whole. Of a life-work that was in the highest sense interpretative it is the ultimate fruit. Superficial defects of form are as nothing when compared with the strength of the sustenance and the richness of the flavor.

Finance

PROBLEMS OF FINANCIAL EUROPE.

The rather general consensus here, to the effect that the recent unnatural conditions in financial Europe have had a hand in our own faltering markets, adds to the interest and curiosity concerning what will follow upon the return of peace. That there will be an early end to the war, the European stock exchanges seem to have agreed, even since the rejection of the terms of peace on January 23 and the resumption of hostilities. From Berlin, this is the report to the principal London financial weekly, under a date well on in February:

> The renewal of hostilities has had no considerable effect upon the Boerse; traders still holding firmly to their conviction that the war must soon come to an end, despite the apparently unyielding attitude of both parties.

The Paris correspondent has this to say:

> The denunciation of the armistice exercised but little influence on the Bourse. A final agreement is expected shortly, and quotations have even moved up, owing to the belief that Turkey will find it impossible to continue the war.

Even discouraged and pessimistic Vienna thus reports:

> The disposition of the Bourse is optimistic, and, whilst war is beginning again, it already assumes that peace must speedily follow, and bring all the blessings which protracted uncertainty has withheld so long.

Nevertheless, ever since the "war panic" of October 12 on Europe's stock exchanges, followed by the prolonged money stringency, the question has repeatedly been asked, here and abroad, whether the sequel was not bound to be a period of reaction in Europe's trade. Throughout the active military campaign which was terminated by the armistice of November 20, there was no sign of such reaction. Even the tight money of the period was discussed, not as a necessary cause for a halt in trade expansion, but rather as an effect of further trade expansion.

Now, however, the question of industrial consequences is apparently exciting more concern. There were business troubles last week in several Continental cities—notably in the Hamburg coffee trade and the Amsterdam rubber trade. A letter to the London *Economist* from the Amsterdam Stock Exchange says of the feeling in that market that, "even given a speedy settlement of the war, the after-effects of the economic exhaustion of Eastern Europe are likely to extend far beyond that sphere." The *Economist* itself, though declaring that "the trade boom continues," admits that the business troubles of Southeastern Europe "must eventually hit our export trade and consequently our manufacturers." A cable dispatch to New York from a well-known London financial correspondent, last Saturday, testified that "there are undoubtedly numerous indications, both here and in Germany, of some decline in trade."

If this apprehension were to be realized, what then? The nearest parallel —and, in fact, the most recent occasion when a general reaction in European trade, outside of the world-wide relapse of 1907, has occurred—came under circumstances not unlike those that now exist. The Boer War had broken out in October, 1899, as did the Balkan War in October, 1912. There was a panicky break on Europe's stock exchanges (like that of last autumn) and a similar severe money stringency, reflected by advance in official discount rates at the great European banks. That movement was more serious than last autumn's; the bank rate went to 6 per cent. at London, to 4½ at Paris, and to 7 at Berlin, whereas the highest rates of the past season were, respectively, 5, 4, and 6.

For that unusual tightness there were two special reasons in 1899—the fact that the war had bottled up $70,000,000 per annum in gold which had previously flowed from the Transvaal mines into European bank reserves, and the fact that a boom of huge proportions, on Europe's stock exchanges, in its company promotions, and in general trade, had encountered the war scare at a moment of over-extended credit. That position has this much of counterpart in the present situation—that the Continental hoarders of gold have done in 1912 part of what the Transvaal blockade did in 1899, and that another extended trade and speculative boom—notably in Germany and Austria—had reached a climax in the early months of 1912.

What happened, after the strain of war and stringent money had shaken Europe's markets at the close of 1899, was interesting. Early in 1900 the extended trade position showed signs of weakness. In Russia came a financial and industrial collapse; of France, a contemporary commercial review wrote that "there was a breakdown in industrial enterprise during 1900, and everything was at a standstill throughout the year." Germany, after a few months of renewed activity, was confronted with a severe though temporary commercial crisis at the end of 1900, with great trouble among the country's land-mortgage banks. England entered on a period of reaction, from which it did not really emerge until 1903.

So far as concerned the United States, the story of 1900 was of a temporary and more or less sharp reaction in industries dependent largely on the export trade, a fall on the Stock Exchange, and consequent talk of great apprehension over politics. Then, at the close of the

year, came the extraordinary financial and industrial revival in this country, which economists now attribute partly to the country's previous business economies, partly to its progress in real wealth through abundant harvests, but partly also to the wholesale release of tied-up international capital through the European liquidation. The analogy would be gratifying, if one could always depend on such analogies.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Ainsworth, P. C. The Silences of Jesus. Revell. $1.25 net.
Anderson, J. A. Religious Unrest and its Remedy. Revell. 75 cents net.
Ashby-Sterry, J. The River Rhymer. Scribner.
Barclay, Mrs. Hubert. A Dream of Blue Roses. Doran. $1.25 net.
Brown, Alice. Vanishing Points. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
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Chase, J. S. California Coast Trails. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $2 net.
Choate, J. H. The Two Hague Conferences. Princeton University Press. $1.
Cochran, J. C. A Rainbow in the Rain. Revell. 50 cents net.
Cook, A. S. The Date of the Ruthwell and Bewcastle Crosses. Yale Univ. Press.
Cowan, M. G. The Education of the Women of India. Revell. $1.25 net.
Disbrow, C. W. Periodic Financial Panics. St. Louis: Finance Pub. Co.
Dow, A. W. Composition: Exercises in Art Structure. Seventh edition. Doubleday, Page.
Downey, E. H. History of Work Accident Indemnity in Iowa. Iowa City: State Historical Society.
Duval, G. R. Written in the Sand. Phila.: Winston Co. $1.20 net.
Elderkin, G. W. Problems in Periclean Buildings. Princeton Univ. Press. $1.75.
Emery, F. B. The Violinist's Dictionary. Scribner.
Flitch, J. E. C. The National Gallery. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Gibbon, I. G. Medical Benefit: A Study of the Experience of Germany and Denmark. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Gillette, J. M. Constructive Rural Sociology. Sturgis & Walton. $1.60 net.
Griffith, R. H. Some Notes on the Dunciad. Reprinted from Modern Philology. University of Texas: The Author.
Gundelfinger, G. F. The Ice Lens: A Four-Act Play. Shakespeare Press. $1 net.
Guthrie, W. N. The Vital Study of Literature, and Other Essays. Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. $2 net.
Hamilton, P. J. Mobile of the Five Flags. Mobile, Ala.: Gill Printing Co.
Hart, J. A. Sardou and the Sardou Plays. Phila.: Lippincott. $2.50 net.
Harvard College Observatory Annals. Vols. 56-8.
Hough, R. H., and Boehm, W. M. Electricity and Magnetism. Macmillan. $1.10 net.
Howells, W. D. New Leaf Mills. Harper. $1.50 net.
Howe, W. E. A History of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum.
Huish, M. B. Japan and Its Art. Third edition, revised. Scribner.
Hull, W. I. The New Peace Movement. Boston: The World Peace Foundation.
Inness, George. Fifty Paintings. Introduction by Elliott Daingerfield. Frederic Fairchild Sherman. $20.
Kent, Oliver. Her Right Divine. Dillingham Co. $1.25 net.
Legge, Edward. King Edward in His True Colours. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Leith, C. K. and A. T. A Summer and Winter on Hudson Bay. Madison, Wis.: Cantwell Printing Co. $2.50 net.
L'Ermite, Pierre. The Mighty Friend: A Romance of Labor Warfare. Trans. by John Hannon. Benziger Bros. $1.50 net.
London, Jack. The Night-Born, and Other Stories. Century. $1.50 net.
Luzzi, Giovanni. The Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy. Revell. $1.50 net.
McCann, A. W. Starving America. Cleveland, O.: F. M. Barton. $1.50 net.
McKenna, Stephen. The Reluctant Lover. Phila.: Winston Co. $1.20 net.
McLeod, Addison. Plays and Players in Modern Italy. Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co. $2.75 net.
Martin, Michael. The Roman Curia as it now Exists. Benziger Bros. $1.50 net.
Mayne, Rutherford. The Drone: A Play. Boston: Luce & Co. 75 cents net.
Murray, Gilbert. Four Stages of Greek Religion. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.
Noyes, F. N. Mark. Edward J. Clode. $1.25 net.
Orcutt, W. D. The Madonna of Sacrifice: A Story of Florence. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.
Pound, Hulme. Ripostes of Ezra Pound: Poetical Works of T. E. Hulme. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Shakespeare's Tragedy of Julius Cæsar, edited by R. M. Lovett. (Tudor edition.) Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Sinclair, May. The Combined Maze. Harper. $1.35 net.
Skinner, H. D. Their Choice: A Novel. Benziger Bros. $1.
Smith, Stephen. The City That Was. Frank Allaben.
Stanley M. M. The Souls of Men. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Starr, Louis. Hygiene of the Nursery. Eighth edition. Phila.: Blakiston. $1 net.
Stevens, E. S. My Sudan Year. Doran. $3.50 net.
Talbot, P. A. In the Shadow of the Bush. Doran. $5 net.
U. S. Geological Survey for Calendar Year 1911. Part I, Metals; II, Nonmetals. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Usher, R. G. Pan-Germanism. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Van Buren, Evelyn. Pippin. Century Co. $1.30 net.
Van Kleeck, Mary. Women in the Bookbinding Trade. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50.
Veatch, B. E. The Two Samurai. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.
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White, A. D. The First Hague Conference. (Reprinted from Dr. White's Autobiography.) Boston: World Peace Foundation.
Why I am Opposed to Socialism. Original Papers by Leading Men and Women. Sacramento, Cal.: Edward Silvin. 75 cents.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1913.

The Week

There is something peculiarly humiliating about the position into which our country has been put by the Panama Toll-Exemption act. The reply just made by the British Government to Secretary Knox's note of January 17 is as courteous as possible in language; any disagreeableness that Americans may feel in perusing it is inherent in the facts. It is not pleasant to be reminded that our Government sought to shove off the duty of making a substantial response to the British Government's objection by setting up the plea that even if the act of Congress is in violation of the treaty, a protest is not in order till the injury contemplated and directed in the act has been physically inflicted in the shape of discriminating tolls actually collected. Since that is what Mr. Knox did, the only reply for the British Government was to say that such a plea is not supported by "international law or usage." It is mortifying to reflect, further, on the absurd contention that toll-exemption does not come under our arbitration treaty with Great Britain, because that treaty excepts questions which affect "the vital interests, the honor, or the independence of the two contracting states." Mr. Knox, to be sure, did not assert this position; but neither did he frankly admit that the question does come under the treaty; and accordingly the reply of the British Government merely holds quietly that the dispute "is clearly one which falls within the meaning" of the treaty.

The defeat of the big-navy zealots in their desire for two battleships is a cause for rejoicing, even though it was only by a small margin of votes. At least, it is the second year in which the Democratic House has stuck to its one-battleship policy, in spite of threats, much newspaper abuse, and all the influence of the ship-builders and the Navy League. Particularly satisfactory was the impatience with Congressman Hobson when he proposed three battleships. Now that this mischievous prophet's predictions of war with Japan in 1912 have shown themselves to be false, he is trying to make trouble by dragging out the good old German bogey from the attic of worn-out war-scares. If that fails him, something else will doubtless occur to him, like the menace of the Mexican navy.

The report of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee on the operation of the Anti-Trust law reflects Senator Cummins's well-known opinions on that subject. It declares that the law should be made definite by amendments which "specifically prescribe certain conditions upon which persons and corporations shall be permitted to engage in commerce"; and it also recommends the creation of a Commission which shall have supervisory power over corporations and shall take over the work attendant upon the dissolution of such as may prove to be illegal. It uses language of the utmost respect concerning the Supreme Court, but asserts that, "as the anti-Trust statute is now construed," the Court exercises powers that the people cannot be content to leave with any judicial body. The idea, however, that the great anti-Trust decisions made by the Supreme Court within the past two years have caused the meaning of the law to be less definite than before is precisely the reverse of the truth. Of course, if the law could, prior to those decisions, have been understood, in actual practice, to mean the prohibition of every act that might, in any possible meaning of the words, be regarded as partaking of the nature of a "restraint of trade," the law would then have been simpler than the decisions make it out to be; but no such interpretation was ever practically possible, or was ever attempted or proposed by any sober and responsible person. It was always in the "light of reason" that the law had to be actually administered, and the series of decisions beginning with that in the Standard Oil case have served to make incomparably clearer than before the practical application of the law to individual cases.

This idea that you can define the things that may be done, or the things that it is illegal to do, in such a way as to make the application of the law automatic, is a delusion. The kind of distinction that the Supreme Court is making is not that between "good" Trusts and "bad" Trusts. This would involve an exercise of discretion with which no court ought either to be trusted or to be burdened. The question the Court does decide is not whether an alleged restraint of trade is beneficial or the contrary, but whether it is, in any reasonable sense, to be regarded as a restraint of trade; and the same thing is true concerning an alleged attempt to monopolize. And this kind of difficulty is not an anomaly, or a thing peculiar to the Anti-Trust law. Senator Edmunds, who had more to do with the framing of the Sherman act than any other man, has emphatically declared that the broad language of the law was used advisedly, for the very reason that the things intended to be covered by it admitted of no minute description that would serve its purpose. "In fact," he said in a notable interview, shortly after the Standard Oil and Tobacco decisions, "all legislation of a prohibitive character must use general terms, or one-half the offenders would escape." So far, then, from the Supreme Court having assumed extraordinary and unforeseen powers, it has been doing precisely what was originally contemplated by the framers of the law.

Mr. Roddenbery, of Georgia, is a Congressman to be watched. The man who will give his own party such an effective, and at the same time wholly untheatrical, drubbing as Mr. Roddenbery administered last Sunday, ought to have a fine future before him. The most that Speaker Cannon, he said, had ever been able to appropriate for pensions was $150,000,000; "but we Democrats, before we have even got the Senate and before we have inaugurated our President, have appropriated $180,000,000 for pensions. We know how to legislate." Equally remarkable were the achievements of "we Democrats" in the way of public buildings and wastefulness in other things. As for the platform denouncing Republican extravagance, that "was made, like the Republican platform, to get into office on." Mr. Roddenbery, who

has served three years in the House, was reëlected last autumn without opposition. He will have plenty of opportunity, during the next two years, to administer just such faithful wounds to his party as that which he unflinchingly dealt it on Sunday.

It has fallen to the Socialist party first to apply the recall on a national scale. The victim of the referendum is no less notable a person than William D. Haywood, who, by a vote of 22,000 to 11,000, has been removed from office as one of the seven members of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party. Haywood, as the most prominent leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, and therefore as the leading exponent of the principle of "direct action," as opposed to political action, by the working class, has never made any serious attempt to conceal his contempt for the political programme and tactics of the party, although, whenever the charge was directly brought up, he resorted to a formal denial. The final steps towards his removal were precipitated by a recent speech delivered in New York at a meeting to celebrate the acquittal at Lawrence of the I. W. W. leaders, Ettor and Giovannitti. On this occasion Haywood's militant views were so frankly put that there was no explaining them away. It has always been the contention of Haywood's faction that the rank and file of the Socialist party is in sympathy with his views, but that the leaders have been timid and time-serving. Now, by a vote of two to one, the party has shown that it still attaches prime importance to the campaign for Socialism on the political field as opposed to the anarchistic policies of the I. W. W.

Vermont was one of the two States which were so reactionary as to cast their electoral votes for President Taft. Consequently, it must follow that the Vermont Legislature, which recently adjourned after the longest session on record, is the sponsor for as unprogressive a lot of laws as could be imagined. But what are the facts? A juvenile court has been created; a "blue-sky" investment law has been passed; a reform has been made in the method of railway taxation that is expected to net the State annually twice the cost of the extra length of the session; the railways have been put under regulation with respect to the matter of demurrage; enforcement of uniform standard provisions in accident and health insurance policies has been arranged for; laws have been put upon the statute books to prevent adulteration and misbranding of foods and drugs, and to enforce sanitary conditions in the sale of bread; regulations have been adopted concerning the heating, ventilation, and inspection of factories; the hours of labor for women and children have been limited to fifty-six a week; judges have been empowered to hold inquests for the discovery of evidence in criminal cases. All this looks very much like the carrying out of a programme of social justice, but since it is not labelled Progressive, one can only continue to shake his head over the hopelessly stagnant condition of all Republicans, and those of the Green Mountain State in particular.

Bills submitting the issue of woman suffrage to the voters of New York and New Jersey have gone through their respective Legislatures without a hitch. Only five negative votes were cast in the New Jersey House. They must be repassed next year in order to reach the voters, but there can be no doubt that they will be passed. In Pennsylvania the House has passed a similar bill by a large majority. In Michigan, where suffrage was defeated by about 250 votes, the Legislature has provided for the speediest resubmission of a Constitutional amendment on record—it is to be voted on again in April. In Nevada, the bill has passed the Legislature twice and now goes to the voters. In Missouri and Minnesota one house has acted favorably, and in Massachusetts, according to the Boston *Advertiser*, the Republican leaders have agreed to have the Legislature vote for submission this year. In some cases, this apparent support of suffrage is not friendly; in Massachusetts, for instance, the Republicans are certain that the male voters will kill it as soon as it is submitted to them. So they may in New York in 1915.

By a unanimous decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana, it is still possible for any voter of good moral character to practice law in that State, though his name be Dogberry. This right dates from the Constitution of 1851, which was framed by sturdy Hoosiers who did not propose that any group of men should have the exclusive privilege of addressing a judge or haranguing a jury. In 1910, an attempt was made to amend this provision out of the Constitution. Sixty thousand voters marked their ballots in favor of the plan, and only eighteen thousand opposed it. But 550,000 did not take the trouble to vote either way. As the Constitution requires a majority of all votes cast at the same election to carry an amendment, the matter would seem to have been settled in favor of the "cornfield lawyer." A case came up in Indianapolis, however, which was decided against such a man. The individual concerned testified that he was a job printer by trade, and knew only such law as he read in the newspapers. This was too much for the Circuit Court, but the higher body has confirmed the right of the job-printing, newspaper-reading lawyer to handle all the cases he can get. He belongs to the class of "Constitutional lawyers," with the derisive Indiana slant given to the term.

It is pleasant to be reminded that the age is not wholly given up to the sackcloth of political preachments and the ashes of social and industrial reform. Amidst the welter of new presidencies, new freedoms, new workmen's compensation laws, white slave laws, factory bills, anti-tuberculosis campaigns, graft exposures, subway routes, Mexican complications, and other trivialities of the day, it is delightful to learn that there is still a considerable number of Americans who can rise above the fevers and vexations of the hour to the contemplation and practice of the eternally True, the Beautiful, and the Good—at least at Palm Beach. In that pleasant spot, a crowd of New York's bravest and fairest did their best the other night to show that the Hellenic joy of life has not passed away from us. Prominent people turkey-trotted "in a small hollow square in the centre of many little tables." Messrs. Smith and Jones took turns at the piano, Mr. Robinson beat upon the kettledrum, and Mr. Brown "did such fine clog dancing that he had the floor to himself." Mr. Black felt sorry for the negro chair attendants, and told Mr. White "he believed he would give them $200, which he did." As the bills of large denomination flut-

tered through the air, "a screeching, howling mass of black legs and arms and contorted bodies resulted." And yet solemn foreigners assure us that we are a materialistic people, utterly inaccessible to things of the spirit!

In his farewell interview Professor Bergson expressed regret at the shortness of his stay in this country. "Upon my arrival I found that my occupations and my engagements and my lectures had all been arranged for me, so that I could find no time for seeing any of the things I wanted to see, or for meeting people I should have liked to meet." Yet in that very remark M. Bergson has described us. Our idea of entertaining a visitor, whether he is a distinguished foreigner in New York city or a President of the United States visiting Indianapolis, is to rout the victim out of bed at six in the morning, put him into an automobile, and after an agony of breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, receptions, dedications, and commemorations, bring him back to his hotel in a state of collapse. Mrs. Wharton, in her latest story, cleverly photographs a fussy, galvanic, "social" leader in the following words: "Her only idea of intercourse with her kind was to organize it into bands and subject it to frequent and fatiguing displacements." Organizing our play and our holidays is a national habit. It is true that in that way we get through more play than we could if we went at it in unsystematic fashion, but perhaps it would be just as well if we didn't.

Our unbounded confidence in the schools has been voiced once more at Philadelphia, where the National Council of Education listened to speakers who put the burden of the exodus from the country, and hence a substantial portion of the high cost of living, upon the rural school. The country school, it was agreed, is physically and pedagogically below its task, and a plan of reconstruction and standardization was outlined which, it was hoped, might bring this important part of our educational system nearer to what it ought to be. One educator felt that only the practical interest of a Rockefeller or a Carnegie could solve the problem, but surely this is the counsel of despair. Are we going to substitute the philanthropy of a few multi-millionaires for individual initiative and self-reliance? Neither the rural school nor the American character is so hopeless as that. It is equally clear that the rural school is one of the few concrete elements in the rather vague set of conditions that we recognized, somewhat helplessly, by forming the Country Life Commission.

Another unhappy international affair came to the fore in the closing hours of the past Administration. The negotiations with Colombia were dropped, owing to the refusal of that country to accept the terms of compensation proffered by our Government. It must be admitted that there are difficulties here which, with the best intentions, might prove puzzling to any Administration; yet we should lean to excess rather than defect in satisfying Colombian expectations. For we were put so hopelessly in the wrong when Roosevelt "took Panama" that we may feel glad enough to get that transaction overlooked upon any terms that are not flagrantly unreasonable. And if no settlement can be arrived at by diplomtic negotiation, surely there can be no insuperable obstacle to an arbitration of the matter, if we sincerely desire to make such compensation to Colombia as an impartial tribunal might award. The plea that an arbitration might involve the placing in doubt of the *status quo* on the Isthmus does not strike us as very weighty. What difficulty would there be in so circumscribing the scope of the arbitration as to put the *status quo* quite out of its reach?

Even in England laws are being enacted against public betting. Its evils have grown so great that Parliament is moved to do something to prevent them. A bill has passed the House of Lords, and by now may have been accepted, as it was expected to be, by the House of Commons, forbidding under heavy penalties the publication of advertisements by tipsters and bookmakers. The rage for gambling on horse-races and on football contests has grown to the proportions of a mania. A system of betting by "coupons" which—like lottery tickets—are widely distributed, has been most pernicious in its effects. At a recent trial at Newcastle, it was brought out that a single concern made profits of $100,000 a year in this kind of business. The coupons have been hawked about the street. This is hereafter to be illegal, as it also will be to send these gambling coupons or betting odds through the post. Public betting has been thought of as an English institution almost as firmly established as crown or altar. At the time of the fight against race-track gambling in New York, reference was frequently made to the admirable customs of English bettors. Well, it looks now as if John Bull himself were waking up to the fact that he has been permitting public gambling to carry demoralization and ruin to thousands.

In Mexico, opponents of the new régime have been shot down in appreciable numbers "while attempting to escape." This it is to be a strong man in times of crisis. One or two sharp strokes that horrify and sicken the conscience of mankind, and the foundation has been laid, as the lawyers say, for a permanently peaceful reign of terror. The world is quick to reconcile itself even to the horrible. No news that comes out of Mexico City now is likely to stir public indignation. A minor massacre of suspected Maderistas, a battue of political prisoners, a little war of extermination among the Yaquis—these are the methods by which the strong man works for the cause of peace and order.

Opinions have differed about the wisdom of Gov. Wilson in permitting the compilation of a book, "The New Freedom," out of his campaign speeches. A foreign judgment on the volume may be worth citing. The *Westminster Gazette* declares that Englishmen who go to it for their "first introduction to Dr. Woodrow Wilson as a politician" will indeed find in the work "two or three considered ideas about affairs in business and politics," but will wonder at these ideas being "so surrounded and enmeshed in words." This sober critic concludes by saying that if one comes from reading the book with disappointment, it is not because of "lack of either vision or ideals," but because "there is such reluctance to get down to the cold, hard fact that something quite definite and precise has to be done." Many Americans have expressed a similar criticism. But they should not forget that, in the only political sphere where Wilson has as yet had his opportunity, he passed swiftly from words to deeds.

TAFT'S FOUR YEARS.

There is a great deal of "appealing to history," just now, on the part of President Taft's friends and apologists. They admit the implications of that appeal. Mr. Taft, they concede, is going out of office with the impression both immediate and general that he has been a failure. But time will set all right, they contend. A calmer future judgment will correct the turbulent prejudices of the present. It does not so much matter what his contemporaries think of a President as what the historian will think. And to the latter's serene and patient weighing of the whole of the evidence, with a resulting verdict as impartial as that of all-judging Jove, we are told that Mr. Taft's term in the Presidency may be securely referred.

There is clearly some ground for the confidence with which this particular appeal to history is made. That Mr. Taft has been badly treated during the past four years, most discerning persons will agree. He has been misrepresented and vilified beyond the lot of most Presidents. It is certain that the considerate judgment of a coming generation will rectify much of this. The intemperate and unjustified attacks which Mr. Taft has suffered while in the Presidency will sink to their due proportions as the years pass, and the really memorable things in his Administration will bulk larger. This is the way in which historical judgments are usually formed, and Mr. Taft's case will be no exception. His reputation will, we are convinced, benefit by the lapse of time. But the most important question, from the moral and public point of view, is whether the historian, at whatever distance or in no matter what perspective he writes of President Taft, will differ from clear-eyed people to-day in their estimate of his fundamental qualities. It is these, in both their strength and their weakness, which have made or marred his fame, as the eyes of his fellow-countrymen have been upon him for the past four years; and what reason is there to think that the essentials of Mr. Taft's character will appear differently after forty years?

His warmest admirers and most regretful friends speak of him as one who has been a "victim." He came into a legacy of ills—a true *damnosa hereditas*. Unsolved and insoluble problems were heaped upon him. Impossibilities were demanded of him. He fell upon a time of huge discontent and ferment. His party split beneath his eyes. He was made the object of venomous calumny and treacherous betrayal. A veritable scandal-machine was set operating early in his Administration, with the deliberate purpose of discrediting him and breaking him down. Finally came the supreme disloyalty: first the hidden and insidious attack, then the open and vengeful assault, by Theodore Roosevelt. What man could have stood up before all this? What President but would have succumbed as Taft did?

Thus there is an appeal to pity, as well as to history. But such a thing carries with it fatal confessions. When we are talking not of a private life, but of a public career, it is a sorrowful thing to say of a man that he has been a "victim." It raises the doubt whether he has not been a victim of his own lack of foresight and of energy. Mr. Taft's friends explain deprecatingly that he is not a good politician. In this they refer to the smaller matters of appointments to office in such a way as to keep his party in good humor and to procure for himself expert advisers and hearty supporters. But there was a graver deficiency in Mr. Taft's political equipment. He has shown himself devoid of the higher imagination in public affairs, too little prescient, without the touch of quick sympathy and popular quality which would have enabled him to take arms against his sea of troubles. The great difficulty was that the storm broke upon him when he had persuaded himself that the sky was clear. A party rebellion rumbled under his feet, but he heard nothing till the earth actually fissured. Congress placed in his hands an unsatisfactory tariff bill, which was almost visibly labelled "dynamite," yet he played with it unconscious of danger. Political disaster after political disaster he failed to recognize in its beginnings. Too late, he acted the man's part, but again and again—as in the Ballinger imbroglio, as in the case of the Panama tolls—he would be got wrong at the beginning and then find it impossible to recover himself, even by heroic efforts. Such, in brief, has been the best contemporary explanation of Mr. Taft's chief failures as a President, and it is hard to see how time can show it to be radically wrong.

In many minor matters the judgment of history will very likely be much more favorable to Mr. Taft than is current opinion to-day. The tradition of his personal attractiveness will grow with the years. His simplicity, his kindliness, his keen sense of humor, will be remembered to his credit. And the long list of actual achievements under his Administration—laws passed, prosecutions conducted—will seem of more importance after the hurly-burly is done. Most honored of all will his name be for what he has done, and sought to do, in behalf of international arbitration; and his firm and wise refusal to be hurried into war with Mexico lends a dying glory to his Presidency. All this and more can be justly said in Mr. Taft's praise. If the break-up of the Republican party must be dated from his Administration, involving his own overwhelming defeat, this was because the higher reaches of statesmanship and the gifts of leadership in a great crisis were beyond him. It was his misfortune to fall upon an Iron Age; and he is not a man of iron.

THE INAUGURAL AND ITS POLICY.

Mr. Wilson long since took his place in the minds of the judicious as our best public speaker; and now, in his Inaugural address, the whole country has seen him rise to his full height. Never before has he packed such riches of thought and feeling into a little space; never found more adequate form for his ideas; never so fully displayed his power to interpret, to express, to speak with the voice of a leader of the people. If all this had burst without warning upon the American people, it would have been a revelation fitted to take their breath away. But President Wilson's previous speeches and letters had prepared us, in a measure, for so high a proof of his quality as he has now given. Even so, we are confident that his Inaugural will cause the hearts of his countrymen to burn within them as they read it. To its moving and solemn note of appeal they cannot turn deaf ears.

In his reading of the minds of his fellow-countrymen to-day, and of the duty of the Government in response to the mastering desires of the people, President Wilson shows himself moved by deep feeling. And its sincerity is transparent. No one could so body forth emotion in congruous words unless his soul had throbbed before his lips spoke. Yet

over the whole a clear and sagacious intelligence presides. It was plainly the President's intention not merely to make a great oration but to indicate a policy. And it is for this that his Inaugural address will be most eagerly searched. A detailed programme would have been out of place, and is, in fact, not to be found—though a few items of needed legislation are etched, with the just word said about each. But the new President's general hope and purpose are not left in the dark. The policy of the incoming Administration is frankly laid bare in the Inaugural.

We get from it, for example, what may be called the political strategy which President Wilson has determined to follow. What was his problem? He is a minority President. Above 6,000,000 votes were cast for him; but more than 8,000,000 were given to other candidates. In some way, if he is to succeed, he must rally to himself and his party a proportion of those 8,000,000 votes. Lincoln was somewhat similarly placed in 1861; but the struggle for the Union helped him to win the support of enough Democrats to make the Republican party secure in power. No such civic convulsion will come to Wilson's aid. The recourse of a foreign war would be abhorrent to him. Only by following lines of peaceful and domestic policy can he hope to consolidate his political strength. And the lines that he has decided to pursue are plainly laid down in the Inaugural. He means to make himself the leader of the progressive movement. He intends to deprive the Progressive party of any reason for separate and distinct existence. In other words, Wilson means to build up the Democratic party by means of recruits from the Progressives.

No attentive reader of the Inaugural can fail to see how it quietly accepts and assumes all the humane, all the really attainable, features of the Progressive programme. The President does not speak as a convert. He does not need so to speak. All that he says now he said many times during the campaign. But his present point of view is that political divisions and misunderstandings prevented thousands of voters from taking him and his party as the chosen instruments of progress, and that now he is in a position to summon patriotic and forward-looking men and women to his side, even if they had previously been distrustful of him. What they have been working for will be henceforth his desire and his labor. He declares his instant sympathy with the whole impulse to prevent the waste and repair the wreckage of human life, and offers himself and his Administration as at once the symbol and the power of the new day that has come. How can sincere Progressives repel these advances? Mr. Roosevelt certainly owes President Wilson an apology for having called him a reactionary. And the nominal head of the Progressive party must be fully aware by now that there is danger of his following breaking up more rapidly than it has been doing in the past few weeks. Some of them will continue to go back to the Republican party. More will be powerfully drawn to Woodrow Wilson and his policy of deep and wide social reform.

The results it will be of absorbing interest to study. They are certain to be big with political changes; they may mean the beginning of a wholly new epoch. What we are already sure of is that we have as President a man of leading intellect, with varied resources which long training has made apt to his hand; one whose courage has already been tried, and whose political sagacity is well approved. In his Inaugural he gives us the fruits of his long brooding over the present temper and the existing demands of the American people. Who will venture to say that he has read them wrong? Who will set any limits to the energizing of reform and the quickening of the humane spirit which may be wrought by such a man as Woodrow Wilson in the Presidency of the United States?

EASING A CHANGE OF ADMINISTRATION.

The *Nation* will not be thought to believe that Mr. Roosevelt's public career generally is a model, but he had one habit which deserves consideration by all men undertaking official duties. We refer to the way in which, from the day he became nationally prominent, he stepped into the place left vacant by his predecessor, and took up his task with the least practicable disturbance of the ongoing of public business.

When he became Civil Service Commissioner, he found his office in anything but an ideal condition. He might have been justified in making an immediate reorganization. Instead, he slipped into the same chair his predecessor had occupied, drew it up to the same table, and rang for the same confidential clerk to take his dictation. But for the new name-plate on the door, there was nothing to indicate that the room had changed masters. And what he did in that instance he did later, when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Vice-President, and President. The current of affairs was not interrupted for an hour when somebody else retired from an office and Mr. Roosevelt assumed it; and, in the judgment of good observers, no one practice did more to enhance his efficiency as an Executive.

The logic of this is not far to seek. Critics who are watching for changes to condemn find themselves lacking ammunition. The self-seeking crew of supporters, on the other hand, who are advising drastic measures and prophesying all sorts of dire disaster if any but wearers of the orthodox uniform are left on guard, are soon discredited by the failure of their dismal predictions. The new chief, not having to undertake the making over of machinery at the outset, can give time and energy to the study of real problems, and begin his important work so much the sooner. The men he leaves undisturbed in their places, far from repaying his consideration with disloyalty, are put upon their mettle; for as old hands at their tasks, they have learned wisdom as well as deftness by experience. Every one of them, moreover, is the centre of a group of citizens outside of the Government service who are, consciously or unconsciously, influenced in their attitude towards the new Administration by such a manifest refutation of the warnings uttered by its enemies; and this circumstance goes much further than is generally imagined towards sweeping from the highway of progress mere factitious obstructions.

The whole country profits by the sensible conservatism of the man at the head of an important Federal office. If he can afford to look at the Government's business as something to be advanced as soon as possible from the point already reached, instead of applying himself first to undoing the work of his predecessor and starting afresh in order to monopolize the glory of achievement, the underlings can afford to do the same. So many tasks, of such and

such magnitude, are to be accomplished, and every official has his share to contribute towards one or more of them. This is obviously too big a joint enterprise to be halted by a change of chairman in the board of directors, and should not be crippled by the needless expulsion of one group of foremen and the tedious training of another in unfamiliar duties. This larger sense of the meaning of public service is bound to spread through the whole administrative organism, till it affects even the humbler workers who stand on its outer fringe. To them the Government presently ceases to be merely an automatic paymaster and becomes a vital thing and an object of human interest.

And the effect of such inspiration goes still further, and touches the relations of the individual workers to one another. When two of them, both painfully conscious of the insecurity of their tenure, and each therefore disposed to disparage the work of the other in order to emphasize the excellence of his own, have their minds set at rest as to their personal fortunes and turn to the contemplation of something larger and more worthy, they presently find themselves, in spite of past differences, pulling or pushing in the same direction. A spirit of friendly coöperation supplants in due course the spirit of envious rivalry, and the chief competition thereafter is as to who shall do the most for the Government, rather than who can make out of it the most for himself.

To the President who has just shouldered a heavy burden of new responsibilities, and must expect a broadside of advice concerning changes he ought to make before settling down to the serious study of his programme of action, we commend a thoughtful review of Mr. Roosevelt's beginnings.

THE PUJO REPORT.

It is not possible, in considering the report submitted to Congress last Friday by the Pujo Committee, to overlook the peculiar circumstances under which it was made. The task of inquiring into the existence of a "Money Trust" was referred by the House of Representatives to its Banking and Currency Committee. That body in turn referred it to a sub-committee, under whose auspices the hearings were conducted. The customary procedure is for such a sub-committee to report to the main committee, which then lays its own findings before the House. The present report, however, was completed only a few days before the final adjournment of Congress, and the main committee declined to take the responsibility of acting, on such notice, upon so important a series of recommendations. The sub-committee thereupon reported directly to the House. Its conclusions have not been passed upon at all by the regular committee. Indeed, there is doubt how far the report represents even the mature judgment of the sub-committee itself. It is stated to be wholly the work of the sub-committee's counsel, though the majority accept it without question. The minority dissents, as was to be expected, on many points; one of the minority makes the statement that "the method of the investigation has been of an unusual character, entirely different from anything that I have ever witnessed during my experience in Congress. I refer to the agreement under which no member of the Committee has been permitted to interrogate witnesses upon subjects material to the investigation."

These incidental facts are important not so much for their bearing on the report itself—which, so far as regards the public view of it, must stand or fall on its own merits—as for their possible effect on the attitude of Congress towards it. The majority, after stating that their investigations are not completed, add that they have "deemed it best to present this intermediate report." Since the life of the House to which the report was presented, its Banking Committee, and the Pujo sub-committee itself, ended by law on the 4th of March, this was an obvious appeal for the next House to resuscitate the sub-committee.

Apart from all this, the problems involved in the subject are such that its recommendations require careful examination. The findings of fact in the report, regarding concentration of credit or the so-called "Money Trust," are such as had been expected. As for legislation proposed, some of the projects are sound. One such is the suggestion that two or more national banks should not be allowed to consolidate except with the Controller of the Currency's approval. This does not and should not bar acquisition of a weak and ill-managed institution by a strong and well-conducted one, for the manifest purpose of removing a danger from the depositing public and the money market. At least some of the bank mergers, in New York and elsewhere, have been of that nature. It is to be presumed that a proper public supervisor of banks will be able to see where consolidation will serve the community's real interests. The recent revised corporation laws of New Jersey contain a substantially similar proviso regarding industrial corporations, and it has been generally approved. There is much to say also for the proposed prohibition of the engagement of national banks in promotions or underwritings, and their use of depositors' funds for that purpose. It is probable, indeed, that direct participations of the sort are repugnant to the National Bank law as it stands. That officers of a bank should be forbidden to borrow from their own bank is a principle which ought to be enforced. To forbid officers and directors to participate in underwritings to which their banks are committed, raises exactly the principle brought out by some of the recognized abuses of life insurance company finance before the new Insurance law of 1905.

From so much of the Pujo Committee's recommendations there is small reason to dissent. The matter of "interlocking directorates," on the other hand, is by no means so simple as the Committee would have us imagine. To ordain that "no person should be permitted to be a director in more than one national bank serving the same community or locality," might remove evils in one community and create them in another. No account seems here to be taken either of the question whether the man elected director of two banks thereby necessarily controls the policies of both, or of the other question whether, supposing he did control them, such control would be in the least affected by excluding him from actual occupancy of more than one. The evil, if evil there were, would arise from the control, not from the actual seat upon both boards. Again, the Committee's proposal to forbid interstate corporations to keep their funds on deposit with private bankers, is a sweeping provision conceived from a narrow basis of reasoning. Corporations thus patronize private bankers, on occasion, for precisely the reason that individuals do—namely, that they obtain thereby special facilities for their ordinary business opera-

tions, which may not be equally obtainable from a bank. The Committee, indeed, would in one bill require a company to limit its relations of this sort to national banks, while in another forbidding national banks to underwrite its new security issues. The truth is that these relations with private bankers, for such purposes, are as old as banking history; Governments themselves (our own included) have not disdained them when occasion rendered them advantageous.

It will be seen that some of the Committee's recommendations are merely supplementary to, if not already inherent in, the existing National Bank law. Others are proposals of such hasty and sweeping character that no prudent legislator would dream of acting on them, without a much more careful study of banking science and history itself than the Committee has made. The bill proposed by the Committee in regard to stock exchange regulation is a mass of mischievous absurdities. Beginning with the confession that "it is doubtful whether the Federal Government has power generally to regulate stock exchanges," it proceeds at once to propose that Congress "prohibit the transmission by the mails or by telegraph or by telephone" of buying or selling orders for an exchange which has not been incorporated. It ends by asking that a penalty of $1,000 fine, with imprisonment of two years for the first offence and of five for the second, be imposed on any one mailing, telegraphing, or telephoning any quotation, order, report, or information concerning transactions on such an exchange. It might have been supposed that the earlier rumor, according to which members of such a stock exchange were to be forbidden use of the mails, had reached the climax of possible foolishness in this sort of regulation. But the proposal actually made runs it close for the honor.

POPULARIZING GENIUS.

A great tradition is being killed by the newspapers. It is the tradition of genius starving in a garret, while waiting for recognition. Genius to-day would find it a very difficult task to go on starving while there is a single reporter abroad with a nose for the news. The author of the great, unpublished epic that throws "Paradise Lost" into the shade may be tempted to lash out at the degenerate mob that spends its time reading the newspapers instead of immortal literature. But he does the newspapers a great injustice. He fails to perceive that they are actually in the same business as himself. They, too, are anxious to give the world something new, something startling, something to make the staid and slippered citizen gasp, and read the item out aloud to Maria across the dining-room table. The press is the great befriender of the revolutionist in every sphere: in art, in literature, in music, in politics. The reason is obvious. The dreams of genius are the stuff headlines are made of. Your ordinary academic painter of pictures must win recognition by painful inches, but in the space of a few years the Cubists and Futurists have blazoned their name across the world. If the science of publicity had been as well developed in Richard Wagner's day as it is in our own, there would have been no bitter years of struggle. A few headlines—"Tinkling Tunes Grilled by Wagner" or "New Composer Throws Hat into Nibelungen Ring"—would have settled the business.

There are discriminating souls to whom the conquest of publicity by the geniuses will fail to give satisfaction. They are the rather unreasonable people who make it the world's shame that genius should be allowed to starve in a garret, and yet insist that starvation is the necessary hallmark of genius. Among thinkers of what one may call the Younger Set, there is even a disposition to regard material success, when it does come to the genius, as a blot on the 'scutcheon. The Richard Wagner whom the world accepts cannot, by definition, be the pure genius whom the world rejected. Perhaps there was a streak of the commonplace in him that accounts for his present vogue. At any rate, in all these restatements of the ancient case of Genius vs. the Contemporary Age, there is always a tendency to praise the genius and blame the age for doing exactly the same thing. If genius has the right and sacred duty to realize itself by throwing a brick at the complacent bourgeoisie of the times, the complacent bourgeois is entitled to live up to his own conceptions of the ideal by hurling the brick back with interest. The genius fulfils his mission by being out of gear with the world, but the world is expected to be in harmony with genius. That is to say, of two straight lines, the first must never be parallel to the second, but it is very disgraceful in the second not to be parallel to the first.

And yet here is where the newspaper man does step in to attempt a reconciliation between the genius and the world he spurns. To the thinkers of the Extreme Left who insist that genius is essentially an infinite capacity for giving pain to the mob, the reporter says: "My dear fellow, provided it is a novel, picturesque kind of pain you have to administer, I should be delighted to interview you." The spirit in which the reporter goes at his work may not at first sight be exactly one of acceptance and adoration. He approaches Matisse in very much the same mood that he approaches the Winsted hen which rings a bell every time it lays an egg; for he is after the story there is in it. But the true Futurist will be ready to admit that if the Winsted hen creates the same spiritual excitement, if it wrenches the soul out of the groove of the conventional, the hen, too, has fulfilled the great mission of art. There is force in the precept attributed to the elder Dana that a dog biting a man is not news, but that a man biting a dog is excellent news. "Man Biting Dog"—one feels that here is a ready-made title for a Futurist catalogue and a newspaper headline. A picture which shows a man walking down a staircase, if it receives newspaper notice at all, will get it in the obscure corner given over to the art reviewer. But when the picture, if it shows anything, shows a staircase walking down a man, it is front page matter. The genius that produced the second picture could not conceivably die in obscurity.

It is only one of the little ironies of life that the modern newspaper, apparently so devoted to the trivialities of the day, should turn out to be the protector of genius whose mission it is to protest against the trivial and the temporal. But that is only because we overlook the fact that, whether a thing is trivial or divine, the news test is that it must be novel, odd, calculated to make people sit up and take notice. Because genius is always preaching something new, it will always get a hearing from the press, provided, in theatrical phrase, it has the "wallop." To-day the Futurist and the Cubist are fascinating material for the reporter. Ages ago the reporter would have taken delight in chronicling the re-

markable six-day exhibition of anti-Futurist art, in which the light was divided from the darkness, and the waters from the dry land, and man was created male and female, and the beasts after their kind, and the cattle after their kind, and one could easily tell whether an object was a man or a cow or only the moon reflected in the waters under the firmament.

THE TYPEWRITER OR THE MUSE?

One more link with the past is almost severed. Literary inspiration, like religion, used to be sought from on high. The typewriter has changed all that. One author, sojourning at Lake Como, and desiring to write, remembered with chagrin, we learn, that he had no machine. When he procured one he was obliged to spend days in training himself in the Italian system. Then, and then only, did his thoughts begin to flow. Other authors approach the typewriter in different ways, but without it most of those who are before the public to-day would be quite helpless. To judge by data furnished by one publisher, writers sit down to this instrument with the confidence felt of old by a darling of the muses. But by the change literature has not been deprived of a presiding genius, and as our present-day faiths and beliefs have come to dwell directly in our midst and are largely man-made, it is fitting that whatever superior power the typewriter may possess has been bestowed by man's own ingenuity. Yet the outstanding fact is that this complicated little organism has assumed something of a personality. The unthinking will find in this a great come-down from the conditions of former times. What poetry resided in the simple quill, stolen, for aught we knew, from Jove's eagle! The reflection it caused was brought into relation with its high origin. The typewriter, by its completeness, becomes no mere intermediary. Within it reside, dumbly present, the ingredients of all the divine words ever uttered.

The gain has far exceeded any imaginary loss. Think of the hours of torture Walter Pater would have been spared if, instead of pacing up and down, jerking his hair, and groaning, he could have sat down cosily in front of a mechanical helpmeet! For some of us much of Schiller's work has been spoiled by the knowledge that it was done while his feet were plunged in cold water. Coleridge spoke feelingly of the "labor of composition." There is no such labor to-day. Keep your ribbon fresh, apply the oil can frequently, cultivate handiness with the screwdriver, and writing is a joy. Your slightest mental effort meets the response given by a spirited horse to an almost inaudible cluck. If you vainly fancy that you have nothing to say, hark for a moment to the music of your thoughts as they stutter along, striving after a stirring message. Under such almost human compulsion it is impossible to keep the fingers still. Best of all, there is little temptation to look back, which with writers of former generations often discouraged them from ever going on.

Perhaps the "mood" has become a different thing from what it used to be. Not that writers do not still seek out choice spots to visit. But their aim, as we understand it, if it is not to search for local color, is to foster their physical well-being. Inspiration they are not looking for; they know a handier place to find it. From the point of view of the present, it seems effeminate to wait for the mood to strike. We know what that led to in the case of De Quincey and Coleridge. For lack of a modern invention they were driven to opium. The mood was a pose from the stigma of which only recently has literature been able to free itself. Something was needed to prove that an author's methods could be as business-like as a successful merchant's. This revolution is apparently consummated. The late David Graham Phillips took care to explain that writing books was merely a question of sticking at your machine so many hours a day. The lean or fruitless days which former authors experienced have been wiped out by the typewriter. Man or woman sits down to work at a given hour, and at the end of an allotted time can almost invariably count upon a certain amount of work done. It is no small thing that the typewriter has replaced intermittent by steady inspiration.

The typewriter has also democratized literature enormously by undermining the position of the "man of letters." There was a deal of snobbery in that term. Just what it meant is hard now to say. Not wealth or birth, certainly. It seemed to give factitious honor to those who used a gold pen. So far has this condition been reversed that one young author, exulting in his success, puts into the class of freaks those who have not adopted the new manner. By the simple process of a mechanical device literature has become closely related to business letters, balance-sheets, and all those other documents of every-day existence which constitute real life. There is more in this than appears at first sight. Even a pencil and a piece of wrapping paper—to take the most modest case of former times—contributed a sentimental value to the situation which is impossible now. The typewriter symbolizes respectability, without fuss and feathers.

It is right, however, that a brief last honor be done to venerable survivors of the old order. We know a man of five and seventy who writes uphill on a sheet of foolscap. His sentences are sometimes long, are always sturdy, and often are as pointed as the hard little pen he uses. He has never, we believe, written on factory management, nor on the high cost of living. When it is said that he publishes essays without the accompaniment of either photographs or statistics, the reader will understand just where to place him. We have seen him sit for half an hour, the pen motionless, as he looked out of his window to a dozen fir trees up a hill. Poor fellow! he had only the muse to woo, and that takes time.

MEN OF LETTERS IN POLITICS.

LONDON, February 21.

The secession of G. K. Chesterton from the staff of the *Daily News* to that of a Labor paper is not quite the most important event of the week. Still, it is of interest as symptomatic of an ailment that is afflicting several men of letters just now. They are the victims of a violent antipathy to the organized political parties.

There is nothing inherently incompatible between literary and political eminence. It is enough to point to the fact that the present Cabinet includes Lord Morley, Augustine Birrell, and Winston Churchill. But when these men entered the party arena they brought with them a much more substantial equipment than is possessed by the mere man of letters. Lord Morley's reputation was gained not as a writer of fiction or belles-lettres, but as a philosophical thinker. Mr. Birrell's "Obiter Dicta" really were what he called them. They were the extra-professional utterances of a working

lawyer. And it was in personal adventure in the field that Mr. Churchill gained the material for the books which first made him known.

Now, when a novice in politics has already thought out for himself the leading issues of economics and philosophy, or has had enough experience of the world to teach him what is meant by co-operation for a common purpose, he is fit to approach the practical questions that occupy the attention of a legislature. But the writer, whose main asset is an instinct for the dramatic, or a strong æsthetic sense, or a brilliant style, usually makes a fool of himself when he meddles with public affairs. His political activities are not a deliberate attempt to carry out a definite and harmonious programme, but consist of a series of hysterical spasms. And when he is criticised for his futility, he generally gives fresh emphasis to the charge by indulging in a screaming tirade against parties.

Perhaps the most conspicuous instance of the political ineptitude of the mere *littérateur* is supplied by the career of Hilaire Belloc. Mr. Belloc is one of the most charming of essayists. "Instead of which," he insisted on becoming a Member of Parliament. By grace of the electors of South Salford, he sat in the House of Commons for nearly five years. At the end of that period his constituents heard with relief that he had had enough of it. Unfortunately, instead of recognizing his failure—and failure, under such circumstances, involved no discredit to a man whose real gifts lay in another direction—Mr. Belloc assumed the attitude of the soldier who declared that every other man in the regiment was out of step. Everybody was wrong and everything was wrong. The conflict between the parties was only a pretence. The Premier and the leader of the Opposition, though ostensibly attacking each other from public platforms and on the floor of the House, were in reality partners in a conspiracy to exploit the public and share the spoils. In fact, what Mr. Belloc alleged against the party leaders was the kind of understanding that is said to have existed between Boss Croker and Boss Platt.

There is no reason to doubt that Mr. Belloc honestly believed this absurdity. He believed it, indeed, so sincerely that he joined in the hazardous venture of founding a weekly newspaper to propagate the tale. This non-party, or rather anti-party, organ was at first called the *Eye-Witness*, but the name has lately been changed to the *New Witness*. The proprietors enlisted the aid of several of the cleverest literary men of the day, with the result that the paper soon became one of the most brilliant publications in London. It has also become, truth to tell, one of the most scurrilous. Its virulent anti-Semitism is only one of many unwholesome features. It has, of course, out-Heroded Herod—that is to say, out-Maxsed Maxse—in its abuse of the Government over the so-called Marconi scandal. Within a few weeks Mr. Belloc will probably be invited to appear before the same select committee which recently took in hand the chief propagator of these charges and turned him inside out.

It is lamentable that a man of the high qualities of Mr. Belloc should thus reduce himself to the level of a gutter journalist. But such a fate is a fit nemesis of the overweening conceit that spoils so many able literary craftsmen. The heads of writers of a certain type are easily turned by the compliments that are paid them for their vivid imagination and their exquisite style. They assume at once a "superior person" pose, looking down with infinite contempt on the commonplace bourgeois persons who do the every-day work of the world, whether in politics or outside. The system of party government has its evils, and serious ones, but the country is far better off in the hands of party politicians than it would be under the control of a Parliament composed of the unbalanced impressionists that Mr. Belloc and his friends would like to see at Westminster.

Maurice Hewlett, Laurence Housman, and Israel Zangwill are other distinguished men of letters whose recent incursions into political controversy add new point to the old warning that the cobbler should stick to his last. On two at least of these three the woman suffrage movement has acted like an irresistible magnet, pulling them away from any kind of mooring that may hitherto have attached them to the world of realities. As to Mr. Chesterton, whose latest somersault started these reflections, the more one ponders his change the more one is puzzled to understand it. He is leaving the *Daily News* because, he tells us, that paper has come to stand for nearly everything he disagrees with. And he has joined the *Daily Herald*. But the *Daily Herald* fights for Socialism with a flail. And Mr. Chesterton is an anti-Socialist. H. W. H.

SWISS NOTES.

NEUCHÂTEL, February 17.

Attendance at the Swiss universities, and at the Schools of Technology and Commerce, has been considerably diminished by the war in the Near East. From Geneva, Lausanne, Zürich, and Neuchâtel the exodus has been large in proportion to the total number of students matriculated. From a small centre like Neuchâtel, for example, forty Bulgarians went to the front. This is exclusive of Serbs, Rumanians, Turks, and Greeks who have been studying in the universities and schools of the Confederation.

An interesting contribution to the literature of Pacificism is a book which has just appeared, entitled "Sociologie de la paix." It is an introduction to "the philosophy of international law." The author is Dr. de Maday, professor of sociology in the University of Neuchâtel. By birth an Hungarian, he perfected his studies at Paris and Geneva, and has written voluminously in French and German on social subjects. Not content with a theoretical treatment of sociological problems, he has been engaged in personal investigations at Geneva and elsewhere, assisted by his wife and a staff of students. He is not only a pacificist, but also an ardent feminist. His work is not explicitly controversial; and his method is objective. He prefers to let the facts speak for themselves. He says he has studied "war and peace as natural phenomena in the scientific sense of the term, to discover what their relations are to the evolution of humanity." By tracing the history of this evolution, and anticipating its future, he is led to take an optimistic view of what is to come. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the author's treatment of the subject, the book may be recommended for its clear and vigorous style.

In these days when Nietzsche's idea of the Wille zur Macht has found its way into certain kinds of literature, it may be worth while to notice a new book in which a thesis contradictory to that of the German writer is defended. The author is not a professional theologian or philosopher. He is Jules Gaudard, an engineer, who holds an honorary chair in the University of Lausanne. In his work, "La Foi par l'humilité ou la force par l'infirmité," he contends that meekness, modesty, and humility are necessary not only to scientific progress, but to achieving any large results. "L'humble infirmité" is the most powerful force. He seeks to establish this paradox by citing many historical examples which are, he thinks, decisive.

Students of the psychology of religion will be interested in a work published by Professor Schroeder, of the free theological faculty at the University of Lausanne. The author is less conspicuous than the editor. His object is to throw light on the psychological conditions of the frequent revivals of religion during the first half of the nineteenth century. The most important part of the book consists of a correspondence between Louis Bonnard and certain of his friends, particularly the eminent theologian, Vinet. The letters of Vinet hitherto *inédites* go far to complete one's conception of a religious philosopher whose character and work have for more than a year been the theme of many Swiss and French writers.

Discussing the probability of Bernard Shaw's plays meeting with success in Swiss theatres, Guillermet, a Geneva

critic, makes this extraordinary statement:

The theatre at Geneva presents a singular spectacle when Ibsen, the precursor of Shaw, is played. The enthusiasts, mostly strangers in this country, applaud until their gloves are split. The "intellectuals" admire, either seriously or snobbishly, these northern productions; but the majority of the audience are ill at ease, and fearing to be behind the times, subscribe to all these dangerous and far-fetched Utopias.

Bridel of Lausanne has begun the publication of a collection of Vaudois genealogies, edited by the Genealogical Society of the canton. Among the family trees noted is that of Edouard Rod. His ancestry is traced to a notary in 1574, and members of his family have sat on the bench and have been active in civic affairs. Rod's own liking for legal questions and judicial trials is apparent to every reader of his novels.

Another book which has lately appeared at Lausanne will interest architects and antiquarians. It is entitled "Les Châteaux valaisans." The text is by A. Solandieu, whose descriptions are often almost poetical. The excellent illustrations, by the Société des Arts Graphiques, give a fine representation of the bold and hardly accessible strongholds in that mountainous canton. Unlike those of the plain, the châteaux of Valais were not built after the fashion of country houses. They were strongly fortified, and those that remain are forts rather than dwellings, built as they were on rocks high above surrounding precipices. If the exterior of these old buildings is rough and forbidding, the interior exhibits products of gentler arts, such as fine Italian columns and specimens of that wood carving for which Switzerland is famous. Fortunately, these historic remains in Valais are for the most part well protected. They are not like a certain thirteenth-century château in another canton, which was purchased by a Swiss captain of industry. The Salle des Chevaliers was converted into a billiard-room, the walls of which were decorated with pictorial advertisements of the parvenu's business. The ancient chapel was empty and undecorated. An old carved wooden image of the Virgin was put in the corner, like an umbrella.

A Berlin committee, among the members of which are Hofprediger Dryander and Professor Harnack, are raising 65,000 francs as a contribution to the international Monument of the Reformation which is to be erected at Geneva.

René de Weck, of the Secrétariat of Swiss workingmen, has issued a catalogue of publications edited by him since the creation of the institution in 1887, together with an alphabetical index of questions discussed in reports presented at all the Swiss labor congresses from 1887 to 1911.

M. Antonio Villari is the author of a work recently published at Lugano, entitled "Le Chiese cristiane." The author calls himself a "free believer," but not a "modernist." He endeavors to harmonize the differing doctrines of the Latin, Greek, and Protestant Churches. While he thinks that each of these has its own work to do, he criticises Rome for its enforced confession, for its insistence upon the celibacy of the clergy, and its discouragement of Bible study among the laity. He finds fault with Protestants for ignoring the doctrine of the communion of saints, living and dead, and their misunderstanding of confession. His sympathy seems to be rather with the Greek Church, although the book is moderate and fairly impartial.

Zürich is to have a new central library, in which the collections of the canton, as well as of the town, are to find a place. The old building near the Münster-Brücke is quite insufficient, and some interesting books and manuscripts are kept in the National Museum. The site of the new building is on the Amtshaus Platz. A. A.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The George Routledge & Sons publishing house has recently issued "A Kipling Dictionary," compiled by W. Arthur Young, which thousands of libraries in America will buy and which will be quite useless to those possessing only the Outward Bound edition and inadequate for those possessing Doubleday, Page's edition.

The compiler has blandly ignored all of the American editions; it is evident, indeed, that he has never seen one, for in a note upon the Outward Bound edition he naïvely remarks that "the preface to this American edition . . . indicates that 'Bitters Neat' and 'Haunted Subalterns' are included in 'Plain Tales from the Hills'; 'Mrs. Hauksbee Sits Out' with 'Under the Deodars,' and 'The Enlightenments of Pagett, M. P.,' with 'In Black and White.'" The statement is quite correct and "indicates" is charming. Mr. Young might, however, have added that "The Pit That Digged Itself" and "The Track of a Lie" are included in "The Phantom 'Rickshaw," "The Tabu Tale" in "Just So Stories," and the "Wreck of the Visigoth" in "The Day's Work, Part II." This admitting of some of the facts and suppressing others seems hardly fair. In the notes upon the above titles, Mr. Young usually makes a statement to the effect that the story does not appear in the English edition, but is included in "some" American editions.

Any one who has had occasion to look for particular stories or poems of Mr. Kipling's has been baffled by the confusion of titles in the various editions. Thus, the English editions use the titles "Life's Handicap," "Many Inventions," and "Wee Willie Winkie," and the Doubleday edition uses "Life's Handicap," "Many Inventions," and "Abaft the Funnel," which are not used as volume titles in the Outward Bound edition, although the stories are included in that set. Also, different editions using the same titles do not include in their volumes exactly the same stories. It is these erratic customs that make a Kipling Dictionary especially desirable, and it is just these vagaries that Mr. Young ignores with an imperturbability that speaks well for his self-possession under trying circumstances. Considering the fact that the United States has been a large contributor to Mr. Kipling's success, it should seem that his bibliographer might have included the authorized American editions in his Dictionary without incurring the risk of being called unpatriotic. Mr. Young is evidently of a reticent disposition, for he nowhere confides in the public exactly what editions he has used as the basis of his work. He merely remarks in an obscure paragraph that "practically the whole of Mr. Kipling's publishing in Great Britain has been done through two houses; the stories and prose writings through Macmillan & Co. and the verse through Methuen & Co." From which we infer that he has used these editions, but he could not be convicted of the charge from any statement that he definitely makes.

Twenty-six titles assigned in the Dictionary to "Life's Handicap," fourteen to "Many Inventions," five to "Wee Willie Winkie," and two to "Plain Tales from the Hills," occur in the Outward Bound edition under the book titles, "In Black and White," "Phantom 'Rickshaw," "From Sea to Sea," "Soldiers Three, Pts. I and II," "The Day's Work," "Under the Deodars," and "The Jungle Book." This number of deviations (it may not be complete) is sufficient to cause much trouble to the reader, but not large enough to have added any appreciable amount to the work of the bibliographer had he made note of the American titles. Having done so much, it is to be regretted that Mr. Young did not do a little more.

Glaring as are these omissions in a work whose only excuse for being should be that it is comprehensive, they are yet not unaccountable when one makes allowance for the English point of view. But confusing errors in arrangement are inexcusable both on the part of the compiler and the publisher. Even an Englishman might be expected to know his alphabet. Mr. Young does not. With the articles and prepositions he is wholly at sea. When "the" occurs in the body of title, he usually disregards it entirely. The simple rule of alphabeting is this: the article which is the first word of a title or subject is disregarded, but otherwise alphabeting is done in exact accordance with the author's title. The indefinite article presents the same difficulties to Mr. Young as does the definite. For instance, "In Ambush" follows "In a land, etc." The prepositions are hopeless. "In Error" deserts the other "ins" and is found cozily wedged between "Independent Experimenter" and "Inexpressibles." In correct alphabeting, each word, irrespective of its length is an entity, and titles are arranged first by the initial word, then by the succeeding ones. We admit that the intricacies of alphabeting present difficulties to the uninitiated, but what excuses the following entries?

Mowgli the frog.
Mowgli's Wife.
Mowgli leaves the jungle.
Mowgli's brothers

Mutrics.
Muso among the motors.

Marklake Witches.
Marks of the Beast.
Mark Twain.

You may talk o' gin and beer,
Yoked with an unbeliever.

When it comes to "Mr." and "Mrs." and "Miss," our compiler gives up in despair, and, like the man who could not spell after words of one syllable, he "guesses." With hyphenated titles he uses an eclectic method quite his own.

Mr. Young must, however, have credit for an ingenuity that surpasses that of his critic. Doubtless he had a reason, inscrutable though it be, for placing ".007" between "N. G." and "Nabi Baksh." I succeeded in finding this entry (it is a puzzling one) only after collating more than half of the volume, page by page. This method of locating a title may be recommended on the score of accuracy, but it lacks expedition. However, Americans are proverbially in a hurry.

A careful examination of the volume would probably multiply examples of inaccuracy, but perhaps enough has been said to indicate that the compilation might be improved upon. INA FIRKINS.

Correspondence

WAR WITH MEXICO.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The eager souls who have denounced Mr. Taft's Administration for lack of vigor in dealing with the Mexican situation would do well to review their American history.

Only a series of fortunate incidents saved us from the annexation of the whole of Mexico at the close of the Mexican War. The war developed a stubborn defence on the part of the Mexicans. The conquest was at a terrible price in blood and money. The blood price roused "patriotism." The money price suggested a vast indemnity. The whole current of war and conquest carried us towards a "manifest destiny" in Mexico. Nobody of consequence thought of annexation at the beginning of the war, but events soon stirred the militant spirit of imperialism. Towards the close of the war there was a rising tide of sentiment eager for "the whole of Mexico." Public meetings passed resolutions favoring it. The Hunker Democrats in New York declared officially for it. Public journals, politicians, Congressmen, and even Cabinet members began to swing in the direction of the advancing sentiment. Senator Dickinson, of New York, at a public dinner, offered the following toast: "A More Perfect Union embracing the entire North American Continent." Senator Hannegan, of Indiana, offered the following resolution in the Senate: "That it may become necessary and proper, as it is within the constitutional capacity of this Government, for the United States to hold Mexico as a territorial appendage." Among the newspapers even the New York *Evening Post* caught the spirit of the times and spoke ringingly:

> Now we ask whether any man can coolly contemplate the idea of recalling our troops from the territory we at present occupy—from San Juan de Ulloa—from Monterey—from Puebla—and thus by one stroke of a secretary's pen, resign this beautiful country to the custody of the ignorant cowards and profligate ruffians who have ruled it the last twenty-five years.

In the President's Cabinet there were ardent expansionists. Attorney-General Clifford wanted a goodly slice of Mexico. Robert J. Walker, of the Treasury, wanted the whole loaf. Even Buchanan, the Secretary of State, who at the opening of the war was an outspoken anti-imperialist, heard the rumbling of the chariot wheels and faced about in obedience to "Vox Populi, Vox Dei." In November, 1847, Polk requested Buchanan to prepare a paragraph on our policy in Mexico for the forthcoming Presidential message. In his draft the Secretary declared that, in the event of continued resistance on the part of Mexico, "we must fulfil that destiny which Providence may have in store for both countries." Polk objected to such abject submission to "manifest destiny," but he had a long struggle with Buchanan and other Cabinet members before he could get the statement properly modified. (For the above facts see E. G. Bourne in *American Historical Review* V, 491-502. Same article in Bourne, "Essays in Historical Criticism," 227 ff.)

The point of the whole episode is that with the rising tide of war the spirit of imperialism grew as it always will under such circumstances. Only a kind fortune held us back. Polk, expansionist as he was, felt that he was publicly pledged against taking Mexico. The spectre of slavery extension frightened many people in the North. The Congress then in session had been elected a year earlier, before the conquests of 1847 had stirred the lust for territory.

What might not happen in a war of intervention at the present time, when our national mind, once so averse to the monster imperialism, has already become "familiar with her face"? The possibilities involved are enough to give pause to most of us, even though we were never frightened by Von Humboldt's prophecy uttered years ago: "Die Vereinigten Staaten werden ganz Mexico an sich reissen und dann selbst zerfallen."

RAYNER W. KELSEY.
Haverford, Pa., February 26.

THE GREAT NEED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The letter in your issue of February 27 by Margaret Ladd Franklin suggests this inquiry:

Has there been an advance in the average intelligence of the citizens of the United States during the past 125 years, and is the government any better administered to-day than it was then? If so, has this advance been due to the broadening of the suffrage, or merely to the increase in the wealth of the country and the opportunities for free education—forces well under way of development in this country before the beginning of the last century?

Is not the need of the country to-day a higher moral sense of the obligations of individuals to society rather than more legislation or better government? If so, is it not to be procured by education in the arts and sciences rather than by an extension of the suffrage?

Does not the history of great reform movements show that, if successful at all, they are only partly so, and that each reform has the germs of evil as well as good?

An extended study of these questions, with the admission of the drawbacks to a liberal suffrage, will furnish a convincing answer to patriotic voters of the advisability of extending the suffrage to women.

MURRAY T. QUIGG.

Cambridge, Mass., February 27.

OVID AS A SOURCE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The commentators on Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra" have nothing to say about his allusions in II, vii, 29-31, and I, iii, 68-9, to the generative power attributed to the sun and the slime left by the overflow of the Nile. The passages are:

> Your serpent of Egypt is bred now of your mud by the operation of your sun: so is your crocodile.
>
> By the fire
> That quickens Nilus' slime.

Jonson refers to the same thing ("Catiline," V, i, 54-5):

> Poured on some inhabitable place,
> Where the hot sun and slime breeds nought but monsters.

And both are anticipated by Spenser ("F. Q.," I, i, 21), who, however, has nothing to say of the agency of the sun:

> As when old father Nilus gins to swell
> With timely pride above the Ægyptian vale,
> His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
> And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
> But, when his later spring gins to avale,
> Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
> Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
> And partly femall, of his fruitful seed;
> Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

All these presumably derive from Ovid, "Met.," i, 416-440, thus translated by King:

> All other life in various shapes the Earth
> Spontaneous bare, soon as the Sun had kissed
> Her bosom yet undried, and mud and marsh
> Stirred into ferment:—and all seeds of things,
> As in some mother's womb, beneath the soil
> Nutritious warmed, waxed numberless, and rose
> Matured to shape. As, when the seven-mouthed Nile
> From the soaked fields withdraws his flood, and rolls
> Betwixt his wonted banks, and Summer's rays
> On the fresh slime beam kindling, countless forms
> Of life beneath his share the ploughman finds,
> Wondering—some scarce advanced beyond the stage
> Of first conception,—lacking some this limb
> Or that, imperfect;—while, in some, half lives,
> Half drags unborn, nor disengaged from earth.
> For Heat and Moisture, duly mixed, conceive
> And generate all things. Fire and Water, foes
> By nature, with concordant discord breed
> Embracing, all-creative vaporous warmth.
> And thus when Earth, yet with the recent flood
> From all her pores exuding, felt the glow
> Of Heaven's returning sun, nnnumbered kinds
> Of life she uttered—some in ancient form
> Renewed, and some in strange and monstrous shape.
> Then first—abhorrent of her fruit—she bore
> Huge Python, serpent-prodigy, the dread
> Of the new world, o'er half the mountain's side
> Enormous coiled.

The last lines will also serve to explain Milton, "Par. Lost," x, 529-31:

> Now Dragon grown, larger than whom the Sun
> Engendered in the Pythian vale on slime,
> Huge Python.

Certain earlier ones (427 ff.) may have

suggested the idea of Milton, "Par. Lost," vii, 463-9:

The grassy clods now calved; now half appeared
The tawny lion, pawing to get free
His hinder parts—then springs, as broke from bonds,
And rampant shakes his brinded mane; the ounce,
The libbard, and the tiger, as the mole
Rising, the crumbled earth above them threw
In hillocks.

There is no specific warrant in Ovid for the generation of the crocodile in the manner suggested by Shakespeare; but the latter (properly enough) associates the crocodile with the serpent, and Ovid's Python is expressly called a serpent. Moreover, we are told that the crocodile is hatched by the heat of the sun ("International Dictionary" and "Encyclopædia Britannica," 9th edition, *s. v.* Crocodile; Wiedemann, "Herodots Zweites Buch," p. 297).

Diodorus Siculus (i, 10) confirms Ovid. According to him, the Egyptians believed that at the subsidence of the Nile, when the sun parches the mud, animals come into being, some fully formed, while others are incomplete and adherent to the earth. The general notion is as early as Anaxagoras, who conceived the first animals to have originated from a combination of heat, moisture, and earthy matter.

ALBERT S. COOK.

Yale University, February 25.

JOAQUIN MILLER'S NAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Reviewers of the late Joaquin Miller almost invariably refer to him as Cincinnatus *Heine* Miller. Many years ago I had occasion to write his name, and followed that style. Miller crossed out the middle name and made it "Hiner." I asked his mother about it, and she said he was correct.

HOWARD V. SUTHERLAND.

Denver, Col., February 25.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may also interest "L. M. P." (who in your last issue records that he first made the acquaintance of *Aren't I* from the lips of his children) to know that probably every parent in every section of the country is making the same acquaintance in the same way, and has been doing so for many years past. My boy used the expression apparently under the influence of *Aren't you* and *Aren't they*, and not through any conscious or unconscious modification of *Am not I*, as a means of finding the quickest route to the end of the sentence.

J. W. T.

Lafayette College, March 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "L. M. P.," writing from Boston to the *Nation*, says *Aren't I* has become rather common among Boston children. The expression is occasionally heard here, but its use is generally confined to recently arrived, half-educated English men and women. Plain Americans, that is to say, every-day, ordinary college graduates, in the privacy of their own homes—assuming there is no school-marm about—still say *Ain't I*, in primitive New England innocence. The Boston father welcomes such an expression in the mouths of his children as supplying "a long-felt need." Certain Chicago *patres familias* would not welcome such sophisticated innovations and would apply an instant correction—which also would undoubtedly be "long-felt."

HARVARD.

Chicago, March 1.

FOREIGNERS IN GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In view of the large number of Americans who complete their education in Germany, the growing dissatisfaction of the native students with the liberal terms on which foreigners are allowed to matriculate—a dissatisfaction which has been brought to notice by the student strike at the University of Halle—is a matter of vital interest to this country. It is more than possible that the German Government will sooner or later readjust the conditions of attendance for foreigners; and it should seem to an impartial observer that she would be perfectly justified in doing so.

The popularity of the German schools showed a marked increase from the period when Prussia's victories over Austria and France, and the establishment of the Empire, gave the country such a prestige as she had never enjoyed before. The Germans of the last two generations have attained remarkable success in technical and commercial lines, and their business and technical Hochschulen are crowded and besieged by foreigners. An article in a current German weekly is authority for the statement that the Handelshochschule of Leipzig enrolled last semester 60 per cent. of foreigners, and that the Berlin Handelshochschule has this semester, out of a total attendance of 509, as many as 178 from other countries, of whom 65 are Russians, 28 Rumanians, 7 Bulgarians, 7 Servians, and 69 Austrians, a large part of the last-named contingent being Slavs. It is against this Russian and Slavic element that student hostility is principally directed.

The middle or lower-class Russian is likely to be extremely primitive in his manners and his ways of living, so that his society is not always agreeable to a member of a race which has learned more refinement; and, worse than this, he is almost sure to be a revolutionist and to bring a disturbing influence into the decorous German state. The Russian Jews, in particular, dissatisfied with the rigorous limitations and other odious restrictions which surround them at home, flock to the German university cities for other reasons than a consuming thirst for knowledge, and often form a very undesirable element of the student population.

For all her rigor in her requirements from native candidates for matriculation, the regulations Germany has set for the admission of foreign students to her schools are so lax that almost any adult foreigner can enter one of her universities, without reference to his preparation. Thus Russians who would never in the world be able to procure admission to their own narrowly and rigidly supervised universities, cross the border and enter the German schools without difficulty; and much the same thing is true of students from other countries. Thus the foreign attendance lowers the scholarship standards; and in addition to the objections already mentioned, it often taxes the resources of the school and inconveniences the native attendance; it teaches the foreigner at Germany's expense—for none of these schools is self-supporting—to become a successful rival of the German in commerce, the trades, and the arts; and, last but not least, the aggressive feminine element from other countries—and here American girls are largely to blame—has caused native conservatism much uneasiness.

There is no doubt that the freedom with which students from abroad have entered the German schools has contributed not a little to Germany's excellent reputation throughout the world; but it would be easily possible to limit and sift the foreign element without excluding it. Suggestions looking towards more rigid entrance requirements as to preparation, much larger entrance and incidental fees from outsiders, and an earlier enrolment of natives in order to give them the preference, are all feasible and reasonable.

ROY TEMPLE HOUSE.

Norman, Okla., February 20.

Literature

AMUNDSEN'S DISCOVERY.

The South Pole: An Account of the Norwegian Antarctic Expedition in the "Fram," 1910-1912. By Roald Amundsen. Translated from the Norwegian by A. G. Chater. With maps and illustrations. In two volumes. New York: Lee Keedick. $10 net.

To countless readers who have been wrought up to the point of wanting to get just as far away from the North Pole as circumstances will allow, here is a welcome opportunity. In Capt. Amundsen's attractively dressed volumes there are no contested claims to be defended, no hurling of railing accusations, no hasty and ill-considered pronunciamentos to be apologized for, no undue gloating over achievements won. This is the narrative of a modest, unassuming gentleman, bearing on its face the stamp of absolute sincerity. It is an evident pleasure to him to reflect that as many others as possible had a share in his achievement. When his party had reached a spot as near the actual pole as could be determined, the right hands of each of the five men present simultaneously grasped the staff of the Norwegian flag and put it in position to be left as a memorial, nor did the flag bear any caution to future explorers that Capt. Amundsen had "formally taken possession of the entire region, and adjacent, for and in the name of" King Haakon VII. And in addition to all these evidences of befitting modesty in his book, various American audiences during the past few weeks have heard him remark that the researches in oceanography, carried on with the Fram under First Officer Nilson, during

the interval between the landing of the polar party and its return from the Pole to open water, will take rank in the future as far the most important feature of the expedition. All of this is just what we have learned to expect from the quiet, persistent, and competent explorer who a few years ago wormed the little Gjöa through the northern ice from the Atlantic to the Pacific, adding much to our store of geographical knowledge, picking up the magnetic pole as he went along, and writing his name down in history as the first man to take a vessel from ocean to ocean north of Patagonia. And here we may appropriately mention the warm tribute which he pays to the services of Frederick A. Cook, during the terrible sufferings of the crew of the Belgica in Antarctic waters, in the winter of 1898-99. It will be remembered that the crew was attacked by both scurvy and insanity. "Cook's behavior at this time won the respect and devotion of all. It is not too much to say that Cook was the most popular man of the expedition, and he deserved it. From morning to night he was occupied with his many patients, and when the sun returned it happened not infrequently that, after a strenuous day's work, the doctor sacrificed his night's sleep to go hunting seals and penguins, in order to provide the fresh meat that was so greatly needed by all. . . . Upright, honorable, capable, and conscientious in the extreme—such is the memory we retain of Frederick A. Cook from those days." Will any one ever solve the psychological problem of Dr. Cook?

In his introductory chapter, Capt. Amundsen again raises the question of the validity of the reported Antarctic discoveries of Lieut. Charles Wilkes, in 1840, though not to the extent of denying that the Antarctic continent was seen at all. The cartography of Wilkes he regards as at least inexplicably inaccurate, since "Wilkes Land has subsequently been sailed over in many places, by several expeditions." Doubtless, the sensational subsequent career of Wilkes, with its various controversies and court-martials, has been more or less responsible for a certain quickness of heart to disbelieve in all that he reported. In its general outlines, however, the northern border of the Antarctic continent as now known is not fatally out of harmony with the claimed observations of Wilkes, through the long stretch from 95° to 155° east longitude; and as the land actually exists, it should seem to require more than inaccurate cartography on Wilkes's part to justify the harsh conclusion that he never saw it. It will be remembered that Gen. A. W. Greely, the *National Geographic Magazine*, and other authorities regarded Sir Ernest Shackleton's observations of 1908 and 1909 as removing the last ground of suspicion from the good faith of Wilkes.

The change of purpose that suddenly headed the Fram for the South Pole after she had been fitted up for a voyage in the Arctic basin was not known to the crew itself, with the exception of First Officer Nilson, until the vessel had reached Madeira. The sudden announcement that the North Pole had been discovered was, of course, the reason for the change. The adequate financing of the long northern voyage which Amundsen had planned was not yet complete, and with the best incentive to contributions now removed, the outlook, for the time being, was virtually hopeless. But out of the darkness there came to the resourceful mind of the leader the sudden inspiration to sail southward. In that direction he believed successes to be attainable which, while deferring the more expensive northern trip, could be so used as to put that enterprise firmly on its feet. The probable criticism that a voyage into the Antarctic just at that time would be a discourtesy to Capt. Scott, he did not regard as serious. The British expedition was organized primarily for extended scientific research, with the attainment of the Pole as only a very subordinate consideration. With Amundsen, on the other hand, penetration to the Pole was the main aim, with only such scientific research as others could accomplish, with very limited equipment, while he himself and the necessary assistants were pushing that aim to the speediest possible conclusion. Of course, he avoided Scott's previously announced route, by way of McMurdo Sound and the Beardmore Glacier. The Bay of Whales, chosen as his basis, lies 350 geographic miles east of Scott's winter quarters in McMurdo Sound. But in any case, the claim that one searcher after some desirable bit of scientific fact is bound to lie back and await the success or failure of another who has started previously on the quest is wholly inadmissible.

We need not linger over the details of the sledge journey. Readers have had no dearth of incidents of ice travel of late. The chief peculiarity in Amundsen's case lay in the necessity of travelling over ice-covered land, rather than water, and land of such conformation as to leave no escape from an ascent to a level of more than ten thousand feet. These mountain slopes Amundsen regards as in themselves sufficient to determine the question as between Eskimo dogs and the Manchurian ponies used by Shackleton and Scott. An ascent absolutely out of the question for ponies can readily be conquered by the dogs, and the problem of food for the latter is grewsomely simpler. One who has a fondness for these faithful animals will hardly enjoy the persistent realism with which this side of the sledge journey is related. There were above forty dogs when the top of the mountains was reached, a little south of the eighty-fifth parallel. Here twenty-four were killed and their flesh placed in store as food for the rest on the return journey. Let us quote a few words:

> There went the first shot. I am not a nervous man, but I must admit that I gave a start. Shot now followed upon shot. They had an uncanny sound over the great plain. A trusty servant lost his life each time. It was long before the first man reported that he had finished; they were all to open their dogs and take out the entrails to prevent the meat being contaminated. The entrails were for the most part devoured warm on the spot by the victims' comrades, so voracious were they all. Suggen, one of Wisting's dogs, was especially eager for warm entrails. After enjoying this luxury, he could be seen staggering about in a quite misshapen condition. . . . The holiday humor that ought to have prevailed in the tent that evening—our first on the plateau—did not make its appearance; there was depression and sadness in the air—we had grown so fond of our dogs. The place was named "the Butcher's Shop." It had been arranged that we should stop here two days to rest and eat dog.

More than half the second volume is taken up by collateral reports and appendices. Lieut. Prestrud writes of the eastern sledge journey to King Edward VII Land, made under his direction after Amundsen had left the Bay of Whales for the Pole. Scott's observations of 1902 were corroborated and geological specimens brought back from the heights which he had seen. Lieut. Nilsen writes at length of the voyage of the Fram, including the oceanographical cruise between the South American and African coasts, carried on during June, July, and August, 1911, while Amundsen and the polar party were in their cozy ice-bound quarters on the Ross Barrier, waiting for the winter to break sufficiently to justify the start southward with the sledges. The more scientific side of this cruise is treated in an appendix by Professors Björn Helland-Hansen and Fridtjof Nansen. The astronomical records were placed in the experienced hands of Anton Alexander, who had helped to work out the observations of Nansen's Fram expedition and has since handled the observations of Amundsen's Gjöa expedition and Capt. Isachsen's Spitzbergen expeditions. His conclusion is that Amundsen's "Polheim" must lie south of 89° 57′, and cannot lie south of 89° 59′; and, further, that the two of the party who walked southward four miles from "Polheim" probably passed within a few hundred metres of the actual Pole, and possibly much nearer. As to longitude, when Mr. Alexander states guardedly that the position must have been between 30° 75′ east, the reader's mind is carried back by contrast to those minute determinations of "longitude" which to the well-informed were so fatal to be-

lief in the validity of Dr. Cook's figures.

For the northward trip which Capt. Amundsen is planning every one will wish him the success which his pluck, good judgment, and experience presage, and safety from the deadly perils against which, as the sad fate of Capt. Scott too forcibly proves, even these can guarantee no certain immunity.

CURRENT FICTION.

Yonder. By E. H. Young. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Here is a writer who has something to say, and can say it with sincerity and with imaginative power. If, as the title-page suggests, "Yonder" is a first novel, it gives promise of great things. It defies classification. In its strange detachment from social backgrounds, and in the directness of its imaginative appeal, it suggests Charlotte Brontë. In its pregnancy of phrase and flashes of insight into character, it recalls Meredith. It conveys a remarkably intimate and vivid sense of outdoor nature, especially of mountains:

> He marched on until the hills drew more closely round him. . . . In the perfection of impulse they swept upwards from the valley, and it was amazing that the dark and stunted yews round the little church, the scattered houses and the grazing cattle should have been allowed to keep the places men had given them, for the curves of the mountain's mysterious sides had the fatality of a wave.

But the characters are not subdued to the natural background; they are not the playthings of fate. Alexander, the child of the mountains, threatened by an evil destiny, but strong enough to conquer it; Edward Webb, the mild little travelling salesman, with the heart of a poet; Theresa, his daughter, with her swift moods and vivid humanity, a girl to dream of; these are only the central figures in a group of real and living men and women.

The one serious weakness of the story is the conclusion: here are signs of crudity and immaturity. But it will be fairer to let the reader judge of that matter for himself.

The Port of Dreams. By Miriam Alexander. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

While the action of this story is definitely assigned to the years 1744-47, the reader is not asked to march with Bonnie Prince Charlie from Edinburgh to Culloden, or otherwise to participate in the more decisive events of '45. Instead he is acquainted with certain Irish Jacobites in their efforts to secure to the depleted Stuart exchequer a diamond necklace of fabulous value. The casket containing this wondrous "bauble" has washed up on the Galway coast, a century and a half after it had gone down with a galleon of the Spanish Armada. From the moment of its discovery until its final inexplicable disappearance, its custodianship entails endless alarms and dangers. Official pursuit in Ireland, private intrigue in France, are equally unremitting. The chief sufferer on this account is a gentleman who, having grown gray in King James's service—a champion revered by the Pretender's young adherents and a shining mark for Hanoverian arrows—late in life, finds himself grievously embarrassed by the loss of his courage. An all but successful attempt at assassination, followed by an uncommonly painful recovery, had left John Clavering permanently incapacitated for facing sword play or the crack of firearms. From the disgrace of this singular mischance he is protected by the chivalry of his young comrade-in-arms, Denis O'Gara. This Irish Don Quixote surrenders to the disabled hero his own reputation for bravery, together with the hope of winning a certain fair lady to whom the Cause is more than any mere suitor, and finally goes to the scaffold in his stead, lest the public display of Clavering's weakness should shame them all.

Such a psychological complication as Clavering's incapacity introduces consorts rather oddly with the atmosphere and style of adventure prescribed by tradition for the Jacobite romance. The plot, glimmering and inconsecutive in its total impression, manages to include hairbreadth escapes and stately gallantries in about equal proportions. It even introduces as the young Pretender a puppet-like presence credited with much wanton perverseness and ingratitude behind the scenes. Better than the narrative one enjoys bits of Irish landscape rather poetically described, and the occasional passages in which the author turns from her story to plead the misfortunes and sing the general praises of the gallant Irish gentlemen of the eighteenth century.

The Dragoman. By George K. Stiles. New York: Harper & Bros.

Randall, Englishman and Egyptologist; Hilken, American dealer in second-hand rifles; Elizabeth, his daughter; Major Talbot, of the Upper Nile; Zanda Pasha, villanous Turk; a supposed dragoman, really a prince and "Mollah of Konia"; a dancing girl: these are the chief persons in this (we gather) thrilling romance. Randall is young, and even more handsome than learned. He has spent much time in native disguise, learning the manners and the tongues of Egypt and Islam. He has made the three pilgrimages of the faithful, and is initiate in the innermost mysteries of the Moslem cult. This is just as well, considering what Mr. Stiles expects of him. For he not only has to kill the Mollah of Konia, to embalm him, in the cabin of a Nile steamer, and to stow him away in a mummy-case which happens to be at hand: given an enemy and a mummy-case, this is what any spirited young Egyptologist might do. Randall's real feat is in impersonating the Mollah, the expected deliverer of Islam, putting himself at the head of the plot against British rule, and only disclosing his identity at the moment which is most convenient for Mr. Stiles. The Nile steamer in which the Mollah becomes a mummy is carrying rifles into the Blue Nile country, ostensibly for Abyssinia, but really for the followers of the Mollah. Randall is aboard not only on England's account, but on beautiful Elizabeth Hilken's. They make a sensational delivery of small-arms through the falls of the Blue Nile. There the faithful, with Zanda Pasha, the villanous Turk, await them. When we note that the Turk covets Elizabeth, that she loves Randall, and that Randall loves both Elizabeth and the dancing girl, it will be perceived that heart-interest is not stinted. However, a plague is introduced to kill off superfluous people, including the fatuous Hilken and the dancing girl, and Randall is free to rescue the other maiden of his heart. The eventual discovery that the man she loves is not a dragoman, or even a prince of Asiatic blood, but a fine young Englishman and budding Governor of Upper Egypt, is pleasant for Elizabeth.

Dew and Mildew: Semi-detached Stories from Karabad, India. By Percival Christopher Wren. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

The author of these striking stories evidently is, or has been, connected with the British department of education in India. A fly-leaf credits him with several books on teaching in India, but the evidence is hardly needed. Throughout the tales which make up this volume runs a vein of comment on Indian school methods. The hero of the book, so far as it has one, is the English master of a school for natives in Karabad; and the villain is an ignorant M.P. who has come to India to make trouble, in the schools and elsewhere. This unspeakable person the author, in the end, joyfully hoists with his own petard—hoists not only out of India, but out of life altogether, to the great content of the reader. To the schoolmaster is awarded that grand prize of the Anglo-Indian, a legacy enabling him to turn his face towards Home.

But apart from this contrasted pair and the events and interests which concern them, an altogether distinct motive runs through these tales—two of them, in fact. One may call them the Phantom 'Rickshaw motive and the Wee Willie Winkie motive, without meaning to

imply that they have been lifted from Kipling. The clash of skeptical Occident with ghostly Orient, and the pathetic figure of the English child in unnatural and unwholesome surroundings, are themes which belong to all Anglo-Indian literature. They are effectively mingled here. Behind the happy activities of the members of the "Junior Curlton Club" of Karabad lies the waiting shadow of an Eastern curse which we know is not to be balked of its innocent victim. The scene of the ghostly action is known as "Sudden-Death Lodge." Under a certain pipal tree in Karabad an old fakir has sat and worshipped after his fashion for fifty years. A rich native dislodges him, uproots the tree, and builds a fine house on the spot. The fakir dies, cursing the house and all who may dwell in it. A series of fatalities follows, which the chronicler does not profess to explain—"Coincidence, no doubt: but coincidences are many—east of Suez." Sudden-Death Lodge changes hands many times; there is always some person, bold, or careless, or simply skeptical, to find advantage in its absurdly small rental—and, sooner or later, to pay the penalty. The grim, matter-of-fact manner of the story-teller intensifies the grewsomeness of his tale, which is fashioned for those who have hairs to stand and flesh to creep.

A GERMAN IN AMERICA.

Amerika—heute und morgen: Reiseerlebnisse von Arthur Holitscher. Berlin: S. Fischer & Co.

Some years ago the late Von Polenz visited America in a quiet, unheralded way and gave us a dignified and impartial account of American conditions and problems, in the volume entitled "Das Land der Zukunft." And now another German poet, going about his work in much the same way, has produced a notable book. The writing is delightfully unconventional and direct. The author is enthusiastic about the general spirit and atmosphere of the American democracy, but is indignant over practices and institutions which flatly contradict the original ideals of that democracy.

Among the cursory notes jotted down after his arrival in New York during the hot spell of the summer of 1911, is a protest against skyscrapers, against billboards and electrical signs. He resents having a cocoa-drinking baby of colossal proportions, the latest pugilistic sensation, or other equally elated images thrust at him from the sky. Deciding to forget all æsthetic standards for a while, he wisely reserves his opinion of New York until he can make its acquaintance at a more propitious season, and starts upon a round of visits. The first is to the George Junior Republic in Freeville, in whose founder he recognizes a noble American type, briefly characterizing him as "the right man to cherish a great sentiment in his heart and to realize it through an idea." He spends an afternoon at East Aurora, fails to find the founder of the famous Roycroft Shop, whose portrait, as he has known it from the magazines and bill-boards, struck him as a type, half-monk, half-Montmartrois, and decides that the enterprise itself combines the features of Angelico with those of Barnum.

Most surprising is Holitscher's account of Chautauqua. He attends an Old First Night in the great amphitheatre, and the eight thousand men and women who have come from all parts of the country to this great democratic summer college convey to him the meaning of Walt Whitman's pet phrase, "en masse." He is astonished at the quality of the lectures and the standing of the lecturers, and arrives at the conclusion that the work of Chautauqua, if thoroughly investigated, would be found to be doing something for the future which was not originally in the programme. In the porter and the liftman of the Athenæum Hotel, both college men, he welcomes a type exclusively limited to America and utterly impossible in Europe: the student working his way through the university.

Kansas City gave him the first unpleasant shock. A car-ride through the delta of the Blue River, with its sordid shanties, revealed to him features of that prosperous city with which the then uncompleted Child Welfare Exhibition did not reconcile him. He failed to find in it practical object-lessons on the horrors of child labor—a conclusion which was perhaps premature, though it did not detract from the humiliating truth of his remarks on the subject with which he is amazingly familiar.

Chicago, "the city of world-famous warehouses, stock-yards, wheat elevators, and brothels," is to Holitscher "the most horrible place on this globe." He briefly suggests its material and spiritual atmosphere: "Through one nostril you inhale coal dust, through the other the fumes of boiling glue. They combine into a paste which settles on the cerebral membranes, and lo! the Chicago conscience has come into existence." A visit to the stock-yards brings the author face to face with conditions of labor for which there is no parallel in any other country in the world, the age-limit, the artificial stimulation of individual energy, and other features, which fill him with horror at the inhuman exploitation and premature exhaustion of human vitality going on in the industrial life of this country. His condemnation of what he calls the "Taylor System" is likely to be largely quoted in the German press. The impressions are somewhat relieved by a visit to the parks, with their playgrounds, swimming-pools, gymnasiums, libraries, etc., which he is surprised to hear are open to everybody without the least formality. Hull House, however, leaves him in a somewhat skeptical attitude. Eliminating the personality of Miss Addams, he regards that enterprise as but a plaster upon a festering sore of the social organism. That the indirect social work done in and through that institution has called attention to urgent social reforms of a more radical nature seems to have escaped Holitscher's otherwise penetrative insight.

Among foreign writers on America this German author is probably the first to give unqualified praise to the American school-marm. He compares these women who bring so much "warmth, kindness, and beauty into the schoolroom" with the "horde of arrogant tyrants and self-righteous fools" who robbed him of his childhood. He sees only good in the far-reaching influence which education by women and co-education must have upon the American youth. "In the simplest manner the American boy learns to understand the word equality, for where should equality begin unless it be in the establishment of the same legal status for the two sexes of mankind?"

On the author's return to New York the skyscrapers no longer fill him with the horror they at first inspired—he begins to understand the reason for their being. This part of the book contains a very conscientious and judicious survey of the immigration problem on Ellis Island. While other foreign authors have nothing but severe censure for it, Holitscher judges it with comparative mildness. In spite of the human tragedies he witnessed at detention quarters, he gives the immigrant commission the benefit of the doubt. He admits that it is doing the best within its power, but thinks it should be recruited from men specially trained for their responsible duties. He seems likewise to have looked deeply into the color problem, which is interesting European countries. His acquaintance with intelligent negroes in New York has convinced him that this question is bound to be a menace to the democracy.

The Vaunt of Men, and Other Poems. By William Ellery Leonard. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.25 net.

Mr. Leonard has chosen a fitting title. Though taken from the first poem, it applies equally to almost the whole volume, through which run the boast and flourish of youth, a confidence in the insuperable power of the vision seen and held. When an editor failed to appreciate his proffered work

> As one reared
> Among the mountains, conscious of mine own,
> I bowed and went my ways without a word.

Possessed of an "inviolate will and fiery

dreams," he defies the world either to confute or harm him:

And I have that within me which shall build
Even from the fragments of dead hopes a house
Where I may dwell as I grow more a god.

Few will deny the gusto and eloquence with which Mr. Leonard asserts the valiancy of his message. Yet, except in a vague way, what the message means, even to the author, it is impossible to say. It would not be necessary to treat a small volume of verse so formally save for the fact that Mr. Leonard himself forces the issue. He pleads for the efficacy of the spiritual life, of dreams and ideals. But how shall one proceed?

fare
Out to blue ocean and the sun-bright air!
Hark! the deep voice: "Exult ye, and aspire!
As some god's festival on holy ground
Ye shall approach my universe afar,
Naked and swift as heroes, from all climes;
Thus ye shall fill an epos with new sound,
Thus ye shall yield new names from many a star,
And thus ye shall date the aftertimes."

Since the days of the Romanticists we recall no such insistent note upon primitive nature as a cure-all. The number of times which the word "primæval" occurs in the volume is in itself significant. The author is full of cosmic stirrings. One poem of considerable length is devoted to "Primordial Earth," which attempts in Miltonic fashion to visualize the creation of the world. As a *tour de force* it is excellent.

In certain instances such bigness of treatment eminently befits the theme chosen, and here Mr. Leonard's imagination does not falter. This is true of "New York in Sunset":

The island city of dominion stands,
Crowned with all turrets, o'er the water's crest,
Throned, like the bright Cybéle of the West,
And hailed with cymbals in a million hands
Around her; yet serenely she commands
The inland vision and the ocean quest,
The new-born mistress of the world's unrest,
The beauty and the terror of the lands.

She sees the fields of harvest sown for her,
And sees the fortress set beside her gate,
Her hosts, her ships, she sees through storm and fire;
And hers all gifts of gold and spice and myrrh,
And hers all hopes, all hills and shores of fate,
And hers the fame of Babylon and Tyre.

So, too, in "The Phantom Skater" he has caught the sweep and elusiveness of a shadow, and for the "man-bird" he was a predestined singer. But much of his poetry suffers from a quality which he himself simply and admirably describes:

I feel me near to some High Thing
That earth awaits from me,
But cannot find in all my journeying
What it may be.

If there is some courting of the grandiose mood in Mr. Leonard's work, his style is often direct, even colloquial. "What makes us wander?" is the informal beginning of a subtle poem. Time and again a charming vista, full of life and color and familiar to all, is called up by a single line. His outlook constantly is poetic and there is volume in the note he strikes. His verse shows variety and well-managed ingenuity. This is only another way of saying that he is well equipped to do significant work when once his aim and purpose gain sharpness. To judge by the few examples of light verse given, he might do well to devote more time to that species. He might properly forget for the nonce that he is more than a gay rhymer—for the reason that his little elf of the woods, so prettily drawn, will carry more conviction than can his undirected striving for oneness with the infinite.

The Heroic Age. By H. Munro Chadwick. Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

This book must arrest the attention of students alike of Greek and of Teutonic life and literature. Opinions will differ as to some of the conclusions reached, and, more especially, as to the emphasis laid upon certain contributory factors which may seem to apply equally well to the genesis of other literary phenomena. But this is a question of detail. Mr. Chadwick's comparative method amply justifies itself as a working hypothesis. Unfettered by *a priori* and conventional claims, drawn from chronologic sequence, he examines the actual antecedents and environment of the Heroic Age in Greece, about 1000 B. C., and also the sources of Teutonic poetry in the third to the sixth centuries of our era, with their stratification in subsequent centuries. He asserts that sufficiently similar conditions produced, with no suspicion of imitation, strikingly similar results. Passing over another millennium, Mr. Chadwick finds in Servian poetry, celebrating the battle of Kossovo, 1389 A. D., good grounds for speaking of a Slavonic Heroic Age, although he disclaims a thoroughgoing acquaintance with Slavonic literature. Other Heroic Ages, notably the Celtic, are suggested until an heroic vault seems to be arched overhead, sown with fixed stars apparently equidistant from the spectator. They are projected on a common background and, for the moment, we are concerned only with the angle converging at our point of observation. Mere chronologic sequence, in other words, is obliterated, and justly, if the writer has succeeded in making good his contentions. In chapter V, on Early Poetry and Minstrelsy, is contained the author's specific thesis. He would divide the history of heroic poetry into four stages:

To Stage I belong the court-poems of the Heroic Age itself; to Stage II the epic and narrative poems based on these; to Stage III the popular poetry of the eighth and following centuries; to Stage IV the German poems of the twelfth and following centuries, composed at a time when heroic subjects had again come into favor with the higher classes.

Brief criticism or illustration would be unfair. Much of the application throughout the book is suggestive and valuable. Some of it is new. Only occasionally, in the Homeric section, does the reader have an uneasy sense of a juggling with Procrustean formulæ. Here, while the author occasionally magnifies coincidences and minimizes divergences in the pursuit of illustrations, he shows continually an intimate acquaintance with Homer and Homeric questions. As quarry for the poems he assigns the Greek Heroic Age to the eleventh century B. C., and takes into due consideration the data gleaned from the Cretan and so-called "Mycenæan" yields. He might perhaps have reinforced more clearly a claim for independent prehistoric civilization from the north, if he could have seen the volume, since published, "Prehistoric Thessaly" (Wace & Thompson). He finds between the eleventh and ninth centuries leeway enough (though less than in the corresponding period in the Teutonic Age) for the application of his formulæ, and concludes that the Homeric poems, as composed, belong to Stage II and reflect the age of the kings as epics based on the court poems of the Heroic Age itself. The various anachronisms, linguistic and other, he disposes of in no more arbitrary fashion than is customary to surgeons operating upon the Homeric corpus. In treating the Æolic element he argues that the poems could not have been wholly written down and transmitted in Æolic, but were first adapted to the literary Ionic (made current by Archilochus) of Eubœa and the Cyclades. His description of the language of the Epics as "practically identical" with that of Solon's poems, seems somewhat unguarded, even with the Æolic elements left out. The "type" and much of the subject-matter of the Homeric poems, Mr. Chadwick concludes, must have been fixed by the tenth century, and they contained elements of still greater antiquity, but he refuses to believe that these earlier and later "elements" (not "portions"—he wisely differentiates) are separated by any wide interval. Continuing the examination of the Homeric with the Teutonic poetry, he feels able to draw many similar inferences. Many of these are of real interest and importance. In the chapter on Myth in the Homeric Poems especial attention may be called to his

maps (p. 288), illustrating the Catalogue of the Ships and the distribution of dialects. From these he argues ingeniously that virtually all of the chief personages of the Iliad represented the Achæan branch or, at any rate, the West Greek dialects.

In his résumé (chap. xv) of the points of resemblance between the two Heroic Ages, Mr. Chadwick occasionally emphasizes traits which might be claimed for other poetry. But many comparisons are suggestive; for instance, that for a modern analogy to the stories of Sigurd or Achilles we should turn to a romance or novel; whereas for those of Offa or Lycurgos analogy would be sought in the biography of a statesman. His point also seems well taken that the comparisons ordinarily made between Homer and a literary poem like the Æneid are not so illuminating as the comparison between the Homeric Age and similar conditions, such as those in the Teutonic. Homer, for example, emphasizes the personal motif as distinguished from the national. A change may be noted as early as the Spartan "Marseillaise" of Tyrtæus, and clearly in the national patriotism of the Æneid.

For the book as a whole, and for most of the details, students of literature have good reason to be grateful. But we feel bound in closing to protest against the implication contained in the concluding paragraph of the book. Mr. Chadwick has previously (p. 439) observed that "the real problem presented by the Homeric poems is one not of literature, but of anthropology." But even this hardly prepares us, so far as Homer is concerned, for his conclusion of the whole matter:

> It is [he says, p. 463, the italics are ours] not reasonable to regard the Anglo-Saxon poems, much less the Homeric poems, as products of barbarism. . . . The pictures presented to us are those of persons by no means ignorant of the pleasures and even the refinements of civilized life, yet dominated by the pride and passions which spring from an entirely reckless individualism and untrained by experience to exercise moderation. According to the view put forward above, the explanation of such features is to be found *not so much in any peculiarly fertile gift of the imagination* by which the conventional court poetry of these periods was inspired, but rather in the circumstances of the times and in the character of the courts which produced that poetry.

If it is here really implied that we are to content ourselves with so mechanical a conception of the genesis of great poetry, lovers of Homer at least will hardly acquiesce. The Iliad and Odyssey, with their entail to uncounted beneficiaries, cannot be ascribed to anything less vital than catholic imagination. Without it no facile stilus or rhapsodist could have responded successfully to the mere impacts of court life and circumstance. In the scientific jargon of to-day, we seem to have here eugenics displaced by the new-born etymological bastard "euthenics."

Notes

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the following publications for March 8: "The Candid Adventurer," by Anna Coleman Ladd; "Stephen March's Way," by Harry Herbert Knibbs; "Sinopah, the Indian Boy," by James Willard Schultz; "The Drift of Romanticism," by Paul Elmer More; "The Old Law and the New Order," by George W. Alger, and "The Making of Modern England," by Gilbert Slater.

Two interesting titles are announced by Fifield of London—"Henrik Ibsen: Poet, Mystic, and Moralist," by Henry Rose, and a new edition of Samuel Butler's "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and the Canton Ticino." The latter book will have the author's final revisions, besides illustrations, and annotations by the editor, R. A. Streatfeild.

"Out of the Blue" is a story of a man and a girl and a desert island, by R. Gorell Barnes; it will be published shortly by Longmans, Green & Company.

The Century Company is bringing out this month: "The Woman in Black," a mystery story by E. C. Bentley; "Finerty of the Sand-House," by Charles D. Stewart, and "The American Spirit," by Oscar S. Straus.

W. Trafford Taunton's "The Night Dancer" is in preparation by Dana Estes & Company.

Francis Grierson's "The Invisible Alliance and Other Essays, Political, Social, and Literary," originally announced as "The New Era," will be issued by John Lane Company at an early date.

The spring list of the John C. Winston Company includes: "Written in the Sand," a novel by Madame Raoul Duval; "The Reluctant Lover," by Stephen McKenna; "The Mystery of 31, New Inn," by R. Austin Freeman; "Monarchs and Men," by Maximilian Harden, editor of *Zukunft*, in an English translation, and "Foreordained, with Other Stories," by Everhardt Armstrong.

Among the announcements of Cassell & Co. are "Social Environment and Moral Progress," by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, and "Panama, and What it Means," by John Foster Fraser.

The following volumes are included in the list of spring fiction announced by L. C. Page & Co.: "The Hill of Venus," by Nathan Gallizier; "Pollyanna," by Eleanor H. Porter; "The What-Shall-I-Do Girl," by Isabel Woodman Waitt; "The Harbor Master," by Theodore Goodridge Roberts; "The Career of Dr. Weaver," by Mrs. Henry Backus, and "At the Sign of the Town Pump," by Helen M. Winslow.

Books announced for early publication by Putnams include: "The Knave of Diamonds," a new novel by Ethel M. Dell; "The Old-Fashioned Woman, Primitive Fancies about the Sex," by Elsie Clews Parsons; "Rahel Varnhagen," by Ellen Key; "The Panama Canal Conflict," by L. Oppenheim, and "The Pronunciation of English in Scotland," a Cambridge book by William Grant.

We have received from Prof. I. Gollancz, secretary of the British Academy, an announcement of the next International Congress of Historical Studies, which will be held, under the auspices of the British Academy in coöperation with British universities and learned societies, April 3-9, in London. A preliminary scheme of the sections of the Congress has been determined as follows: I. Oriental history, including Egyptology. II. Greek and Roman history, and Byzantine history. III. Mediæval history. IV. Modern history, and history of colonies and dependencies, including naval and military history. V. Religious and ecclesiastical history. VI. Legal and economic history. VII. History of mediæval and modern civilization. VIII. Archæology, with prehistoric studies and ancient art. IX. Related and auxiliary sciences. Proposals in respect to reading papers should be addressed as soon as possible to the secretary for papers—the Rev. Prof. J. P. Whitney, of Well Walk, Hampstead Heath, London.

The United States Lighthouse Service is described in the *National Geographic Magazine* for January by Mr. George R. Putnam, Commissioner of Lighthouses. Not only present conditions of the lights and other aids to navigation along 46,828 miles of coastline and river channels are treated, but virtually a history of the service is given, from the building of the old Boston Light, the first in North America. In an account of a recent journey to Aleppo, Mr. John D. Whiting dwells especially on the wonderful ruins of Baalbek, which have been cleared and excavated by a German expedition headed by Professor Puchstein. There is also a full report of the addresses at the annual banquet of the National Geographic Society (which now has 170,000 members), at which special honors were paid to Admiral Peary and Roald Amundsen, to the latter of whom was awarded a special gold medal for his discovery of the South Pole. Ambassador Bryce made a most interesting address in which, referring to Prof. Hiram Bingham's work in South America, he said: "He has cleared up some very long-standing and difficult problems in primitive Peruvian history . . . and has secured a mass of archæological material." The number contains 114 illustrations, some of great merit.

As a kind of supplement to "The Oxford Book of English Verse," we have now from Arthur Quiller-Couch "The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse" (Frowde), which, beginning with Landor, goes anthologizing down the century among dead and living poets even to our own day. It is a fat little volume of some thousand pages, but well printed on good paper. As the reader turns the pages, he will meet with many a poem he is surprised and glad to find in this select, but not snobbish, company—for instance, the beautiful but seldom-praised ballad of Barham's beginning "As I laye a-thynkynge." But it must be added that the book shows some curious inadvertences or failures of taste. A few of the older American poets are included, and, among these, the selection from Emerson is ad-

mirable and characteristic, but Longfellow is by no means shown at his best. An American might feel, also, that, having opened the door to these names, the editor, when he came to the writers of the present hour, might have found a number of pieces from this side of the water which are of better stuff than some very feeble specimens of British growth. And in the case of a few of the more modern Britons the principle of choice seems hard to understand. Why, for instance, was "The Hound of Heaven" omitted from the selection of Francis Thompson? The book is not impeccable from any canon of taste.

A better subject for a biography could scarcely be taken than "John Forster and His Friendships"; not only was Forster a man of interesting personality, wide intellectual attainments, and sturdy independence, but his friendships, beginning with Dickens, of whom he wrote the standard life, included most of the notable men of the age. It is with regret, therefore, that one is obliged to say that the book under this title, written by Richard Renton and published in this country by Scribners, totally misses its opportunities. It is diffuse without being sprightly, confused in composition, and careless in style. The biographical writing now produced in England is, with occasional exceptions, in the hands of deplorably incompetent writers, and the present volume is not an exception.

As might be expected, it is the disciplined qualities of the soldier which stand out in the picture of "Nogi" (Holt) drawn by Stanley Washburn, who was attached to his army as correspondent in the late war. Of Nogi's supreme devotion to duty the world knows, how with total forgetfulness of family ties he ordered his son to almost certain death at Port Arthur. Even his wife, it appears, received only official communications from him. When Mr. Washburn sent to the Baroness a remarkably good photograph of the General on the white horse presented to him at the fall of Port Arthur by Gen. Stoessel, she said:

> This is the first direct personal touch that has come from my dear husband since the war started. When he parted with me to go to the "front" months and months ago, he said that as a husband he would be dead to me until the war was successfully terminated, and that I would not hear from him before then, nor should I write him, for his life, his time, his thoughts belonged utterly to his sovereign and to his country; that there must be naught of personality to come between.

A remarkable example of Nogi's self-mastery in trying situations, of his inscrutability, was furnished one afternoon in May, 1905, when the war correspondents had dropped in for a chat with him. For nearly three-quarters of an hour they sipped tea and exchanged pleasantries. "Finally his face grew thoughtful, and he suddenly volunteered, with a deprecating little smile and a gesture half of regret and half of apology, 'You must excuse me now, for I am somewhat busy this afternoon, for the Russians under Mischenko are making a raid to cut off our communications.'" Considering the fact that the attempt was almost successful and that Nogi must have realized its seriousness, his display of stoicism was extraordinary. Yet he did not wholly conceal his human sympathies. He was fond of entering into the informal celebrations of the correspondents, and when he drank to the victory over the Baltic fleet, he remembered touchingly the reverses of the enemy. Withal, he appears to have cherished a great sorrow, though in an entirely undemonstrative way. Summer nights he used to sit on the roof of his cabin quite alone. Like other great men, Gen. Nogi had a weakness. It seems that he took the poetry he wrote very seriously. He would talk for hours with the correspondent of the London *Times*, who translated some of it into English metres.

The Tolstoy Museum, which has charge of Tolstoy's literary remains, has promised to publish in one of the Russian magazines during the current year a vast correspondence between Tolstoy and N. N. Strachov, which comprises two hundred and sixty-eight letters, extending over a quarter of a century (1870-1894). Nicholas N. Strachov, born the same year as Tolstoy (died 1896), was the son of a high priest, studied mathematics and natural sciences in St. Petersburg, and intended to become a professor of zoölogy, when his innate love of journalism forced him to give up his pedagogical plans and devote himself to critical work. Though in possession of wide erudition, enthusiastic love of literature, coupled with an æsthetically developed critical faculty, he never became a great critic, because he never allied himself to any school of thought. He was always shifting his point of view, never holding to one opinion, lacking straightforwardness and clearness. He always took care not to make any practical inferences from the theories he advocated. He tried to keep away from the joys and sorrows of actual life, and only a little while before his death admitted in his letters to Tolstoy how sorry he was that he had missed the real life while sitting in his study. Tolstoy was almost in love with Strachov. He was jealous when the latter delayed his correspondence; he continually demanded letters from Strachov. For example, he writes on November 16, 1880: "Do not write for magazines, and do not speak to anybody; only write to me and speak to me; that is what I should like to tell you." He yearned for "long, circumstantial letters"; he felt "lonesome" without them. "Whenever I wake up my first desire is to communicate with you," he writes to Strachov on November 23, 1878. Their correspondence touched on all the topics of the day, but was chiefly concerned with the problems of literature, philosophy, and religion, which were so important to Tolstoy. He was so fond of Strachov, because he trusted his critical appreciation and sincerity. Though Tolstoy has many times expressed a dislike of criticism, he repeatedly asked Strachov's criticism while writing "Anna Karenina" and other books. Tolstoy especially valued the correspondence during his spiritual struggle in the eighties. He appointed Strachov his literary executor in his first will, written in his diary on March 27, 1895, in which he says: "The diaries of my bachelor's life I ask you to destroy, not because I wish to conceal from people my wicked life—for my life was the usual gross life of unprincipled young people—but because my diaries, in which I expressed only the torments caused by the consciousness of my sins, produce a mistaken one-sided impression, and . . . No; after all, leave my diaries just as they are. One sees in them at least that in spite of the baseness and wickedness of my youth, I was not forsaken by God, and that at least when I grew older, I began to understand and love Him a bit."

"The Authoritative Life of General William Booth" (Doran), written by Commissioner G. S. Railton, is in many respects a disappointing volume, and one is glad to know from the preface by Gen. Bramwell Booth that it is not to be regarded as the final biography of his father. Commissioner Railton's book is intended primarily for members of the Salvation Army, and is too tractarian in character to command the interest of readers not in active association with that body. It is impossible not to be impressed with the zeal and earnestness of the author, but it is equally impossible, even if one overlooks certain inelegancies of style, not to be conscious that he lacks some of the essential qualities of the biographer. It is perhaps in being true to the principles of the Salvation Army that Commissioner Railton fails to be adequate to his task. Just as the funeral of Mrs. Booth, and afterwards of the late General himself, was seized upon as a heaven-sent opportunity for the dissemination of Salvationist propaganda, so this biography is regarded by its author as an occasion for reviewing the work and aims of the army rather than for presenting a life-like picture of its founder. It would naturally be impossible to separate the man from his work, and William Booth himself would have been the first to urge that the work was so much more than the man as to render the latter insignificant by comparison; but those who are outside the particular field of the Salvation Army, although sympathetic towards its aims, have an intense interest in the personality of the late General as one of the prominent figures of the world in the past half century, and they expect to find in his biography a picture of the man as well as of the inspired leader. This is what Commissioner Railton fails to give.

The sub-title of E. Alexander Powell's "The Last Frontier" (Scribner)—namely, "The White Man's War for Civilization in Africa"—gives an idea of the book's real character. The author was recently a member of the American consular service in Egypt. His American antecedents are evidenced by his comparisons, which are invariably with things and places already more or less well known to his cisatlantic readers. He is possessed of a pungent and vivacious style, and he has proved himself a keen observer. It must be that some of the information was derived from sources not open to the general reader or the casual traveller. In a book which is as fascinating as a novel, Mr. Powell shows much intimate knowledge of some of the countries which go to make up the "Dark Continent," particularly in its northern and eastern parts. Beginning with Morocco, Algiers, and Tunis, and tracing the progress, methods, and effects of the French occupation, the scene shifts to Sahara, and thence to the fields of the Italian venture in North African exploitation. The difficulties of the situation are clearly set forth, and the dim prospects of distant success are indicated. Egypt is passed over rather lightly, but

Zanzibar and the rest of the East African coast come in for much more detailed treatment. One of the most interesting chapters is called The Spiked Helmet in Africa. It recounts the German methods of extending the interests of the Fatherland beyond seas. The work of Cecil Rhodes in the acquisition of British territory below the equator finds an enthusiastic expounder and a spirited apologist in Mr. Powell. His account of scenes and conditions, and his clear statements of the political situation, reasons, and procedure go far towards making many of the things plain for which an explanation is sought in vain in the periodical press. The book is illustrated with nearly fifty half-tones, most of them good and all characteristic.

The long-delayed story of the Babylonian expedition of the University of Chicago in 1903 is at last being told. The field-director, Dr. E. J. Banks, has done his part well in "Bismya or the Lost City of Adab" (Putnam). Those who have seen in the museum at Constantinople the statue of Da-udu, with its enigmatically benevolent and most modern smile, can here read how it was found, put together, stolen, and found again, and how finally it ruined the expedition which had restored it to upper air and living men. Da-udu—ancientest statue as he is—cannot have been as benevolent and grateful as he looks. There are many other well-told adventures and experiences in Constantinople as well as Babylonia, and they make the book probably the most vivid and illuminating account yet written of all that goes to such an expedition. Plenty of character, too, appears—more than Dr. Banks can have enjoyed at the time—and the technical part is skilfully minimized and simplified. The illustrations are good.

With the publication of the sixth volume of the "Acts of the Privy Council, Colonial," an undertaking of much importance for students of colonial history has been brought to an end with unusual promptness, at the rate of about a volume a year (His Majesty's Stationery Office, London). Almost coincident with it has appeared the second volume, the first on the Public Record Office, of Professor Andrews's "Guide to the Materials in British Archives," relating to American history before 1783. Between these two works there is a certain connection, for the search in the Privy Council Office, conducted in behalf of the first volume of the guide, aroused the Clerk of the Council, Sir Almeric Fitz Roy, to urge upon the British Treasury the desirability of printing or calendaring those portions of the Register that related to the colonies. The value of this publication and the light which it has thrown upon important aspects of English and colonial history have stirred English historians to demand the printing of the remaining portions of the Register, thus continuing Dasent's series of the Acts of the Privy Council, which had been stopped at 1603. During the years devoted to the investigation of the material in the Public Record Office, the authorities there entered upon a thoroughgoing rearrangement of the papers forming the chief objects of the investigation. It is not unlikely that the interest taken by American scholars in these records and the prospective issue of a guide or index to them may have hastened the reclassification already planned. The result has been a reconstitution of all the state-paper groups and of nearly all the departmental groups. In consequence, Professor Andrews's volumes have been held up for four years and largely rewritten, and the volume by Professor Paxson and Dr. Paullin is even now delayed by a renumbering of the Foreign Office volumes.

Another important result deserves notice. The well-known "Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies," which has been proceeding latterly at the leisurely rate of a volume for a single year of documents, has reached the year 1702. Dissatisfaction has been expressed by both American and English scholars at the slowness of the publication, and in 1911 a statement was presented by Professor Andrews to the Royal Commission on the Public Records, representing the opinion of twelve historical scholars in America, urging a change. Since the issue of the first Report of this Commission last autumn, a Record Office Publication Commission has been appointed with instructions to consider, among other things, the future of the "Calendar of State Papers, America and West Indies." A decision has already been reached not to continue the publication on the present scale; and to combine and coöperate with the Carnegie Institution, as far as the two volumes of the Guide to the Public Record Office are concerned. Whether the work will be continued in the form of a catalogue or index analytique, capable of rapid compilation and issue, or in the form already familiar, but on a briefer scale in order to embrace at least five years to a volume, has not yet been determined. Some English scholars would like to see the existing "Lists and Indexes," particularly of the departmental papers, replaced by adequate summary catalogues, and a decision in this regard is likely to affect the character of other issues by the Public Record Office.

Of the fifteen papers included in Volume IX of the "Papers of the Military Historical Society of Massachusetts" (1912), those of Gen. George H. Gordon on "Major Anderson at Fort Sumter," Col. Alfred P. Rockwell on "The Operations against Charleston," Col. William Lamb and Gen. Adelbert Ames on the defence and capture of Fort Fisher, and Col. William R. Livermore on "The Vicksburg Campaign," are of the widest interest. Gen. Gordon, viewing the political as well as the military elements in the Fort Sumter episode, justifies Anderson in withholding his fire until he was attacked. Had he opened fire on the morning of January 9, 1861, when an unarmed steamer bringing supplies was turned back by the South Carolina battery at Morris Island, he would, in Gen. Gordon's opinion, have inaugurated a war at a moment when he had every reason to believe that the Administration at Washington had determined upon a policy of peace. In "the play of Fort Sumter" as a whole, however, "as composed, mounted, and exhibited by the Administration," he finds "a masterpiece transcending in genius and in originality the worthiest conceptions of Gilbert and Sullivan" (p. 51). The story of the defence of Fort Fisher, as told by Col. Lamb, who conducted it, is a spirited piece of description, embodying, however, a severe but merited criticism of Bragg for his failure to send relief; while Gen. Ames, who led the Federal assault, seeks to apportion justly the honors of the victory. Col. Livermore's practiced hand works to advantage in his straightforward account of the Vicksburg campaign: a campaign "all the more praiseworthy," as he points out, "from a military standpoint, from the fact that the risk was a minimum." As for the operations against Charleston, Col. Rockwell reaches the conclusion that, while early in the war, the city might have been captured if taken by surprise, its possession, save as a base "for a strong movement into the interior," was not specially important from any military standpoint.

South American history has received so much attention since the first appearance of Charles Edmond Akers's "History of South America: 1854-1904" (Dutton), more than eight years ago, that the second edition, which has just appeared, finds itself confronted by a large shelf full of competitors. The first edition, reviewed in these columns on December 29, 1904, was at the time warmly welcomed, for it was virtually alone in its field. It is a pity that Mr. Akers did not take advantage of the present opportunity to recast the book and rewrite that generation of South American history which he knows better than almost any one else. To have been content with merely adding to his journalistic "history" a new chapter of 22 pages, "bringing up to date the political and economic conditions" since the first edition, was not enough. The title leads one to suppose that this is a history of fifty years. As a matter of fact, the work is a detailed account, by an eye-witness, of the most striking passages in an interesting period embracing about twenty-five years of revolutionary and international events, with very brief introductory remarks on South American history down to Mr. Akers's arrival. Mr. Akers has a brilliant memory, so biographically encyclopædic, in fact, that his full pages are the despair of the beginner. Scores of soldiers and politicians are mentioned once or twice, only to be quickly discarded as the kaleidoscopic history of the effervescent republics unfolds itself. To the advanced student, on the other hand, the book will continue to take high rank. In no other book do the details of the Paraguayan War of 1865-1870, the Chili-Peruvian War of 1879-1883, and the naval revolution in Brazil, 1891-1894, receive such elaborate treatment. The work of a skilful journalist who resided for fourteen years in South America, as correspondent of the London *Times*, the volume would much better have been called by some other name. And surely, in an expensive book of this kind (for which the publishers expect to receive $6 net), the misleading design on the cover, where the *Mexican* coat-of-arms proudly adorns the "History of South America," might have been corrected.

The index of economic material in documents of the State of Ohio, 1787-1904, compiled by Miss Adelalde R. Hasse and published by the Carnegie Institution of Washington, fills two ponderous volumes of more than eleven hundred pages, and this despite the fact that it does not embrace Constitutions, laws, legislative proceedings, or

court decisions. It lists all entries in printed reports of administrative officers, legislative committees, and special commissions of the States, with Governors' messages for the period since 1789. It also adds volume and page references to all material of economic importance contained in these documents, with the single exception of certain reports already indexed by the late Carroll D. Wright, when United States Commissioner of Labor, and published in 1902. The arrangement is alphabetical by topics, and within the topical groups it is chronological, with numerous cross-references. The topical headings are uniform in all the volumes, of which ten, devoted to an equal number of States, have already been issued, though new features have been introduced into the present issue. Among these new features, many of which will be incorporated in future numbers, are the references to topics from locality and the names of persons who have exercised an important influence on the development of the economic life of the State. There can be no doubt of the value of these innovations. The work as a whole is monumental in scope and has been carried forward under manifold difficulties, easily appreciated by any one familiar with enterprises of this character. When complete, it will furnish an index to the economic material in the reports and Governors' messages of all the States of the Union.

Science

An account of the Abor expedition on the northeastern frontier of India is given by Mr. A. Bentinck in the *Geographical Journal* for February. He did not refer to the great geographical problem of that region, whether the Tsang-po of Tibet and the Brahmaputra of India are the same river, but in the discussion following the reading of the paper before the Royal Geographical Society strong reasons were given for believing that the problem is still unsolved. Dr. Felix Oswald tells of explorations in the Nyanza Province of British East Africa, his aim being to examine the deposits in which had been found a fragment of a Dinotherium and some other fossils. It is interesting to note that in one place near the lake shore he found an American Mission of Seventh Day Adventists. The influence of the geographical features of Missouri on its growth in population and industries is shown, with the aid of nineteen diagrams, by Mr. F. V. Emerson, of the University of Missouri.

The human relations of geography furnish the topic of a suggestive article, by Prof. Jean Brunhes, of the College of France, in the *Annales de Géographie* for January. His aim is to show how history is explained by geography, how geography transforms itself into history, and to what degree and in what ways men are geographical factors. He supports his theories mainly by the study of Bosnia-Herzegovina, but also by illustrative facts drawn from all parts of the world. "One of the best trails indicated by nature for human circulation is the *transportation belt* which goes from New York to Lake Erie." Other subjects treated are the Sanjak of Novi-Bazar, the floods of the Niger, and the cotton industry of Alsace. The valuable bibliography of the geographical literature of 1911, which constitutes the number of the *Annales* for September, has just been issued. It is of exactly the same size as that of the previous year.

Petermann's Mitteilungen for January opens with a sketch of the decline of the Turkish power in Europe, by Prof. N. Jorga, of the University of Bucharest, accompanied by eight colored maps showing the boundaries from the seventeenth century to the present time. Among the other maps is one giving in thirteen different colors the distribution of the population of Europe by the square kilometre, with explanatory text by Dr. L. Weise, and two showing the boundaries of the French and Spanish zones in Morocco according to the agreement reached November 27, 1912. The military department contains a description from the strategic point of view of the Bulgarian-Rumanian theatre of war.

The sixty-seventh annual report of the director of Harvard College Observatory notes the retirement of Prof. Arthur Searle, after an effective service of forty-three years; also the untimely death of Prof. Lawrence Rotch, whose investigations of the laws of the atmosphere by means of kites and balloons have done much to rescue meteorology from the mere routine of observation, and impart the substance of a living science. The Blue Hill Observatory, of which he was founder and director, is continued by Mrs. Rotch until its formal transfer to Harvard. Observations with the fifteen-inch equatorial were continued by the late Prof. O. C. Wendell, above 9,000 photometric comparisons forming the chief work of this instrument, though the brightness of the nucleus of Brooks's comet and eclipses of Jupiter's satellites were investigated. The Henry Draper Memorial telescopes have now taken more than 56,000 photographs in all. In place of the late Mrs. Fleming, Miss Cannon has been appointed curator of astronomical photographs, and she is engaged on one of the largest works undertaken by the Observatory, a revision of the Draper Catalogue, to include the type of spectrum, with the photometric and photographic magnitude of more than 100,000 stars distributed over the entire sky. At the Arequipa station, in Peru, both the Boyden and Bache telescopes, as well as the twenty-four-inch Bruce telescope, are actively employed in photographing the Southern sky. Above 8,000 observations of variable stars have been procured through the coöperation of a large number of institutions and private observatories, among them Vassar and Mount Holyoke, with Amherst leading. The Harvard photographic charts provide a sequence of comparison stars on a uniform scale which renders this work of especial value. The larger Metcalf telescope has been used in fixing the position of the moon photographically.

A book on the "Himalayan States," which is the outcome of two official missions and fifteen years of exploration and residence, is sure to be useful and interesting, not only because Rudyard Kipling and the Durbar have prepared our curiosity, but for impending events along the entire frontier of British India in the reconstruction of the Chinese Empire. Charles-Eudes Bonin, the author of "Les Royaumes des Neiges" (Armand Colin), has been careful to supplement his own knowledge from the published work of others up to 1911; and his bibliographical lists are themselves of some value. He takes in succession—the Northwest frontier of India; the conquest of Little Tibet; unknown Bhutan; the jungle of Assam; the "Popess" of Lamas, and their slayer. By way of appendix, he explains the routes of Central Asia; the sources of the Ganges; the Mosso people of Eastern Tibet, whom he visited in their capital, which is a centre of Chinese commerce; and the ten ethnographic paintings of Li Long-Mien, who left these precious indications of the peoples known to Chinese commerce in our eleventh century. Thus, little by little, the independent progress of the other half of the world, which has at last come face to face with our own, enters into our historical consciousness. It was needed to complete our somewhat narrow geography, concealing from us the real extent of Humanity in the past. "Too easily do we judge Asia impassive and unchangeable—for it ceases not its agitation and effervescence and ebullition."

There should be a place in our college curricula for an elementary course in science in which the laws of nature are discussed in a general way; for this purpose, physics is the best fitted of all the sciences. We commonly teach each science as if the students expected to be specialists in that subject. The fact is just the contrary; most educated men wish to know the scientific method in its broad aspects, to learn how scientific laws express natural phenomena, and to understand what is going on about them. To meet this need, Prof. Daniel W. Hering has prepared his text-book, "The Essentials of Physics" (Van Nostrand). His treatment, on the whole, is good. The fundamental ideas of the science are given broadly, and a selection of important and of well-established phenomena and laws has been made. It will repay teachers of physics to examine the book, even if it be not suited for the more specialized courses they are giving.

"Elements and Electrons," by Sir William Ramsay, a recent addition to Harper's Library of Living Thought, is rather disappointing. While the separate chapters are well developed, there is a lack of continuity in the book as a whole. The Library is designed to keep the educated man abreast with modern thought; it is doubtful if such readers will profit much from the dry and complicated survey of experiments and formulæ which the author presents. As for the speculative portion, there is so much that is fascinating in the modern theories of matter and electricity that it was a pity to put the final emphasis on the transmutation of the elements, a question which has hardly been considered seriously by physicists.

Dr. Philip Hanson Hiss, jr., professor of bacteriology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University, died on Thursday of last week. He had been ill a year. Although Dr. Hiss was only forty-five years old, he had made himself famous by his methods of detecting typhoid bacilli and by the use of the leucocyte or white corpuscles extract as the cure for pneumonia and for erysipelas. Dr. Hiss died just as the results of his years of work were about to be published. He was born in Baltimore in 1868, graduated from Johns

Hopkins University in 1891, and received the degree of doctor of medicine at Columbia in 1895. He was appointed assistant in bacteriology at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1895, was instructor in hygiene and bacteriology, 1899-1903; adjunct professor in bacteriology, 1903-1906, and was made professor in bacteriology in 1906. He served as bacteriologist in the Health Department of New York from 1896 to 1899, and professor of hygiene in the Woman's Medical College, New York, 1898-1899. With Zinsser he was the author of a widely used text-book of bacteriology, and had published a valuable series of technical studies.

Sir William Henry White, chief constructor of the British navy, and designer of the modern Dreadnought, is dead, at the age of sixty-eight. He was born and bred in Devonport, England, a dockyard town, and entered the Government employ as an ordinary shipwright apprentice. Eventually he gained admission to the Royal School of Naval Architecture. He was appointed to the staff of chief constructor at Whitehall, and at the age of twenty-two became confidential assistant to Sir Edward Reed. At thirty-six he was promoted to the rank of chief constructor. After a brief period, during which he designed for a private firm, he returned to his old post and devoted his entire time to building up the British navy. He was the responsible designer of all the seventy ships of the Naval Defence act, which involved an expenditure of $115,000,000. The greatest tribute to his ability was the general acceptance by designers of his conception of a battleship. He was knighted in 1895, and, after his retirement, in 1902, on account of illness, Parliament voted him a grant of money.

Drama

Lady Gregory's "New Comedies" is promised shortly by Putnams.

Mr. Huebsch begs to announce that Hauptmann's "Gabriel Schillings Flucht," which has been produced at the Irving Place Theatre, New York, and about the appearance of which in English form many inquiries have been made, will be included in one of the later volumes of Hauptmann's dramas, which are now in preparation.

We have had occasion before to mention the special features of the Shakespeare published by the Oxford University Press (Frowde)—the general introduction by Swinburne, Theodore Watts-Dunton's introductory note, the Craig text, and introductions to the individual plays and to the poems by Edward Dowden. In addition to the six or eight small volumes in which the work has been issued, Mr. Frowde now offers it in a three-volume form, the divisions being made into Comedies, Tragedies, and Histories and Poems. Each volume, owing to the thin paper used, can easily be carried in the pocket.

The translation of Strindberg's plays goes on apace. We have received from John W. Luce & Co. a batch of four, translated by Edith and Warner Oland. Two of them, "Pariah" and "Easter," have been mentioned in these columns in reviewing another edition of Strindberg. The remaining two, "Comrades" and "Facing Death," are not significant works, both being written in the author's most cynical mood. "Comrades," the scene of which is laid in Paris, tells the story of two artists, man and wife, who have decided that their relation to each other shall be characterized first of all by friendliness and mutual assistance. What this plan degenerates into readers of Strindberg will readily guess. The wife, stirred by the woman movement in Sweden, for both characters are Swedish, becomes domineering and attempts to arrogate to herself the superior artistic talents of her husband. During most of the four acts there is nothing but wrangling, at which gentle art Strindberg may be conceded to be a past master. In the last act the husband asserts his greater strength, and by cowing his wife physically succeeds in winning her love, but not until he himself has lost every spark of feeling for her. Other characters, loosely connected with the main action, enforce the moral of woman's despicable motives. "Facing Death" is a one-act play wherein a Frenchman, with his three grown daughters, is the proprietor of a pension in Switzerland. Business has grown so dull that their small treasury is exhausted. The house has been mortgaged again and again, and their only hope is a bit of fire insurance. Here noble man steps in—he who had been so maligned by his deceitful wife that even after her death the reputation which she had given him lived in the minds of the daughters. The father, as the only way out, sets the house ablaze and poisons himself. He was a believer in ideals, and, according to the author, there is no place for such a one in married life.

"The Five Frankforters," which was produced in the Thirty-ninth Street Theatre on Monday evening, is identical in name only with the German comedy by Carl Rossler, which attracted so much attention in Europe. This is an adaptation by Basil Hood, which is in many ways a poor substitute for the original, although it retains the essential features of the domestic scenes which were among its chief attractions. As a study of the early Rothschilds, it has no value whatever, and the characters would have been to the full as interesting, and, possibly, somewhat more credible, under different surnames. The plot, briefly, turns upon the scheme of Solomon Rothschild to make the bankrupt Duke of Taunus marry his daughter Charlotte, in return for a heavy loan, and its defeat through the opposition of the girl herself—who is in love with her cousin Jacob—and his old mother, Gudula Rothschild, who denounces the proposed bargain as unnatural and unwise. In Mr. Hood's version the intrigue, the court negotiations, etc., all compressed into one brief chaotic act, amount to nothing and are often ridiculous. But the domestic episodes—with the prominent part played by Gudula—the love passages of the cousins, etc., are left unchanged and furnish a pretty, though conventional, story. The dominant feature in it is the old mother, who is most sympathetically and vitally drawn. With this admirable sketch Mr. Hood has not interfered, and it is filled in with something like inspiration and the most unquestionable artistic skill by Mathilde Cottrelly. A more realistic and fascinating study of a fond old woman—of feminine benevolence buttressed by shrewdness and integrity—has not been seen upon the stage for years. The impersonation completely dominated the play and was received with the heartiest appreciation by the audience. It was a memorable histrionic achievement.

Ibsen's "The Pretenders" has just been produced at the London Haymarket.

Charles Frohman has commissioned Richard Harding Davis to write a play for the Empire Theatre next season. The revival of "Liberty Hall" at this house, with John Mason in the principal male rôle, will take place on the 11th inst.

Sir Herbert Tree's next production at His Majesty's, in London, will be "The White Man's Burden," which is said to be a development, rather than an adaptation, by James Bernard Fagan, of the "Prophet Percival" of the Hungarian dramatist, Lengyel. The three chief characters will be played by Norman McKinnel, Sir Herbert Tree, and Phyllis Neilson Terry. Mr. Fagan is finishing a new comedy of modern life which he calls "A Conspiracy of Silence."

The "Ask Quesbury" of T. Herbert Lee, which has been produced in the Globe Theatre in London, is simply an irresponsible farce in which Weedon Grossmith plays the part of a bachelor, to whom a choice assortment of matrimonial irreconcilables apply for sympathy, advice, or aid.

Music

TWO OPERATIC NOVELTIES.

Before starting with his Philadelphia-Chicago Opera Company on a tour which will include Dallas, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Spokane, Butte, Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, Minneapolis, and Cincinnati, Andreas Dippel produced another new opera at the Metropolitan in New York, the "Kuhreigen" by Wilhelm Kienzl. It proved to be a far more meritorious work than the preceding novelty, "Conchita," which was briefly commented on in this column two weeks ago. Kienzl began his career by worshipping at the shrine of Wagner, and his first opera, "Urvasi," which was produced in 1886, was quite in the Bayreuth style. Such direct imitations are seldom successful, and it was fortunate for Kienzl that his methods underwent a change into something resembling the opera as it was before Wagner. In 1895 he produced his "Evangelimann," which is compact of tuneful choruses, strophic songs, marches, dance pieces, and other features foreign to the most advanced type of the music-drama. It was an immediate and great success, and its record to-day includes performances in eleven languages at above two hundred opera houses.

"Kuhreigen," which was produced for the first time in 1911, at Vienna, is

constructed in similar fashion. The composer was fortunate in having for his librettist Richard Batka, Austria's best writer on musical topics, and a man who has had much experience as a collaborator, Dvorák, Poldoni, and Saint-Saëns being among the composers whom he has supplied with "opera books." In the present instance, he based his plot on a story called "Little Blanchefleur," by Hans Bartsch; the story of Thaller, an officer of the Swiss Guards, who, at the time of the French revolution, is condemned to death for singing, and permitting his soldiers to sing, the "Kuhreigen," which was strictly forbidden because it usually resulted in making the homesick soldiers desert and return to the mountains to hear once more the Ranz des Vaches—the strain blown on the Alpine-horn to call the cows to pasture. The King pardons him, and in the last act he tries to save from the guillotine the Marquise de Massimelle by offering her marriage; but she declares that their lives are too far apart and that she will die an aristocrat as she has lived.

As the Ranz des Vaches differs in the many Swiss valleys, Kienzl was at liberty to choose or invent any strain he liked for his leading motive. He has been successful in conjuring up the Alpine atmosphere. A good deal of the music, especially in the choruses, is what the Germans call "salbungsvoll"—an exalted mixture of religious, sentimental, and patriotic feelings, which insured the success of the opera in Germany. The second act is introduced by a delicious gavotte, of which much is made, and there are other quaint and pretty dances in the archaic French style. Though the music is not strikingly original in any part, it is tuneful, and agreeably free from the taint of cacophony for its own sake, which is the bane of most of the music of the present day. The performance of Kienzl's opera was far from being a great one, but it was sufficiently good to make it clear that the "Kuhreigen" was worth producing. It was sung in French, because Mr. Dippel's company does not include many singers who have mastered German.

The second operatic novelty of last week was Walter Damrosch's "Cyrano," a version of Rostand's famous play made for him by W. J. Henderson. As far back as 1896 an opera by Mr. Damrosch, "The Scarlet Letter," was sung in Boston and in New York. It was a rather amateurish production, little more than a gallery of Wagnerian echoes. A more mature and meritorious work from every point of view is "Cyrano." Although it was composed twelve years ago, Mr. Damrosch devoted last summer to rewriting entirely the final act and to rescoring the whole opera after it had been accepted for performance at the Metropolitan. In choosing a popular play to base his music on he wisely followed the example of Puccini. The libretto follows the action of the original play pretty closely, except that the last two acts are in the opera condensed into one, the parts being separated by a dark stage. It was also necessary to expand some of the situations to give opportunity for the introduction of sustained melodies. It cannot be said that these melodies are ingratiating or original; nor do the more declamatory parts show a special gift of writing for the voices. Far more satisfactory is the orchestration. Mr. Damrosch is an expert score reader, and his many years' experience as a concert conductor has made him familiar with the methods of the greatest masters in achieving ravishing color effects and constructing dramatic climaxes. His opera has benefited by this experience; there are moments when one forgives the lack of novelty or individuality in the enjoyment of a placid sketch or a stirring episode; but as a whole it is a dull score; it seems too long, although cuts were freely made, some of them to the detriment of the drama.

It was to be expected that so ardent an admirer of Wagner as Mr. Damrosch would make cunning use of the system of leading motives; yet he has done so sparingly, the only conspicuous instance being the employment of the abnormal whole-tone scale to characterize Cyrano's abnormal nose. It is much easier to write an opera in the pre-Wagnerian fashion, which does not necessitate the invention of themes that will stand frequent repetition and lend themselves to diverse transformations and combinations; and this easier method Mr. Damrosch has followed. For the rest, he is eclectic. While there are no flagrant instances of plagiarism, one is constantly reminded by melodic germs, harmonic modulations, and orchestral tints, of diverse German and French masters, sometimes in rapid kaleidoscopic succession. While often agreeable, the orchestration is on the whole too heavy, except in the tragic moments. Owing to this quality the singers—among whom were Alda, Martin, Amato, Reiss, and Griswold—found it difficult to project the words into the auditorium distinctly. Consequently, "Cyrano" did not serve as an argument in favor of those who clamor for opera in English. It is not likely that Mr. Damrosch's opera, any more than the operas of Mr. Converse and Mr. Parker, which preceded his, will survive the season.

At the Metropolitan Opera House hisses are occasionally heard mingled with the applause for a favorite singer. These hisses come from members of a claque who are not paid by that favorite singer. The audience proper in an opera house and our concert halls hardly ever hisses, unless it be to silence some one who is disturbing his neighbors by talking. What the British call "booing" is not heard in the musical or dramatic amusement places of New York.

Percy Grainger's British folk-music choral settings, which are dedicated to the memory of Edward Grieg, will be a novel feature of the next concert of Kurt Schindler's Schola Cantorum on March 12. These old English songs, which have recently been brought to light by the researches of scholars like Cecil Sharp and Mary Neal, and have been so attractively sung in New York by the Misses Fuller, are arranged for full chorus (six part) by Percy Grainger, a rising young composer of London, and have been the vogue in England for several years.

The death is announced, at the age of seventy-eight, in Dresden, of Felix Draeseke, who was for a number of years a special friend of Liszt, of whose orchestral works he was a vigorous champion. His own compositions, which for a time showed the influence of Liszt and Wagner, subsequently steered into classical waters. Among his compositions are three symphonies, several overtures, a mass, a requiem, and other choral works, two operas, and diverse chamber-music works. None of these is likely to survive him so long as his didactic works, which were the outcome of his teaching at the Dresden Conservatory.

Art

OLD AND NEW ART.

The Association of American Painters and Sculptors shows the work of its members and allies in a setting of what it deems the progressive art of recent years. By a simple miracle of good taste and good management the floor of the Sixty-ninth Regiment armory has been converted into fifteen galleries, with a spacious entrance hall. The light streams in from above, the hanging is effective. Even without the *succès de scandale* of the Post-Impressionists and Cubists, the show would justly have attracted public notice. Possibly its chief value is that it demonstrates how practicable it is to organize a comprehensive art exhibition in New York. The example may be commended to the Academy. If it really wishes to assume national significance as an exhibiting body, the way is pointed out.

It cannot be said that this is a representative exhibition of American painters and sculptors. We have virtually the old "Eight," with those whom they have encouraged to contribute. But representative quality was not sought after. The aim has been to procure painting of progressive and highly personal quality. In the selection of the retrospective exhibits and in the inclusion of the

Post-Impressionists and Cubists, a consistent principle has been followed. The American exhibits are a somewhat gorgeous family affair, but I see no reason for complaint. If the new Association gains sensational advantages from the presence of the latest revolutionaries, it also exposes the work of its members and contributors to the most trying comparisons with fine painting from Delacroix down. Indeed, there is a distinctly self-sacrificing and public-spirited willingness to centre the interest of the show in the foreign exhibits.

The retrospective exhibition is not notable, but sufficient as a reminder. Ingres, in Whistler's copy of the Andromeda, Delacroix, Corot, Daumier, Courbet, and Manet are adequately but not strikingly represented. For Puvis a delightful and comprehensive selection of a full dozen examples has been made. These run from the austere Beheading of the Baptist of 1869, and a delightful nude of probably earlier date, to color studies for the famous decorations at Amiens, Poitiers, and Paris. One misses Chasseauriau and Gustave Moreau, but their work is almost unprocurable. Among the veterans who have become classic in their lifetime, Monet is most prominent, in studies beginning with sober and dark canvases and ending with the air-swept lily pools of yesterday. The ballet and the race course appear in the discreet and learned emphasis of Degas. Renoir's full power is not suggested in the exhibition, but it would be hard to imagine painting more sensitively lovely than we find in a vase of crimson peonies and a seated portrait of a girl in Levantine costume. Pisarro and Toulouse-Lautrec, with Signac, chiefly represented by charming water colors, complete the group that grew out of the Luminist movement. Unless, indeed, we should here include Cézanne and Van Gogh, whose general affiliation with the Giverny group seems indisputable. The representation of these two much-talked-of artists is far from superlative; at least it is the fullest America has yet seen. I confess Cézanne reseen hardly measures up to the impressive figure of fifteen years ago. The Old Woman with the Beads is an extraordinary character study; so in a less degree is the vivid portrait of himself; but neither evokes strongly that immediate and primal sense of mass which was his main endeavor. His paler landscapes have for me the exquisite balance of John Twachtman's—the same fine economy of means. A little brown landscape, with its constructive planes sharp and simple, perhaps best represents the technical excellences to which he gave himself single-mindedly. But if merit is traditional, Rembrandt might almost have signed it. Van Gogh seems a Daumier projected into landscape through Luminism. He shares Daumier's capacity for powerful and rather sinister exaggeration of contour. None of the pictures illustrates the fervid polychromy which marked his latest work. As represented here, he quietly takes his place as a powerful and eccentric offshoot of the Luminists. Even the haggard and haunting portrait of himself recalls in its workmanship certain phases of the versatile Renoir. Gauguin plays more plausibly the part of precursor of the Post-Impressionists. We have several of his Tahitian studies—drastic sketching it is, rather brutally imposing—but we have none of those paintings in which, almost by accident, it appears, he won through to classic serenity and monumental effect. The savage emphasis of the color may at least prepare us for Matisse.

Topically, the Post-Impressionists and Cubists are the important feature of the show, yet I wish it were possible to ignore urgent tendencies and merely discuss good art. If that agreeable course were open to me, I should give much space to the gallery in which Odilon Redon's work is shown. Redon is a purposeful dreamer. His territory is that of the older gods and recent symbol. His color shifts from dense and hot through diaphanous iridescences to monochrome. All is conceived in the mood of the ivory tower. Apollo does not control his skyey horses; they drag him through mid-air. There is a study of shimmering butterflies hovering in a light that is a refinement on the illumination of some exotic opera. It is a fantastically beautiful art, very far from life, admirably true to its own vision. Ryder and Davies represent a similar mood with equal ability and perhaps with greater freedom from literary implication. I much regret that Mr Davies's self-renouncing conception of his office as president of the Association has deprived us of a one-man show that would have furnished an excellent complement for the Redon gallery.

It will be seen that I have been avoiding the main issue. On all hands I hear in the show the statement, At any rate, this new art is very living and interesting. So much may be said for much of the Post-Impressionist and Cubist work; and something like that might be one's feeling on first visiting a lunatic asylum. The inmates might well seem more vivid and fascinating than the every-day companions of home and office. Unquestionably, Matisse is more exciting than, say, George de Forest Brush; it doesn't at all follow that Matisse is the better artist. So is a vitriol-throwing suffragette more exciting than a lady. Yet feeling as I do that Post-Impressionism is mostly ignorant splurge, and Cubism merely an occult and curious pedantry, I feel also that the Association has done a valuable service in bringing over a full representation of this latest eccentric work. It was reaching us piecemeal in unimportant examples, or, worse, at second hand, in the deceptions of programmes and the sophistries of critical special pleading. Now we have the pictures and sculpture and may test ourselves by them. Indeed, if one's æsthetic reaction be slow or doubtful, be may have the aid of the Association's courteous and eloquent interpreters.

The platform of Post-Impressionism is a simple one—complete spontaneity independent of all images of outer nature; swift, succinct, and powerful execution of symbolic color—these are the chief tenets of the movement. Certain of William Blake's maxims prefigure this tendency: "Mere enthusiasm is the all in all," or, again, "Knowledge of ideal beauty is not to be acquired. It is born with us. The man who says we have no innate ideas must be a fool or a knave." At some risk, then, of falling into an undesirable category, I must approach the spontaneity of Matisse and Segonzac. Matisse is an original and powerful draughtsman. One has only to see his crayon drawings from the nude to be convinced of that. They are of quite extraordinary potency and simplicity. His pictorial ideas, innate ones perhaps, we may grant, are either trivial, monstrous, or totally lacking. The Portrait in Madras Red illustrates his power. The torso is swung in with a quite magnificent gesture that ignores all details; for the rest, a coarse emphasis of the intentness of the face, raw color, mean surfaces—a prodigal expenditure of violent means to achieve a passing and negligible effect. In Segonzac's big barnyard there is a similar brutality of assertion, though with some lingering regard for harmony of color. The more perverse expressions of Matisse's mode as expressed in bulbous nudes, empty schematic decoration, and blatantly inept still-life will merely reinforce a first impression based on the work that is relatively normal. Upon the ugliness of the surfaces I must insist at the risk of repetition. Everything tells of a studied brusqueness and violence. It is an art essentially epileptic. Sincere it may be, but its sincerity simply doesn't matter, except as it is pitiful to find a really talented draughtsman the organizer of a teapot tempest.

For this anti-realistic movement, of which so much is said, is merely the tardy coming into art of a tendency that has long since spent its literary force, namely, neurotic symbolism. The present revolutionaries are no more going to make art over than Mallarmé and Regnier made all things new in letters. And even as a revolt, Post-Impressionism has the fatal defect of misunderstanding its foe. Ostensibly, it is an escape into the imagination from the appalling dulness of recent painting, and

this dulness is laid to a too servile following of nature. Now, nature is perhaps the most ambiguous word in all language; and right here it may be asked if it is possible for the art of painting to sin from too much naturalness. It seems to me not. Since the pigment scale is far shorter than that of light, and since a plane surface must be made to give the sense of depth, any painting, however good or bad it be, is highly symbolic. It is no record of a thing seen, but a token to the intelligence. Moreover, no painting can possibly give seriously what is seen at a particular moment, just that and nothing more. Manet and Zorn may seem to approximate this, but they only seem. And nature, in any accurate sense, can merely mean what is seen at a particular instant. As soon as memory comes in, and more or less it does inevitably, nature is becoming, not an external fact, but a composite and shifting personal creation. All painters are symbolists; some dull, some sublime, more mediocre. Such symbolism may be conducted along lines of relative inhibition of the artist's personal and emotional attitude; such men we loosely call realists; or along lines of enhancement of the artist's emotional attitude, and such with almost equal looseness we call romanticists, Post-Impressionists, Expressionists, or what not. But all alike are seeking symbols for an emotional or observational experience, and the fundamental division of artists is into capable symbolists, incapable symbolists, or mere pretenders, who lack equally fundamental emotion and derived symbol. The trouble with pictorial art never has been and never can be too great devotion to nature; the trouble with art has been merely weak or undisciplined or dull personalities. The utmost degree of naturalistic representation possible to painting will always be, however limited, wholesome. It will at least celebrate the lovely variety of the world and the joy of the seeing eye, and it will ever serve as the firm base from which imagination may take its flights. For dull or faltering painters, and their feeble symbolism, it is no remedy to throw nature out of the window; public neglect may hasten reform, but the death of the dull artist is the only real remedy. One well-managed St. Bartholomew's would do more to set things right than a century of hothouse spontaneity.

Post-Impressionism, then, is the feeblest imaginable reform for real artistic evils deeply based in the hesitancy of the present social order. Whenever, out of the clash of democracy with socialism and anarchy, a central social tradition is attained, the artist will readily find his place. Especially the minor artist will then cease to be a dullard or a pretender, and will find a useful and respectable function in devotedly sustaining the central tradition. Because the minor artists of the past almost invariably did this, they are amiable and charming. Because the minor artist of the present is urged to cultivate that originality which is only the prerogative of the great, he is often a woful apparition. And so far as Post-Impressionism is setting hundreds of young painters to coddling their sacred impulses, so far as it accentuates an already exaggerated cult of the individual, it will work nothing but harm.

But some one will say, At least technical good must result from this feverish experimenting, at least we shall relearn the lost art of the great contour and of audacious decorative color. Here some advantage may be conceded, but most backhandedly and uneconomically attained. More may be learned about great contour by consulting any good Rembrandt sketch, and more about audacious decorative color from studying a fine Persian rug or Buddhist scroll, than can be gleaned from all the progressive painting of the past decade.

Upon the Cubist work of Picasso, Picabia, and Marcel Duchamp I cannot dwell. We seem to have to do either with a clever hoax or a negligible pedantry. I am told that these experimenters are working at the problem of mass, weight, and spatiality. Finding that these third-dimensional qualities are most vividly conveyed by the simpler geometric solids, they adopt these as units of expression. Picasso conceives a head as so many facets, leaving the junctures sharp. Frans Hals or Chase or Sargent would make much the same synthesis, but would soften the junctures as nature does. Picasso shows a bronze bust in conical forms. It has a sinister impressiveness, and looks like a badly carved Gothic thing. Picasso's early painting had much grim power and decorative balance; only a portrait represents him in this phase; his latest work, in which geometry dominates, is singularly dreary in color and morbid in expression. From this charnal suggestion Picabia is free. He has recently passed from a kind of Post-Impressionism to Cubism. He frames his figures and landscapes from cubes, hexagonal crystals, and the like. His color is interesting in a rather obvious and garish way. Both Picasso and Picabia mineralize their world and present it in terms of crystallography. The transposition is often ingenious; both men are evidently accomplished mechanical draughtsmen, but none of their work reveals to an eye that has honestly waited either spatial quality, mass, or handsome decorative effect. Marcel Duchamp, whose units of expression are slabs and shavings, is said to have out-geometrized the Cubists themselves. His pictures are monochromes in brown, with the general look of an elevation of a volcanic cliff. In the stratifications we are told by the catalogue to look for nudes, faces, and groups; but I advise no one to make the attempt. If any images there be, these are mental and symbolic. These paintings, so far as genuine, are merely expressions of anti-naturalism reduced to the absurd along ratiocinative lines, just as Post-Impressionism is merely the emotional reduction to the absurd of the same anti-naturalistic fallacy. The Futurists were invited to the exhibition, and declined. Their absence need not greatly be regretted. Their origins reek with charlatanry and shameless puffery, and this genesis their work has done nothing to belie.

And here the question of taste comes in. The trouble with the newest art and its critical champions is that fundamentally they have no real breadth of taste. These people are devoted to fanaticisms, catchwords, all manner of taking themselves too seriously. Where something like taste exists, the new brusque procedures are readily assimilated. The studies of Othon Friesz, for example, are tense and nervous, fine in color, discreetly exaggerated. Augustus John, who is very fully represented by paintings, silver-point drawings, and aquarelles, can go some way with Matisse because he never forgets Manet and Botticelli. John's drawings are exquisite, a sublimation of the familiar method of the Slade School. His water-color sketches achieve remarkable character and mass with the slightest means. His larger works tend to fall into affectations which are atoned for by austere and distinguished workmanship. It is as if Puvis and Degas had joined forces not quite amicably. John makes the high attempt to achieve fine decorative effect without the usual waiver of the characteristic and individual. The ambition marks him a remarkable personality. He may achieve where Besnard has rather splendidly failed. A glance at the coquettish sensual designs of the late Charles Conder, at the delightfully intimate landscapes with figures by George W. Russell, and at Jack Yeats's keen visions of Irish political humors will tend to efface the irresponsible nightmares of Matisse, and the calculated discomforts of the Cubists.

On the whole, the case calls for cheerfulness. Either these new movements are aberrations and will promptly vanish, or else there is to be henceforth no art as the world has formerly understood the word and the thing. But this, I am assured by a friend of the new art, is highly desirable. In the future every man is to see nature and his own soul with the artist's eye, and the artist and the work of art will naturally become superfluous. Humanity has merely to breed a race of little Post-Impressionists and Cubists, and the thing is done. Let common-sense hesitate to

thwart or defer so evidently desirable a consummation. F. J. M., JR.

Interesting details of the latest discoveries made during the excavations of the French Archæological Society in the island of Delos have been supplied by M. Homolle, director of the French School at Athens. The more recent researches relate to the Stadium, the Palæstra, the Theatre, and the shrines of Oriental divinities in the valley of Inopos. Excavations in the Stadium revealed the track, the seats of the judges and magistrates, and the starting point and goal of the competitors, these fixing the length of the course at 500 feet. Between the Stadium and the shore were found traces of houses, fronted by domestic altars decorated with paintings representing sacrificial scenes, combats, and the labors of Herakles. The report that Delos once possessed an important Jewish colony is borne out by the discovery of the remains of a synagogue, with its inscription "To the Most High."

The Palæstra has been entirely uncovered, revealing the dressing-rooms, anterooms, and the portico at the north which served to shield the spectators from the wind. Here too was found a wall, which, from an inscription, is shown to have been a military work constructed by Valerius Triarius, one of the generals in the Mithridatic war.

Great progress has been made in connection with the Theatre, which now stands fully displayed. Behind the stage was found a huge cistern, nearly 100 feet long by 18 feet wide, and having a depth of 21 feet. Near the Theatre stood a large building of three stories, which probably lodged the exponents of the Dionysian cult. Of the many temples which are known to have been erected in the valley of the Inopos, that of Aphrodite has been identified by the discovery of two bases of statues bearing dedications to that divinity, and that of Serapis by the finding of a column on which is inscribed a history of this Egyptian deity. The inscription shows that the worship of Serapis was introduced into Delos by an Egyptian named Apollonius, who had a son named Demetrius. The third priest of the family, called Apollonius after his grandfather, "received divine instructions to build a temple on the place revealed by the Deity," and this is the temple which has now been laid bare.

"English Homes of the Early Renaissance" (Scribner importation), edited by H. Avray Tipping, is one of those fully illustrated folios reprinted from *Country Life*. Dwellings built about the year 1600 or earlier are the theme. Few of these, of course, show Renaissance features in any proper sense of the word. They are in the main excellent survivals of the charming Tudor style, and many have kept their original fittings. Perhaps the most remarkable are Breccles Hall, Burford Priory, the Charterhouse, Cobham Hall. We may mention as well, besides Owlpen Manor and Stonyhurst College, those remarkable half-timbered structures Broughton Hall and Hall i' th' Wood, near Bolton. The text appeals to such as value the sentiment and picturesqueness of English country life. The abundant plates of large scale will be suggestive to architects and decorators.

Finance

THE MARKETS AND THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

Probably the greater number of the regular visitors in Wall Street, if asked, when the stock market touched its lowest point last week, what the trouble was, would have replied, Uncertainty about the new Administration. This explanation (which was repeated in many circles of general business) might have been regarded in three different ways. It might have expressed genuine and grave apprehension—as a result of which prices had fallen. It might have represented an effort to utilize the most important event on the calendar to account for Stock Exchange depression due to entirely different causes. Or it might merely have embodied Wall Street's traditional habit of pinning its hopes or fears to some event which was near at hand, whose actual influence on finance was an uncertainty, and whose probable influence, therefore, was judged according to Wall Street's own mood of the moment.

As it happened, the fall in prices was succeeded by an abrupt and general recovery, almost a week before inauguration day, and the course of the stock market, in this reversal of attitude at the moment when the financial atmosphere was apparently darkest, was evidence of the hysterical nature of the preceding decline. The actual character of the situation should be clear enough. The money market is reasonably stringent all over the world; and it is so partly for quite artificial reasons, and partly because of legitimate demands of trade. Both here and in Europe there is and has been an active demand for capital in general business—with the difference, as between the two continents, that in Continental Europe the "trade boom" has been in large measure overdone, whereas in America its general basis seems to be entirely sound.

But in both continents, the absorption of capital in such quarters has been extensive, and in Europe this has occurred in the face of an international collision and of political misgivings which caused unusual withdrawal of personal resources from investment by the rich, and unusual hoarding of actual cash by people of small means. Very high money rates and very weak bank positions have, as a necessary result, prevailed throughout Europe. The relations of the great markets of the world being what they are, the soundest market of the moment was resorted to for relief, and New York has sent abroad, since the opening of the year, more gold than has ever before been exported in the corresponding weeks of any year.

Our own resultant situation was perfectly simple. A man of means, with his personal finances in an entirely sound condition, is appealed to by a business associate who is in serious embarrassment. He advances the necessary funds, knowing that he will get them back in time; but in doing so, he must deplete his private bank account and realize on some of his private investments. In the eyes of the uninformed observer, he is himself in trouble, and that is the conclusion which a good many people have appeared to draw regarding the American market, which has been putting its own resources into just that form to relieve the threatened embarrassments of Europe.

The inferences are naturally much exaggerated; with a market, however, as with an individual, such a condition of things creates a sensitive financial situation. It is not altogether strange, therefore, that the imaginative minds of people who surround our markets should picture all sorts of impending calamities, and should paint everything in the outlook in the darkest colors, and should begin to make unwarrantably dismal prophecies about our own business condition and prospect. But it is equally true that such a situation needs to be handled delicately, and this is where the new Administration will have its task set for it.

There has been much nonsense talked in Wall Street about Mr. Wilson's public utterances, but there have been some criticisms which, from the point of view of real conservatism and honest public spirit, were by no means nonsense. One of them is the criticism that a public man, in a position of high responsibility, should not only be sure he is right in his statements regarding matters of finance, but should be sure that the statements are so made as to be susceptible of no misunderstanding. An occasional failure to observe this second safeguard is responsible for such unfavorable view of the new President as may exist in financial circles. There is abundant time to repair misunderstandings of the sort, and it is highly important that they should be repaired. For, the financial state of mind being at the moment what it is, there are possibilities of needless disturbance, and it will hardly be denied that a national Administration, just beginning its career, needs peremptorily the atmosphere of financial confidence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abraham, Karl. Dreams and Myths. Trans. by W. A. White. Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease Pub. Co.

Baker, James. Austria: Her People and Their Homelands. Lane. $6.50 net.

Bauer, L. A. Land Magnetic Observations, 1905-1910. Carnegie Institution of Washington.

Benedite, Leonce. Gustave Courbet. (French Artists of Our Day series.) Philadelphia: Lippincott.

Bostwick, A. E. The Different West. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Browning, E. B. Selection of Poems. (World's Classics.) Frowde.

Buck, P. M. Social Forces in Modern Literature. Boston: Ginn. $1.
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Callender, Geoffrey. The Life of Nelson. Longmans. 90 cents net.
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Cantrell, J. A. The Increasing Needs of a Nation. Fenno & Co.
Carnegie Institution of Washington. Year Book No. 11, 1912.
Chambers, R. W. The Gay Rebellion. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.
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Grimshaw, Beatrice. Guinea Gold. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
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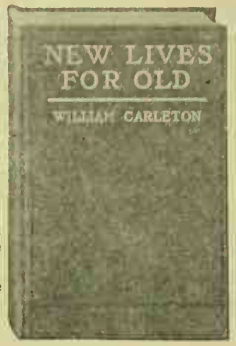

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1913.

The Week

Not the least of the good omens attending the new Administration is the resolution adopted by the first Democratic caucus of the new House, directing the caucus chairman, Representative Palmer, of Pennsylvania, to appoint a special committee of seven to consider the wisdom of adopting a national budget, "to the end that the total of appropriations may the better be controlled, reductions in expenditures may be attained, and confusion in and duplication of appropriations avoided." The language of this resolution is a concise expression of the aims of the innovation for which President Taft fought in vain. To oppose them openly would require a higher degree of boldness than most public men possess, and yet to put them into practice under existing legislative conditions demands a breadth of view that few Congressmen have. Experience has proved absolutely that they are to be attained, if at all, only by some especially devised method that will ward off the attacks of local interests upon the defenceless Federal Treasury. The present move in the direction of a budget has the strategical advantage of coming from the Capitol.

The report that Mr. Wilson is to dispense with a uniformed aide and cut in half the military staff which now engages in the highly military duty of assisting at the social functions in the White House is welcome, and we trust accurate, news. To abolish all the uniforms would be but to return to the custom of the last Democratic Administration. Indeed, the bringing in of gold lace was a part of Mr. Roosevelt's desire for the spectacular. With his keen sense for doing the popular thing, he chose for White House service the sons or grandsons of distinguished officers, such as Grant, Sheridan, Fitzhugh Lee, Henry, Miles, etc. The White House needs no pomp to make it the most dignified and impressive of mansions; indeed, there is nothing more impressive than democratic simplicity. To rival the gorgeousness of European courts is not within our power, were it our desire, and even a dozen uniforms add but little lustre.

People were astonished to learn that among the very first official acts of Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State was the dispatch of a telegram of commendation to Ambassador Wilson in Mexico City. These are Mr. Wilson's own words as reported in the New York *Sun* on Saturday morning: "All the acts of this embassy during the trying days when American life and property were placed in jeopardy by the bombardment of this city from within and from without have been approved not only by Secretary Knox, but also by Secretary Bryan." To-day there is reason to believe that the Wilson dispatch was passed by Mr. Bryan without perusal in the confusion of his first days in office. Whatever may be the secret history of the telegram, the retention of Ambassador Wilson at his present post is unthinkable. Ever since the outbreak of revolutionary troubles in Mexico, Mr. Wilson has shown that, if not guilty of actual bias in favor of the Diaz régime, he has been certainly the victim of bad information. Again and again he has created panic at Washington by announcing imaginary catastrophes. Conditions under the Madero régime were painted by him in uniformly dark colors. The impression in this country is that Ambassador Wilson's attitude in Mexico was not what should be expected from an American representative towards a people struggling, however painfully, away from feudalism and oppression towards democracy.

Congressman McCall made a little parting address, before the expiration of the session, in which he expressed the opinion that the House might occupy a more powerful place than it does in our system of government. He thought that, given its special functions assigned by the Constitution, and also its democratic composition and popular character, it rested with the members themselves to decide whether the House of Representatives might not be made the "dominating organ." There was no express reference to the ups and downs, as between the influence of the Senate and that of the House, observable during a period of years. For a time, from 1874 on, the House appeared to be the more powerful body. But later the Senate distinctly gained the ascendency, which seemed to become fixed under McKinley and Roosevelt. Recently the turn of the House has seemed to come again. In its favor, if it now chose to assert itself, would be the great change of personnel in the Senate. Death and defeat have removed nearly all of the Old Guard, who used to be so potent not merely in party management, but in the control of public business. One remark made by Mr. McCall, in alluding to his twenty years of service in the House, was suggestive. He said that he had voted against a large number of measures that had become laws. This he did not lament, his only regret, in looking back, being that he had not voted against more of them. It was an effective way of stating his belief that too great facility in legislation is a curse.

By a vote of two to one, Vermont has taken herself out of the position of political barometer for the nation. Hereafter she will hold no election in September, and the forecasters will have to base their predictions for November upon the result in Maine alone. This change has been brought about by the carrying of an amendment to the State Constitution, concerning which only about one-fourth as many voters expressed an opinion as cast ballots for President last year. Thus a little above one-sixth of the State's "sovereigns" have been allowed to determine its policy in this respect; and not in this respect alone, for seven other amendments were adopted at the same time by about the same minority. The most important of these changes were one strengthening the power of the Governor by requiring a two-thirds instead of a majority vote of the Legislature to override a veto, and another conferring upon the Legislature authority to pass a Workingmen's Compensation act. The vote upon this last proposal was closer than that upon any of the others, although it was carried by a handsome margin.

In Charles F. Murphy's book of life, Friday, March 7, will, we are sure, always rank as a day of days. Never before was the majesty of Tammany Hall so well recognized, or his own preëminence as a leader. Was he not received at the White House with all pomp and ceremony? Did not the President of the United States grant him a special audience? Did not reporters and mere Cabinet members look on with awe and admiration? True, there are detractors no end who will cynically sneer and say that the interview was in no wise different from that granted to 2,000 visitors to the White House the day before, and quote from the ribald press the entire conversation: "I wish you success, Mr. President." "Thank you; I am glad to see you." To the uninitiated this means little, perhaps; those who know the ways of statesmen will understand better.

Gov. Colquitt, of Texas, has been attracting some attention, not to say arousing some apprehension, at Washington, by his statements and actions in reference to the Mexican revolution. He has let it be known that he at least stood ready to do all that might become a man and the commander-in-chief of the militia of Texas. A much more important and creditable thing, however, if less resounding, is a message he sent to the Legislature on the subject of education. This paper was by no means perfunctory in tone, but bore evidence throughout of the Governor's immediate interest in what he was talking about. Texas is recognizing the existence of the same problem that has been troubling States so distant from it as Iowa and Montana, namely, the scattering over the State of institutions which might be parts of a great university. There has been some jealousy among supporters of certain of these institutions, and in particular the charge that one or two of them were "rich men's" schools has had to be met. This charge Gov. Colquitt disposes of by the remark that of two thousand students at the University proper, more than six hundred, including both men and women, are earning their way. His message is the more forcible in that it merely urges the carrying out of the comprehensive plank on the subject in the last State Democratic platform.

It is becoming pointless to ask whether any good thing can come out of Harrisburg. All parties seem to be agreed that now is the time to do something that will not smack of partisanship. Thus, Gov. Tener, the Republican State leaders, the Flinn Republicans, and the independents are united in favor of a bill, just reported from committee, which provides for a non-partisan ballot for municipal and other local elections. Names of candidates are to be placed on the primary ballot by petition, as is done at present, but there is to be only one such ballot, instead of one for each organization. Twice as many candidates as are to be voted for at the general election will be taken from the list of candidates appearing at the primary, in the order of the votes they poll. A candidate receiving a majority of all the votes cast at the primary shall be regarded as elected, and his name alone will be printed on the final ballot for the office concerned. The party designation will appear after the candidate's name, in both primary and general elections. It is a shock to see Pennsylvania taking the lead in anything like ballot reform, but it is a kind of surprise which the rest of the country, along with those in the State itself who have been fighting for such a day, will welcome.

A resolution providing for the appropriation of $25,000,000 by the State of Pennsylvania for improvements at the Port of Philadelphia, is before the Legislature. It would so amend the Constitution as to permit Philadelphia to assume the entire burden of taxation resulting. In his argument for the measure, Senator Vare pointed out that Hamburg had lately spent $100,000,000 on its port, adding that Philadelphia is 85 miles nearer than New York to the Panama Canal, and more than 200 miles nearer than Boston. Boston, however, is not asleep. Joseph A. Conry, Director of the Port of Boston, has asked the Legislature for $50,000,000 for harbor improvements and the perfection of rail and water terminals. His project involves the development of the entire waterfront between North and South Stations and along the Charles and Mystic Rivers. Vast as these projects seem to Americans, they should remember that Liverpool is preparing to spend $16,000,000 on a dock system which has already cost $150,000,000.

From Galveston to Boston, the digging at Panama has stimulated interest in port improvements. New Orleans is one of the few deep-water cities which have retained control of the greater part of their waterfront, only San Francisco surpassing it in this respect. The sixteenth annual report of the New Orleans Dock Board shows that there are 41.4 miles of river frontage available for shipping, with five miles of wharves; 1,892 seagoing vessels, 1,596 river steamboats, and more than 2,100 smaller craft were reported as "arriving" during 1912. New Orleans does not begrudge Galveston its sudden growth in military population, due to that port's nearness to Mexico. New Orleans does feel, however, that Gen. Wood was right in calling attention to its importance as a military and naval base. The *Times-Democrat* urges that if troops stationed along the river or in the Mississippi Valley should be concentrated for foreign service, it would be wasteful to send them to Norfolk for an additional voyage of 700 or 800 miles, or to Cuba for transshipment. New Orleans is still safely the second port in the United States, the *Daily States* remarks, and that despite the artificial movement of Texas and Oklahoma cotton through Galveston.

Frank M. Ryan, president of the International Association of Ironworkers, sentenced last December to seven years in prison for complicity in the nation-wide dynamite conspiracy which had its culmination in the Los Angeles *Times* atrocity, and now out under $160,000 bail, has been reëlected president of the Ironworkers' Union. There are circumstances in which such an expression of confidence in a convicted prisoner is put forward as a vindication, as a reassertion by the man's friends and followers of a belief in his innocence. But there was no *cachet* of martyrdom in this action by the ironworkers. It is absurd to speak of Ryan's innocence in the face of the overwhelming nature of the evidence adduced at the trial. Ryan's reëlection is not a vindication, but a challenge and an act of defiance. It is a striking manifestation of that caste or class morality which the Socialists are so fond of throwing in the

face of "capitalist" society. Because the dynamite outrages were committed in the interest of labor, the murder of innocent men ceases to be murder, and takes on the dignity of warfare. The fact that the dynamiters did not work in the interests of labor, nor even of organized labor, but only in the interests of that small section of labor represented in the Ironworkers' Union, apparently does not matter. Frank M. Ryan is thus taken by his comrades to their bosom as a man who dynamited, perhaps not wisely, but too well.

The commutation of these sentences amounts to a direct interference with the administration of justice by the courts. Heike got a $25,000 salary and has escaped his imprisonment, but what about the six $18 a week checkers, who were sent to jail, one of them a man of more than sixty? It is cases like this that create discontent and anarchy.

It is impossible to deny the force of these remarks of W. Cleveland Runyon, Special Assistant Attorney in the Sugar Trust weighing-fraud cases. In the case of Gerbracht, the superintendent of the Williamsburgh refinery, no attempt whatever, he says, has been made to justify the commutation; in the case of Heike, the secretary of the Trust, the plea that he was likely to die if he went to jail was made use of. This sickness strike is getting to be almost as much of a stumbling block to the law here as the suffragettes' hunger strike is in England, and in our case there is no pretence of any principle being involved.

Some method might perhaps have been devised for bringing to a more immediate test the claim of Dr. Friedrich Franz Friedmann that he has found a cure for tuberculosis. But to say this is not to express condemnation, or even censure, of any of the medical authorities involved. There are certain orderly ways of going about things, in any profession, which have grown up as the result of ages of experience. Insistence upon them may go too far; they may often stand in the way of progress. But they are essential to the prevention of an infinite amount of charlatanry and mischief. The first impulse of many good people in New York was to blame the medical men for not giving Dr. Friedmann "a chance"; but the doctors were thinking not so much about giving chances as about taking chances. They know perfectly well that any censure they may invite by being slow to permit experiments upon human beings is a small thing in comparison with the storm of condemnation that would break out if they threw the door open with mischievous results. The question before them was, in the main, this: Did Dr. Friedmann's claim present so strong a presumption of merit as to make the refusal of medical authorities to depart from their regular ways a reprehensible act?

Viewed from the outside, this question admits of but one answer. Quite apart from any rules of the medical profession, the simple canons of ordinary human behavior and human judgment put Dr. Friedmann in a most unenviable position. He had been practicing his alleged cure in Germany, the very home of scientific research, for a considerable period, and he is in this dilemma: If the merit of his method has been established there, he ought to have a considerable body of trustworthy acknowledgment of it to show, whereas he has virtually none; and if it has not yet been established, manifestly the thing for him to do was to go on piling up the evidence of its value where he had already made a start, instead of beginning all over again in a foreign country. And he comes here not only without any such authoritative approval, but apparently without having taken the ordinary common-sense steps that any person with an important mission takes in going to a strange land. Was there nobody in all Germany who could give him a proper introduction to some person of standing here, some person who would have enabled him to enter upon his undertaking decently and in order?

A fearful new enemy of the Dreadnought appears to be looming on the horizon. It is not the super-Dreadnought, nor yet an oversuper-Dreadnought. According to a writer in an English engineering journal, the German Government is in possession of a means by which "a fleet of Dreadnoughts can be met and vanquished on the high seas at a cost of less than a single vessel." The nature of the destroyers that are so easily to annihilate a navy of mammoths is thus described:

A destroyer of this category is speedier than any Dreadnought. It lies low in the water, not much more than awash, and it fights end on. The only target it presents to the enemy's fire is a bow shield sloping backward and of such shape and thickness as to be virtually impenetrable. It serves as the carriage of a single gun of maximum power furnished with projectiles that play the part of aerial torpedoes, and the gun remains perpetually screened except at the moment of firing. The vessel can keep the sea in all weathers, and can fight effectively at the longest ranges. Twenty of these destroyers can be built for the cost of a single super-Dreadnought, and the German naval experts hold, with ample reason, that a super-Dreadnought must inevitably succumb if attacked by even five of such small craft.

According to the writer in the *Engineer*, an opportunity to get possession of the design for this terrific engine of war was first offered to the British Admiralty, which, however, declined to enter into the scheme.

Not altogether without influence on our own tariff policy will be the state of British trade and industry. Each successive twelvemonth surpasses all previous records in volume of foreign trade; and home trade and industry have recently also been making an excellent showing. The London *Economist's* careful summary of the commercial history of the year brings out the facts in a way that admits of no dispute. Since 1903, the year in which Mr. Chamberlain started on his unfortunate adventure of "tariff reform," based on the belief that British trade was going into a decline, the total value of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom has increased 49 per cent., a thing that the most hopeful free-trader would not have dared to look for. That total for 1912 reached the prodigious figure of £1,344,000,000—nearly seven billion dollars. This includes, however, the reexports, as well as foreign goods imported and British goods exported. But the imports were £745,000,000 and the exports £487,000,000, so that the total of the true import and export business was £1,132,000,000, or not far from six billion dollars. Since 1893, the imports have increased 36 per cent., and the exports by the enormous amount of 71 per cent. These figures, to be sure, give a somewhat false impression, since the scale of prices has risen, the world over; with due allowance for this factor, the increase in volume of trade has been 24 per cent. for imports and 49 per cent. for exports.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION.

President Wilson begins his work at Washington under fair auspices. He has had a "good press," to use the French phrase. The exalted tone of his Inaugural has been fully recognized abroad as well as at home. Expressions of good will for him abound, even from his political opponents. But all this, as none knows better than he, is customary. New Presidents are usually received with great cordiality. Let not him that putteth on the harness boast as he that putteth it off. Mr. Taft could tell Wilson about that. It was with almost unexampled friendliness that a President was greeted four years ago. We know what happened to him later. And with President Wilson, too, inauguration acclaims will soon die away. The time will come swiftly when he must use what is said to be a favorite phrase with him: "Now let's get to business." That he intends to get to it in the speediest and most direct way possible was shown by his first announcement that he would not see any applicants for office except those whom he had asked to call upon him. Here is the dreamy idealist showing himself at the start a practical man of affairs. It is a great stroke of common-sense at the very beginning.

This impression that President Wilson means to be his own master will be heightened by his selections for the Cabinet. No one can allege that these appointments were dictated to him. There is not the faintest trail of a boss over them. Nor do any of them smell of political obligations assumed or bargains made. Inevitably, the President had to submit to certain limitations. He could not ignore the geography. He could not demand better material than existed. Bearing in mind the long exclusion of the Democratic party from power, and also the fact that Mr. Wilson decided not to weaken the narrow Democratic majority in the Senate by inviting any of the abler men there to a seat in his Cabinet, his final choice will, we think, be generally admitted to be as wise as he could have made. It is his own choice, at all events, and his own will be the responsibility for the success or failure of his Cabinet.

Its secret was extraordinarily well kept. With the exception of three or four names, the list was not really known until Wilson started for Washington. Apparently, it was not complete until about that time. The latest appointment to be fixed upon was that of the Secretary of War. To this post there had been strong rumors that the President would invite Col. Goethals. But to this there would have been solid objections. In the first place, Col. Goethals should be left to complete his great work at Panama. It would be both a wrong to him and an injury to the morale of the force under him to take him away. Furthermore, it would have been unfortunate to depart from the wholesome precedent that Secretaries of War and of the Navy in this country should be civilians. The principle of civil control over the military is too important to be waived even in appearance. Hence the general satisfaction that Col. Goethals was left undisturbed, and that the President put at the head of the War Department a man whose record has been made as a lawyer and a judge.

Mr. Bryan's appointment as Secretary of State was so plainly written on the political sky that everybody has long taken it for granted. The *Nation* has already expressed at length its opinion of this fated selection. We merely note now that even the Republican press receives it calmly. It is said by his friends that Mr. Bryan has a strong and laudable ambition to do something for the cause of international peace; and if he makes use of the State Department as a vantage-ground for this high work, the applause that he receives from his former political antagonists will not be stinted.

No Cabinet appointments that President Wilson had to make were more important than those of Secretary of the Treasury and Attorney-General. There is to be long overdue currency and banking legislation; and the labor piled upon the Department of Justice will be vast and critical. For both positions the President has made selections that command approval. Mr. McReynolds has already been an Assistant Attorney-General, and is well thought of for his legal knowledge and his vigor as a prosecutor. He should be able to take up Mr. Wickersham's work without a serious break. And Mr. McAdoo's designation as Secretary of the Treasury makes a good impression. Not specially trained in finance—as a matter of fact, the banker-Secretaries have not been successes—he is a good executive, has a wide knowledge of business, and should be in a position to give Wilson great practical help in getting through Congress sound legislation for currency reform. In naming Franklin Lane, of California, as Secretary of the Interior, the President has taken from the Interstate Commerce Commission what is perhaps the most vigorous personality. Another important appointment made solely with an eye to getting the best man available is that of President Houston, of Missouri, as Secretary of Agriculture. He has had a wide range of university activities, has been deeply interested in the cause of educational reform in the South, and is declared by his friends to be peculiarly competent for the work to which President Wilson has summoned him. But of all the appointees to the Cabinet, no more need be said at present than that they are men who come with a free hand to their tasks, that the country is disposed to give them full and fair opportunity, and that they will be judged every man according to his work.

DEMORALIZING TALK OF MORALS.

It surely seems as if, in Mr. Asquith's phrase, "we are getting on" in our theories about the causes of evil in this world. We have heard a great deal about the economic interpretation of history. But now we are to have the economic interpretation of morals. Why are the New York police dishonest? Because they are not paid enough to live on. What is the final and satisfactory explanation of the curse of prostitution, which has existed in all ages and in all lands? Why, the modern wage-system. Policemen are corrupt because a beginning salary of $800 a year is not enough to support a family. The fact that the large majority of the men are unmarried when they go on the force is one of the things that our hasty theorists do not mention. They seem never to have heard of a dishonest bachelor policeman. And from all parts of the country we are hearing just now that the great and almost the sole reason why women take up with a life of shame is that they cannot get a living wage in shops or offices.

It is not necessary to deny that there is a measure of truth in the contention that the pinch of poverty tends to break down the moral fibre of many. The economic argument has a certain force. It goes part way. If even a small proportion of working girls who now go wrong could be kept in virtuous paths by higher pay, then the question of the possibility of higher pay is one which employers and the entire community are bound to consider. No one would lift a finger to hinder any design to better the lot or brighten the outlook or reinforce the moral strength of any class or group of men and women. But sympathy must not be allowed to grow a cataract on our eyes. We are bound to look at all the facts and weigh all the consequences. Above all, we must cling to the fundamentals of character and the old moralities, come what will.

Just here, it seems to us, is the danger of those who see in the incidental hardships of our industrial system, with the rising pressure of population, the sufficient explanation of evils that lie deep in the heart of man. Never before have we seen the theory pushed to such absurd and, we must add, demoralizing lengths as in the inquiry conducted in Chicago by a committee of the Legislature presided over by Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara. Commendable as may be the aim, and useful as may prove to be some of the results attained, the methods of questioning and the entire mental and moral presuppositions of the chief examiner are such as to call for indignant protest. Asking a young girl if being "scolded" by a forewoman might not naturally lead to prostitution or even to suicide, was one sample. Another was Mr. O'Hara's question, put to a witness, whether if a woman were confronted with the alternative of starvation or surrendering her virtue, she would not choose the latter. The witness thought she would. "Thank you," thereupon said Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara. He had got a complete demonstration of his theory. Apparently, he did not stop to think that his test alternative does not, in fact, present itself once in 100,000 cases. It never occurred to him to ask if the temptation which breaks down weak wills is not very often, not the bare means of living, but the chance for a life of ease and excitement, with glitter and finery unattainable by mere work. And even if the dire alternative were as stated, we resent the implication that women would not starve sooner than give up what is dearer to them than life, and most of all do we resent the facile spreading abroad of such intimations that virtue is wholly a matter of food and clothes.

As against all this demoralizing talk about what must happen to men and women in circumstances of poverty, it is well to bring to mind what they have, in fact, done and are still doing with pecuniary means of the narrowest. We are asked to sigh over the policeman with only $800 to begin on. But think of the clergymen and physicians who have had no more than that sum, on the average, for years, yet have lived respectably and educated their children. Such cases, of course, have been oftenest met with in country towns, and at a time when the necessities of life did not cost what they do now. We would not measure salary by salary. But the main point is that there went with the small income a spirit of self-help and thrift and stout independence, with full co-operation. One reason why the family could live on so meagre a salary for its head was that the children were brought up to add their part. What they could save and what they could earn meant just so much for the domestic exchequer. And the boys had no prouder moment than when they brought home their $3 or $4 a week and gave it to their mother. But that sort of thing is nowadays regarded as well-nigh a social crime. What, take small wages just because you can live on them at home! This has, somehow, got to be an anti-social act. The head of one of the big Chicago department-houses testified that he began as an office-boy at $2 a week; and it was at once evident that the Committee looked upon him as a kind of unnatural monster.

We have no complaint to make of this whole series of inquiries. Let us by all means find out whatever we can. But in the process it is of the utmost importance not to put forth glib generalizations as if they were the absolute truth. And nothing, in our opinion, could be more harmful than to allow the idea to spread through the popular mind that morality is closely identified with wages, that there need be no such thing as enduring hardness as good soldiers of the spiritual life, and that you can redeem humanity from evil desires and bad living simply by filling its stomach and clothing it in purple and fine linen. After all, we have heard of well-to-do men and women who were not strictly moral.

EDITORIAL "PRIVILEGE."

John Burns's assertion last week that the English press would not so abuse public men unless it had become "Americanized," would hardly bear historical investigation, but gains whatever present point it has from the Parliamentary inquiry into the Marconi scandals. In that matter, English Ministers have been, not merely abused, but groundlessly defamed. The *Nation* has already dwelt upon the complete breakdown and ignominious withdrawal of the calumnious charges. But in the examination of Mr. L. J. Maxse, editor of the *National Review*, certain questions concerning the practice and the ethics of journalists were raised which go beyond the original issue. A new form of "privilege" was asserted. It was pretended that editors should be ranked with physicians and priests in being free from compulsion, under legal process, to reveal confidential communications.

The case was this. Mr. Maxse, in his *Review*, had written and published, and allowed others to publish, the grossest attacks upon the integrity of members of the Cabinet. Without mincing language, he had accused them of pecuniary corruption. Moreover, he had demanded a Parliamentary committee to go to the bottom of the whole affair. When it was appointed, he declared his belief that it was only a whitewashing move, and that it would not dare to uncover the facts. Yet when it summoned this gentleman himself and asked for *his* facts, he stated, first, that he had none to offer ("I do not pretend to have evidence," were his words), and, secondly, though all he had printed had been based upon rumors and allegations conveyed to him in private conversations and letters, that he would not give up the name of a single person who had spoken to him or written to him on the subject. That is, Mr. Maxse set up the plea of editorial "privilege." He took the ground that "an editor cannot give away confidential communications under

any circumstances." The committee held another view, and reported Mr. Maxse to the House of Commons for contumacy. Action in the case was deferred, however, till after the Parliamentary recess.

Mr. Maxse's position gave rise to sharp differences of opinion in the English press. The London *Times*, while disclaiming all sympathy with Mr. Maxse's intemperate and unfounded charges against Ministers, stood with him wholeheartedly on what it conceived to be his "point of principle." It said:

> Much information and criticism beneficial to the public will necessarily be suppressed if those who communicate with editors are no longer assured that the confidence reposed in them will in all circumstances be respected. The ordinary law of privilege has been formed mainly with reference to the position of the solicitor, who is not bound to divulge information, or to disclose documents obtained by him in performing his professional duties to a client. But good sense and the practice of honorable men have extended privilege further than the boundaries prescribed by the lawyer's books. Many a physician has received from patients communications which under no pressure would he reveal. Many a Roman Catholic priest—and probably not a few clergymen of other faiths—have been told secrets which they would not think of disclosing, so long as their silence did not further or conceal crime or fraud. It may be somewhat difficult to explain to a committee not acquainted with the conditions of production and working of a newspaper the necessity of respecting absolutely the confidence given to an editor by his correspondents.

A wholly different view was taken by other newspapers, such as the *Westminster Gazette* and the Manchester *Guardian*.

There could not, however, be any real dispute about the matter, unless things really differing were mixed up. All the difficulty arises from assuming editorial "privilege." There is no such thing. What does exist is editorial risk and editorial liability. If a newspaper is sued for flagrant libel, it is no defence for the editor to say that he was acting on private information which he could not reveal. He would have to give up the name of his informant, or else go to jail. That is precisely the alternative which confronted Mr. Kohlsaat in Chicago when his paper printed the new story of the Lorimer bribery fund. He took the risk of publishing it, and was quite ready to be imprisoned for contumacy in refusing to tell the source of his information. But the man himself promptly came forward, and Mr. Kohlsaat saved both his honor and his freedom. In his case we see the whole truth of the business in a nutshell. An editor will, of course, guard confidential communications. But if he publishes anything based upon them, and for it is called to answer either in court or before a Legislative or Congressional Committee, he knows that he must take the responsibility upon his own shoulders and, if necessary, go to jail for contempt. In that event, he will do so cheerfully, as facing one of the hazards of his *métier*, and will not pose as an injured man whose "privilege" has been violated.

If privilege could be maintained for newspapers it would next be claimed by barbers and waiters and brokers. This point was made before the Parliamentary Committee. Mr. Maxse had charged that Ministers had speculated in Marconi shares on the strength of official information. But suppose stock brokers were asked to testify; would they not say, with as good a right as Mr. Maxse, "Oh, this was given to me in confidence; it would be a breach of faith to disclose anything"? The thing for editors to keep in mind is not an absurd and impossible "privilege," but prudence, self-respect, honor. It is an extraordinary thing that the man who has come forward in England to stand up for what he calls the "honor of the profession" should be one who had just been shown to be guilty of the foulest and most baseless libels on men in public life. John Burns might overlook the "debased" American press for a moment and profitably give his attention to this moral phenomenon of English journalism.

UNIVERSITIES AND INTELLECT.

Thirty-seven years ago next autumn Johns Hopkins University was opened, upon an endowment estimated at less than $3,500,000. The other day, it was stated that the budget adopted by the trustees of Columbia University for the expenses of the coming academic year amounted to $3,450,000. The foundation of the University at Baltimore was widely acclaimed as an event of the highest importance and the most hopeful augury. Never before had the income of so large a fund been placed at the disposal of the trustees of any new American institution of learning; and the Johns Hopkins trustees had, in the choice of its president and in the announced plans of the institution, made it plain that their opportunity was to be profitably employed. The hope was entertained that the new university would be the means of introducing into America what had so long been vainly desired by scholars and scientists—the true university, in the European sense of the term. And that hope was not disappointed. The foundation of Johns Hopkins University marked the beginning of a distinctly new era in the history of higher education in America.

In compassing with what would now be regarded as small means so signal a result, there was one thing to which every effort was directed, every energy bent—the procuring of the highest possible quality in the professors. A small group of real intellectual leaders formed the nucleus of the faculty; and in adding to them younger men in the various departments the keenest interest was constantly maintained in the discovery of unusual talent or exceptional attainment. Those who were at the university in its early years testify unanimously to the extraordinary exhilaration and inspiration of the atmosphere thus created. The buildings were extremely modest, and in large part of a makeshift character, being old residences altered at slight expense; the warning given by Huxley, in his notable address at the opening, against putting into bricks and mortar what ought to be invested in brains, was rather by way of accentuating a policy already pursued than of advising its adoption. The revenue from the endowment proved to be even less than had been expected; much, it was felt, had to be done in the way of ordinary collegiate instruction to meet the needs of time and place; and if, with the means available for the distinctive purposes of the university, so great an impetus was given at Baltimore to the university idea in America, this must be ascribed, above all else, to the clear recognition of the prerogative of intellectual superiority as the one touchstone of university distinction.

The Columbia budget of $3,450,000 is typical of the present-day expenditures of our larger universities. That they accomplish great results, results of extensive and varied usefulness, no one

would deny. They cover a field much larger than that which formerly comprised the activities of our institutions of learning. They do much to promote civic enlightenment, and assist concretely in the solution of many problems of government. But we doubt whether any one would aver that the enormous enlargement of university expenditure has been attended with any such nourishment of high intellectual standards or ideals as might have been hoped. Indeed, many a man may be tempted to compare in this respect the big and rich universities of to-day with the struggling institutions of half a century ago to the decided disadvantage of the present. The roster of the Faculty becomes ever longer and longer; but how many of the names are such as it will thrill the students to recall thirty or forty years hence? There is always danger, in such matters, of the illusion of fond memory; the shining names of teachers under whom students were proud in after years to recall that they had sat were never very numerous. Still, it ought to be possible, out of the thick volume of professors' names in the catalogue of any of our leading universities, to single out a goodly list of those whose eminence is unmistakable and impressive, whose influence counts as a great intellectual or spiritual force, whose presence gives to the university significance and dignity, to the enjoyment of whose instruction or inspiration the student will look back in after years as a never-to-be-forgotten privilege. Some such there are; but, in comparison not merely with an ideal possibility, but with what is actually found in foreign universities, they are not many.

Beside this question, all matters of mere "management" are trivial. And it is for this reason, more than any other, that we have always regarded the magnifying of questions of administration in our American universities as so deplorable. To get men of real power into the professorships—that is the great problem. The question of salaries no doubt needs serious consideration; though even here the magnifying of administration adds to the difficulty, for a due recognition of the paramount importance of the professor would naturally tend to the making of such salaries as are needed to render professorships fairly attractive in a material sense. But important as this material side is, even more important are the less tangible elements that fix the character of the professorial life. These cannot be had, indeed, simply by taking thought; the slow growth of tradition, and the temper of the national life as a whole, are preponderating factors. But we may help the growth of the tradition; and we may modify the influence of the national temper on the subject, for better or worse. As far back as Tyndall's visit to this country, in the early seventies, the British scientist took occasion to exhort his American audiences to prevent the waste of scientific genius which he found going on here, as illustrated in the case of a Joseph Henry abandoning physical research for administrative duties. We must make the life of the scholar and scientist attractive not merely in point of salary, but in point of honor, of leisure, of sympathetic environment; and all other tasks of university presidents and university trustees are of small moment in comparison.

ON CLASSIC SOIL.

The Kaiser's feelings with regard to the Balkan War are not altogether the sentiments of the Kaiser's numerous professors of ancient history and classic philology. German scholars are, as a whole, good patriots. Oftentimes, in fact, German scholarship has been too patriotic and has wandered off into fantastic histories and ethnologies to bolster up Teutonic race-pride and the dreams of empire. Still, the Pan-Germanist does not always or altogether drive out the scholar. While the German War Office has been anxiously watching the progress of the Balkan allies as announcing the rise of a Slav Power in the Near East, inimical to German ambitions, many a German classicist, *ordinarius*, *extraordinarius*, or *privat dozent*, has probably been taking joy in the historic background against which the war has been fought. The cable dispatches bristle with names which carry the mind back 2,000 years and more to the time when Greeks and Romans and barbarians waged war in these places. And still further back the mind goes to the first traditions and mythologies whose homes were on the mountains and in the river valleys that are being daily spelled out—and sometimes erroneously—by the busy copy reader.

One need not even be a German professor to catch the thrill of that ancient world. It is sufficient to have made one's way through Professor Myers's Ancient History in preparation for the entrance examinations, to have struggled manfully through the thirty daily lines in the Iliad, to have memorized the dates for the Peloponnesian War, to have entered upon a mere bowing acquaintance with Alexander of Macedon, Cæsar, and Brutus. A Turkish army is now encamped on the plains of ancient Troy, in anticipation of a landing by the Greek forces. Can one blame the professor of classic philology at the University of Weissnichtwo, if, forgetting for the moment that his interest as a German subject demands the defeat of the Greeks by the Turks, he catches himself longing for a repetition of the good fight in which King Priam's Asiatic troops went down before King Agamemnon's men? Another Greek army is now in possession of Salonica, almost in the shadow of Mt. Olympus, whose radiant deities probably hold no appeal to the Slavicized, Saracenized, Normanized, and Wallachinized soldiers of the Greek Crown Prince, but do cast their magic spell on the bald and bespectacled scholar at Weissnichtwo. The Bulgarian cannon are at work on the banks of the Maritza, that River Hebrus whose shores echoed the magic notes of Orpheus's lyre, down whose waters floated the poet's dismembered body, a victim of the Thracian Mænads, frenzied practitioners of women's rites. The peninsula of Gallipoli is the Thracian Chersonesus. Not many miles from where Enver Bey's expeditionary force was routed and driven into the sea by the Bulgarians, Lysander and his Spartans rushed the Athenian fleet at Ægospotami, and the naval glory of the violet-crowned city was gone for ever.

Many of the old names have survived —Thrace, Macedonia, Rhodope, Bosphorus, Hellespont, and the entire galaxy of Ægean islands. Many of the names survive in mutilated form. Salonica is the Thessalonica of the Romans, with whose inhabitants Paul, the great letter-writer, was in active correspondence. The village of Filibijek is Philippi, another city whose interests Paul had close at heart, and not long

before his time the trysting place designated by Cæsar's vengeful ghost with Brutus. Scutari, where the Montenegrins are battling so desperately, is Scodra of the Illyrians, which succumbed to the Romans the same year that the Macedonian kingdom fell before them at Pydna. The river Struma is Strymon of the classic poets. Durazzo, which will be the principal port of the new Albania, is Dyrrhachium, and before that it was Epidamnus. Many great names have vanished altogether from the common eye, but the vision of the scholar at Weissnichtwo will have no difficulty in piercing beneath the Sea of Marmora to recall the Propontis, or in seeing beyond the Black Sea the Euxine on which Jason's ship fought its way to the golden East. The Argo had neither twin-turbines nor Ritz-Carlton restaurants, but its name in men's hearts will probably outlive the Lusitania.

Our professor of classic philology at Weissnichtwo, being only human, is not inaccessible to certain twinges of self-interest. He has read that the Balkan War is to have an effect on woman's fashions; the Parisian dressmakers have decreed the revival of the military style in walking gowns. Our professor finds himself wondering whether the Balkan War will not have its effect on college fashions, whether a revival of interest in that classic world which is so real to him is not among the possibilities of the time.

THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

Which one of the gospel scenes has been most prolific in art and in literature? Prolific, of course, not in the mere aggregate of written or pictorial work, but in variety of motif and treatment. The most learned of us might be at a loss for a confident answer. There is the Nativity proper, there is the Baptism, the Last Supper, Christ before Pilate, the Crucifixion, the Ascension, all themes which have inspired numberless writers and artists. Yet in breadth, in variety, in ingenuity of treatment, the Adoration of the Magi seems to me, after a careful study of Hugo Kehrer's recent work,* to head the list. A feeling of amazement, almost of awe, comes over me at thought of the contrast between the simple story in Matthew and the grand altar-painting by Rogier van der Weyden or the quaintly garrulous German legend of the fifteenth century.

To do justice to Kehrer's scholarship one should write three technical reviews: in comparative theology, in comparative literature, in comparative art. Within narrow limits I can proffer only a few salient points.

The King James version speaks of "wise men." This is a mere euphemism for the Greek-Latin "magi." The exact term is significant; from magus to magician is but a step. Throughout the entire history of the legend there is evidence that the mysterious visitors were regarded as wonder-workers, though only beneficent ones. Thus, St. Elizabeth of Schönau, in the twelfth century, invokes the aid of Melchior, Balthasar, and Caspar in her ailments. Especially against the mysterious disease epilepsy was their aid invoked.

How, then, did the magi become kings? Through the accretion of Isaiah lx, 6, and especially of Psalm lxxii, 10: "The Kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the Kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts." Thus, in the antiphonary usually ascribed to Gregory the Great, the verse from Matt. ii, 2: "We have seen his star in the east," is immediately preceded by the passage from Isaiah and immediately followed by the passage from the Psalm. So thoroughly accepted was the kingship of the magi that the Kings of France, England, and Burgundy were wont to appear in person at the Epiphany celebration and to offer gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. This symbolic act survived as late as Henry VII of England.

Matthew does not specify the number of magi. Prior to the fourth century we note frescoes with two worshippers or with four. On the black marble vase, about 300 A. D., in the Kircherianum at Rome, are two groups of three figures each, six in all. We are to bear in mind that in plastic art even numbers are easier to group. From the fourth century on the number became fixed at three. This fixing was due primarily to a strict interpretation of the three gifts, each of which presupposes an individual giver. Possibly, also, the doctrine of the Trinity played a part, and a desire to give a representative to each of the then known three continents.

In the full development of the legend the magi-kings have names, Melchior, Balthasar, Caspar, and their ages are kept different. Melchior is an old man, Caspar a beardless youth, Balthasar a full-bearded man of middle age. This difference in age is doubtless a mere invention of popular fancy; it is more graphic, more picturesque. But the names, what is their origin? Passing over the "Collectanea et Flores," once attributed to Bede, but assuredly not by him, and written much later, Kehrer finds the earliest record in the "Excerpta Latina Barbari," a crude translation—by a Merowing monk of the sixth century—from an Alexandrian Greek monkish chronicle of about 500 A. D. In these Excerpts the names are Bithisarea, Melichior, Gathaspa. Evidently, they are corruptions of Greek forms; one may indeed expect anything from a translator who renders Παῖδες Κασάνδρου by *pedes Casandrus!* Melchior is the Greek transliteration of a Hebrew name meaning "god of light." Bithisar, properly Baltasar, points to Belteshassar, the Chaldee name given to the Hebrew prophet in Daniel i, 7. The third name is more puzzling. Kehrer favors the explanation that Gathaspa is the mutilation of Godaphar, for Gundaphara, in Greek writing Γουνδαφόρος, the name of a king in northwestern India in the first century. Gundaphorus was an actual, not a mythical, king; his name occurs in inscriptions and on coins. His fabulous conversion to Christianity, however, forms the substance of one of the chapters in the apocryphal Acts of Thomas.

That the magi-kings did not travel to Palestine afoot is a safe inference, though Matthew is silent. In pictorial art they are usually riding on horses; sometimes, however, dromedaries or camels are introduced. This is not surprising in view of "the multitude of camels" and dromedaries in Isaiah lx, 6. In proportion as Christian art became more Occidental, more chivalric I might say, the horses became kingly chargers. This is strikingly manifest in a psalter in the royal print-cabinet at Berlin. To the left the kings approach on prancing steeds; to the left, but without any line of demarcation, the three dismounted confront the sitting Mother and Child.

In Germany the magi are popularly known as the Three Kings of Cologne. An unsophisticated English reader might well ask what connection there can be between Cologne and Bethlehem. The only historical evidence in our possession is this: In the year 1158, in Milan, were unearthed three sarcophagi, popularly supposed to contain the remains of the three kings, which had been brought to Milan from Constantinople by Eustorgius, a Greek bishop of Milan, in the fourth or in the sixth century. When, in 1162, Milan was surrendered to Frederick Barbarossa, the Emperor gave the sarcophagi to Reinald von Dassel, chancellor and archbishop of Cologne, who in 1164 transferred them to Cologne. They are now in a special chapel of the great cathedral. But how the remains got to Constantinople—tradition reports that the Empress Helen, mother of Constantine, deposited them in St. Sophia—and how they got from Constantinople to Milan, to all such questions there is no answer.

In the calendar the Adoration is celebrated on the sixth of January, Epiph-

Die Heiligen Drei Könige in Literatur und Kunst. Von Hugo Kehrer. Band I, Literarischer Teil; Band II, Kunstgeschichtlicher Teil. Leipzig: Seemann.

any. The Nativity, December 25, is, of course, a separate feast, and in the earlier Christian period the two were carefully distinguished. But later, both in art and in literature, the disposition grew stronger and stronger to amalgamate the two, at least in the sense that the Adoration absorbed certain features of the Nativity. In other words, the Matthew story borrowed certain incidents of the Luke story. In Luke we read of the apparition of the angels to the shepherds and of the shepherds visiting the child in the manger. Matthew does not represent the magi as worshipping Christ in a manger; rather in a "house." But later Christian art and literature do offer the combination. Thus, in Rogier's painting we see Mother and Child seated in a stable-like building, on their right an ox and an ass. To the question, Whence the two animals? the answer is easy enough; they are apocryphal. Pseudo-Matthew, ch. xiv, says:

> The most blessed Mary . . . put her child in a manger, and the ox and the ass adored Him. Then was fulfilled that which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, who said, The ox doth know his owner, and the ass his master's crib. (See Isaiah i, 3.)

In a curious fourth-century sarcophagus relief in the Lateran Museum the child is not in the mother's lap, but lies in a basket over which stand the ox and the ass; behind these stand three magi, followed by a camel heavily laden. The mother is seated; but between her and the crib stands a shepherd. In another Lateran sarcophagus, also of the fourth century, there are two separate reliefs. One represents the child in the crib, over which lean the ox and the ass; the other represents three magi bringing gifts to the child seated in the mother's lap. In the background are the heads of three camels.

In vernacular literature the Adoration-theme did not at first spread rapidly. Old English poetry does not mention it, although we might have expected an allusion at least in Cynewulf's "Christ." Old German, however, is better off. The author of the "Heliand" tells of the star, *cunningstero*, and of the kings, *threa thegnos snello*. Also Otfrid tells of the magi, *thie uuisun man*. In the twelfth century Wernher of Tegernsee tells of the three Kings of Chaldea and their dromedaries. Also French poetry of the twelfth century introduces the story. Yet the chief literary impulse came from the Latin liturgical drama. By "liturgical drama" I do not imply that such dramatic movements, even in their earliest forms, were ever an integral part of the service. They were merely an outgrowth of the liturgy, acted in connection with it and acted by priests or other ecclesiastics. They were, in essence, "tropes," that is, expansions of a liturgical verse.

The best example is also the earliest. It is an Epiphany festival at the Church of St. Martin, Limoges, in the eleventh century. After the choir has sung the offertory, three clerics, attired in silk and wearing golden crowns and carrying golden beakers, enter by the main choir portal and sing the story of the three kings and the star. Each king in turn interprets his gift: gold, or frankincense, or myrrh. They greet the star, a light hanging by a chord, with the Epiphany antiphon: *Hoc est signum magni regis.* They then lay their offerings, the three beakers, upon the main altar. Thereupon a choir-boy, behind the altar, sings as angel the Nativity message: *Nuntium vobis fero de supernis, Natus est Christus dominator orbis, in Bethlehem Judæa; sic enim propheta dixerat ante.* The reader will note the blending of the two gospels.

In simple dignity this dramatic movement of Limoges is a worthy counterpart of the more celebrated Easter movement, *Quem quæritis in sepulchro*, which is justly regarded as the beginning of our mediæval drama. The simple three-kings drama, however, rapidly expanded until it became what is called a cyclical drama, presenting not only the Adoration and the Nativity, with the shepherds, but also Herod and the Innocents, and even distinctly apocryphal elements, *c. g.*, the *obstetrices* Zelomi and Salome mentioned in Pseudo-Matthew and the Gospel of James. Still later the three-kings drama was secularized, that is, withdrawn from the church building and service and written and acted in the vernacular. Thus it became a part of the general religious drama of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; it ceased to be a religious function and became a quasi-religious spectacle.

One feature of this secularization calls for special mention, namely, the disposition to represent the youngest of the kings, Caspar, as a Moor, that is, a negro, and to give him a more or less humorous cast. In fact, the German name Kasper, Kasperle, has long been a nickname for a person who makes himself ridiculous in one way or another. Thus the reverend magus has joined the company of Noah the patriarch and Herod the grim tyrant. In Mabuse's painting he is a full-blooded negro, but without suggestion of humor.

The theological features of the Adoration-story have been treated by Kehrer at great length; especially the relation between Nativity and Epiphany. That the story of the magi and the mysterious star is an interpolation, an Oriental myth or legend, will be readily admitted by all who are not slaves of the letter. To begin with, the star points to the remoter Orient, to Mesopotamia and Persia. The magi represent priests of Mithras, god of the sun, the composition of the legend reflects the establishment of the Mithras cult in the Hellenistic Roman world about 100 A. D. Possibly, the journey of the magi may be a dim echo of the tributary journey of Tiridates, King of Parthia, to the Emperor Nero, in 66 A. D. At any rate, the second chapter of Matthew is an attempt on the part of Christianity to adjust itself to a formidable Mithras cult; in fact, to overcome by assimilating. Church history is full of such adjustments. The language of Matthew is highly descriptive: "They fell down and worshipped him," a fair rendering of πεσόντες προσεκύνησαν αὐτῷ. So the magi *prostrate* themselves. Now, it is highly significant that the earliest Christian art does not depict the magi as prostrate. The earliest catacomb fresco, from the beginning of the third century, depicts two youngish men standing one on each side of the seated mother. Another catacomb fresco, from the end of the third century, depicts four men, two on a side, all standing. The Kircherianum marble vase, about 300 A. D., depicts six standing figures, three on a side. Clearly, then, nascent Christian art did not attempt προσκύνησις. The explanation is that Christian art followed the usage of pagan art, and depicted the magi in the attitude of Mithras priests bringing gifts to their god. In such offerings the priest stands, for the giving is free, spontaneous; whereas prostration is servile, is a sign of defeat, the attitude of the conquered towards the conqueror. On this point we need only contrast the three priests standing before their sun-god (on a Babylonian cylinder), or the Heddernheimer Mithras relief, with the Theodosian obelisk (Constantinople), on which we see conquered barbarians kneeling and offering war-tribute to the Emperor.

To one unfamiliar with the evolution of Catholic doctrine, the prominence of Epiphany will be puzzling. Certainly to most Protestants the mere adoration of unknown magi must have less significance than the actual birth of Christ. Yet the Epiphany rite is justified, both in logic and in psychology. The Eastern church always kept it in the foreground; yet to the Western church belongs the credit of its full justification. And in speaking of the Western church one should always have in mind Augustine. The bishop of Hippo it was whose unerring instinct and clear vision fastened upon the essentials of every question and formulated them for coming generations. Augustine's doctrine is to be found in his sermon on the Epiphany:

> This festival, which we celebrate to-day, my brethren, is called Epiphany, that is, Apparition or Manifestation, because on it Christ was manifested, under the guidance of the star, to the Gentiles, and on this day was baptized by John, and on this day, by the power of God, turned the water into wine.

In other words, the magi *symbolized the Gentiles*, and Christ's manifestation to them, rather than his mere incarnation, is the main thing; his baptism is the dedication to this *world-mission;* his first miracle is the *evidence* of divine consecration. No doctrine could be formulated more succinctly yet more comprehensively.

Many other issues are touched upon by Kehrer. Yet I must pass them over for want of space. Still less can I afford to discuss with him points on which there might be some difference of opinion. In one place only have I detected what seems to be an obvious error. In Volume I, p. 49, he remarks that the diminutive 'Fanny, for Epiphany, is common folk-usage in England. There is no such form cited in the Oxford Dictionary or in the Dialect Dictionary. Such clipping would be contrary to the phonology of our folk-speech. Epiphany could yield only 'Piphany, or 'Piffany, in analogy with 'pistle, 'postle. Volume II is a monumental specimen of iconography. Apart from the Rogier frontispiece, there are 348 text-illustrations, ranging in size from medallion to half-page, and even full-page. For the work as a whole one can scarcely render adequate thanks to author and to publisher.

In taking leave of the Adoration, I venture upon one general remark. We hear much at the present day of "comparative literature," yet no one seems able to define the term. Certainly I have not the courage for a definition. Yet Kehrer's work seems to me an admirable exhibition of the thing itself. Starting with the simplest conceivable theme, the author leads his reader century by century through the ramifications of literature and art and makes him see, almost feel, the theme growing from generation to generation. The reader journeys from Orient to Occident and back again, meeting on the way pagan priests and Christian priests and even popes. And when the reader closes at the last page he knows that he has mastered a mighty chapter in the world's history. This, I judge, is real comparative literature. J. M. Hart.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

New volumes of Mr. Charles Evans's "American Bibliography" continue to come steadily from the press, Vol. VII, covering the books of four years only, 1786 to 1789 inclusive, having just been delivered to subscribers. The total number of items described thus far is 22,298, of which 2,849 are issues of these four years and are included in the present volume. All seventeenth-century North American imprints are without exception of value and interest to the collector, as are many of the issues of the earlier years of the eighteenth century. But as we approach more recent dates, with the number of printers and the output of their presses increasing so rapidly, the comparative value and interest of the books decrease. The number of collectors' books of great value described in the present volume are very few, the first New York Directory (1786) being the only one which could be put in the first class. And we may here note that, though the Hoe copy of this little book brought $2,275 at auction in 1911, Mr. Evans gives the "auction value" of the book as $100! In the few cases in which auction values are given, the records are generally those of thirty years or so ago. It is as well, perhaps, that in most cases this column has been left unfilled.

The list of editions of the Constitution given by Mr. Evans is the longest, we believe, ever compiled. It contains some fourteen editions of 1787 which were not known to Paul Leicester Ford when he compiled his "Bibliography of the Constitution" in 1896. The Constitution in its first printed form was on seven leaves, printed on one side only. It represented the conclusions of the "committee of five" brought in on August 6, 1787. Instead of the familiar "We, the People of the United States," the preamble reads: "We the People of the States of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, Connecticut, New-York, New-Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, North-Carolina, South-Carolina, and Georgia, do ordain, declare, and establish the following Constitution for the government of ourselves and our posterity." Only a few copies (probably sixty) were printed for the use of members of the Convention.

The second printing, being the document as brought in by "the committee on style and arrangement" on September 13, has the final preamble, with the exception of a single word. It reads: "union, to establish justice," the "to" being struck out later.

After its adoption by the Convention, the Constitution was promptly reprinted, either as a folio sheet of one or two leaves, or as a small pamphlet, generally of eight leaves, by various enterprising printers throughout the country. Official editions, for the use of the members of the State conventions, were printed by some of the States. Folio, or broadside, editions were within a few months printed in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Providence, New Haven, Portsmouth, N. H.; Carlisle, Pa.; Norfolk, Va., and Alexandria, Va. Pamphlet editions were printed in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Hartford, Richmond, Poughkeepsie, and New Brunswick, N. J. Two editions in Dutch were printed in Albany and one in German in Frederickstown, Md.

An increasing number of newspapers made their appearance during the period covered by this volume, and in many cases Mr. Evans has given us interesting information about them, which, as it is in a comparatively new field, could not have been easily come by.

Of the eighteenth annual volume of "American Book-Prices Current" (Dodd & Livingston), 540 copies have been printed. The edition is kept down to virtually the number of advance subscribers, and recent volumes have been out of print almost upon publication. This is a compilation which is of little or no use to the ordinary reader, but which the buyer of out-of-print books, whether he be collector, agent, or librarian, keeps constantly within reach of his hand. The present volume, covering the season of 1911 and 1912, contains records of sales of 15,471 lots. The bulk of the volume is made up of records of the second and third Hoe sales. It is unfortunate that the records of the sale of this great library should be distributed throughout three volumes of the "Prices Current."

The series of articles by J. H. Hessels which have appeared at intervals during the last three years in the English monthly, the *Library*, have now been reprinted as a volume, with the title, "The Gutenberg Fiction: A Critical Examination of the Documents Relating to Gutenberg, Showing that He Was Not the Inventor of Printing." Mr. Hessels has been a frequent writer on the Gutenberg question; in 1882 he published "Gutenberg: Was He the Inventor of Printing?" and, in 1887, "Haarlem: The Birthplace of Printing, Not Mentz." He is easily the greatest living exponent of the Coster legend, so-called, and the chief opponent of the claims that printing with movable types was invented, or first practiced, by John Gutenberg. It is hard to believe that the eminent Dr. Karl Dziatzko, Gottfried Zedler, Dr. Paul Schwenke, and other German bibliographers, who during the last quarter-century have been making such minute studies of every scrap of early printing, have been so influenced by patriotism as emphatically to acknowledge the claims of Gutenberg and Mentz against the evidence. No one can pass understandingly upon Mr. Hessels's statements without first going over the work of the German students. We leave his book to the consideration of the specialists, only saying that here is a good presentation of the other side of the question. Mr. Hessels will have to make many more converts before the honors which have been piled upon John Gutenberg are stripped from his shoulders.

The list of broadsides and books from the Gutenberg types, which was drawn up from Schwenke and other German bibliographers, and which fills pages 82 to 96, is, we believe, the most extensive so far printed in any English book. The volume, 230 pages, has apparently been printed from the types of the *Library* at different times, as it is on at least three different kinds of paper. It is published in London by Alexander Moring.

Correspondence

PROGRESSIVES AND REPUBLICANS IN MICHIGAN.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to an editorial paragraph in the issue of the *Nation* of February 20, in which you say:

A State that gave the Roosevelt electors a plurality of 60,000 last November would seem to be one that was particularly without excuse for harboring any dickering or deals between the saints and sinners, yet Michigan actually leads the way in a reuniting of the Republicans and the Progressives. The latter made the platform, which is so mediæval as to except judges from its proposal for the adoption of the recall, and the former have the satisfaction of marching under the same old banner which, up to June 18 last year, even the Colonel held sacred. This unholy alliance proves that, however it may be in New York, former Chairman Hotchkiss's recent statement at Albany is not of universal application. The Progressive leader

remarked: "I am safe in saying that the Progressives would not enter the same room with the Republican leaders." He, or at least his chief, will be constrained to revise this assertion, however, when they give due consideration to the battle-cry of the Michigan Republicans. "Get together and fight the Democrats" was the heaven-sent word that dispelled all anger and threw brother once more into brother's arms.

There is and was absolutely no justification in fact for such a statement. I have taken the trouble to examine in a number of newspapers the press reports of both the Republican and the Progressive State Conventions of Michigan. They were held on separate dates, one week apart. Approximately 1,000 delegates attended the Progressive Convention, which was held at Battle Creek—a larger number than attended the Republican Convention, which was held at Lansing.

The Republican Convention was held on February 11. Previous to the assembling of the delegates there had been a good deal of newspaper talk of strife between the regular and the so-called "progressive" Republican factions. It was a strife entirely within the party and had no reference whatever to or connection with the Progressive party. Certain members of the Republican party in Michigan, as elsewhere, are merely seeking to procure political benefit to themselves by calling themselves "progressives," while they in fact continue to act with the hide-bound reactionary Republican party. It is a palpable hypocritical pretence for political revenue only and is not entitled to credit or trust from straightforward persons anywhere.

In full accord with their previous performances, many Republican and other reactionary newspapers in their reports of the Republican State Convention in Michigan contrived to create the impression, chiefly through headlines, that there had been a readjustment between the Progressives and the Republicans.

The Progressive State Convention was held at Battle Creek on February 18. It was marked by harmony and enthusiasm throughout. It nominated candidates for the nine State offices to be filled at the spring election, adopted a platform, and adopted rules for party procedure in Michigan aimed at making the party at all times responsive to the will of the voters themselves. In a few minutes of one session devoted to providing funds for the campaign, more than $4,000 was subscribed for that purpose.

These facts show the entire lack of foundation for your editorial quoted above.

O. K. Davis,
Secretary of the Progressive National Committee.

Washington, D. C., March 7.

[Both the news dispatches printed in the New York papers and the comment in the Michigan press were such as to produce a confusion between the Progressives and the progressive faction of the Republican party. We are glad to print this authoritative correction.—Ed. Nation.]

ALLEGORY IN THE "VITA NUOVA."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The theory that Dante's "Vita Nuova" is an allegory of some sort is remarkably tenacious of life. It is no kitten, but a battle-scarred veteran of defeats, with many lives, whose nature it is to come back. "Many," indeed, have not only "suspected allegorical intent in the 'New Life,'" (to quote the article by Professor Fletcher in the *Nation* of January 30), but have valiantly struggled to prove it. In recent times its most able advocate has been E. V. Zappia in his "Studi sulla Vita Nuova di Dante" (Rome, 1904), a book to which Michele Barbi devoted more than eighteen pages of destructive criticism in the *Bullettino d. Società Dantesca* (XII, 204 ss.).

One gathers the misleading impression that the theory proposed has some novelty in that the reality of Beatrice is not denied; but that was also the position of H. Cochin in the Introduction to his translation of the "Vita Nuova" (Paris, 1908), and he also held, as does Mr. Fletcher, that the "gentle lady" of §36 is a symbol of "active life." Cochin's theory has been gently disposed of by Francesco Flamini in the *Rassegna Bibliografica* (XVII, 6-13).

The objections to his theory, which are raised by Mr. Fletcher himself, in order to destroy them, are easily overcome. Of a very different constitution are those made by Barbi and Flamini, which he does not mention.

Aside from the plausibility of the allegory proposed—which is the main argument—positive arguments favoring the theory are: First, that the religious cult of a mortal woman is impossible in Dante, because of his scholastic training. This contention has been effectively answered by Professor Wilkins (*Nation*, February 13), who points out that the worship of an idealized woman is not only a Provençal and Sicilian tradition, but is exemplified in that poem of Guinicelli, the confessed master of Dante, which is directly referred to in the "Vita Nuova." It is true that the interpretation based on Casini's imperfect text, which Mr. Wilkins adopts, is open to criticism, but that does not affect his reasoning.

Secondly, Mr. Fletcher reminds us that Dante says in the "Convivio," which is an allegorical work, that he does not intend, by the different manner of this book, to throw any slight upon the "Vita Nuova," but to "strengthen it" ("giovare"). The passage in question should, however, be taken in connection with the latter part of the same sentence: "seeing that the former [the 'Vita Nuova'] must reasonably be fervid and passionate, the latter [the 'Convivio'] temperate and virile." And the poet continues explaining that the "Vita Nuova" was written during his adolescence, and that what is suitable to one age is unsuitable to another. The "Convivio," as he had planned it, was to be a monumental work of adult reason, and so could not but add dignity to a small, youthful, unallegorical work by the same author; it would, in fact, confirm what he had said at the beginning of the latter book, that at no time had love ruled him "without the faithful counsel of reason."

But the true test of the credibility of the allegory lies, we are told, in its plausibility, and accordingly it is explained that Beatrice symbolizes blessedness, earthly while she is on earth, heavenly after her death. To the possession of first one and then the other kind of blessedness, Dante is led by love, which symbolizes "holy love or charity towards men and God," in spite of "those pleasing ladies, screens of his blessed lady," who are symbols of earthly pleasures, and lastly in spite of the "consoling lady" (the "gentil donna" of section 36) who represents "active life."

The degree of plausibility claimed by the "allegorist" must be left to the judgment of the reader, but as one reads this interpretation, which lies so close to the evident, literal meaning of the story, a doubt arises as to whether Mr. Fletcher has not after all confused allegory with idealization, especially as he has already called Cavalcanti's scientific treatise on love "an allegorical ode"! Nevertheless, if Beatrice, love, the ladies of the screen, and the "gentle lady" are symbols of something else, he must mean real allegory, threadbare though it may be.

No theory of allegory, however, can be established until many questions asked years ago have first been answered. Some of them are as follows: In the "Convivio" the "gentle lady" is declared to have been an allegorical figure representing philosophy, but nothing is said as to an allegorical meaning of Beatrice, who, in this work, takes a secondary place. Are heavenly and earthly blessedness inferior to philosophy? If the "Vita Nuova" is an allegory representing Dante led to the possession of earthly blessedness, and Beatrice a symbol of earthly (as well as heavenly) blessedness, should not Dante, at some time in the story, possess Beatrice? If the work were an allegory, would Dante devote so much space in section 25 to defending himself for having personified love? Lastly, is it not Dante's doctrine (Conv. II, 1) that the literal sense of an allegory is an artistic fiction, and if so, how could real events be used by him as the literal sense of an allegorical narrative?

This is not the place for detailed argument, but it seems to me that the ghost of allegory in the "Vita Nuova" ought not to be allowed to walk again, or, if it be, its past record should be cleared, so that it may appear as a respectable spook with good references.

J. E. Shaw.

Johns Hopkins University, February 27.

PHONETIC SPELLING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The following letter, received by the College of Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin, may interest your readers. Not unnaturally, it was at first regarded as having been written in some strange European dialect, and was passed on to my polyglot colleague, Professor Prokosch, who takes the writer to be a Czech living among German-American farmers. I transcribe literally:

juplis Sintmi lidlbet som kajn sit cum trajn tobaku sit Cebic sit Anjens sit tomitos sit bic sit persin sit klober sit svit Corn sit Begi sit Flat tenap sit Cjun Cumbrist sit.

jer (?) Trulli
Anton Roth
Black River Falls
R 7 Viss

The translation offers only slight difficulties as soon as one has grasped the fact that the letter is supposed to be English, transliterated by means of European vowels:

You please send me little bit some kinds seed can try [*i. e.*, for instance, perhaps] tobacco seed cabbage seed onion seed tomato seed beet seed parsnip seed clover seed sweet corn seed [ruta] baga seed flat turnip seed cucumber seed yours [the only word illegibly written, perhaps indicating, as Professor Prokosch suggests, that in this case he was willing to admit a little uncertainty about his English!] truly.

Phonetically interesting are "trajn" and "cjun," in both of which the *n* represents his attempt to convey the strong nasal of the American pronunciation; further, "lidl," as it is frequently spoken in these parts, "bet" for *bit*, because our *i* is open, and "Begi" for *baga*, also an unfamiliar sound to him. B. Q. MORGAN.

University of Wisconsin, March 6.

"NEVER LESS ALONE THAN WHEN ALONE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. Lane Cooper, in *Modern Language Notes* (26, 7, 232), quotes Cowley to the effect that the thought expressed in the line quoted above was "now become a very vulgar saying," and "every Man and almost every Boy for these seventeen hundred years, has had it in his mouth." Such being the case, it is no surprise to find that Shakespeare has the thought clearly in mind in the first quarto version of "Romeo and Juliet" (1, i, 134):

I, measuring his affections by my own,
That most are busied, when they're most alone,
. . . . . .
Pursued my humour. . . .

The same apothegm is at the bottom of a much-discussed passage in the "Tempest" (III, i, 17):

I forget:
But these sweet thoughts, doe euen refresh my labours,
Most busie lest [=least], when I doe it.

As Dr. Furness pointed out, this passage staggers under a heavier weight of comment than any other in Shakespeare. Yet Ache (*Notes and Queries*, 1S, III, 229) is the one among the interpreters of this passage to connect the thought of the italicized line with Cicero's words (De Off., 3, 1), "numquam se minus otiosum esse quam quum otiosus, nec minus solum quam quum solus esset." Evidently, what is not clear in this passage to our day, was obvious to Cowley's age with its knowledge of the "vulgar saying" quoted above. No word of explanation was needed then to make clear that Ferdinand's "sweet thoughts" were so engrossing, that when he appeared least busy, he was in reality most busy.

Further evidence of the popularity of this apothegm is found in "A Cure for a Cuckold," (I, i, p. 290, Dyce Edition of J. Webster), where it is quoted:

I have heard some say,
Men are ne'er less alone than when alone,
Such power hath meditation.

M. P. TILLEY.

University of Michigan, March 5.

A FRIEND OF THACKERAY'S.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have in my possession a manuscript letter of Thackeray, which has no address or date. It begins as follows:

You got Sporus's letter from the Reform Club last night? He received your gilded volumes this morning. He has 2 on 'em now. I also think I perceive likenesses of myself in the Standard Footman, in Sir Oswald Moody, in the Plausible Man, in Felix Flutter, and the Link boy. Cruel woman! Why do you take off our likenesses in that way?

There is more of the letter, but nothing to show to whom it was written. It is signed: "Yours with a considerable sincerity, W. M. T."

Who is the authoress, a friend of Thackeray, who wrote of the "Standard Footman," "Sir Oswald Moody," "Felix Flutter," etc ?

Lady Ritchie, who has seen her father's letter, does not know; and so far all efforts to determine the person have been futile. Can any of your readers throw light on the subject? THOMAS M. OSBORNE.

Auburn, N. Y., March 8.

Literature

GEORGE GISSING.

The Private Life of Henry Maitland. By Morley Roberts. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

George Gissing: A Critical Study. By Frank Swinnerton. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. $2.50 net.

Unfortunate in his life, it seems as if Gissing were destined to be unfortunate also in death. His friends and quasi-friends have taken pains to let us know that there is a certain amount of error, if not downright humbug, in the legend of his extreme poverty, at least after his first years in London. But in all conscience there remains enough of hardship in his career, for much of which he was no doubt responsible in a way, to exact pity from the most unfeeling. Nor will this feeling be diminished by the patronizing and unsavory biography just published by Mr. Roberts under the thin disguise of fiction. There is no attempt to conceal the fact that "Henry Maitland" is George Gissing, and other persons, some of them, like Mr. H. G. Wells, still living, are plainly indicated under their false names. The procedure is a bit offensive. If Mr. Roberts could not relate the facts as frank biography, he should have kept silence; to approach them in this oblique fashion gives the impression that he is ashamed of the man whose friend he proclaims himself to be. The fame of Gissing suffers from the fact that some of his best novels are out of print and extremely difficult to obtain. It seems unnecessary that his personal reputation should also suffer from distortion.

Mr. Roberts was for a number of years the most intimate acquaintance of Gissing in London, and it may be assumed that the broad outlines of his narrative are substantially correct, although in one important matter there is at least a conflicting tradition. According to Mr. Roberts, who was at school with Gissing, the latter became entangled with a girl of the street, stole money from the coat-room of the school, was caught, and sent to jail for three months, and, on release, married the girl. The story in the main is true, and has been known to a number of people, but some of those who have a right to speak on the subject give a different color to the motives, maintaining that Gissing, then a young and ardent idealist, was led to pilfer for the girl for the purest reasons of charity. The story is distressing under any form, and there is no reason in the world, save a novelist's prurient conscience, why it should ever have been made public. From that mishap flowed most of the misery of Gissing's life, and much, no doubt, of his estrangement from society. He could not after a while live with the woman, who became a besotted drunkard, but until her death he cared for her at a great sacrifice. If he erred, he nobly atoned.

It is unnecessary to follow the events of Gissing's career as they are unfolded by Mr. Roberts. But of his mind and character a word must be said. He is represented as utterly unpractical, and this weakness cannot be denied. But other friends, since Mr. Roberts's revelations, have stepped forward to say that, though the portrait is in a certain sense accurately drawn, it nevertheless gives in the end a false impression. Gissing comes out of the ordeal of his friend's analysis, a weakling, rather repulsive in his intellectual snobbishness, rather unclean in his habits; we have reason to believe he was none of these things, though he was undoubtedly erratic.

So, too, the biography shows us a literary man, toiling at his desk eight or nine hours a day; and we hear Mr. Roberts complain that, because he cannot work in that way, therefore Gissing "had no earthly business to be writing novels and spinning things largely out of his subjective mind, when he ought to have been dealing with the objective world, or with books." No doubt Gissing was an exacting worker; but so was Balzac, yet we do not hear the French writer criticised therefor, as not "dealing with the objective world." Furthermore, such days of long labor at the desk were broken by intervals of different kinds of activity. Gissing, for one thing, was a lover of books, and among the best-read men in the classics in the history of English letters; he was one of the men to whom the British Museum was a second home. But he read the world also. He had the seeing eye

and the understanding brain, and, though some phases of society were unknown to him, he had passed through strange and deep personal experiences, and, altogether, he had probably more direct acquaintance with "life," in the sense in which Mr. Roberts's school uses that mystic word, than had Thackeray.

Again, in "Henry Maitland" we see Gissing in his hilarious rhapsodies over Greek metres, and here the biographer is at his best—but why the slurring comment: "Anything which broke up his little semi-classic universe, the literary hut which he had built for himself as a shelter from the pitiless storm of cosmic influences, made him angry and uncasy for days and weeks"? The fact is—and this impression which one may get from Gissing's books is confirmed by the report of various people who had personal knowledge of the man—the intellectual temperament of Mr. Roberts is so radically different from Gissing's that the friendship between the two men must have been always intellectually and morally superficial. We are warned against "The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft" as a misleading picture of the writer. That book, written in Gissing's later years, somewhat idealizes, or rather misrepresents by selection, the trials of the earlier London days, but in the more essential things, in its portrayal of the author's mental and artistic moods and processes, it is amply veracious, and a far safer characterization to read than "The Private Life of Henry Maitland."

Something of the same sort must be said of Mr. Swinnerton's critical study. Let it be admitted at the outset and emphatically that Mr. Swinnerton is no commonplace writer, and that his pages contain many clever *aperçus* and many penetrating literary distinctions. We must insist also that whatever reservation we have in our admiration of his treatise is not due to the fact that his criticism follows the judicial rather than the sympathetic method.

The gist of Mr. Swinnerton's criticism comes about to this: Here is a powerful and distinguished writer, but I do not like him. Naturally, Mr. Swinnerton merely hints here and there at the elements in Gissing's work which give it power and distinction, and tells us with a good deal of repetition why he does not approve of that work. The counts of the charge are found in these scattered utterances:

> He [Gissing] was an essayist, a writer upon moral themes; and he began to write novels (p. 36).
>
> It was ambition—at conflict with itself, often varying, never defined by any instinct other than that of feverish application—that poisoned Gissing's life (p. 39).
>
> In the books about the lower classes there is a lack of knowledge, due to his own temperamental lack of sympathy with the life he is describing (p. 45).
>
> If we compare such an attitude with that of a supreme novelist of our time, Mr. Arnold Bennett, who is continually, as he expresses it, "savoring life," we shall see how little of the modern spirit of inquiry into phenomena Gissing possessed. He was, according to Mr. Morley Roberts, "an inverted idealist. He looks back" (p. 84).
>
> His imagination had been stultified by much reading, and his experience was so small and so shrinking as to bo useless when it stood up to his ambitions (p. 114).

Now, one of these charges, repeated from Mr. Roberts, we may again repudiate as simply contrary to facts. Gissing's experience of life was indeed limited—what novelist's is not?—but by his own errors and by what he endured with his first wife, and to a less extent with his second wife, he had probably a deeper and more immediate knowledge of the "underworld" than any other distinguished novelist of England; yet it is in just those stories of "the lower classes" that Mr. Swinnerton again and again finds "lack of knowledge." As for saying his imagination was stultified by reading, that is merely a judgment born from the conceit of an unreading generation. By the same token we should find stultification in Dante and Spenser and Milton and Goethe and others of the great creators and interpreters of life.

By looking beneath the surface of Mr. Swinnerton's criticism, we find that his discontent—and the discontent of Mr. Roberts and others of their class—springs from certain fundamental limitations of the critic. In the first place, so far at least as we may judge from this book, he has no sense of the sheer charm of good writing. You may read through his pages without becoming acquainted with the fact that Gissing possessed one of the finest, purest, simplest, most sinuous styles of the later nineteenth century. Gissing's English in itself ought to give pleasure to those who can savor good craftsmanship. That Mr. Swinnerton apparently misses this savor, is due to a defect in his training or temperament. But his profounder divergence from Gissing is of another sort. Gissing carries in his imagination a large brooding sense of antiquity; his concern with the past is not displayed by pedantic allusions, but it colors and governs his whole emotional attitude towards the present. Mr. Swinnerton is a modernist quite cut off from this source of Gissing's inner emotional life. He therefore finds Gissing for the most part failing in sympathetic emotion. Gissing wrote of the underworld with a passionate understanding of its tragic and, at times, idyllic aspects, with alternating disgust and compassion for the life he knew, but with unfailing sense of personal responsibility and no tincture of the modern humanitarian confusion of the individual and the mass. Again, to a critic like Mr. Swinnerton he simply spoke from a world of unknown moral and artistic perceptions.

Some irritation is justifiable at the peculiar tone of Mr. Roberts and Mr. Swinnerton towards a novelist who has had more than his portion of adversity. But no sane admirer of Gissing would, on the other hand, wish to see him set critically beside the very greatest novelists; it is possible to appreciate and enjoy his work—or, if not enjoy, at least feel its veracity and power—without undue exaggeration. To the present writer Gissing seems likely in the end to take a place by the side of Hardy and above Meredith, but never by the side of Fielding or Thackeray or Dickens. He will miss that highest place, not because he read Roman history, or was greatly ambitious, or toiled at his desk, or was without the peculiar emotion of the modern sentimentalist, but for the good and simple reason that his genius was not quite of the highest order.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Frontiers of the Heart. By Victor Margueritte. Translated by Frederic Lees. New York: F. A. Stokes & Co.

The conflict between love and patriotism had been a favorite theme in our post-bellum fiction. A reader whose knowledge of the Civil War period was based entirely on novels might be led to suppose that a considerable proportion of the younger and handsomer officers in the Union army fell in love with fair rebels, and, after some natural tears had been shed, lived happy with them ever after. This we do not take to be the truth. But the frequency with which the situation has been employed by light-hearted romancers shows that there was nothing inherently unnatural or displeasing about it. There was no barrier of race or of ancestral enmity to be overcome by the lovers. However fierce a loyalty the Cause might exact, the simple human heart, North or South, was aware of no impassable frontiers. Hence the strange spectacle of political and military foes pausing in battle to chaff each other, to swap canteens and tobacco-pouches and stories, like neighborhood youngsters in the pauses of a game. And hence the internecine bolts of Cupid, and their value to the romancer.

M. Margueritte has a very different problem, and does not profess to bring it to a happy solution. His scene is Paris in the late sixties. His persons are the Ellangés, a typical French family of the better class, and Otto Rudheimer, a young physician of Hesse. Rudheimer and Marthe Ellangé, the one daughter of the family, love each other, and, against the strong opposition of

her father, are married. For a time she is happy with her husband in his German home, but the war-cloud rises, and his position as surgeon in the army assumes meaning. While Marthe is visiting her parents in Paris, war breaks out. Two of her brothers fight for France: one is killed, and the other crippled for life. Marthe's feeling of race asserts itself, her passion turns from husband to fatherland. Rudheimer becomes an enemy in her eyes—a conquering and insolent enemy. The child who is born to her cannot draw them together, and becomes a bone of contention. Shall the boy be reared as a Frenchman or a German? Is he an Ellangé or a Rudheimer? Otto has the law on his side, of course; and the most favorable end which can be attained is a compromise due to his generosity. The frontiers of the heart cannot be crossed. The tale is told with simplicity and force, under the disadvantage here of an awkward translation.

The Browns. By J. E. Buckrose. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Another pleasant but not especially notable story by the author of "Down Our Street." The Browns are a large family connection descended from a well-to-do shipowner of Flodmouth. The mainspring of the action is the burning of a will under conditions which, to be sure, lend even that feat a touch of freshness. A spinster of the Browns is expected to leave her money to her niece, Margaret. Margaret is a nice girl, but covets the legacy for the sake of her mother, who has never been able to gratify her natural taste for "going it." So when the spinster aunt changes her mind, and shows Margaret a new will which leaves everything to a cousin, Gerald Brown, that young lady loses her temper and throws the will into the fireplace. The aunt, instead of calling for the police, smiles amiably, says that it will be easy enough to draw up another, and dies in the night. Thence the plot: Margaret decides to take the legacy secured to her by an earlier will. Young Gerald does not need the money, and her mother and she do. But young Gerald proves to be poor, comes to Flodmouth, embarks in the jam trade, falls in love with Margaret. She hates him because she has injured him, but finally, according to the ideas of justice prevalent in a certain type of fiction, determines that the only way to make up for her fault is to marry him. After a great deal of backing and filling, in the course of which Margaret discovers the startling fact that she loves Gerald, they stand on the brink of marriage, when Margaret finds that she must tell him all. She does.

"I don't care!" cries Gerald, coming up to the scratch like a man. "Whatever you did, I should still love you. If you murdered anybody—I should hate it—but I should still love *you*."

This, in a sterner sort of fiction, might be the starting-place of the real action. We should be shown how Gerald's faith in Margaret had been sapped—how, after the first blush of married experience, the foundations of their life began to give way—and so on. Mrs. Buckrose is content to "leave it at that."

Mrs. Mahoney of the Tenement. By Louise Montgomery. Boston: Pilgrim Press.

There are fashions in titles, and Mrs. Proper-name of the Wherever-you-like seems now to have made itself secure as a formula beside The Abstract-noun of Whomever-you-please. The one fashion was as plainly set by The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney and The Courting of Dinah Shadd, as the other was by Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Mrs. Mahoney is a pleasant addition to the tribe of missuses. The tenements among which she moves a goddess by virtue of her stalwart and humorous philosophy are her fit setting. And one is grateful for the restraint which protects her humor and sentiment from the grotesque exaggeration with which others of her kind have been handled for the popular market.

Left in Charge. By Victor L. Whitechurch. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Mr. Whitechurch's way of diversifying his contributions to vicarage tea-table literature is to admit an occasional rumor or even personage from the great world—that wicked world so closely bound up with the Flesh and the Devil in the minds of all good churchmen—into some provincial stronghold of ecclesiastical propriety. The daring of this method can be properly appreciated only by those who have been closely confined to the said tea-table by their social and literary tastes. In this instance the intruder is the clergyman who takes charge of a country parish while its elderly vicar enjoys a much-needed vacation. The substitute does not look the parson in the least, being a vigorous middle-aged Englishman of the adventurous, empire-building type. He is explained as having been ordained in Australia, and it is some time before he is identified by an inquisitive rural dean as a man of some social celebrity who years ago had taken off to the colonies a reputation badly damaged in the divorce court. Meanwhile he has established himself in the esteem of his parishioners. Village prejudice has vanished before his practical knowledge and direct, unconventional methods. Over poachers and incorrigible bad boys his influence is markedly beneficent. Even the vicar's daughter, who had expected to manage the parish herself during her father's absence, has come to regard the usurper with admiring confidence. Moreover, there has been a highly mysterious piece of private detective work which saved the vicar's son from wrecking his diplomatic career. As no one but the reader has been admitted into this deep, dark secret, he alone can possibly foresee how little difficulty will attend the explaining away of the rural dean's horrid charge, and the persuasion of the vicar's daughter to accept promotion to the proud rank of clergyman's wife.

Whatever humor inheres in the incongruities of such a situation, the reader will have to extract it for himself. Mr. Whitechurch's style is simple and matter-of-fact beyond the point of virtue. As Gissing said of Trollope, "An admirable writer of the pedestrian school."

ECONOMIC SLAVERY.

The Servile State. By Hilaire Belloc. London: T. N. Foulis.

Substituting "capitalism" for "bourgeoisie," this book reads, in many of its passages, like the "Communist Manifesto" which Marx and Engels published in 1848. Eighty-five years ago it was written:

> The bourgeoisie, wherever it has got the upper hand, has put an end to all feudal, patriarchal, idyllic relations. It has pitilessly torn asunder the motley feudal ties that bound man to his "natural superiors," and has left remaining no other nexus between man and man than naked self-interest, than callous "cash payment." It has drowned the most heavenly ecstasies of religious fervor, of chivalrous enthusiasm, of philistine sentimentalism, in icy waters of egotistical calculation. It has resolved personal worth into exchange value, and in place of the numberless indefeasible chartered freedoms has set up that single unconscionable freedom—Free Trade. In a word, for exploitation, veiled by religious and political illusions, it has substituted naked, shameless, direct, brutal exploitation.

Marx and Engels were here speaking of the decline of the guilds and of the rise of the manufacturing system.

Contrasting the present situation with that under the guilds, Mr. Belloc says:

> For a society in which the determinant mass of families were owners of capital and of land; for one in which production was regulated by self-governing corporations of small owners, and for one in which the misery and insecurity of a proletariat was unknown, there came to be substituted the dreadful moral anarchy against which all moral effort is now turned, and which goes by the name of "Capitalism."

Karl Marx's utterance is more inclusive than Hilaire Belloc's, but not more frank. Marx never made a bolder statement than the one with which the work before us begins. This book is written, declares Mr. Belloc, to prove that our

modern free society, in which the means of production are owned by a few, being necessarily in unstable condition, is tending to reach a condition of stable equilibrium by the establishment of compulsory labor legally enforceable upon those who do not own the means of production for the advantage of those who do. With this principle of compulsion applied against the non-owners, there must also come a difference in their status; and in the eyes of society and of its positive law men will be divided into two sets: the first economically free and politically free, possessed of the means of production, and securely confirmed in that possession; the second economically unfree and politically unfree, but at first secured by their very lack of freedom in certain necessaries of life and in a minimum of well-being beneath which they shall not fall.

Two thousand years ago, we are told, the whole of society reposed upon one fundamental institution—slavery. This institution was everywhere present; nowhere disputed. To the end the pagan world remained a world of free proprietors possessed, in various degrees, of the land and of the capital whereby wealth may be produced, and applying to that land and capital, for the purpose of producing wealth, *compulsory* labor.

There was no pronouncement against slavery as an institution during the early Christian centuries, though it was none the less disappearing. The disappearance begins with the establishment, as the fundamental unit of production in Western Europe, of those great landed estates, commonly lying in the hands of a single proprietor, and generally known as Villæ. By the eleventh century the slave had been converted into the *serf*. He is then nearly a peasant. Among the institutions contributing to the death of the old slavery were the guilds. At the end of this period the state was an agglomeration of families of varying wealth, but by far the greater number owners of the means of production. The restraints upon liberty were restraints designed for the preservation of liberty; and every action of mediæval society was directed towards the establishment of a state in which men should be economically free through the possession of capital and of land. So much, as Mr. Belloc deduces from the rather scanty documents of those times, had ten Christian centuries accomplished. His dictum is that the Middle Ages had instinctively conceived and brought into existence the distributive state.

That excellent consummation, particularly in Britain, was destroyed. In its place arose the "moral anarchy" of capitalism. How did such a catastrophe come about? What turned an England economically free into the England which we know to-day, "of which nineteen-twentieths are dispossessed of capital and of land, and of which the whole industry and national life is controlled upon its economic side by a few chance directors of millions, a few masters of unsocial and irresponsible monopolies"?

The answer to this question constitutes the most interesting and curious portion of the work before us. The answer most usually given, and the one most readily accepted, is that this misfortune came about through the material process known as the Industrial Revolution. Not so, says Mr. Belloc: the explanation is wholly false. It was the deliberate action of men, evil will in a few, and apathy among the many, which produced a "catastrophe as human in its causes and inception as in its vile effect." The industrial system was a growth proceeding from capitalism, not its cause. Capitalism was in England before the industrial system came into being; before the use of coal and of the new expensive machinery, and of the concentration of the implements of production in the great towns. Had capitalism not been present before the industrial revolution, that revolution might have proved as beneficent to Englishmen as it has proved mischievous.

At this point the reader is eager to hear of the event that wrought the greatest catastrophe in the social life of the Anglo-Saxon race. This event was the mishandling of the expropriated wealth of the monasteries in the sixteenth century. The lands and accumulated wealth of the monasteries were taken out of the hands of their old possessors with the intention of vesting them in the Crown—but they passed, as a fact, not into the hands of the Crown, but into the hands of an already wealthy section of the community, who, after the change was complete, became in the succeeding hundred years the governing power of England. Briefly, the monastic lands, at least a fifth of the wealth of the country, were transferred to the great land-owners, and this transference tipped the scale over entirely in their favor, as against the peasantry. By the year 1700 England had already become capitalist.

Yet, after all, we are confronted by a condition rather than a theory. What chiefly interests us is not whether Mr. Belloc is right or wrong with reference to the monastic lands, but what is going to be the outcome of the situation in which the Anglo-Saxon world finds itself to-day. Our author declares that the capitalist state is unstable, that it is a transitory phase lying between two permanent and stable states of society. There are but three social arrangements which can replace capitalism: slavery, socialism, and property. A direct and conscious establishment of slavery as a solution of the problem of capitalism, the surviving Christian tradition of our civilization compels men to reject. All theories of a reformed society will therefore attempt, at first, to leave untouched the factor of *freedom* among the elements which make up capitalism, and will concern themselves with some change in the factor of *property*, signifying, of course, property as the means of production. If you are suffering because property is restricted to a few, you can alter that factor in the problem either by putting property into the hands of many, or by putting it into the hands of none. The first plan is rejected as impracticable by our existing capitalist society. The second plan, which is that of the collectivist state, is the one preferred by reformers. But Mr. Belloc proceeds to show that at its first inception all collectivist reform is necessarily deflected and evolves, in the place of what it had intended, a new thing: a society wherein the owners remain few and wherein the proletarian mass accepts security at the expense of servitude. In short, he deduces for us the economically Servile State.

Yet in conclusion Mr. Belloc declares that his conviction of the reëstablishment of the Servile State as actually upon us does not lead him to any meagre and mechanical prophecy. The force of which he has been speaking is not the only force in the field. "There is a complex knot of forces underlying any nation once Christian; a smouldering of old fires." The example of the free peasantry of Ireland and France may eventually save England and Prussia. And our author is also hopeful that the Faith (meaning thereby Roman Catholicism) will recover its intimate and guiding place in the heart of Europe, and is inclined to believe that this sinking back into our original paganism (for the tendency to the Servile State is nothing less) will in due time be halted and reversed.

Is not this analogous to obtaining money under false pretences? The first chapter of this volume "is written to maintain and prove" the Servile State; the last to disabuse our minds of any fear of such an eventuality. Yet the book is such interesting reading, so novel in its conceptions, so picturesque in its presentations, that we feel that, though the author has not lived up to the precise terms of his contract, he has nevertheless given us an exceptionally valuable consideration for our time and attention.

Chivalry in English Literature: Chaucer, Malory, Spenser, and Shakespeare. By William Henry Schofield. Cambridge: Harvard University (Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature. Vol. II). $1.50 net.

Chaucer's attitude towards chivalry one may define as pragmatic, Malory's as ro-

mantic, Spenser's as esoteric, and Shakespeare's as historic (p. 7.).

Chaucer's chivalry appears innate, an instinctive, ever-present check on growing worldliness, like the religious idealism implanted in a youth by a pious mother, which never ceases to control his life, even after he may have abandoned the beliefs of his boyhood. It is not single-eyed, but steadily prevails in mature judgment, and is always tender and real.

Malory's chivalry reveals more emphasis on outer things. It delights in ritual; it demands adherence to a creed; it is sacerdotal, Anglican. Though it may be rigid and narrow, it stimulates earnest aspiration.

Spenser's chivalry is directed mostly towards the learned and polite. It is combined with book education, intellectual and complex. Albeit too subtle for the common run of men, it appeals persistently to the poetic, imaginative few.

Shakespeare's chivalry is retrospective; but in his works we find the ideals of the Middle Ages reproduced with full comprehension and glorified as guiding stars to human excellence. Shakespeare, with unique genius, widens their sphere, and makes them universal in application, meet for highest or lowest, for keenest or dullest, in this majestic world.

Chaucer presents a standard of conduct for the knight, Malory for the noble, Spenser for the courtier, and Shakespeare for the man. Their pattern figures are contrasted respectively with the coarse churl, the vulgar parvenu, the rude rustic, the common brute. Chaucer exalts worthiness, determining acts; Malory, nobility, accepting obligations; Spenser, worth, procured by self-discipline; Shakespeare, high nature, transforming character. Chaucer says "do"; Malory, "avoid"; Spenser, "study"; Shakespeare, "be" (pp. 262-263).

The foregoing generalizations, clear and apparently true, together with the "Conclusion" that, while French chivalry is exclusive and aristocratic, English chivalry, though largely derived from French, tends to be inclusive and democratic (pp. 267-273)—these in themselves justify the existence of this book. If it contained nothing else, indeed, it would be distinctly more valuable. For it is not so constructed as to support and lead up to its conclusions. (Those about Malory, in particular, are quite unsubstantiated by the chapter on Malory.) Large portions of the book have nothing to do with these generalizations, or with chivalry at all, and are simply padding. But even the relevant portions are so lax and invertebrate that the book as a whole is a weariness. Paragraph after paragraph reads like Newman's schoolboy's essay on Fortune.

The beginning of the book prepares the way for studied irrelevancy. Laying down in the Introduction a definition of chivalry which almost identifies it with Christianity—a concept broad enough, it might be supposed—the author in practice slips, we can hardly think unawares, into concepts still broader, and identifies chivalry with anything that pleases—with truth, for example, or with a lady's agreeable personality, or with a man's way of making himself beloved by his contemporaries. Consequently, nothing in the domain of manners and morals is deemed alien; salutary distinctions are thrown away; and the door is opened to every sort of digression and conjecture. The article on Chaucer is checkered with pointless biographical detail, with avowed guesses, and with irrelevant documents, such as the Balade "Truth" ("Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse"), which has no connection whatever with chivalry, but belongs with a large class of exhortations to the life contemplative. The article on Spenser exhibits utter lack of sympathy with the poet, and inadequate recognition of the Renaissance elements in his work—the elements that are not chivalric.

Within the limits of a review it is impossible to exemplify further these vagaries, or their parent laxity of structure and concept; the elements involved are too bulky for quotation. We may, however, exhibit a few of the author's minor elegancies:

> [Malory's King Mark] was false, mendacious, mean, a "self-loved personage" with a flowing tongue, a contemptible coward, who ran away from opponents with whom he feared to joust, one of whom all the world spoke shame . . . (p. 165).

> [Posthumus] is strongly contrasted to miserable Cloten, a wrathy, profane, boastful, contemptuous "ass" (p. 233).

> Furthermore, while Chaucer willingly lived all the time in reality, Spenser, it is evident, preferred to roam musingly in pleasing pastures of fantasy (p. 139).

> Before, no one had thought of the courtier as the most likely individual to be ideally all-round (p. 154).

> It shows a strange misunderstanding of Shakespeare's purpose in picturing Falstaff in this light [*i. e.*, as a genuine reprobate] to have critics worry because Prince Hal, when he became king, banished [Falstaff] from court (p. 217).

> Spenser was not the poet of the careless brook or wayward mountain stream. He praised above all the springs of Helicon, while admitting the value of a moral millrace and a gentle moat (p. 159).

And this is a Harvard book, in authorship, and auspices, and imprint. "If gold rust, what shall iron do?"

Henrietta Maria, Queen of England. By Henrietta Haynes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50 net.

The unusual degree of political prominence attained by women in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries has resulted in the composition of a multitude of biographies of the queens, princesses, and royal mistresses of that period. The wife of Charles I of England, however, has hitherto received comparatively scant attention, in view of her charming personality, and of the interest that attaches to her tragic career. The "dread unspeakable" with which Catholics and Catholic plots were regarded in the England in which she and her sons lived, has procured for her a verdict less favorable than she has merited in the land of her adoption. In France, she was partly overshadowed by her sister-in-law, Anne of Austria. She missed the historical felicity of a violent death, such as that of Mary Stuart, to whom it is natural to compare her. The author of the present volume attempts to make amends for this comparative neglect, and has produced a work which, in addition to being very readable, is far more sane and scholarly than the vast majority of the lives of royal ladies which have poured forth from the presses of England and America in such wanton profusion during the past ten years. Miss Haynes's political judgments are unusually sound; and she has successfully resisted the temptation to magnify and exalt her heroine:

> Had she [Henrietta] been a Protestant, and a woman of profound sagacity, she might have saved her husband. As it was, by her reckless defiance of forces whose strength she was unable to appreciate, she hurried him to his doom. She lived at a great moment, and had no greatness to meet it. Herein alone is her condemnation. She has received more than her fair share of blame, for she has been made the scapegoat of Charles's faults.

This is sane and sensible; and there are remarkably few minor slips. One cannot but regret the appearance in the preface of that increasingly frequent solecism, "a bibliography of the sources." One wonders how the "Parliament ships" could be "shelling" a Yorkshire village in 1643 (p. 203). It was on Charles's way *to* Madrid, not on the "return journey," that he first saw Henrietta. Errors like these, however, do not seriously detract from the value of the work as a whole.

Henrietta Maria became the bride of Charles I of England at the age of fifteen. The first few years of her wedded life were unhappy, owing chiefly to the impossibility of fulfilling the conditions contained in the marriage contract; but afterwards the young Queen succeeded in completely winning the heart of her very difficult husband; the earlier troubles were forgotten, and the royal pair passed on through the ten years previous to the outbreak of the Civil War, for the most part blissfully unconscious of the gathering storm. Up to the opening of the struggle Henrietta had advised Charles to conciliate the popular party; she even urged him to summon the Long Parliament. But when the first doings of that memorable assembly aroused her to a true appreciation of the state of affairs, she changed her tune, and became thenceforth an advocate of no compromise. "Go, poltroon, and pull the ears of these

rogues, or never see me again," she scornfully called after her husband, when he departed on his ill-fated attempt to arrest the five members; and from that time onward she became one of the most active and energetic of the royal party. The tragedy of Whitehall terminated her efforts. "He perished for lack of knowing the truth," as Henrietta, with a rare flash of insight, once said of her husband.

From that time onward Henrietta Maria virtually disappears from the political scene. The last twenty-five years of her life were spent for the most part in France; and the purchase and furnishing of a new home for the Nuns of the Order of the Visitation—the beautiful mansion of Chaillot—were her chief occupation and delight during this period. The end came in September, 1669, while the glories of her nephew, Louis XIV, were still untarnished by defeat; before the clouds which were soon to settle about the throne of her English sons were visible to the world at large. She was doubtless happy in being spared the humiliations of the houses of Bourbon and Stuart which the near future was to bring with it.

The Story of the Renaissance. By William Henry Hudson. New York: Cassell & Co. $1.50 net.

In this short book a vast and complicated subject is, in the best sense, popularized: a very large number of scattered phenomena are marshalled under a few easily comprehensible generalizations. These, naturally, were for the most part made long ago by Michelet, Burckhardt, Pater, and others; nevertheless, the present work has the air less of a compilation than of a synthesis. The time-honored generalizations about the Renaissance have here passed through a studious and thoughtful mind possessed of a strong historical sense, and out at the point of a pen uncommonly skilled in presenting complex material in simply constructed and well massed paragraphs. In the process the old ideas and the old facts have gained new interest and suggestiveness.

Strong on the historical side—the chapter on the Reformation in particular is an extraordinary piece of illuminating condensation—the book still needs strengthening at several points lying chiefly in the domain of literature and the fine arts. It fails to give the impression that the author has been in immediate contact with the books and pictures of which he writes: in appreciation, and in all that depends upon appreciation rather than upon plain history, it is thus inadequate. It fails also to employ certain important and perfectly accessible facts and generalizations supplementary to the old ideas: thus it omits not only matter of interest to the specialist, but matter essential to a general introduction.

For example, though emphasis is continually laid upon the "emergence of the individual" as one of the characteristic phenomena of the Renaissance, yet some of the most significant phases of this emergence are totally neglected. Machiavelli is mentioned only *apropos* of religious corruption (pp. 84, 86), and of his "Mandragola" (p. 227). Nothing is said of "The Prince"! Nothing is said of that Machiavellian theory of personality (*virtù*) which so powerfully affected Marlowe and Shakespeare. Marlowe, indeed, appears only as introducing blank verse into the "romantic drama" (p. 245) and as personally erratic (p. 257). Castiglione's "Courtier" is mentioned (p. 71), but without a hint that it has any significance in the history of the novel; or that it is only the most distinguished of a long international line of courtesy-books, all bent upon the cultivation of the individual; or that this whole tendency is part of the change from the decentralized hierarchy of feudalism, in which the knight was sunk, to the centralized despotism of the court, from which the courtier emerged.

So Du Bellay's "Deffence et Illustration de la Langue Françoyse" appears (p. 235) as an isolated phenomenon, whereas it was part of an international movement for the cultivation of the vernacular tongues—a movement begun by Dante's "De Vulgari Eloquentia," and merely continued by the Pléiade and the Areopagus.

Again, though emphasis is likewise laid upon the *secularization* of human activities—the rediscovery of this world and of man—nothing whatever is said of one of the most striking innovations that it brought about: the re-introduction of the pagan idea of Fame, or immortality on earth, in the place of spiritual immortality in a world hereafter. It would be difficult to overestimate the effects, upon morals both theoretical and practical, and upon art and literature, of this change to a purely human or social sanction for conduct. Certainly no general introduction to the Renaissance should omit all consideration of these effects.

It is Mr. Hudson's too close adherence to this very doctrine of secularization that deadens his treatment of the fine arts. Here he apparently follows Symonds, who also professed to be chiefly interested in the relations of the arts to the expression of religious feeling or dogma, and more particularly in "their gradual emancipation from ecclesiastical control" (Symonds, "The Fine Arts," Preface). But Symonds's work was that of an enthusiast writing face to face with an object, and kindling with its beauty. Mr. Hudson's present work looks merely doctrinaire. Can one who writes of Fra Angelico, "He has no dramatic instinct or power of characterization" (p. 182), have beheld with his own eyes the Crucifixion in San Marco (Florence) or St. Laurence and the Jailer in the chapel of Nicholas V in the Vatican? Can one who writes of Giotto, "We do not value his work for . . . constructive skill, nor for ideal beauty" (p. 178), have looked for an instant upon the Funeral of St. Francis or the Apparition of St. Francis to St. Anthony of Padua, or the panel of St. Louis of France, in Santa Croce, or upon the Angel at the Tomb in the Arena Chapel? Can one who writes that in Ghirlandajo "genuine religious feeling has vanished or is fast vanishing" (p. 190), ever have made pilgrimage to the shrine of the little Santa Fina at San Gimignano? Perugino's later religious paintings are "all alike steeped in the spirit of vapid emotionalism" (p. 201); Michelangelo's David is "simply a splendid type of Greek athlete," "his formidable Moses . . . 'half prize-fighter, half-Jupiter Tonans'" (p. 200); and so on. The explanation of this obtuseness is apparent in Mr. Hudson's *parti pris*, that as art grew great it grew irreligious. "The thought of the artist is now concerned primarily, not with the doctrinal bearings of his subject, but with its pictorial effects" (p. 190). As if "doctrinal bearings" were the same as religious content; and as if religious content were impaired by the painter's attention to "pictorial effects." On the whole, that stimulating and suggestive quality which has been noticed in other parts of the book, quite fails in the domain of art—the very domain in which the Renaissance made its greatest gift to posterity.

Finally, this over-emphasis upon the secularization of art is but part of a general over-emphasis upon the differences between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. When space is limited, a clear distinction between two periods cannot easily be drawn without some exaggeration. Here the tendency has been to insist too much upon the ways in which the Renaissance cut loose from tradition. As the Middle Ages were *par excellence* the ages of binding tradition, the temptation was strong to exaggerate what the Renaissance accomplished by discarding tradition. The other side of the case is the weightier. Humanism itself is precisely an active interest in "whatever has interested mankind," an interest which respects and studies tradition, follows it, adds to it, transmits it. Certainly, no general account of the Renaissance can afford to underestimate what the Renaissance accomplished by working within tradition, especially in art, where tradition is of paramount importance. The point need not be labored here. Mr. Hudson's neg-

lect of it renders his book seriously misleading, and, no less than the *blasé* and patronizing tone of the chapter on art, decidedly impairs its value for the student. For the student, too, there should have been added a comprehensive bibliography; which should on no account be omitted from a second edition.

Notes

Alfred Noyes's poetical "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" is promised for next month by Stokes.

The same house will bring out shortly "Pedagogical Anthropology," by Maria Montessori, and "The Kingdom," a story by Harold Elsdale Goad.

Henry Holt & Co. are issuing at once "A Downland Corner," by Victor L. Whitechurch.

March 15 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin for the publication of the following: "The Invaders," a novel by Frances N. S. Allen; "The Story of my Boyhood and Youth," by John Muir; "The American Child," by Elizabeth McCracken; "In Beaver World," by Enos A. Mills, and "Youth and Life," essays by Randolph S. Bourne.

The same house announces for early publication the following educational books: "Preparing for Citizenship," an elementary text-book in civics by William Backus Guitteau; "Representative Cities of the United States," a geographical reader by Caroline W. Hotchkiss; "The Japanese Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "Problems of Educational Readjustment," by David Snedden; "The Kindergarten," by Susan Blow, Patty Hill, and Elizabeth Harrison; "The Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller," by Fanny E. Coe; "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by W. G. Bleyer; and the following additions to the Riverside Literature series: "Selected Lyrics from Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley," edited by Charles Swain Thomas; "Selected Lyrics from Dryden, Collins, Gray, Cowper, and Burns," the same editor; "Two Speeches on Copyright," by Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay; "The Address at Cooper Union by Abraham Lincoln," edited by Edwin L. Miller; "Southern Poems," edited by Charles W. Kent; "College Life," by Le Baron Russell Briggs, and "Selections from the Prose Works of Matthew Arnold," edited by William S. Johnson.

Forthcoming fiction in the list of Doubleday, Page & Co. includes: "Laddie," by Gene Stratton-Porter; "Virginia," by Ellen Glasgow, "The Mating of Lydia," by Mrs. Humphry Ward; "An Affair of State," by J. C. Snaith; "The Joy Bringer," by Grace MacGowan Cooke; "Port of Adventure," by C. N. and A. M. Williamson; "The Legend of Jerry Ladd," by Roy Rolfe Gilson; "Ever After," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins; "Mrs. Red Pepper," by Grace S. Richmond; "The Dream Girl," by Ethel Gertrude Hart; "Pete Crowther, Salesman," by Elmer E. Ferris, and "Addison Broadhurst, Master Merchant," by Edward Mott Woolley.

Included in Doubleday, Page's non-fiction announcements are the following: "Letters to Unknown Friends," by Lyman Abbott; "Retrospections of an Active Life," by John Bigelow, the concluding volumes, IV and V; "Crowds," essays by Gerald Stanley Lee, and "Our World: New World-Life," by Dr. Josiah Strong.

F. G. Browne & Co., of Chicago, have in press: "Bugles of Gettysburg," by Mrs. George Pickett; "East and West," by Mrs. Conger; "Our Neighbors—The Japanese," by Joseph King Goodrich, and a reissue of Francis Fisher Browne's "Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln."

The Albanians, who, more than a million strong, are now struggling for their independence, differ in one respect from all other European peoples, according to Dr. Hugo Grothe. After describing in *Die Erde* for February the different races of which they are composed and their habitat, with much of their history, he calls attention to the fact that they have no written language and that attempts even to make an alphabet acceptable to all have been unsuccessful. The language with which the northern races communicate with the outside world is mainly Servian; that in the south is Grecian. As most of the instruction is given in Greek, this will probably be the language adopted by the coming principality.

Four out of the five volumes given to fiction in the latest instalment of Everyman's Library are devoted to the Russians—Tolstoy with "Anna Karenina" in two volumes, and Dostoievsky with "Crime and Punishment" and "The House of the Dead." "Don Quixote" appears in Motteux's version. Other volumes are Eugene Mason's translations from the "Lays of Marie de France," three comedies from the Norwegian of Björnstjerne Björnson, the Anglo-Saxon "Chronicle" translated by J. Ingram, and Irving's "Sketch Book." Of travel and history there are Edward William Lane's "Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians," and George Dennis's "Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria" in two volumes. The "Politics of Aristotle" has been translated by William Ellis.

Some of the most striking events of the nineteenth century are recalled by the reissue of two books by the late Henry M. Stanley (Scribner). The Centenary Edition of "How I Found Livingstone" contains an introduction by Robert E. Speer, reviewing the work of Livingstone and Stanley, and what has followed in Africa since they so dramatically centred the attention of the civilized world upon that continent. The present edition of "In Darkest Africa" combines the original two volumes into one. The result is a rather bulky book. Both works are profusely illustrated. Being planned as a day-by-day account, each of them is enormously overloaded with detail, and this feature is made worse by verbosity. Self-consciousness also stands out unmistakably. Nevertheless, as the authoritative records of the expeditions sent out in behalf of Livingstone and Emin Pasha, they have an undeniable place in the literature of exploration, and an interest which their present form will make available to an enlarged audience.

The Clarendon Press has done well to issue in English form "Keble's Lectures on Poetry, 1832-1841," in two volumes. John Keble brought to his post of professor of poetry at Oxford something of the chastened high-mindedness which Milton thought essential to all true poets. He constantly gives the impression of regarding the study of great literature as an inspired function. We need not bother to weigh anew the truth of his theory of *vis medica poeticæ*—used as a point of departure for the lectures—namely, that poetry is "a kind of medicine divinely bestowed upon man: which gives healing relief to secret mental emotion, yet without detriment to modest reserve; and, while giving scope to enthusiasm, yet rules it with order and due control." It does not impair for the modern reader the author's very genuine appreciations. What is particularly striking to-day is Keble's large grasp of literature, as well as his ingenuity in extracting a probable meaning from difficult details. One will look far to find other studies of classical literature containing quite Keble's steady enthusiasm and exalted purpose. Mr. Edward Kershaw Francis, who has made the translation from the Latin, has succeeded, if our few comparisons with the original text are typical, in attaining literal accuracy without endangering the English idiom. In the case of Keble's quotations from Greek and Latin poetry, Mr. Francis has sought out the best available English translations.

Perhaps too many books about the Panama Canal have been written by people who spent only a brief period in the vicinity of the great enterprise. "The Story of Panama" (Silver, Burdett), by Frank A. Gause and Charles Carl Carr, is noteworthy inasmuch as it is the work of men who live in the Canal Zone as Government school teachers, and have a share in the work of the canal builders. Their story is a straightforward description of the principal features of construction, and an account of the administrative organization which Col. Goethals and his assistants have brought to so high a state of efficiency. They give a brief history of the canal project, and do not omit the romantic tale of old Panama, where Spanish adventurers and English buccaneers fought for gold and the love of fighting. The book is generously illustrated, and there are several diagrams of construction problems.

When Dr. F. C. S. Schiller is not writing new books, he is busy getting out new editions of old ones. The third edition of "Riddles of the Sphinx" appeared in 1910, the second edition of "Studies in Humanism" followed it not long ago, and now we have a second edition of "Humanism" (Macmillan). The only important change made in the book consists of the addition of four essays which appeared in various periodicals some five or six years after the publication of the first edition. Of these the two most significant are an admirable paper on "Freedom and Responsibility" and an interesting discussion of "Solipsism," the chief effort of which is to show that the New Realists are the true Solipsists, an attempt which may remind the reader of the remark said to have been made by the pot to the kettle.

When the first edition of "Humanism" was published, ten years ago, the pragmatic movement was in the full strength of its young life. It was the one absorbing topic of discussion in the philosophic world; many of its opponents saw in it nothing but evil, and many of its adherents hailed it as the key to most of the mysteries. As is so often the case with new movements in philosophy and elsewhere, neither the

disciples nor the foes have been completely vindicated by time. Pragmatism, humanism, experimentalism (call it what you like), has fallen into its appropriate place in the background and no longer occupies the centre of the stage. Doubtless, this is in part due to the death of William James, but the chief cause is the fact that the pragmatic movement has done its work and that its ideas, though of real value, have not proved so fruitful as its first apostles prophesied. It is, perhaps, significant that at the last meeting of the American Philosophical Association pragmatism was scarcely mentioned. But the fact that the centre of interest has shifted to other fields does not mean that pragmatism and humanism have altogether failed. They have succeeded in making philosophers reexamine their problems. They have broken down the cocksureness and self-satisfaction of the monism and intellectualism that ruled in pre-pragmatic days. And they have furnished a concrete method of criticism which philosophy will probably always value. Their contribution is thus largely negative, but is none the less real.

It is rather unfortunate that a movement which has after all no great superfluity of positive ideas should insist on having such a superfluity of names. Possibly "pragmatism" was not in all respects ideal, but it was at least very preferable to "humanism," which (to paraphrase what James said of pragmatism) might be called an old name for some new ways of thinking. Humanism would have been suitable enough if the term had not been for centuries in common use as the accepted designation for a philosophical movement which resembles in no respect Dr. Schiller's discovery. And to appropriate this good old word to a new use and so make it quite ambiguous adds needlessly to the already sad muddle of our philosophical terminology.

The usual collection of Indian myths, stories, and folk-lore published for the general reader shows the hand of the sympathetic gatherer and reflects the idealizing quality of his, usually her, work. This is happily not so with Jeremiah Curtin's posthumous book, "Myths of the Modocs" (Little, Brown). The scientific folk-lorist will find here a valuable mine of material on these Oregon Indians, and the general reader will gain a true picture of the vigor, the realism, the simplicity, and the charm of the mythical beliefs as told by the Indians themselves. The myths form a complete cycle, giving the native explanation of the creation of the world and the birds, the beasts, and the fish in it, together with the origin of virtually all the natural phenomena within the Indian's range of observation. Mr. Curtin has performed a valuable service in rescuing before it was too late this valuable store of aboriginal beliefs. This collection could not be duplicated at the present time among the Modocs. The year is fast approaching when it will be impossible to gather such a collection of myths among any of the Indian tribes.

Putnams publish in attractive form "Indian Pages and Pictures," a lively account by Mr. M. M. Shoemaker of his recent journey through India and Kashmir. The writer, an observant traveller, has given us a book well worth reading for its sympathetic rendering of the local atmosphere. Much of the ground he traversed, lying along the customary tourist route, has already been frequently described. Here he adds but little beyond the casual remarks of a keen-eyed American. In the Vale of Kashmir, however, he enters upon a field but slightly touched to gather and relate much that is interesting. While very successful in the general effect of his pen pictures, done with a bold, free hand, he is, at times, inaccurate in details. Did he really see "red-coats" in the Khyber Pass, which is guarded by khaki-clad natives of the Khyber Rifles? What authority has he for stating that "Under the Hindu kings these [Kashmiris] were more prosperous and hence happier than they have ever been"? Despite his strictures, the dredging of the Jhelum River at Baramula, ably conceived and admirably executed, saved the Vale of Kashmir this last summer from the disasters of the annual flood. The worst famine ever known in Kashmir was due to this cause, now forever a thing of the past. Moreover, electric lighting is common throughout the European quarter of Srinagar, thanks to the American plant at Mohara, which he so utterly and unjustly condemns as "graft." Those who contemplate following in Mr. Shoemaker's footsteps can do no better than to study his narrative, together with the photographic illustrations, to obtain a faithful general view and numberless helpful suggestions. A good index is provided.

"The Social Policy of Bismarck" (Longmans), by Annie Ashley, is a critical study of the origin and social character of the three great German measures for workingman's insurance against sickness, accident, and old age and invalidity. It is a thesis presented to W. J. Ashley in connection with a sensible course in Public and Social Service at the University of Birmingham, which combines theoretical instruction in the university with practical training in the city. The author traces the development of Bismarck's opinions, and shows, from a psychological point of view, how he became such a strenuous and successful advocate of the ideas of the "Socialists of the Chair." She also recalls the curious fact that, almost immediately after his retirement, Bismarck turned around and attacked the very acts which owed their existence chiefly to his own insistence; he even denied his personal responsibility, professing to have given only a lukewarm adherence to the insurance measures which he had forced through the Bundesrat and Reichstag. This change of face was, however, rather a sign of the chagrin and pessimism which were perhaps the not unnatural consequence of his dismissal from office than a well-reasoned judgment based upon observation of the workings of the measures. After explaining briefly the main provisions of each of the three insurance acts, Miss Ashley considers their good and bad features from a sociological point of view (so far as the experience of quarter of a century permits the drawing of conclusions), and finds that the advantages have greatly outweighed the disadvantages. She also draws some interesting comparisons between the German and the recent English insurance legislation, emphasizing in the English measures the English dislike of bureaucratic interference and the consequent larger scope for individual initiative in the administration of the funds provided for in the English act. Being her father's daughter, Miss Ashley brings to her study a somewhat philosophic turn of mind and some power of literary presentation.

"The Holy Christian Church from its Remote Origins to the Present Day" (Houghton Mifflin), by R. M. Johnston, is an interesting attempt on the part of a secular historian to recount in brief and summary fashion the rise and development of the Christian Church and to estimate its place in the history of the Western world. The following passage from the introduction indicates the purpose and at the same time some of the inevitable limitations of the book:

> The object of this book is chiefly to attempt coördination, to seize the proportions, the relations, the movement, the essential facts of Christianity as seen over a period of more than two thousand years over nations that stretch from Kashmir to California, over civilizations as wide apart as those of the age of Pericles and of Napoleon, of Gnosticism and of the Trusts. As these words are written, the effort seems almost foolhardy.

The author's own attitude towards the church whose history he recounts is perhaps sufficiently revealed by the closing sentences of the volume:

> From that day [the Protestant Reformation] to our own the generations are not many, yet they have witnessed changes so momentous that to-day we have reached a point whence we can look backward and trace with reasonable accuracy and charity the birth, rise, height, and decline of the Christian Church. Precisely what stage that decline has reached it is not yet possible to estimate.

The book is vigorously and dramatically written, the positions taken are often fresh and suggestive, and many of the author's judgments are sound enough, but unfortunately the pages are disfigured by frequent blunders and inaccuracies, for which even the disarming passage quoted above hardly prepares the reader. The errors are due in part to a lack of familiarity with the subject in hand, perhaps not unnatural in one whose studies have lain chiefly in another field altogether, in part to a dependence upon antiquated authorities against whom it should seem the author might easily have guarded himself. The Synoptic Gospels, we are told, are now referred by most scholars to the authorship of Luke! The Emperor Constantine is said to have adopted Christianity in the year 312, and to have proclaimed it the state religion in 324. The Arian controversy is misinterpreted, and the origin of the Nicene and Athanasian creeds is incorrectly stated. The explanation of the spread of Christianity within the Roman Empire is quite inadequate, while the Imperial persecutions are over-emphasized and receive a significance that did not attach to them. Decidedly too much is made of the millennial expectations of the Christian world in the year 1000. The later mediæval church is painted in colors too uniformly black, and the impression is left that moral considerations had a great deal more to do with the Protestant Reformation than was really the case. Undue weight is given to the recent denial of the historical reality of Jesus, when it is said that present-day scholarship appears to be inclining in that direction; but the author assumes for himself, though doubtfully and "with some reluctance," that the Jesus of

Christian tradition really existed, and singularly enough gives a far more intelligent account of his teaching and work than of Paul's, whose Christian beliefs he entirely misunderstands. His treatment of pre-Christian Judaism and Hellenism seems disproportionately long, and in his effort to show the influence of outside cults upon Christianity, he has given an unwarrantable amount of space to them. The tendency is not unnatural, in view of the widespread neglect of such factors in most books on church history, but it has been somewhat overdone in the present case.

Interesting material for a study of the curious psychology of one of the beautiful butterfly creatures of the Ancien Régime who lived on through the French Revolution and Empire is contained in "The Memoirs of Delphine de Sabran, Marquise de Custine" (Doran). Married at seventeen to the son of the great Custine, twice a mother at twenty, and deprived of most of her relatives by the guillotine or by emigration shortly afterwards, Delphine de Custine nevertheless preserved for many years a charming beauty, and a naïveté and lightness of heart, which continued to win her a multitude of admirers from all ranks of society. When she pleaded with the judge for the life of her noble father-in-law and was in danger of being torn to pieces as an aristocrat by a sans-culottic mob, she saved herself by the pretty way she kissed and held the babe of a fishwife. She was cast into prison as a "suspect," but escaped condemnation owing to the devoted admiration of a clerk in the Revolutionary Tribunal; every day for weeks he carefully placed the papers relating to her case at the bottom of the pile so that Fouquier-Tinville never called her case for trial. With natural simplicity and goodness of heart, whether in sorrow or pleasure, she continued to pour out her heart in long letters to her mother and brother who had emigrated to Prussia. These letters, extending over more than a quarter of a century, from the opening of the Revolution until after the fall of Napoleon, have been largely preserved, and, under the good editorship of M. Gaston Maugras, constitute the main part of these "memoirs." They are singularly silent about all the great political events which crowd these years, but are full of the doings and feelings of the pretty heroine of a novel such as she imagined herself to be. Among the more notable of her admirers were Fouché, who extended to her his protection while he was Minister of Police, and Chateaubriand, who visited her many times both in Paris and at her country estate, but who cast her into the depths of despair because his attachment did not rise to the level of her romantic love for him.

An English version of Professor Legouis's "Chaucer," accurately made by L. Lailavoix, is most welcome (Dutton). In its original form, published about two years ago, the book provided, with the least possible scholarly apparatus, an engaging and lucid introduction to the whole works of the poet. Its analyses were delicate and its criticisms penetrating; not the least among its merits was the striking way in which Chaucer was set off against the background of the French poetry of the fourteenth century, to which his indebtedness becomes daily more apparent. The fault of the book lay in its neglect of many recent important, chiefly American, contributions to the subject. But for this Professor Legouis has amply atoned in the present translation, which, by reason of his additions and revisions, becomes more useful and authoritative than its original. Specimens of Professor Legouis's felicitous renderings of Chaucer's verse into French are printed in an appendix, and a preface by the translator seeks to justify French literature against the charge of having neglected Chaucer.

The fact that the "Mémoires de Fouché" are not Fouché's—as a result of a suit instituted by the family soon after the first publication of the memoirs in 1824, they were judicially determined to have been composed by one Alphonse de Beauchamp—does not seriously detract from their interest or value. For Beauchamp, who had held a subordinate position under Napoleon's crafty and almost omnipotent Minister of Police, unquestionably based his suppositious memoirs upon Fouché's own notes and authentic papers to which he had had official access. Under the more accurate title of "Memoirs Relating to Fouché," they have been published in an English translation, good except for the annoyingly frequent use of the split infinitive, in the Court Series of French Memoirs (Sturgis & Walton).

The voluble Mr. Edward Hutton's latest book on Italy is "The Cities of Lombardy" (Macmillan), one of those combinations of guide book and impressions of travel of which the late A. J. C. Hare set the fashion and was so much the best compiler. Mr. Hutton gives a short historical survey of Lombardy and of each of the chief cities, among which he includes Milan, Pavia, Monza, Bergamo, Mantua, Cremona, Piacenza, Parma, Reggio, and Modena. He writes with more restraint than in some of his earlier volumes, but we do not feel that he is really well grounded in either history or the arts. Even in writing, he is not careful—witness his frequent application of the epithet "virile" to Bergamo, which, nevertheless, he persists in calling "she." His lusty hatred of the Germans leads him to speak of Radetzky's "truly German nature"; whereas the doughty marshal was in fact a Slav, born of a noble Bohemian family. Mr. Hutton's criticism of painters is erratic, as this suggests: "Luini, the subtle sensualist whose eyes are brimming with tears, who smiles and smiles at himself, considering his likeness to Leonardo, who has tried to express everything pretty in self-admiration and self-pity." The last "who" ought, grammatically, to refer to Leonardo, but Mr. Hutton probably intended it for Luini. After all, however, travellers who like this sort of a book will find it wonderfully adapted to their taste and intelligence. Mr. Hutton closes with Canossa, for the evident purpose of describing the humiliation of the Emperor by the Pope, "the most perfect expression of that Europe out of which we are come and to which we shall return." In mistaking the past for the future, and in identifying his private religious zeal with that of all Europe, Mr. Hutton simply imitates certain perfervid English converts to Romanism. So the Three Tailors of Tooley Street imagined themselves to be "We, the people of England." The book has two dozen half-tone and three-color illustrations.

Science

Field Days in California. By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The author of this book, who died at Santa Barbara, California, last October, will long be remembered as the most genial of American writers on nature. Shortly before his death he had prepared for publication what was to prove his final book—a volume of essays dealing mainly with bird-life in California, but including also a chapter on the Grand Cañon and a delightful essay on "Reading a Check-List." It is by no means a superfluous addition to Mr. Torrey's work; though inferior to some of his earlier books in firmness of style, it is at the same time clearly superior in vivacity and mellow wisdom. Here is a man who spent his days in bringing his "twelve-power glass" to bear on birds that most of us have never seen and never shall see, who has related his ornithological experiences, however trivial, with unflagging persistence—admitting few landscapes and fewer human beings—and who has yet contrived to give us entertainment of an unusual quality.

As in the case of Gilbert White's letters, Mr. Torrey's essays derive their chief value from the writer's agreeable personality. "With a pleasing mixture of humanity and ornithology, which really go well together, a fact that speaks well for both of them," he takes the reader along a California beach, or under the redwoods, or into the Yosemite, and gossips intimately with an unerring perception of the significant and diverting. Here, for instance, is his water-ouzel:

> A dark-colored bird flew from under the bridge close to the water, anon dropped into it, swam, or was carried by it, a yard or two, took wing again, again dropped into the current, and then came to rest upon a rock on the water's edge. There it stood for half an hour, a great part of the time on one leg, preening its feathers, yawning, and, what was worth all the rest, winking, till its eye looked like the revolving lamp of a lighthouse, I said to myself.

When he has been privileged to the extent of beholding a condor—"If there had been nobody near, I believe I should have shouted." In the Grand Cañon, which reminds him, properly enough, of the land of Kubla Khan, his eye is attracted by a strange bird—"and in one moment the cañon was a thousand miles off." Yet he is ready to assert that "after all, a man, if he be half-way decent and reasonable, is of more value than many sparrows."

Throughout the book, Mr. Torrey's na-

tive New England is mentioned parenthetically: "Dear old New England! say I. Dear old New England! For me there can never be any other part of the world to compare with it." When he eats a Carmel apple, he has a "hankering for a tart New England russet"; the manzanita bushes remind him of the mayflower, "sweetest of all blossoms"; California needs "one dear Massachusetts brook, to make the charm complete." In the concluding essay—"A Bird-Gazer at the Cañon"—are some casual remarks which suggest that the author's affection for the quiet countrysides of the East is not merely a matter of sentiment. Like many others who have sought to live on intimate terms with nature, Mr. Torrey feels a sense of alienation in the presence of the stupendous. After giving the Grand Cañon a fair trial, he questions "whether it lay within the power of this barbaric display of shape and color ever to evoke those deeper, tenderer, more serene and blissful moods of rapturous contemplation, such as, ever and anon, when the time is right, descend upon the waiting soul, responsive to the still, small voice of the commonest and most familiar of humble landscapes."

Mr. Torrey's experience thus points once more to the fact that nature, if she speaks at all, speaks when she pacifies, not when she excites. Wordsworth, Thoreau, Mr. Burroughs, and others who have sought to win from companionship with external nature an answer to inward questioning, have usually preferred gentle landscapes to the somewhat repellent austerity of high mountains, and have uniformly found illumination only in serenity of spirit. The romantic love of nature in her more savage aspects has ordinarily brought intoxication rather than insight; only the lifelong dweller among lofty mountains has found their sublimities fruitful, and he has found them so because they enveloped him in tranquillity, not because they evoked a passionate and nameless desire.

A total eclipse of the moon occurs in the night of Good Friday, March 21, extending into Saturday morning, still Friday to the astronomer; and with dawn in the Eastern States the eclipsed moon is setting due west. It is a curiously appropriate time for such a darkening, on the saddest date in the church calendar, and the coincidence will not happen again until 1978. Easter being the Sunday immediately following the ecclesiastical full moon of, or next after, March 21, this festival falls the present year on the 23d, the earliest day but one possible. In 1818 it actually occurred on the 22d, but has never been so early since, and will not come either then or on the 23d again in this century. A moon's eclipse is caused by the entrance of our satellite into earth's shadow, whose breadth where the moon passes through is nearly three times that of the moon herself. Her motion round the earth is such as to carry her through a space of 2,000 miles, nearly equal to her own diameter, in about an hour. When travelling centrally through the shadow, the moon will consume rather more than an hour in becoming immersed, and will then remain nearly two hours totally eclipsed before she begins to emerge. Towards the end of the fourth hour she will again be entirely clear of the shadow, shining as full moon again. Many superstitions cluster about lunar eclipses, though fewer than pertain to darkenings of the sun. To the ancients lunar obscurations were vastly more interesting than solar eclipses, as may be inferred from Plutarch's "De Facie," a quaint dialogue which could have been attributed only to believers in Luna's close connection with life and death, and with the spirits thought to watch over human destinies. Savage tribes are greatly terrified at both lunar and solar eclipses. The former are not so valuable scientifically as those of the sun, but from them much is learned about the motion of the moon, and her size, shape, and distance from us. Also they have been of use to historians in fixing dates of important occurrences hundreds and even thousands of years ago, because it is quite as simple to calculate backward to long-past eclipses as it is to compute those of the future. Thus the lunar eclipse of March 13, B. C. 4, settles the date of Christ's birth, which preceded the death of Herod by a few weeks, and that occurred soon after a lunar eclipse identified by chronologists.

Oscar Dana Allen, professor of metallurgy and analytical chemistry at Yale University from 1871 to 1887, died last week at his home at Ashford, Wash. He had written extensively on the flora of Mount Tacoma.

Alfred-Maurice Picard, formerly Minister of Marine in the French Cabinet and a member of the Academy of Sciences, died in Paris on Saturday, aged sixty-eight. He was the delegate of the French Government to the World's Fair at St. Louis. During the Franco-Prussian War, he was the chief of the Engineer Corps at Verdun. Later he was appointed Inspector-General of Bridges and Roadways, and received the cross of grand officer of the Legion of Honor.

Drama

The Commedia dell' arte: A Study in Italian Popular Comedy. By Winifred Smith, Ph.D. (Columbia University Studies in English and Comparative Literature.) The Columbia University Press. New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $2 net.

Miss Smith's thesis is a comprehensive discussion of the most picturesque and the most widely interesting of the minor dramatic *genres:* the special type of comedy developed by the Italian professional actors of the sixteenth century, and marked by improvisation on the basis of a *scenario*, by the recurring presence of various masked stock characters, and by an inordinate amount of *lazzi*, or rough comic business. Though always popular, the Commedia dell' arte was too merry an outlaw in the dramatic world to win a place in serious literary records. Very little is known about its origin and early development, and the documents of its Italian vigor and its foreign expeditions are scanty and irregular. Studies of particular phases of the difficult subject, though multiplying, have not yet brought knowledge to such a point that the writing of a formal history is possible; but Miss Smith's book is of great value as a more critical and a far more complete survey of the whole field than had previously been made.

Her own most important contribution is her emphasis on the part played by the mountebanks in the formation of the Commedia dell' arte. She notes the enrolment in professional companies of certain men who had been mountebanks, and traces verbal and physical tricks of the old trade in the new comedy. She refers to this relationship repeatedly, but does not organize the material in a single argument: a monograph on just this subject would be well worth while. Indeed, the whole problem of the early development of Italian professional acting still awaits systematic investigation.

The chapter on the influence of the Commedia dell' arte in England, with its corresponding bibliographical appendix, and such other English references as the quotation of Coryat's long passage on Venetian mountebanks, will be particularly welcome to Italian scholars, and Englishmen will find new light on the mountebank scene in "Volpone," and many similar matters. With regard to particular "influences," however, Miss Smith is commendably cautious.

The work is very accurate. The only error of any consequence detected by the reviewer is the assigning of Ariosto's "Cassaria," evidently through a confusion of notes, to 1488, with the related statement that Italian plays modelled on the Latin comedies were represented in the latter part of the fifteenth century. The "Cassaria" is of 1508, and none of the other Latinizing comedies can be regarded with certainty as earlier.

Miss Smith's definition of the Commedia dell' arte by form alone, on the basis that improvisation is its most essential characteristic, is not entirely satisfactory. The Masks are excluded from the definition because they appear also in written comedies, and the *lazzi* because they are to be found on almost any stage of the same grade. But it may be doubted whether the Masks appear in written comedies except as direct importations from the Commedia dell' arte; moreover, the same principle of exclusion would disqualify improvisa-

tion itself, for Miss Smith finds it necessary to admit, in the course of her work, that "improvisation, especially of sharp repartee, topical allusion, and comic *lazzi*, is a universal characteristic of any really popular stage."

The clearness of the presentation is somewhat injured, here and there, by a desire to avoid the appearance of mechanism in order and statement. The gain is more than the loss, however, for the style has a grace and a vivacity that one does not associate with doctoral theses. The book is carefully printed and contains several good illustrations.

Granville Barker is rapidly maturing his plans for his autumn Shakespearean season. As already reported, he begins with a revival of "Macbeth," in which the title-part will be sustained by Henry Ainley and that of Lady Macbeth by Lillah McCarthy. As in the case of his "Twelfth Night" and "The Winter's Tale," "decoration" will take the place of realistic scenery. The designs have been entrusted to Duncan Grant and Norman Wilkinson. "The character of Hecate," Mr. Barker declares, "is spurious and will be eliminated; that of the English doctor, also an interpolation, although probably by Shakespeare himself, may or may not be retained. Apart from this, not a line is to be cut; the tragedy will be presented exactly as it was written."

"Macbeth" Mr. Barker intends to follow with "A Midsummer Night's Dream," staged on the same simple lines. The scenes will be virtually limited to two—a glade in the wood and the palace of Theseus.

The Shakespeare festival at Stratford-upon-Avon will extend from April 21 to May 14. For the twenty-fifth time the performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. The birthday revival play will be "Henry IV" (Part II), in which Mrs. Benson will appear.

The veteran Robert McWade died in New York on Wednesday of last week. He was seventy-eight years old, and had been on the stage for sixty years. Never a great performer, he was exceedingly well trained and versatile, and won credit in almost every department of drama. Many years ago he achieved much popularity throughout the country in the part of Rip Van Winkle, but not in the larger cities, from which he was excluded by the greater fame and more exquisite art of Joseph Jefferson.

Music

Mozart's Operas. By Edward J. Dent. London: Chatto & Windus.

Wagner's Master-singers. By Oliver Huckel. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 75 cents net.

Thirty years ago, if any one had written that the three giants of musical drama were Mozart, Wagner, and Verdi, he would have been hooted at. Mr. Dent does it now with impunity, though there are some, including the reviewer of his book, who would place Bizet, with his "Carmen," on the same level, and who would claim for Weber also the highest rank as an originator; for while his operas do not now appeal to us as deeply as they did to our ancestors, there can be no doubt that he was the father of the modern music drama, Wagnerism having its roots deep down in Weber's soil. Wagner and Verdi are now accepted calmly and universally as immortals, although this verdict was slowly forced on the majority of the professionals by the *vox populi*. As for Mozart, the aged, in the words of Mr. Dent, "think of him as a respected classic, the elderly as a classic much overrated, while the present generation has rediscovered him with a whole-hearted enthusiasm." In Germany there has always been a reverential Mozart cult. In England, and to some extent in France, too, "there certainly is now beginning to flourish an intense and genuine delight in those masterpieces of musical drama which our elders in their first reverential adoration of Bach and Brahms regarded as trivial and insincere."

The only works of Mozart designed for the stage (there are nearly a score of them) that have remained regular "repertory operas," as the Germans say, are "Don Giovanni," "Figaro," and "The Magic Flute." Once in a while, however, a Mozart cycle is given in one of the larger German cities, and this includes, generally, besides the three operas named, "Idomeneo," "Die Entführung," "Cosi Fan Tutti," and "Clemenza di Tito." It is to these seven operas that Mr. Dent devotes most of his 432 pages. Mozart's compositions in other branches of music are referred to casually only, and it is refreshing to find that the author's enthusiasm for the operas does not make him overrate these other productions. He admits frankly, for instance, that the few chamber songs that Mozart produced "represent an even less important side of his activity than the pianoforte sonatas." Some will think he overrates the first two of the operas he discusses, "Idomeneo" and "Die Entführung"; but he gives so many good reasons for his enthusiasm that one ends by believing with him that were these operas properly performed by artists able to bring out all their delicate and expressive details, they would become popular. It has recently been found possible to stage the operas of Gluck in such a way as to hold the attention of modern listeners, and the style of the two works mentioned "is not so utterly different from that of 'Alceste' and 'Armide' as to make it impossible for us to appreciate." Incidentally, the author discusses some of the things which stand in the way of our being affected by these operas just as were Mozart's contemporaries. We are accustomed, for instance, to hearing trombones in almost every piece of music. In Mozart's time trombones were regarded as being outside the ordinary orchestra, and generally suitable only for the expression of ideas connected with the supernatural. When he used them, therefore, as in "Idomeneo" to accompany the oracle, or in "Don Giovanni" when the ghostly stoneman walks on the stage, the hearers were thrilled as we never can be, although the impression made on us, too, is deepened by the fact that the trombones are silent the rest of the time.

But Mr. Dent's volume will be welcomed chiefly for its elaborate analyses of "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "The Magic Flute." What distinguishes his analyses from ordinary ones is that he intersperses a multitude of observations and comparisons which emphasize salient points of contrast between Mozart's methods and those of our day. Thus, in commenting on musical scene painting, he says, with reference to "The Magic Flute": "Weber, let alone Wagner, could never have thrown away the opportunities that were offered by the ordeals of fire and water. Mozart prefers to concentrate our attention solely on the psychological aspect of the drama. In this he shows his unerring instinct for the stage." The last line is ridiculous. Mozart had anything but an unerring instinct for the stage; he often went astray almost as widely as Rossini or Donizetti; but we may let this pass as being one of the few instances in the book in which the author follows the custom in vogue among enthusiasts of trying to make weaknesses appear as virtues.

Two of the three "giants of the musical drama" were born just a century ago, and the presses are busy with articles and books relating to them. The latest contribution to the Wagnerian library is Oliver Huckel's curious paraphrase of "Die Meistersinger." It is not a translation of the text, but a free rendering, mostly in blank verse. Not only are the dialogues and the lyrics thus reshaped, but the stage directions also are versified. To those who are familiar with Wagner's poem—which has been adopted as a "reader" in many German schools—some of these changes come as a shock; others may find in this dramatic narrative a welcome introduction to the mediæval German atmosphere.

For the first time in six years Caruso will be a member of the Covent Garden Opera Company the coming season. Melba also will be heard.

Theodore Thomas was the greatest musical educator this country has had, and his

orchestral performances gave comfort and pleasure to thousands. Chicago, in particular, owes him a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. Yet the trustees of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra have decided to change its name to "Chicago Orchestra, Founded by Theodore Thomas." The decision was not revoked when Mrs. Theodore Thomas sent a protest, in which she called attention to the fact that the great leader's orchestral library, the largest in the world, and representing four-fifths of his estate, had been given by his family in the belief that, as a matter of course, the institution would preserve his name and his art standards to future generations. In the programme for the twentieth concert it was explained that the main object in changing the name was "to forestall and prevent the adoption by any other musical organization of the name 'Chicago Symphony Orchestra,' as this would involve endless embarrassment and complication and possibly serious financial loss to the Orchestral Association."

It is interesting to learn that Theodore Thomas's plans for the best kind of a concert hall—which are fully described in Mrs. Thomas's book on her husband's career—proved to be so successful. With the exception of the twenty-five-cent seats in the gallery, the tickets for the Friday afternoon concerts are all sold for the season, and every week there is a demand for single admissions which cannot be supplied. It has not been necessary to advance the price of tickets—although the orchestra's salary list is now $20,000 larger for the season than it was eight years ago.

Art

THE ARMORY EXHIBITION.—II.

The Armory Exhibition shifts bewilderingly day by day through changes of hanging and admission of new pictures. This keeps the interest up, but adds to the difficulties of a critic. In considering the American contributions only the most general treatment is possible. The show is representative only of the extreme left of our art. A mere geographical survey will tell what may be expected. The entrance hall is dominated by George Barnard's colossal group, The Prodigal Son, while on the wall Robert Chanler's clever zoömorphic screens afford a piquant background for the sculpture exhibits. Nervously drawn, fancifully colored, composed on formulas skilfully adapted from the Japanese, these screens are the most novel and interesting feature of the American display. In certain larger screens Mr. Chanler sinks to mere jumboism in design and mere prettiness in color. Jo Davidson's adroit and charming sculpture shares the honor of the floor with Solon Borglum, Aitken, Beach, and a newcomer, Arthur Lee, whose work shows that combination of youthful freshness with archaism which is the present mode. Behind the entrance hall is a gallery containing no less than a dozen Albert Ryders, a fine snow scene by John Twachtman, and a couple of minor pieces by Theodore Robinson. Two nocturnes by Ryder, with the Diana and the Interior of a Stable, represent about the best America has produced in purely imaginative painting. The glamour of this sort of thing is unearthly and exquisite. Arthur B. Davies, who is rather slightly represented in the exhibition by two of the Grecian series, cultivates this vein with more versatility and executive capacity. Without such dreamers an art is poor indeed; with them alone it is not quite rich. These secluded and highly individualized talents refresh, but in the nature of the case cannot provide leadership. Some principle of leadership appears in the tenuously firm work of John Twachtman. It is an austere and fastidious art, refusing the customary compromises. To fill a space with air and not sacrifice significant line and mass, to procure depth without forcing contrast—these were the problems that Cézanne and Twachtman were working at simultaneously in Provence and Connecticut. It was possibly only the chance of too early death that prevented Twachtman from reaching the level of his French colleague. The defect of both is a kind of impersonality, a proud withdrawal of the painter behind his work. It is the ungenerous attitude of Flaubert in letters. How definitely the tense and aristocratic landscape of Twachtman was symptomatic, let the work of Ernest Lawson and James Preston in the present show attest. They are entirely representative talents as regards both the qualities and the defects of our American impressionism.

As you pass to the right from the entrance, successive halls are dominated by George Luks and Lawson, George Bellows and Prendergast, Childe Hassam, Alden Weir, and D. Putnam Brinley, whose Emerald Pool, a stirring vision of a snow gorge, is again a fine example of what we may roughly call the Twachtman tradition. Weir and Hassam, both well represented by retrospective groups, shine with old masterly serenity amid the strident new work. Except Ryder, they are the only older men honored by a group exhibition. In fact, C. H. Davis, Edward Rook, H. D. Murphy, and Reuterdahl are about the only other regular exhibitors at the Academy who have seemed progressive enough to hold their own in the militant atmosphere of the Armory of the gallant Sixty-ninth. Upon Weir and Hassam I long ago exhausted my vocabulary of praise, which I could only repeat here with emphasis. Both are marvellous eyes and fine hands. Weir is as well a brooding spirit which invests its creations with an especial significance. He paints as in better days Henry James used to write.

George Luks, with a large double portrait and two character sketches, shows his usual competence. There is trenchancy in his brush stroke, as if he were not merely representing something, but sweeping the nonsense from it. None of his three paintings represents the full impact of his gusto, but a lot of little sketches of men and beasts, observed with an impartial relish, amply make amends. Luks is a powerful humorist as the word was used by Ben Jonson, and practiced by a rare line running through Hogarth and Rowlandson to Charles Keene and Phil May. Of the same tribe, but a shade more superior and sardonic, are John Sloan and Guy Dubois. Although I have known Dubois's work for a matter of ten years, its characterfulness and discretion struck me the other day like a new discovery. In the room where Luks and Lawson lord it we have the Prestons, Elmer McCrae, Philip Hale, and Jonas Lie in a rather flimsy decorative vein which I hope will prove transient. With Luks, George Bellows is a fount of gusto, but he seems to have nerves, with the corresponding impatience. His apostolic descent from St. Francis Rabelais is by no means so clear. In the Polo Crowd, the Circus, and the Docks restlessness is pushed nearly to the breaking point. Such spectacles are restless, and yet it may possibly be the business of the artist to see the turmoil in some calming eternal aspect. Something of this clarifying quality there is, for example, in the misanthropy of Degas, and occasionally in the frank sensuousness of Renoir. Bellows's portrait of a dancer has the sober excellences which his big illustrations often lack. His talent is great, and evidently has not yet found itself.

Prendergast has had the odd fate to be a Neo-Impressionist and a Post-Impressionist without knowing it. He splits the world up into a coarse mosaic of the primaries and recombines it in brusque and animated suggestions. It is not an art for slow eyes. There is plenty of sunlight and joy of life in it, and enough keen observation of men and women in any one of his three big pictures to fit out an Academy show and leave a surplus. Jerome Myers's swiftly caught visions of toil and play in New York are almost equally summary and more reflective. He is not bound by formulas and his grasp of the eloquence of the body, which is great, does not, as in Prendergast's case, imply sacrifice of the eloquence of the face. In his grimmer vein Myers has done nothing better than the benchful of sleepers on a sweltering roof which hangs in the gallery to the right of the entrance. Glackens and Henri are the greater gods of

this particular Olympus. Both are fitful painters somewhat after the type of the heroine of Longfellow's best-known poem. The petulance which makes and limits the art of Henri is well expressed in a nude, which at a certain peril I must call an Academy, and a more engaging head of a lad. The portrait of a gypsy, intensely conceived and worked out firmly in saturated browns and rose, is one of the best Henris I have ever seen. Glackens too often paints with the chip from his shoulder, instead of the palette-knife of commercialized art. A large group of young women done in the colors of Renoir, which, of course, may also have been those of the thing itself, is more ambitious than satisfactory. The figures lack relation and tend to fall out of the frame. Starting from the tempered blacks of Manet, Glackens has been making a resolute and interesting attempt to reform his style along lines of frank color, with results as yet uncertain. There could be no better rebuke to some particularly blatant and dreary Post-Impressionism which disfigures this hall, than the real expressiveness of the drawing of Myers and Dubois. The next gallery gathers about the charming Boy Playing with Goat of Karl Anderson a number of canvases chiefly representing the luministic idea. A mountain scene by Catherine N. Rhoades is spacious and rich in color. Beyond, towards the Cubists, are several galleries of sketches in color and black-and-white, something of a refuge from the intermittent blare of color in the painting halls. In fact, the whole arrangement of the exhibition is exemplary in avoiding the monotony of most big shows.

Remaining impressions must reduce themselves to bare mention. The crepuscular Bolton Brown and the nocturnal Leon Dabo are agreeably represented. Charles Hopkinson shows a delightful group of children, all tea-rose and pale blue. Cimiotti's landscapes are decorative and colorful beyond the common. Allen Tucker's portraits and landscapes have a quiet distinction; one would gladly see them in non-competitive conditions. John Marin's watercolors of the Woolworth building are attractive in color, but there seems an odd immodesty in depicting to its ultimate stages the vertigo or worse that the giant tower produces in his sensorium. Kenneth Hayes Miller is decoratively effective in a fashion that equally recalls Blake, Ryder, and the first manner of Pablo Picasso. Margaret Wendell Huntington achieves a remarkable effect of solidity and just placing in her Torquay cliffs and a powerful impression of the landward run of long waves below.

I have left myself no space to do justice to the sculpture, which presents assured excellence in the figurines of Bessie Potter Vonnoh and Abestemia St. Eberle, and a piquant novelty in the tiny caricatures of current modes and their feminine victims by Mrs. Myers. In general, the exhibition gives a sense of alertness and youthful vim. There is nothing of the somewhat funereal and dutiful atmosphere that habitually rules in our large stated shows. In the Armory people fall into talk, wrangle amiably, readily exchange enthusiasms. To a critic who has been accustomed to see his ministrations accepted with the resignation appropriate to those of the undertaker, all this is inspiring. And it can only be for the good of art among us that the public begins to realize that the artist is not displaying an elegant accomplishment with apologies, but trying to say something that he really wants to be heard. I do not wish to say anything too old-fashionedly distrustful of the numerous young talents who are treading the gaudy primrose path of Henri Matisse. Nor am I even prepared to insist that there are merely fireworks and disillusion at the end. My business is not with artists, who, I assume, know their own affairs; but with the public, which in this matter emphatically doesn't. And I wish to warn open-minded people against certain persistent sophistries which are urged in favor of the strident color schemes of the Post-Impressionists. You will be told that the color of the new work puts down everything older. Concede that immediately, and say it doesn't necessarily matter. So can a stentorian fool put down a company of well-bred people, or the mere drums the entire orchestra. Ask your tempter if he is Ruskinian, believing the primary colors to be intrinsically holy. Or ask him if he thinks Velasquez a feeble painter because he found a palette of black, white, and red entirely adequate for portraiture. Or, better yet, go from Matisse and Segonzac to Ryder, or Davies, or Hassam, or Weir, to Renoir's peonies or the lily pool of Monet. Or pass directly from the insistent blare of the Post-Impressionist gallery to some pale sketch of Augustus John's, austerely executed in cool blues and grays. If after such comparisons you honestly feel that the older painting is in any sense put down, and find you crave the new, why, you are entirely welcome to it.

F. J. M., JR.

Henry R. Poore is bringing out, through Doubleday, Page & Co., a book on "The Conception of Art."

Maurice W. Brockwell's "Adoration of the Magi, by Jan Mabuse" (Athenæum Press) has some value for its illustrations. To a study of the magi-story it contributes nothing. Seven of the plates reproduce Mabuse. No. 1 gives the painting as a whole; the remaining six present certain parts on a larger scale. As uncolored photographic prints they are admirable, most clear and expressive; they are a pleasure to the eye. There are, however, four more plates, quite unconnected with the Mabuse. No. x, it is true, is a Spanish Adoration by a son of Mestre Roderigo de Osona, good and interesting in itself, but remote from Mabuse. No. viii is a nude recumbent Venus by Velasquez; No. ix is a portrait by Holbein of Princess Christina of Denmark; No. xi is the famous, we might say the notorious, Windmill of Rembrandt. The justification for these plates and for much of the printed matter is evidently the author's desire to praise the efforts of the National Art Collections Fund in aiding the National Gallery. The Windmill, everybody knows, was diverted to Philadelphia; but it ought to have gone, was on the point of going, to the National! Now, we can afford to sympathize with the generous efforts of the Fund and applaud their success. Only, we should prefer to see them treated separately and systematically. As presented here they are mere padding. Concerning the artistic merits of Mabuse's painting, there can be no doubt. It is a noble work. Still, it scarcely equals Rogier's. It gives evidence of Rogier's influence, though it is not directly imitative. Background and grouping are less good than Rogier's, and the hovering angels are not effective. The most striking figure is that of the Moorish Caspar.

Joseph Lyman, a New York artist, who died last week at the age of sixty-nine, was born at Ravenna, O., and was educated in Cleveland. He first exhibited at the National Academy in 1876 and was made an associate member of that institution ten years later. He received a bronze medal at the St. Louis exhibition, 1904. His best-known paintings are Summer Night, Evening, Percé Rock, Waiting for the Tide, Street in St. Augustine, Florida, and Under Her Own Fig Tree.

Louis Saint Gaudens, sculptor, and brother of the late Augustus Saint Gaudens, died on Saturday at Cornish, N. H. He was born in New York, in 1854, and studied sculpture at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in 1879 and 1880. He assisted his more famous brother in several works. One of his last commissions was the design of the arch at the new railway station in Washington.

Finance

THE STORM CENTRE.

On a financial market already sufficiently disturbed, for other causes, there came in the past week such urgent demands for capital from Europe that $6,000,000 gold went out by Saturday's steamers, making $35,000,000 exported since the beginning of the year, or $6,400,000 more than has been shipped in the corresponding weeks of any preceding year. Until last week, Paris and Buenos Ayres had stood alone as consignees of our gold exports of 1913. Shipments of $750,000, made in the past few days to Berlin, marked the beginning of exports to that market, after an

interval of nearly five years in which we have sent no gold whatever to that destination.

For this there was an obvious cause. It will hardly be doubted that the present storm centre of the financial world is Berlin. Until last week's closing days, the position in that community was easy to understand. Germany had long been conducting a movement of ambitious trade expansion and an extensive Stock Exchange speculation on the basis of inadequate domestic capital resources. Its Government, whose ideas of the country's economic situation have always been singularly dense, had seen fit to play with fire in its international relations during the footless Morocco dispute. Emerging from that experiment with somewhat damaged diplomatic prestige and with its relations in international finance impaired, it presently found itself confronted, on the Balkan explosion, with a real diplomatic crisis which it had not invited, which it did not like, but from which it could not escape.

Last Thursday's news of acute money stringency at Berlin, with the German bankers bidding hurriedly for gold at London, offering a 6½ per cent. rate in New York, and apparently endeavoring to import some considerable amount of gold from our own reserves, did not therefore take the world's markets altogether by surprise. It had been expected all along that Berlin, under its system of quarterly settlements on a large scale of the community's financial and industrial obligations, would be subjected to a troublesome strain around April 1.

The weak side of the German financial position was disclosed as long ago as September, 1911, when the Paris bankers, either because of the Franco-German dispute over Morocco or because of their own home requirements, recalled great sums of capital previously lent in the German market. The result was a day of outright panic on the Berlin Stock Exchange. The situation was relieved by advance of capital from New York, estimated by the end of 1911 to have reached $150,000,000. When our own trade activity revived, six months later, and New York had to call back the loans, the strain returned, and last year's "April settlement" brought short loans in the Berlin market up to 8 and 9 per cent. Some financial liquidation again eased the strain, until, last October, the Balkan War threw the German market into renewed confusion. At the "year-end settlement," two months ago, 12 per cent. had to be paid in Berlin for one-month loans. The Imperial Bank of Germany last week reported a cash reserve $25,000,000 less than a year ago, a loan account $49,000,000 larger, and an outstanding note circulation greater by $83,000,000, and last year's statement was regarded as none too strong.

This series of incidents shows why Berlin is at present watched more closely than any other of the world's great markets. How far last week's disturbances were a result of the German Government's extraordinary proposals for new taxation, is a reasonable question. To suggest for purposes of new armament, on top of the German taxpayer's already very heavy burden, the piling of a special requisition of 5 per cent. on every citizen's private fortune—the total levy to reach $250,000,000—would cause consternation in any market. To do this at the moment when the Government was asking the markets for a loan of $137,000,000, was to invite the failure even of the loan—and the event has shown that result to be a possibility. The case can hardly have been helped by this tactful utterance, a few days ago, by the German Emperor: "The year 1813 was a sacrifice. Let 1913 also be so for every one, for the time is scarcely less critical than 1813."

It was in 1813 that Prussia, crushed under Napoleon's heel, rose suddenly, armed its whole people, and joined in the attack of the Allies on the French invader. It remains to see how the frequently insubordinate Reichstag will accept the Kaiser's not wholly convincing historical analogies, and will respond to his modest requisition. It also remains to be determined what will happen on the German markets.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Acheson, Arthur. Mistress Davenant: The Dark Lady of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Walter M. Hill.

Agathon. Les Jeunes Gens d'aujourd'hui. Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Alger, G. W. The Old Law and the New Order. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Allen, F. W. The Lovers of Skye. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.

Ames, J. B. Lectures on Legal History and Miscellaneous Legal Essays. Harvard University Press.

Arabes, les Auteurs (pages choisies). Paris; Armand Colin. 3.50 francs.

Aveline, H. C'était à Berlin (roman). Paris: Plon. 3.50 francs.

Axon, W. E. A. The Canon of De Quincey's Writings. (Reprint from Trans. Royal Society of Lit.) London: Adlard & Son.

Bagot, Richard. The Italians of To-day. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

Bateson, W. Mendel's Principles of Heredity. (Third edition.) Putnam.

Benson, E. F. The Weaker Vessel. Dodd, Mead. $1.35 net.

Beuchat, H. Manuel d'Archéologie Américaine (préface Henry Vignaud). Paris: A. Picard et fils. 15 francs.

Bolderston, W. N. La Vie de Saint Remi. Poème du XIIIe Siècle par Richier. Frowde.

Bolt, Niklaus. Peterli am Lift. Edited with notes by T. Betz. Heath. 40 cents.

Bolton, R. P. An Expensive Experiment: The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario. Baker & Taylor. $1.25 net.

Bonney, T. G. Volcanoes, Their Structure and Significance. Third edition. Putnam.

Bourcher, Colonel Arthur. L'Anabase de Xénophon (texte—commentaires militaires). Paris: Berger-Levrault. 25 francs.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1913.

The Week

Democrats and Republicans in Congress agree upon the record-breaking size of the appropriations during the last two years, but upon the question of responsibility they are divided sharply. The Republicans point the accusing finger at the majority party; the Democrats refer the country to the Republican Executive. Ex-Speaker Cannon, who for many years was chairman of the Appropriations Committee, is shocked at the sight of any but a Republican House and Senate incurring the stigma of being a billion-dollar Congress, and is sure that we shall go from bad to worse until the Speaker has back his old power of naming the committees, and the supply bills in the House are in the hands of a single committee. A budget committee he sees no place for in our system of government. Yet it is just such a body that many persons will think is the plain inference to be drawn from the scattering of responsibility now possible, and indeed almost unavoidable, in our way of raising and spending money. Whatever is to be said in favor of a single committee in the House to look after the supply bills, applies to the more comprehensive matter of a single body to supervise the entire list of appropriations and expenditures. When Congress really desires such a committee, it will not find the difficulties in the way insurmountable.

The creation of a Senate Committee on Banking and Currency is most significant, in the light of many references made by President Wilson to the urgent need of a thorough revision of our banking and currency system. The Committee on Finance included this subject, along with the whole domain of fiscal questions in general; in making a departure from this long-established plan, there is clear indication of businesslike purpose. That Mr. Wilson has been giving to the subject earnest attention is evident not only from a number of speeches before and since the campaign, but especially from the prominence he gave to it in his inaugural address.

We trust that the Government at Washington will make short work of the plan to grab the Isle of Pines, which comes up every few years, and for which its promoters apparently think that the coming in of a new Administration affords a favorable opportunity. With Mr. Bryan as Secretary of State, the expediting of this scheme to limbo ought to be peculiarly easy, for he has an unbroken record of firm opposition to any policy of "criminal aggression." That is what the annexation of the Isle of Pines would be, or, if one prefers, it might be described by a shorter, though uglier, word. Apart from the merits of the case, the Democratic party could not countenance this petty larceny without making itself ridiculous, and reducing its repeated denunciations of the landgrabbing policy in the Philippines to an absurdity.

New Hampshire did herself proud by electing Henry F. Hollis to the United States Senate, and the Democratic party throughout the nation may well rejoice. But forty-two years old, Mr. Hollis has won for himself an enviable reputation as a lawyer of ability who has not sold himself to corporations, and as a powerful and courageous speaker. The cause of freedom for the Filipinos wins another strong advocate by his election, for Mr. Hollis has stood for their independence from the days when to do so was to subject one's self to ridicule, or abuse, as a "little American." Indeed, every liberal and enlightened movement will enlist his hearty sympathy. President Wilson will find in him a sincere and earnest supporter of his policies, and a man wholly above the ordinary conception of politics, just as he was head and shoulders above the average in his scholarship at Harvard. It is a cause for encouragement everywhere that men of this type are coming to the front in the Democratic party. McAdoo, Redfield, Houston, Lane, Franklin Roosevelt, John Skelton Williams—if there is one thing to be said of these men whom Mr. Wilson has brought to the front, it is that they are as far as possible removed from the old idea that politics is a game to be played for the benefit of the player and his friends and his party.

The abandonment of the Union Pacific plan for rearranging relations with the Southern Pacific and of selling the $126,650,000 Southern Pacific stock, has many interesting aspects. The Supreme Court decided last December that Union Pacific's ownership of this stock (which was a controlling interest) involved restraint of trade under the Sherman act, and ordered the company to dispose of it within a period terminating May 12. The company arranged, with the approval of the Federal Attorney-General, that the stock should be offered, at a price amounting to slightly less than par, to the existing shareholders of the Union and Southern Pacific. A strong international syndicate was then formed, which agreed to take such of the $126,650,000 stock as the shareholders did not subscribe for. But the company's plan also contemplated readjustment of relations between the two companies, whereby Southern Pacific should sell for $104,000,000, to the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific property which was owned by the first-named company, but whose main line was a natural Westward continuation of Union Pacific's main transcontinental line. This readjustment involved new arrangements regarding the other California lines of the Central Pacific, which had of late years been virtually absorbed by Union Pacific. To some of these arrangements, regarded by the company as essential, the California Railway Commission objected. Since the assent of that body was necessary, and since the underwriting syndicate's contract had been conditioned on that assent, this action terminated the plan.

Questions of unusual interest arise, now that preparations must again be made in the next eight weeks for disposing of the $126,650,000 Southern Pacific stock. The property is now highly prosperous, earning and paying 6 per cent. in dividends, and it can undoubtedly command a market. The one real difficulty has been the raising of so great a sum of cash in the face of considerable money stringency throughout the

world. But that problem would probably have been quite as awkward if the plan abandoned on Saturday had been carried out. It has seemed to be a general impression, in the financial district, that the underwriting bankers, both home and foreign, have felt individually relieved at being released from that present responsibility. In one way or another, however, the same requisition must be made later on; just as the actual relations between Union and Southern Pacific must be readjusted on the basis of independent ownership and operation. Whatever troublesome effects the episode as a whole may have involved, or may hereafter involve, to the companies concerned, no actually disastrous effects are possible. The Union Pacific bought its Southern Pacific holdings, fourteen years ago, at the price of 50, and the Southern Pacific property is not dependent for its prosperity on connection with Union Pacific.

Violence in labor warfare has unfortunately made martial law familiar. But that, under stress of necessity, is one thing, and trial by court-martial after order is restored is another. In West Virginia several labor leaders are to be put on trial before a court-martial. The defendants obtained a writ of prohibition from a circuit judge, who afterwards ordered its cancellation. In rendering decision, Judge Littlepage declares:

> When this writ was applied for, I did, with the greatest interest, sympathy, and deep-set determination, readily consent to grant it under the firm conviction that neither the court-martial court sitting at Cabin Creek nor any other tribunal known to the American law had any authority whatever to deprive a human being of life, liberty, or property, without a trial by jury of twelve men.

The decision then goes on to say that, after the most thorough investigation into the law of the question, with the assistance of the ablest members of the West Virginia bar, the conclusion is inescapable that the Circuit Court has no authority to interfere with a duly organized court-martial under the laws of the State. This may be legally sound. But the sentiment of the public at large will be exactly what Judge Littlepage's feelings were when he first approached the question—one of abhorrence at the thought of civilians being tried for their lives in time of peace by court-martial.

An analysis of the acts and joint resolutions adopted at this year's session of the Legislature of South Carolina shows how local is the great bulk of business considered by a supposedly "General" Assembly. Of the 256 enactments, only four can be called general. One of these established a uniform standard of weights and measures, and another provided for inspection of oil and gasolene. The largest group was concerned with school matters, which were responsible for thirty-eight bills, such as "An Act to require and compel school attendance within the city of Spartanburg, South Carolina," and an act to reduce the salary of the Superintendent of Education of Jasper County to $400. County government called forth 32 bills, besides 25 that are listed as pertaining to county offices and officers; roads and road taxes were attended to in 24 acts; municipal matters in 23; courts in 18; bond issues in 15; claims in 14; rural police in 10, and so on. Anglo-Saxon ideas of local government are hardly preserved in such an exhibition as this, yet it could be paralleled in almost if not quite every State in the Union.

Any man might be proud of the opportunity that has come to Professor Goodnow, whom the Chinese Government has summoned as its adviser in the work of constitutional reconstruction. To have a share in building the political framework for a nation of four hundred millions is a task which appeals powerfully to the imagination. It is a task which undoubtedly calls for special knowledge, but for something more than that. Professor Goodnow is trained in the theory of constitutional government as the Western world has practiced it. The application of the fundamental principles of Western democracy under the vastly different conditions that obtain in China involves the broadest kind of historical imagination and insight, in addition to special knowledge. Professor Goodnow's appointment is in line with the recent tendency on the part of China's governing classes to avail themselves of the services of experts from abroad. The selection of Dr. Morrison, the well-known English correspondent at Peking, as political adviser to the Chinese Government, is an instance in point. Several years ago, while China was still under the Manchus, Professor Jenks was called in to deal with the Government's financial problems. The college professor is very evidently having his innings to-day.

It would be invidious, even if it were possible, to dispute the statement in William Allen White's newspaper, that "Kansas has more able, sensible, brilliant editors than any State in the bunch." But how are we to credit the accompanying remark that they do not stick to their proper task, but when a political campaign warms up, "spend all their time whooping it up in the market-place for such cheap skates as may be nominated for 2-cent offices"? As every Congressman knows, it is the metropolitan journals that are under the control of unnamed and unnamable interests, and the smaller newspapers could not in any way be influenced by fear or favor. To suggest that any editor in the entire State of Kansas, or anywhere else outside of New York city and possibly Chicago, ever whooped it up for a cheap skate who had happened to be nominated for a 2-cent office, is to do violence to one of the most useful traditions that ever served the political purposes of a dignified member of the United States Senate.

The raid of colored Democrats upon the White House last week, with the demand that every negro Republican be turned out and the offices be given to them and their friends, shows that these members of the emancipated race have patterned after the practical politicians among the whites. Twenty years ago such a demand would have seemed reasonable, if not proper; to-day we are decades away from this brutal spoilsman's attitude. That the Wilson Administration will be in the least degree influenced by such a demand we have not the slightest belief. In the whole matter of office-holding by negroes Mr. Wilson has yet to define his attitude, but he has already made it clear that he is not going to turn over the offices to the spoilsmen.

Philadelphia, March 14. — "The outstanding infamy of certain of our modern industries is the linking to the belts of factories and mills of two million children," was the declaration made to-day by William B. Patterson, of this city, at the forenoon session of the first annual Progressive Conference of Pennsylvania.

No, Mr. Patterson, there is a greater infamy than this. It is the infamy of the United States Census, which deliberately lends itself to the falsification of the facts. According to that lying institution, the total number of wage-earners in all the manufacturing industries of the United States is, indeed, admitted to be 6,615,046; but instead of honestly confessing that 2,000,000 of these are children, the number under sixteen years of age is brazenly set down as 161,493. It is true that the Government's statisticians admit that there may be a considerable error in their figures, owing to the difficulty of getting truthful statements of age. Clearly the time has come for a summary recall of the Director of the Census, and if this does not suffice, there should be a revision, by popular vote, of the mediæval rules of arithmetic which fossilized statisticians persist in keeping unaltered.

The Comic Spirit, we think, must find material in the outcry of the Tory press in London over Mr. Bryan's "indiscreet" speech on St. Patrick's Day. He congratulated his hearers on the bright prospects of Home Rule for Ireland, and made some remarks about the speedy disappearance of "the hereditary principle" in government. For this he is severely taken to task by the *Morning Post*. It declares that his speech will be regarded with "keen resentment" in England, and accuses him of want both of tact and of propriety as a responsible Cabinet member. To clinch this point, the *Morning Post* says:

> We should very much like to know what Mr. Bryan would have said if at the time of his last defeat for the Presidency the English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had publicly expressed his gratification that the people of the United States had crushed the pretensions of a dangerous demagogue.

Well, the joke of this is that an English Foreign Minister once did precisely that—except that it was on the occasion of Bryan's first defeat. He was beaten for the Presidency on November 3, 1896. On November 9 following, Lord Salisbury made a speech at the Guildhall, in which, after referring to the presence of Ambassador Bayard, he said: "Though contrary to practice to remark upon the internal politics of other states, I may be permitted without impertinence to congratulate him upon the splendid pronouncement the great people he represents have made in behalf of the *principles which lie at the base of all human society*." Not simply, observe, that Bryan had advocated financial whimsies; he had attacked the basal principles of society. Yet the *Morning Post*, so soon forgetting its former political chief, puts it as the extreme of impossibility that an English Foreign Minister should have spoken of Bryan as "a dangerous demagogue."

The announcement last week by the English Ministry that it intends to submit at the next session of Parliament a plan for the reform of the House of Lords does not mean that it will or can be made law. If it passed the Commons, the Lords could block it for two years, and by that time the present Parliament would have come to an end. When the upper house is ready to kill Irish Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment, it certainly would not hesitate to take the life of a bill doing away entirely with the hereditary principle in the House of Lords. All that the Liberals could accomplish by their proposals would be to meet the taunts of their opponents. The Conservatives have long been demanding the production of the promised Liberal scheme for reforming the Lords. They have challengingly cited Mr. Asquith's words about the necessity of following up the abolition of the veto of the Lords with a measure reconstituting the second chamber. Well, they have now got the Government's project in outline, and it is safe to say that they will not like it. Nor was it intended that they should. The whole amounts, at present, to no more than a bit of political by-play.

Among the educational signs of the times in England is the selection of a site for a new engineering science laboratory at Oxford. In the words of the London *Times:* "Where classics and theology once reigned alone, or only admitted mathematics to an equal and law to a subsidiary and incidental place beside them, one after another subject has vindicated its claim to a share in the studies proper to a university." Yet it does not regard the whole field of learning as necessarily the ideal for every university. "It will be sufficient if it realizes and recognizes that learning is a whole." Along with this expansion in the field of recognized studies has gone another important development, and that is the intensive cultivation of the traditional subjects. Not only have specialized courses, like those in archæology and anthropology, been introduced, but "history, art, economics, religion, the whole social structure and organism of life, are studied in and have light thrown on them by the classics." The significance of that last phrase cannot be overlooked. However Oxford and Cambridge expand, it will be some time before the classics lose their favored position in the curriculum.

It may have been the fear of financial and industrial panic that has brought from the German Government a prompt disavowal of the highly provocative article in the *Kölnische Zeitung* in which France was assailed as a menace to the peace of Europe. But even if the Berlin Stock Exchange had not developed a bad attack of nerves, the Cologne newspaper's challenge would have had to be repudiated, so patently false was the charge that the French Government has been looking for trouble, so plainly has the change in the spirit of the French nation since 1905 been only the reaction against German menace and intimidation. The Paris *Temps* of a fortnight ago, foreseeing just such an attack as was launched in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, offers pretty complete proof of the fact that the French military programme since 1905, instead of being provocative in nature, has refrained from increasing the armed strength of the nation or has actually countenanced a decline. The *Temps* enters into a minute chronology which shows that only ten days after the law reducing the term of military service from three years to two had gone into effect, came the Kaiser's voyage to Tangier and the first Morocco crisis of 1905. Again and again Morocco brought about a state of Franco-German tension, but the French Government did nothing to increase the effective strength of the army. In 1911 and 1912 the German army was increased by more than fifty thousand men, and still France did nothing. It was only in face of the latest German move, designed to add nearly 150,000 men to the army, that France has been stirred to something like a counter-policy.

A FAR-REACHING QUESTION.

The agitation started at Chicago over the question of a minimum wage for women has been attracting attention throughout the country. In a number of States, movements of the same character have been initiated. The newspapers have everywhere devoted ample space and great prominence to the proceedings of the Illinois Senate investigating committee. A certain amount of criticism has been passed upon the attitude of Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara and the committee, and upon the proposals which they apparently have in contemplation; and some of these criticisms have been very much to the point. It remains to be seen whether, in the other States which seem ready to follow in the footsteps of Illinois, the question at issue will be taken up in a manner more appropriate to its importance and difficulty.

The Illinois committee does not appear to have the faintest realization of the fact that any interposition in this matter must take into account the whole situation of society, and must reckon consequences other than those which immediately affect the comfort of the particular girls whom it is desired to place in a better position. Questions are asked, again and again, which show the attitude of a yellow journalist rather than of a sober legislator or investigator. One after another of the heads of colossal business establishments, after having stated his estimate of what is required for the needs of a woman worker—say, $8 a week—has been asked, "Could you live on that?" or "What is your income?" The committee seems quite unaware that if the fact of gross inequality of fortune, the fact that the rich might easily part with their superfluity and give it to the poor, were to be accepted as a reason for compelling such redistribution, the process could not stop with a little thing like a pitiful minimum wage for women. It would necessarily mean a complete reconstruction of the whole economic and social system. With those who deliberately and seriously work for such an end we have here no fault to find; but with those who are so soft-headed that they don't know when they are meddling with a great question we confess we have little patience.

Even if one does not enter upon this larger subject, there are many considerations, lying close to the immediate question, which must thrust themselves forward imperatively as soon as it is considered in a spirit of sober responsibility. There are hundreds of thousands, indeed millions, of families—whole families—living, some way or other, upon incomes not much larger than the amount which it is urged should be made the least that shall be permitted as the pay of the youngest and most inexpert girl beginning to work in a shop or factory; upon what principle of democratic government are these families to be left in that condition when the law declares it an intolerable one? Or take a thing coming still closer to the immediate problem. The girls who are to be particularly protected against immorality by the proposed law are the girls who do not live at home. These girls, in a great city like Chicago, are in very large measure girls who have been attracted by the allurement of the metropolis from farms and little towns and villages. When all the country girls learn that to come to Chicago means a sure income of five or six hundred dollars a year, who shall say by what an enormous amount the number drawn to the city will be increased? Yet the number of places for them will not be increased, but, as Mr. Siegel pointed out in an interview last week, in all probability greatly diminished. Finally, to mention only one more point, what about the little shops, whose name is legion, which together afford employment to thousands of girls, and whose figures of income and outgo are of a totally different nature from those of Marshall Field or of Sears, Roebuck & Co.? Are we to have a minimum wage law for the big shops and none for the little ones?

The question of a minimum wage for women is one that demands consideration. There is already a strong body of sober and competent opinion in favor of such a measure. But, unless we are headed for a career of thoughtless and dangerous legislation on subjects of the most vital import, we must consider the question with the utmost care, and act on it not upon an emotional impulse, but in full consideration of all its economic consequences and all its moral bearings. Of thought of the former there has thus far been in the Illinois proceedings no indication whatever; and as to the latter, the committee's goings-on have been of a most pernicious character. That insufficient wages for girls are in many instances a cause of immorality, few will deny; but the spread of the notion that they not only may be a cause, but are in point of fact a justification, for a girl embracing a life of shame is calculated to cause an amount of demoralization alongside of which that caused by low wages would be quite insignificant. And the notion is no less false than it is pernicious. It implies not only a general want of character which is a gross libel on the vast majority of women, but is contrary to the obvious facts of life. To choose a life of shame in preference to living on six dollars a week means not only want of virtue, but want of sense. It is inconceivable that many girls deliberately make such a choice. With those that do make it, it is a result of many causes, in character and environment, of which the matter of wages is only one. And life upon $8 a week, or $12 a week, is not so delightful as to remove the influence of these temptations and weaknesses. To admit that these may be yielded to without turpitude is to remove a defence of virtue which has been built up through ages of effort and aspiration and discipline and self-sacrifice, and for which no minimum-wage law can supply a substitute.

OBSESSIONS OF THE SPECIALIST.

"I say that it is an open question of morals whether a girl should starve herself respectably on an insufficient wage, or should go on the streets. They are selling their bodies, putting them into their work, in either case." This statement was made, for publication, not by a yellow journalist, not by a sensational preacher, or a notoriety-seeking novelist or playwright or actress. It was made by a young woman of high character and purposes, and of good intelligence, who has been doing valuable work, in the service of the State, upon the subject of the improvement of labor conditions. How does it come that a person like that can talk such reprehensible folly? How does it come that she can believe what is not only utterly repugnant to the moral instincts of normal human beings in general, but manifestly

flics in the face of the most familiar facts of human experience?

We are seeing the same sort of thing nowadays in many forms. In whatever way such a mental state may be explained, it cannot be looked upon without serious misgiving. But there is one consideration that goes far towards accounting for it, and which shows it to be less grave than it might otherwise appear. Looking at each successive manifestation, and gathering the cumulative effect of them all, one might almost get the impression that the world was cutting loose from its moral and mental moorings altogether. But that impression would be misleading. The wild cries that one hears, now from this quarter, now from that, are not the voices of so many representatives of broad or general thought. They are in large measure the shrill notes emitted by particular persons who have fixed their thought on some one aspect of life and have lost not only their sense of proportion, but their capacity to see that the different parts of life form a connected whole. The phenomenon is by no means confined to the domain of humanitarianism or of social reform. While it is true that in this field the element of emotional hysteria is likely to enter in a particularly malignant form, the want of balance, of sound and comprehensive judgment, is largely attributable to that intellectual one-sidedness which is the besetting sin of the specialist generally, and which, if unchecked, may become a downright obsession.

From the intellectual standpoint, the dictum of the young woman we have quoted is no worse than many a present-day utterance coming from what are regarded as high scientific quarters. Mr. Charles B. Davenport, for instance, is the director of the department of experimental evolution of the Carnegie Institution. In the opening paragraph of his book on "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," after stating that the laws of improvement of racehorses hold for man, he declares: "Unless people accept this simple truth, and let it influence marriage selection, human progress will cease." The same gentleman, in a recent article, asserted with great emphasis and vehemence that the money cost of maintaining the imbecile and insane in public institutions was placing such a burden on the better elements of the population that they were prevented from reproducing their kind. Any intelligent youth, writing a college essay, might feel that, before declaring that progress will cease unless the principles of eugenics be made the guide to marriage, it was incumbent on him to reconcile this statement with the fact of human progress in the past. The veriest hack writer, in any respectable newspaper or magazine, ought to feel that, before he was entitled to say that the cost of institutions for the imbecile and the insane is the cause of "race suicide," he must make some kind of calculation of the amount of that burden, as affecting the classes among whom race suicide is prevalent. Not so the infatuated eugenist. Between "progress will cease" and "progress will not be as great as it might conceivably be" he does not feel required to make a distinction; and the fact that it would take ten times or twenty times the actual cost of the hospitals and asylums to produce any appreciable effect upon even the economic—let alone the other—causes of the limitation of families among the well-to-do, does not for a moment stop the rush of his irresponsible pen.

Taken in itself, the specialist's exaggeration of the particular evil which is the constant subject of his own thoughts does no great harm, and often, indeed, may do good. The dentist who thinks that nine-tenths of the ills of mankind are due to defective teeth may be multiplying the truth many times; but, after all, it is a good thing that children's teeth be examined and attended to, and it matters little in just what way we are frightened into having it done. The relation between filth and disease may not be quite what it is sometimes represented; still no one can object to any amount of zeal and efficiency that may be devoted to keeping streets and tenements clean. But the specialist who attacks the universe on the basis of his particular prepossession opens up possibilities of infinite mischief. The "social worker" may know somewhat more about the relation between wages and prostitution than the rest of us do; by all means let him enlighten us as to the facts, and let us all consider what is best to be done about them. But his somewhat greater knowledge on this particular point is but one little element in that great total of human experience, inherited and acquired, which is the possession of the whole race of man. Even in the little region in which he has some title to speak with authority, his claim to confidence must be measured by the evidence he gives of care and conscientiousness in his statements. When he recklessly adventures outside of his field, he should not be classed as of any school,

> But that where blind and naked Ignorance
> Delivers brawling judgments unashamed
> On all things, all day long.

SINCERITY.

It may still be true that the world is governed with little wisdom, but it cannot be governed at all without certain political virtues. Chief among these we should be inclined to reckon sincerity. This gives public men power while they are alive, and causes their fame to grow after they are dead. We are just now seeing this truth illustrated in connection with the memory of Grover Cleveland. His birthday is celebrated, and the house in which he was born was this week acquired and dedicated as a permanent memorial to him. Now, he was one of the most sincere men that ever lived; and it is this quality in him which most impressed his own generation and which largely accounts for the heightening of his reputation as the years pass. Without great intellectual attainments, with few gifts of personal charm, Mr. Cleveland had a large endowment of the brave old wisdom of simplicity. Direct, earnest, vigorous, he never left any one in doubt where he stood. When he was Governor of New York, there was never any mystification about his attitude in any important matter. It was not open to question whether he was genuine against the Tammany boss, or was merely playing a little game with him. And as President, it was by his robust sincerity, displayed in dealing with question after question, that he brought the country to believe it had a real man in the White House. Right or wrong, there he stood, clear and entire, never evasive or tricky, always to be depended upon.

And if we ask why it is that his latest successor in the Presidency has in two weeks' time made so excellent a beginning in impressing his fellow-citizens favorably, we are again shown that it

is the moral element which counts most in politics. President Wilson has not done anything startling. He has not given the country a single sensation. But he has already managed to convince even those who disliked and distrusted him that he is a stanch and determined Executive. There is a marked feeling that he is going to be found thoroughly consistent. As President, he holds the same tone as when candidate and when Governor. He betrays no thought of eating his own words or forgetting his pledges. And he exhibits a steadfast purpose to devote himself completely to the high business of his office, with a grip on himself and on the situation, that has won him instant and general approval. Once more we have a manifestation of the homely quality of sincerity, but how all-conquering it appears!

By contrast, the present posture of affairs in New York State is unhappy. No clear lead is given. The people are uncertain whether there is a clean-cut and honest issue between Gov. Sulzer and Boss Murphy. Is it a fight? Is it a farce? The shrewdest correspondents at Albany confess themselves puzzled. Even those of them who are closest to the Governor are unable to say whether he has made up his mind to defy Murphy, whether he really has the stomach for a fight. The chance is there. The provocation exists. The appeal is strong. But the doubt persists whether Gov. Sulzer has the mental grasp and the moral equipment to take up Murphy's challenge. And the most harassing part of the doubt has to do with just this thing of perfect sincerity. If the State were wholly sure that Sulzer had it, there would already have been a rising to him like that which hastened to hold up the hands of Grover Cleveland and Charles E. Hughes.

Many of Gov. Sulzer's public declarations commend themselves. His announced purpose to cut out graft and to run down thieves in the State Administration, and some of his acts in execution of that policy, are excellent. Nor is there anything but praise to be given to his confession of faith in home rule for the counties and cities of the State, and his promise neither to do nor to permit anything, as Governor, to infringe upon that principle. But when all this is admitted, there remains a great deal of confusion and uncertainty. Is the Governor altogether sincere? Will he, when the time comes, back up his theatrical words by matter-of-fact deeds? Such are the questions which the people are asking. They are ready to follow an honest leader, but it is pretty hard to leave them in perplexity on the question whether they have such a man at Albany. The hesitation does not arise on account of Mr. Sulzer's past. That could speedily be forgotten. His long subservience to Tammany, his vacillations and posturings and unconcealed vanity and ambition—all this would be overlooked were he to come out boldly and strip himself for an open fight with Murphy and call upon the State to bear witness to his entire sincerity. There's the rub: could he make people believe him?

As to the party of the second part, there is no doubt whatever. Murphy is sincere—sincerely determined to get every scrap of spoils, every opportunity for plunder, upon which he can lay his hands. No man in the State or the country has a moment's uncertainty on that point. Gov. Sulzer would not have to argue that. Nor would he need to explain the attitude of President Wilson towards Murphy. He could, indeed, count upon an immediate response and a great support if he would boldly proclaim a truceless war upon Murphy. But so long as his trumpet gives an uncertain sound, he must not expect the people to prepare themselves for battle.

THE TRIBE OF BARNUM.

It would be unfair to saddle the wraith of the late P. T. Barnum with responsibility for all the humbug now flourishing, or even with that portion of it which exists for a purely commercial end. At the same time, his famous observation about the willingness of the public to be deceived has given operations in that line a kind of warrant, if it has not actually invested them with a sort of sanctity. Even Lincoln admitted the possibility of fooling some people at every attempt, so that a really enterprising person might not unreasonably feel that not to take advantage of so well recognized a condition would be to fly in the face of an inscrutable Providence. However this may be, it is certain that there are men and women who do not propose to let the profession of humbug die for want of practitioners. How many of these generous souls the world can boast must be a matter of the merest guesswork, but that they are not a negligible group in point of number is sufficiently proved from the size of *Truth's* "Cautionary List" for 1913. This "List," we may add, is a book of above a hundred pages, containing the names of more than seven hundred persons.

A patriotic American would not like to think that his own country could be outdone by any other in a field that so evidently can be made to yield large returns. It is gratifying, therefore, to come upon indications that we are at least holding our own in the humbug business, and thus leaving foreigners without excuse for working the rich vein of our credulity. Can England, for example, exhibit a single Soothsayer Trust? How many we have, nobody has yet discovered, but the one that has been unearthed in Chicago has a balance-sheet that must make us all a bit prouder of our commercial and financial achievements. The annual business of the Soothsayer Trust apparently amounts to a quarter of a million dollars, and it is credited with a yearly appropriation of twenty thousand dollars for a "slush fund." As one of its victims parted with as much as ten thousand dollars, this sum does not seem inordinately large. Doubtless its managers are not unfamiliar with the principles of efficiency.

To be sure, a Soothsayer Trust is not an absolutely new thing. The augurs of Rome, like the priests of Memphis, would inevitably have drawn down upon themselves the wrath of the Department of Justice, if there had been any such meddling institution and if they had not been so securely intrenched as to make interference with them dangerous. In the absence of a Roman or Egyptian Wickersham, all that Julius Cæsar himself could do was to interpret adverse omens as subtly meant for favorable ones, and proceed to act as he had already determined. Dissolution of the Trust would have provoked a healthful rivalry, in which the humblest citizen would have been able to find somewhere in the Eternal City a soothsayer who would have advised him in accordance with his desires. The situation in Greece in reference to oracles was much better.

If the representative of Zeus at Dodona was unsatisfactory, either in his charges or in his deliverances, one could go to the representative of Apollo at Delphi, not to mention any of the smaller "independents."

But it would be doing scant justice to the profession to intimate that it is not progressive. While some of its members continue to furnish hints of the future and love-potions and revelations of hidden treasure, others will supply you with more modern wares. There is "mind maturity," for instance. At first, this may not appeal to you, but before you have read half a dozen paragraphs, you are fully convinced that mind maturity is a thing that you must have at any cost. You learn that there are some 250,000,000 tiny cells in your brain, or at all events in the ordinary brain, and you are faced with the problem of how, for all their number, they are going to help you without being trained, just as your muscles would be in a sad state if you had never done anything for them. Does it not stand to reason that you are not likely to get anywhere without the power of "ideation," which is yours for a little work and less money?

There crops out now and then, in various quarters, a spirit of hostility to charlatans. But is this justifiable? If one is eager for infallible tips on horse-races, or a few shares of stock that will begin to double and quadruple in value as soon as one has them in his possession, or a course of study that will make one a scholar overnight, is it grateful to assail those who take the trouble to supply these things? How are we to get great quick if we allow no one to show us the way?

HALIFAX.

There is no material in the Oxford edition of Halifax* which was not already accessible in Miss Foxcroft's well-known life of the Marquis, but his writings in this separate and beautifully printed book have produced on me, and I suspect will produce on others, quite a different effect from that which came from reading them when relegated to a kind of appendix at the end of two bulky volumes of history. "We are much beholden," says Bacon, "to Machiavel and others that wrote what men do, and not what they ought to do"; and to that small group of writers in English who kept their eyes steadily on the reality of things, Halifax must be added. He has not the gravity and imaginative sweep of Bacon in the philosophical treatises, nor just the subtle insinuation into human nature displayed in such an essay as that "Of Marriage and Single Life"; he has not the dogmatic energy of Hobbes, nor the mordant elegance of Chesterfield; but in the sum of his views he is truer and profounder than any one of them. He would scarcely have held it an honor to be regarded primarily as an author, and he has no place among the great artists and critics of letters; but, when all is considered, I doubt if there is in our tongue a wiser book than this which contains the experience of the statesman of the Revolution.

**The Complete Works of George Savile, First Marquess of Halifax.* Edited with an Introduction by Walter Raleigh. New York: Henry Frowde.

I.

The only writing of Halifax that obtained wide popularity was "The Advice to a Daughter," which was composed as a New Year's gift for his daughter Elizabeth, afterwards wife of the third Earl of Chesterfield, and mother of one who was to become famous, or infamous, for his letters of advice to a son. A copy of Savile's little *étrenne* was obtained surreptitiously from a scrivener, and, published first without the author's name in 1687-8, ran through many editions down to the end of the eighteenth century. The counsel is not without a tinge of melancholy submission to the facts of life as the Marquis saw them; its manner may seem a bit demoded today, and its rules of conduct for wife and mother and lady would probably be indignantly scouted by any woman of our present world who should chance upon its pages. Yet I gravely suspect that it speaks the shrewd truth, and that a young woman who looks for substantial happiness may still profit by the clear and unflinching counsel of this anxious father.

More important in some ways is the "Character of King Charles II." That monarch, he says, "was so good at finding out other men's weak sides that it made him less intent to cure his own: that generally happeneth. It may be called a treacherous talent, for it betrayeth a man to forget to judge himself, by being so eager to censure others. This doth so misguide men the first part of their lives, that the habit of it is not easily recovered when the greater ripeness of their judgment inclineth them to look more into themselves than into other men." Certainly our analyst shows no such treachery of talent; one might say on the contrary that his lucid leniency towards that erring master proved that he had looked well into his own heart before undertaking to judge one whose opportunities so often took the form of temptations. In this sketch more than anywhere else in his works he displays his kinship with Montaigne, whose "Essays" he calls, in a letter to Charles Cotton, the translator, "the book in the world I am the best entertained with."

And from this sketch we may conjecture the great loss to literature from his failure to take himself seriously as author. Had he deigned in his later years to compose an account of the reigns of Charles II and James II we should have had such a work as is absolutely without equivalent in the English language. It would have been something very different from the clever but coarsely conceived History of the pragmatical Bishop Burnet, of whom, it is said, the Marquis in private always spoke "with the utmost contempt, as a factious, turbulent, busy man." It is amusing to read in contrast Burnet's portrait of Halifax as one who "went backwards and forwards, and changed sides so often, that in conclusion no one trusted him." And he continues: "The liveliness of his imagination was always too hard for his judgment. A severe jest was preferred by him to all arguments whatsoever. And he was endless in consultations."

The picture as a whole is clever and specious, but misleading. Halifax was vivacious indeed, but certainly there was no lack of judgment in a man (to confine ourselves for the moment to his literary work) who could write so clearly of the place and needs of the navy as he has done in his "Rough Draft of a New Model at Sea," or who could give such prudent and persuasive advice to the Nonconformists, in those days of their trial by flattery, as he offered in "The Anatomy of an Equivalent" and "A Letter to a Dissenter." He would sacrifice himself and everything else to raise the credit of his wit, says the Bishop. Doubtless he entertained the unpardonable notion that Convocations and Parliaments have no such tremendous weight in the economy of the universe as prelates and legislators are wont to assume, and this may have led him on occasion into ill-considered levity. But it must be remembered that in Charles II England had a master who responded more readily to an equivoke than to a sermon, and that there are times when the passion of party runs so high as to leave no argument to the moderate man save a "severe jest." There is a sense in which it is true that "in conclusion no side trusted him"; not, however, because "he went backwards and forwards and changed sides so often," but because he never surrendered his judgment to either side. And though indeed he belonged to that rare class of men who think it better to be right than to be efficient, it would be an error to suppose that in the longer view his life was a failure

or his policy unpractical. Macaulay, who by temperament had no great love for the non-partisan, was yet clear-eyed enough to be just when he came to sum up the career of Halifax:

> What distinguishes him from all other English statesmen is this, that, through a long public life, and through frequent and violent revolutions of public feeling, he almost invariably took that view of the great questions of his time which history has finally adopted.

His place is with those moderates who in the noise of tumultuous times often seem to be jostled about as weaklings, yet in the end, somehow, when sanity returns, appear to have had the stars and the forces of nature with them. When Falkland lost his life at Newbury —deliberately threw his life away, said some, in black despair—it may have looked as if his temporizing course between King and Parliament had been as futile as it was perilous. Yet after Charles and Cromwell had played their parts, it was at the last the policy of Falkland and his kind which became the government of the nation, and, on the monument raised where he fell in battle, we now read with commendation the inscription taken from Burke: "The rest is vanity, the rest is crime." And so, when Halifax died in retirement, it may have seemed, despite the titles and decorations which were mocked by the Bishop of Salisbury, that his powers had been spent in a career of vain protest against the forces of the age; yet in the longer event England of the eighteenth century can be seen to have owed its strength mainly to the balancing policy of him and the few men with him who resisted the current of the day. Without the health and vigor due to their temperance it is scarcely conceivable that Walpole should have so nourished the resources of the land, or Chatham so extended its empire, or Burke formulated the philosophy of its Constitution.

II.

As a matter of fact, Burke himself, though a writer of far wider sweep and more gorgeous eloquence, never wrote a sounder exposition of that philosophy than Halifax had already given in the tract which, anonymously and half-disdainfully, he made public in defence of "The Character of a Trimmer." On December 3 and 4, 1684, Roger l'Estrange, in two issues of the *Observator*, had uttered a savage attack on the Trimmer as a man who was neither Whig nor Tory, but "a hundred thousand things" as circumstances and lack of conscience moved him; and Miss Foxcroft conjectures, very plausibly, that this was the occasion of Halifax's apology. "This innocent word Trimmer," he replies, in behalf of himself and his policies, "signifieth no more than this, that if men are together in a boat, and one part of the company would weigh it down on one side, another would make it lean as much to the contrary; it happeneth there is a third opinion of those who conceive it would do as well if the boat went even, without endangering the passengers." This third opinion of those who would trim ship took the form in Halifax's days of an attempt to find a *via media* between the extreme monarchical theories on the one side of Hobbes and Filmer and the non-resistance men, and on the other side the views of those who would deprive monarchy of real authority by the Exclusion Act and other Parliamentary encroachments, or would set up an actual commonwealth.

> We think [says Halifax] that a wise mean between these barbarous extremes is that which self-preservation ought to dictate to our wishes; and we may say we have attained to this mean in a greater measure than any nation now in being or perhaps any we have read of, though never so much celebrated for the wisdom or felicity of their Constitutions. We take from one the too great power of doing hurt, and yet leave enough to govern and protect us; we take from the other the confusion, the parity, the animosities, the license, and yet reserve a due care of such a liberty as may consist with men's allegiance. But it being hard, if not impossible, to be exactly even, our Government hath much the stronger bias towards monarchy, which by the general consent and practice of mankind seemeth to have the advantage in dispute against a commonwealth. The rules of a commonwealth are too hard for the bulk of mankind to come up to; that form of government requireth such a spirit to carry it on as doth not dwell in great numbers, but is restrained to so very few, especially in this age, that, let the methods appear never so reasonable in paper, they must fail in practice, which will ever be suited more to men's nature as it is than as it should be.

The question was settled for the time by the Revolution—but not finally. Give but a slight change to the terms and the dispute is again as active and rancorous in the twentieth century here in America as it was two hundred years ago in the England of the Stuarts. For the prerogative of the Crown substitute only the privilege of property, and for the commonwealth substitute the initiative, the referendum, and the recall, and you have a situation in which the Trimmer is represented by the abhorred Reactionary, who, like Halifax, but haply not with his success, would stand against the tides of emotional drifting.

As the sovereign power behind the government, whether that were to be called limited monarchy or limited democracy, Halifax saw the majesty of Law. His idealization of Law as the firm and slowly changing reason of a nation contrasted with the inconsiderate impulse of the moment was, of course, no new thing. It was distinctly the lesson of the long and grave experience of Rome in governing the world, and it had received, so far as I know, its earliest and still its noblest expression on the lips of Socrates in the jail of Athens, when, to the offer of his rich friends to bribe his way into liberty, he couched his reply in the personified voice of his city. This same mystic voice whose sound so murmured in the ears of Socrates that he could listen to no other, though speaking now in a different tongue and to different ends, may be heard in the superb exordium of the Trimmer's apology:

> Our Trimmer, as he hath a great veneration for Laws in general, so he hath a more particular for our own. He looketh upon them as the chains that tie up our unruly passions, which else, like wild beasts let loose, would reduce the world into its first state of barbarism and hostility. The good things we enjoy we owe to them; and all the ill things we are freed from is by their protection. . . .
>
> They are to mankind that which the sun is to plants, whilst it cherisheth and preserveth them. Where they have their force and are not clouded or suppressed, everything smileth and flourisheth; but where they are darkened and not suffered to shine out, it maketh everything to wither and decay.
>
> They secure men, not only against one another, but against themselves, too. They are a sanctuary to which the Crown hath occasion to resort as often as the people, so that it is an interest as well as a duty to preserve them.

Such is the majestic idea of Law which Halifax really had in mind to set up as the true sovereign, in place of Hobbes's notion of the universal will of the people concentrated by mutual bargain and concession in the person of the monarch, or in place of the benevolent despot which was to be formulated by Bolingbroke and disastrously imitated by George III. It rested on a supreme "passion for liberty," which the Trimmer held "to be the foundation of all virtue and the only seasoning that giveth a relish to life." And equally, in the last resort, it rested on the conviction that "there is a soul in that great body of the people," and that, "when all is said, there is a natural reason of state, an undefinable thing grounded upon the common good of mankind, which is immortal, and in all changes and revolutions still preserveth its original right of saving a nation, when the letter of the law perhaps would destroy it; and by whatsoever means it moveth, carrieth a power with it that admitteth of no opposition, being supported by Nature, which inspireth an immediate consent at some critical times into every individual member to that which visibly tendeth to preservation of the whole." But if Law, as thus conceived by Halifax, depends in the final test for efficacy on the consent of the governed, it implies also a settled mistrust of the first motions of human nature. It is

the experience of time against the desires of the present, a restraining force imposed upon the action of the nation comparable to the habits grafted upon the individual man in childhood. As the Trimmer says, Law is a security for men not only against one another, but against themselves.

III.

How deep this mistrust of human nature extended in the case of Halifax can be better learned from the three little groups of "Thoughts and Reflections" published posthumously from his papers in 1750. For models in English Halifax had the "Essays" of Bacon, the "Leviathan" and "Behemoth" of Hobbes, and the "Table Talk" of John Selden, the last-named like himself a Trimmer. In French he had the "Maxims" of La Rochefoucauld and, more particularly, the "Characters" of La Bruyère, to which his work approaches most nearly in style and ideas. In compass and minuteness of observation he no doubt falls behind his French model; nor has he the literary neatness due as much to the finer resources of the language of the "Characters" as to the conscientious labor of their author. But he possesses in compensation a certain honesty of his own, and a memorable gravity born of practical experience. What he learned from the business of life is pretty well summed up in the brief chapter entitled Of the World:

It is from the Shortness of Thought, that Men imagine there is any great Variety in the World.

Time hath thrown a Vail upon the Faults of former Ages, or else we should see the same Deformities we condemn in the present Times.

When a man looketh upon the Rules that are made, he will think there can be no Faults in the World; and when he looketh upon the Faults, there are so many he will be tempted to think there are no Rules.

They are not to be reconciled, otherwise than by concluding that which is called *Frailty* is the incurable *Nature* of Mankind.

A Man that understandeth the World must be weary of it; and a Man who doth not, for that Reason ought not to be pleased with it.

The Uncertainty of what is to come, is such a dark Cloud, that neither Reason nor Religion can quite break through it; and the Condition of Mankind is to be weary of what we do know, and afraid of what we do not.

The World is beholden to *generous Mistakes* for the greatest Part of the Good that is done in it.

Our *Vices* and *Virtues* couple with one another, and get Children that resemble their Parents.

If a Man can hardly inquire into a Thing he undervalueth, how can a Man of good Sense take pains to understand the World?

To understand the World, and to like it, are two things not easily to be reconciled.

That which is called an *Able Man* is a great Over-valuer of the World, and all that belongeth to it. [True, no doubt of the ordinary efficient, successful man, but scarcely true of the great practical genius, such as a Cæsar or a Napoleon.]

All that can be said of him is, that he maketh the best of the General Mistake.

It is the Fools and the Knaves that make the Wheels of the World turn. *They* are *the World;* those few who have Sense or Honesty sneak up and down single, but never go in Herds.

To be too much *troubled* is a worse way of over-valuing the World than the being too much *pleased.*

A Man that steps aside from the World, and hath leisure to observe it without Interest or Design, thinks all Mankind as mad as they think him, for not agreeing with them in their Mistakes.

First of all, one is struck in these aphorisms by the writer's feeling of superiority to the common interests of life. "The Government of the World is a great thing," he declares elsewhere; "but it is a very coarse one too, compared with the Fineness of Speculative Knowledge." And this is the view of La Bruyère: "Je ne mets au-dessus d'un grand politique que celui qui néglige de le devenir, et qui se persuade de plus en plus que le monde ne mérite point qu'on s'en occupe." Something of this rather chilly aloofness in our English statesman, which was felt and resented by his contemporaries, was due to philosophy, something of it also sprang from foiled vanity no doubt. But, lest we ascribe too much weight to his personal pique, it must be remembered that he has, in "The Trimmer," written one of the most magnanimous passages in the English tongue on the passion of patriotism and one of the noblest encomiums of his native land. If pressed, he might, perhaps, have admitted cynically that such a passion was to be included among the "generous mistakes" to which the world is beholden for its good, but at least no man of his age made of it a purer call to the patient performance of duty. And it is to be remembered also that in the most admired words he ever wrote, the peroration in praise of Truth, he represents that goddess as no indifferent idol of the schools but as the active, though long-suffering, judge of righteousness. Altogether he would have subscribed, in his softer moments, to that other *Jugement* of La Bruyère: "Il y a une philosophie qui nous élève au-dessus de l'ambition et de la fortune . . . Il y a une autre philosophie qui nous soumet et nous assujétit à toutes ces choses en faveur de nos proches ou de nos amis: c'est la meilleure."

With the memory of these things in mind we shall not go astray in interpreting his chapter Of the World in some such way as this: Life at bottom is a vain and endless repetition of things that have no outcome. Men are but frail creatures, forever reforming and correcting themselves, yet never cured of their weakness. They are divided in the mass into fools and knaves, and only by the malleability of the former and by the selfish practices of the latter is the common business of society kept in motion. Even the knave is a fool in a way, for he is deceived in his valuation of the things he seeks, whereas the man who really knows the world must be weary of its emptiness. From such a dilemma there is only one escape for wisdom, and that is into a higher folly, as human speech must call it, a folly which acts without illusion and without attachment, waiting serenely for the approbation of the everlasting Truth.

We shall not be wrong, I am sure, in giving this slightly mystical turn to what might be called the active aloofness of our statesman; but, withal, we must acknowledge that such a philosophy is more implicit than explicit in his writings, as it no doubt was in his mind and acts. The flavor of his aphorisms as a whole gives, let us admit, something of the bitterness of a man who, having accomplished much, yet retires from the world a little disappointed, and who takes a private revenge on society by anatomizing the secret motives of its activity.

IV.

The question remains how far this Savilian philosophy is peculiar to the writer and his age, and how far it is applicable to other times, even to our own. It cannot be gainsaid that public life in England in the Revolutionary years following the Rebellion, the life from which Halifax drew his knowledge of human nature, was in some respects abnormal. For historical reasons which we need not here analyze the game of politics was more than usually acrid: personal ambitions were entangled with views of the state in a way to bewilder the conscience of actors and observers, and the changes and uncertainty of allegiance, to a certain extent necessary under the confusion of government, obscured the boundary between honorable prudence and treachery and so placed an almost intolerable burden on the integrity of the individual. Certainly the conditions of public life have changed since then, and a philosophy drawn from those conditions will seem at least out of proportion in more normal times. Yet we shall deceive ourselves if we imagine the change to have been radical. A close observer of political life as it was exhibited only last year in our own Presidential campaign must have seen in the behavior of party leaders an aspect of human nature not unlike that which inspired the Savilian philosophy—the same confusion of ethical standards, the same mingling of personal malice and public service, the same underlying vanities.

The alteration from Halifax's day to ours will be found, after all, a matter

of degree only, and not of kind. The value of studying the acts of politicians lies for the moralist in the magnifying effect, so to speak, of public life; the motives by which they are guided and the goals for which they strive are not different from those of private men, but larger and stronger and clearer. And so, for the student of human nature, the age of Halifax will have a peculiar significance because of the very exaggeration of political conditions and the consequent upwelling into the light of day of those deeper sources of human conduct which in other ages are more or less obscured and repudiated. What seemed to the statesman under Charles and James the Second the ruling impulse of mankind may be learned from his aphorisms:

Malice may be sometimes out of Breath, Envy never. A Man may make Peace with Hatred, but never with Envy.

Envy taketh the Shape of *Flattery*, and that maketh Men hug it so close, that they cannot part with it.

Men often *mistake* themselves, but they never *forget* themselves.

Envy is a harsh word and may be out of favor in a softened society; Halifax himself, were he writing to-day, would probably change it for a gentler equivalent. He would acknowledge in the hearts of men moments of finer impulse and higher vision, as he acknowledged them in the hearts of the men he actually knew; he would see that conduct is largely the result of no conscious moral sense at all, but the mere result of a social compulsion or habit; but if he remained true to his philosophy he would say that, in an age when the sharp distinctions between friend and foe are for the most part obliterated, the perpetual moving force in the relations of man to man is a kind of dull jealousy. It would be supremely interesting to know how he would modify the language of his philosophy in developing this milder and, in a way, diminished ruling passion. As it is, we see the fibres of human nature magnified in his Reflections as under a microscope, perhaps also a little distorted.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The content of a blank page may be of interest, and not alone from the angle of view of the metaphysician among bibliophiles. That famous blank page in the first series of "The Ingoldsby Legends" may be held for demonstration. When Bentley brought out the first issue of this work it was discovered that page 236 was without letters, and a text (in black-letter) was hurried into the forms for the complement of the edition. It is, however, blank-page 236 in the Harry Elkins Widener copy of this first issue, which bears an autographed quatrain of Barham's, in ink, by no means unworthy to be stressed in type. The Widener "Ingoldsby" is a presentation copy to Edward Raleigh Moran, and the verses in question are addressed to this friend:

By a blunder for which I have only to thank
Myself here's a page has been somehow left blank.
Aha! my friend Moran, I have you—you'll look
In vain for a fault in *one* page of my book.

The second series of "Ingoldsby" also presents a "first of first issues" situation, interesting and refreshing to those who prize negligible things. The illustrations in this second series, executed by Cruikshank and Leech, preface the several pieces they embellish in the earliest issues of the series. The copy in my possession has this arrangement of the plates, which was rescinded for subsequent issues; and I have further the autograph letter in which Barham handed his publisher authorization for the change. The original publication of "Ingoldsby" in *Bentley's Miscellany* envisaged both the frontispiece scheme for the plates, and that absorption of the plates by the text which Barham, in the letter cited, adopts definitively and exclusively for the book. Whether this pagination had been prescribed by the author, and had been defeated through inadvertence, does not appear from the letter; nor could any one save Elisha record how many numbers of this "first of first issues" escaped the press of Elijah. Ingoldsby's letter:

My dear sir:
The illustrations should *face:*

Black Mousquetaire	page 28
Merchant of Venice	page 58
Auto da Fé	page 82
Dead Drummer	page 200
St. Cuthbert, or Devil's dinner	page 228
Old Woman in grey	page 258
St. Medard	page 284

Will you be good enough to return the enclosed to Mr. Bentley with my best thanks.

Yours very sincerely,
R. H. Barham.

By such rushlights is the *mise en scène* of book-collecting enlightened.

STANLEY KIDDER WILSON.

Correspondence

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT AND EX-PRESIDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your characterization of the proposed Constitutional amendment relative to the Presidential term, as unfair to Mr. Roosevelt and "virtually *ex-post-facto* legislation" (*Nation*, February 6), does not your anxiety to be entirely fair to Mr. Roosevelt influence you unduly and cause you to lean backward? If it is true that "the people will be quick to grasp the fact that the amendment in its present form is virtually *ex-post-facto* legislation," they will be thereby grasping at shadow rather than substance. There is no such thing as *ex-post-facto* legislation, virtual or other, outside the domain of criminal law. Retroactive legislation (of which *ex-post-facto* legislation is a very small part) there is in abundance, and necessarily so, because a very large part of legislation is, in some sense or degree, necessarily retroactive, *i. e.*, attaches further or other results to acts already done or facts already existing; but such legislation is not for that reason necessarily objectionable either legally or morally. It is only where the retroactive effect attaches new or additional criminal penalties to acts already done (technically called *ex-post-facto* effect), or violates contract obligations or vested property rights that it is objectionable either in law or morals.

The retroactive effect (if it can be called such) involved in this instance does neither of these things. It consists in the fact that in disqualifying everybody from holding the Presidential office for more than one term, it incidentally and necessarily takes away from living ex-Presidents the chance of again holding the office. Now this chance is something to which ex-Presidents have no vested or other right. Their situation to which the amendment, if adopted, would apply, is something of their own choosing and making. In accepting the Presidential term which they have already held they acted (just as everybody under Government acts and must act) with full knowledge and understanding that the sovereign power is perfectly free at all times to enact any laws that it chooses, and thereby to attach to their acceptance of the office any further or other results that it sees fit. The chances which they thereby took are no different essentially from those which all of us are constantly taking with reference to possible future action of the sovereign power. And as those chances were of their own choosing they would not have even as good ground for complaint of unfairness as a man who had lost an arm or leg would have to complain of a law requiring all candidates for the constabulary to be free from such defects. The latter law would deprive the cripple of an eligibility which he once had, but nobody would think of objecting to the law for that reason.

There is, therefore, no valid objection to the amendment on the ground that ex-Presidents now living are included in its operation. Nevertheless, it might be wiser to change the form of the amendment as you suggest. Your prediction that, if submitted in its present form, the question of barring Roosevelt from another term would be the dominant issue, is well within the probabilities. If the amendment were submitted to popular vote, that prediction would be a certainty. The air would be filled for months with mingled denunciations and laudations of Mr. Roosevelt and the real issue would be lost from sight or hopelessly obscured.

HERBERT L. BAKER.

Detroit, March 11.

THE MEXICAN PEOPLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: American newspapers in commenting on events in Mexico almost always speak of the "Mexican people" doing this or that, holding these or those opinions and aspirations. That sort of thing sounds very plausible and probable to those of us who have never lived in Mexico, but it hardly appeals to Americans familiar with the actual political conditions of our Southern neighbor.

The Mexican "people" consists of a small class of intelligent patriots, a larger class of indolent hacendados (owners of vast tracts of land), and finally a very large class of peons, decent and industrious in the main, but absolute children so far as political, social, commercial, and indus-

trial education is concerned. The hacendado lives on the land in patriarchal style, raises cattle, is virtually lord and master of the neighborhood. His interest in the country is often confined to a demand that there shall be no brigandage and that land taxes shall be kept low. He is often immensely rich without the slightest idea how to use his money to any advantage. He will buy a magnificent threshing machine for cash, try it for a year, and then return to the mediæval style of beating out his grain with colts running over a hard floor—simply to give his horses exercise, señor. He will take a notion to go to Europe with his family, mortgage his land, fail to pay interest, and cannot get it into his head why he has lost the property. Spanish by descent, he has the ancient Spanish conception of absolutism in government and religion. The modern idea of a democracy is as unfamiliar and incomprehensible to him as would be the nebular hypothesis. Brave as a lion, hospitable to a fault, a friend to his friends, and an enemy to his enemies—through thick and thin—he is distinctly not modern in habits of life or mode of thought. Withal he is a most amiable and admirable person, as any one who has ever known a typical Mexican hacendado will admit, but he certainly is not the kind of man from which modern democracies are fashioned.

The third class is the professional and business people—a very small part of the population of Mexico. Many of these, like Madero, for example, have been educated abroad, and have acquired a set of ideas that originated from European conditions. Importing these ideas of government and social conditions into their own country, they fail lamentably to carry the great mass of people with them. Foreigners often mistake them and their ideas as the ideas of the Mexican people. Indeed, the true Mexican sociological product that assimilates foreign culture to home conditions has been men like Diaz and Juárez—Oaxaca Indians, and not Mexicans of European descent. They come the nearest to representing the Mexican people; and yet events show very clearly that numerically they do nothing of the sort. The peon is entirely without civic consciousness; the land-owner, living in patriarchal seclusion, is out of touch with national life; the foreigner who built the railways, introduced drainage and sanitation, and equipped electric plants, is without political influence. A numerically small class of lawyers, engineers, newspaper men, and soldiers govern the country. E. L. C. Morse.

Chicago, March 12.

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER IN 1400.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: One of the very practical, though often neglected, advantages of literary study is that it enables us better to know ourselves and our own times. Men who seem heroic and movements which seem unparalleled assume their proper proportions when made to take their place in the tale of the centuries. With a deep background of human history in literature to correct our perspective, we shall be guarded from two errors dangerous to nation and citizen alike: we shall not bemoan our lot in having fallen upon the worst days that ever were, and we shall be delivered from the equally erroneous conviction that we are the people and that wisdom will die with us.

While reading John Gower's French didactic poem, "Mirour de l'omme," discovered in 1895, I had quite unexpectedly one of those curious experiences in which one is carried back through the ages only to find the same sort of men saying about other men the same things that we hear on all sides to-day. The poem to which I refer opens with a long account of the origin of the divers vices and virtues, and of their struggle for the possession of man. This part is thoroughly mediæval and is heavy reading, unless one's appetite be whetted for allegory. But there follows a pessimistic view of the state of society which, in spite of its depressing intent, makes one feel unaccountably elated, and which is exceedingly profitable as an antidote for pessimism in our own day.

Gower's remarks at the expense of the clergy, lawyers, and doctors have lost none of their piquancy. But his judgment of "the butcher and baker and candlestick maker" falls most pat, and will interest the members of our modern Housekeepers' Leagues with their pure-food slogans and servant problems. I may summarize Gower's more pertinent observations in the following free translation (vv. 25981-26604):

Man is so constituted as to require above all else food and drink. So it is no wonder if I speak of victualers, whose principle it is to deceive and to practice fraud. I will begin, as an instance, with the tavern-keeper and his wine-cellar. . . . If his red or white wine loses its proper color, he mixes it freely to procure the proper shade. . . . If I stop in to fill my flask, he gives me of his best wine to taste, and then fills my flask with some cheap stuff. He pretends to have any foreign vintage that one desires, but under divers names he draws ten kinds from the same barrel. . . . The poor people complain with reason that their beer is made from an inferior quality of grain, while good beer is almost as dear as wine. If you give an order for beer to be delivered at the house, the inn-keeper will send a good quality once or twice until he gets your trade, and then he sends worse at the same price. . . . Every one in the city is complaining of the short-weight loaves the bakers sell, and wheat is stored with the intention to boost the price of bread. . . . Whether you buy at wholesale or retail, you have to pay the butcher twice the right price for beef and lamb. Lean beef is fattened by larding it, but the skewers are left in and ruin the carver's knife. . . . To fetch their price, butchers often hold back meat until it is bad, when they try to sell it rather than cast it to the dogs. . . . Poulterers sell as fresh game what has been killed ten days before(!). . . . For my own part, I can dispense with partridges, pheasants, and plovers. But capons and geese are almost as high nowadays as hens.

Yet, if all those of whom I have spoken agreed to be fair and just, there would still be unfairness in the world. For even laborers are unfair, and will not willingly subject themselves to what is reasonable, claiming high wages for little work; they want five or six shillings for the work they formerly did for two. In old times workingmen did not expect to eat wheat bread, but were satisfied with coarser bread and with water to drink, regarding cheese and milk as a treat. I cannot find one servant of that sort now in the market (*i. e.*, intelligence office!). They are all extravagant in their dress, and it would be easier to satisfy two gentlemen than one such ill-bred servant. They are neither faithful, polite, nor well-behaved. Many are too proud to serve like their fathers. . . . The fault lies with the lethargy of the gentry, who pay no heed to this folly of the lower classes; but, unless care be taken, these tares will soon spring up, and the insurgence of these classes is to be feared like a flood or a fire.

The trouble is that no one is satisfied with his own estate: lord, prelate, commoner—each accuses the other. The lower classes blame the gentleman and the townsman, and the upper classes blame the lower, and all is in confusion. . . . The days prophesied by Hosea are come to pass, when there shall be no wisdom in the earth. I know not if the fault lie with laymen or churchmen, but all unite in the common cry: "the times are bad, the times are bad."

W. W. Comfort.

Ithaca, N. Y., March 13.

A DOCTOR ON POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A couple of us plain folks have just been taking notes on Futurist paintings and sculpture at the International Exhibition of Modern Art. One could easily recognize the germ of value which had been forced into performing capricious pranks by instigators with ocular aberrations and hallucinatory obsessions.

The salient color key was conspicuously at the lassitude end of the spectrum (violet end). Whenever the red end of the spectrum had been employed, a garish effect was the result. The staring presentment of drawing was of the sort done by children and Indians, whose response to impressions finds a primitive sort of expression in crude outline drawings. There was none of the simplicity of great art, but rather the simplicity of arrested development, or of the infantile type of consciousness.

I had always supposed that the poetry of art held mathematics to be a sort of hereditary enemy, yet here, right upon the very escutcheon of the Post-Impressionist, we find emblazoned cubes, higher curves, and conic, or comic, sections.

We saw the Futurist sculpture. It left as much to the imagination as would have been left by wooden idols. This idea of suggestion through the influence of symbols has fundamental *raison d'être*, but it leads the sculptor to sell the stock of an unworked mine. It allows him to shift responsibility to the intellectual apprehension of his public, and thereby to avoid the trouble and expense of any long artistic training. I would call it a sort of labor-saving sculpture, representing the simplicity of artistic indolence.

An editorial note on page 172 of the March number of *Arts and Decoration* states that "Post-Impressionism, consciously or unconsciously, is being felt in every phase of expression." Alas! 'tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true! It began first in the business world some years ago, with extensive sales of post-impressionist mining stock to widows and orphans and to me.

The text following the quoted editorial note brings forward information that the new movement is to extend into literature, and states that a certain authoress is doing with words what Picasso is doing with paint. She gives us these lines:

It is a gnarled division, that which is not any obstruction, and the forgotten swelling is certainly attracting. It is attracting the whiter division, it is not sinking to be growing, it is not darkening to be disappearing, it is not aged to be annoying.

There cannot be sighing. This is this bliss.

Now, wait a minute—if you can. Is this now? To me it sounds much like the words of a man who is suddenly called upon to make an after-dinner speech. Such a post-prandial speaker will often give a post-impressionist display of things which he has in mind, while leaving the matter of coherence in idea to an audience which is presumably sober, if not serious. What a speaker does hurriedly and with more or less valid excuse, the post-impressionist writer does deliberately with malcoherence aforethought, transcending the conditions of useful activity of the mind.

ROBERT T. MORRIS.

New York, March 13.

Literature

SEDGWICK'S ITALY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

Italy in the Thirteenth Century. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 vols. $5 net.

Thirty years ago Leo XIII declared that mankind must go back to the thirteenth century, if it would recover peace, faith, and the way of salvation. Speaking from the Vatican, he was perfectly logical, for the thirteenth century witnessed the culmination of the mediæval Roman Church. Then it was that Hildebrand's dream of Papal supremacy seemed for a moment about to be realized by Innocent III; then it was that St. Francis and St. Dominic founded orders which served, by different means, to extend the authority of the hierarchical institution, while St. Thomas formulated its theology, and Dante wrote its epic. No wonder, therefore, that Catholic writers have recently lauded the thirteenth as the greatest of their centuries.

To a still larger number of persons, whom we may call "intellectuals," having neither sectarian nor partisan interests in it, this period appeals strongly by its variety, its range, and its profound significance. If you approach it through the earlier mediæval history, it appears to be the clearing-house of many of the forces and tendencies of the preceding four hundred years; if you look back upon it from the standpoint of to-day, you see that it was also the seed-time of the Renaissance and of many of the products which we regard as peculiarly modern.

The thirteenth century attracts still another group, sentimentalists or æsthetes, who find in it a soothing antithesis to the present. They accept it as an age unharassed by religious or philosophic doubts, unpolluted by industrialism, undisturbed by a sullen proletariat. Determined to know only what is beautiful and to sense only what is pleasurable, they betake themselves to an imaginary thirteenth century: like the Pre-Raphaelites of sixty years ago, who supposed that their over-sophistication and spiritual anæmia could reproduce the naïveté and enthusiasm of their fifteenth century models.

Although Mr. Sedgwick has manifestly much sympathy for the æsthetic aspects of his subject, he treats his subject as an intellectual. He has set himself an encyclopædic task: for he undertakes to describe not merely the political evolution, but the ecclesiastical polity, the theological dogmas, the manners and customs, the architecture, sculpture, painting and poetry, and even the Latin literature of the century; and he has evidently devoted himself with intelligent industry to acquire a knowledge of these diverse themes. His volumes are a guide-book—the best in English—to the period; popular, but not shallow; a series of agreeable and often sprightly essays; a storehouse of quaint or pertinent information.

The work shows plainly that Mr. Sedgwick's forte lies in the essay, or brief monograph, rather than in historical composition. He lacks the architectonic talent without which no man can shine as an historian. He has assembled ample material, but instead of building it into one symmetrical edifice, he puts up a dozen small ones, somewhat artificially connected by porticos. Now, to write narrative history is to tell a story; and this story should move forward as a stream or a river moves. The historian must not pause from time to time, mid-current, and strike off into the country to show us a lake amid the hills, or to visit a monastery or a distant city.

Let us illustrate: The historical significance of the thirteenth century springs from the death-struggle which it witnessed between the Papacy and the Empire—a struggle which ended in the collapse of both institutions. Accordingly, a properly constructed history should make that contest its central object, and should trace it, with as few digressions as possible, from start to finish. Mr. Sedgwick, however, after giving us two interesting chapters about Innocent III as priest and as preacher, turns aside to Joachim, then takes up Innocent again in two more chapters, then devotes two chapters to St. Francis and the first disciples, and finally, in his ninth chapter, reaches Frederick II—the protagonist of the Empire. With chapter 10 the drama between Frederick and Gregory IX opens; but the action is soon halted in order to introduce essays on Provençal and Sicilian poetry, on Bologna University and some of its professors, on early art, painting and mosaic, and the decorative arts—nine chapters.

Interspersed among these is an essay on the Lombard Communes, and another on the Nobles of the North, in which Frederick's affairs are incidentally touched upon. Only when we come to chapter 22 does the central story emerge again into the foreground—none too soon, indeed, for Frederick dies in chapter 23. Similar breaks in continuity recur throughout the second volume, which covers the latter half of the century—a period in which it is obviously much more difficult to find and keep a central, unifying plot—but to master such difficulties is the historian's business. The result is that only persons with a tenacious memory can hope to piece together the course of political development as Mr. Sedgwick has drawn it.

Before issuing a second edition of his book, Mr. Sedgwick ought to rearrange his material so as to make the political history consecutive, and to bind together the chapters on other subjects—St. Francis and his followers, for instance—which are now dispersed. The reader whose attention is so flaccid that it requires to be stimulated by a change of topic every twenty minutes, may well be neglected. Mr. Sedgwick has obtained variety, but at the expense of much more important qualities. This is to be regretted all the more, because his introductory chapter, the best in the book, and the intrinsic value of much of his material, lead us to expect a higher achievement than we find.

He has furnished an excellent substructure for the career of Innocent III, whom he regards as the greatest political figure in Europe between Charlemagne and Napoleon, and he does full justice to that other masterful Pope, Gregory IX. But in respect to the Emperor Frederick II, "the Wonder of the World," he is less satisfactory. He holds Frederick's talents as mediocre, and his failure as a retribution for incompetence:

> Frederick II was less a man ahead of his time than out of sympathy with it. The main impulses of the awakening world were economic, and the main need of economic development was the need of peace and order. . . . He should have accepted the communal spirit, he should have encouraged the growth of trade, and the development of local self-government. His course was plain enough. . . . [But] he looked back and not forward (II, 335-37).

This criticism hardly harmonizes with opinions which Mr. Sedgwick expresses elsewhere—opinions in which he recognizes that the paramount issue was not the rise of the communes and the expansion of trade, but the conflict between the Empire and the Papacy. The causes that made one city Ghibelline and the other Guelf were not uniform; in many cases, the economic factor exerted little influence; and sometimes there was a sudden overturn, from Guelf to Ghibelline, or the reverse, like a modern political "landslide." Frederick failed, not because of mediocrity, but because the Imperial ideal for which he stood had lost its hold on the imagination and allegiance of men. He failed, just as the Popes failed in establishing the ideal of universal Papal supremacy, that twin

product of Charlemagne's time. Innocent III caused that Papal ideal to be respected by the sovereigns of Western Christendom; but before a century had elapsed Nogaret and Sciarra Colonna laid violent hands on Boniface VIII at Anagni for proposing to put his Papal authority into practice by excommunicating the French King.

After all, failure does not necessarily imply incompetence. Cæsar and Napoleon failed; and yet they have sometimes been reckoned men of more than middling parts; Lee failed, and yet he is fairly ranked among the great modern captains. We prefer to concur in the general verdict of the best judges of the past seven centuries as to Frederick's greatness. He failed to establish his Empire, but he shattered forever the mediæval Papacy; that should suffice for his fame.

We have not space to criticise in detail Mr. Sedgwick's many chapters on the literature and arts of the thirteenth century. They reveal careful study of the leading authorities, and first-hand impressions as well. They are wholesomely popular, and will be especially useful to travellers. Occasionally, Mr. Sedgwick, after the fashion of most art critics, seems to read into a painting or sculpture more than is warranted—witness his speculation on the inherited traits of Innocent III as revealed by two portraits—but this does no harm, and often displays ingenuity. He has an enthusiastic account of St. Francis, two companion sketches of Thomas Aquinas and Bonaventure, and an entertaining description of mediæval manners and customs.

Mr. Sedgwick writes fluently. His bent is bookish. His style would have more firmness of tissue, however, if he would refrain from interlarding it with trite quotations (e. g., "the best laid schemes o' mice and men"), which add nothing to the text. He is also somewhat prone to amateurish touches of thought or of phrase. But, on the whole, his work ought to commend itself to cultivated readers. It is not so good for its epoch as Symonds is for the Renaissance, but it is the best in its field in English. We have noted few errata. One of the most obvious is in translating "Evangile," in the title of Joachim's treatise, "Evangile" instead of "Evangel." The illustrations are well-chosen, but we miss footnote references to the many quotations from mediæval sources.

CURRENT FICTION.

Sónnica. By Vicente Blasco Ibáñez. New York: Duffield & Co.

The historical novel is a *genre* little cultivated in Spain since the romantic movement, which produced many mediocre imitations of Walter Scott. "Sónnica la cortesana," a tale of Saguntum in the days of Hannibal, is easily the best novel of its kind which recent Spanish fiction has brought forth. Oddly enough, it is not the work of an antiquarian or a classical scholar, but rather of one whose thoughts have ordinarily been directed towards the future rather than towards the past—a former revolutionary leader whose present-day Republicanism is but a thin disguise for Socialism of the most extreme sort. Yet in this instance the reason for his choice of subject is not hard to discover. Valencians regard themselves as the kinsmen of the men of Saguntum; and just as Cervantes's "Numancia" was acted in Saragossa during the siege of 1809 to revive the flagging spirits of the defenders, so Blasco Ibáñez would have his followers in the cause of social revolution emulate the fortitude of the ancient Saguntines, their spiritual ancestors.

"Sónnica" was inspired partly by Flaubert's "Salammbô," partly by the "Aphrodite" of Pierre Louys; but to compare it with these works is mainly to suggest differences. Blasco Ibáñez, like Flaubert, has sought to apply the realistic method to the description of pagan antiquity. Though he is vastly inferior to Flaubert as an artist, his descriptions are less labored and fanciful, and he succeeds in painting a far more convincing picture than that of the French master. He agrees with Louys in exalting Greek ideals at the expense of Hebraic or Christian standards. But where Louys seeks to find in paganism the justification of viciousness, Blasco Ibáñez merely speaks as a life-long opponent of clericalism, who in his youth more than once suffered imprisonment as a result of controversies with church and state. His old enemy, the *cura*, must be attacked whenever an opportunity is offered. In "Sónnica" there is no trace of the degeneracy to be noted in "Aphrodite"; there is instead a robust virility, often crude, occasionally offensive, but wholesome by comparison.

Sónnica, the courtesan from Athens, an Aspasia in exile, has introduced an exotic culture into the little trading town. She and the hero, Actæon, a wandering Greek whom she makes her lover, represent Hellas, with its joyous life and cult of beauty. The scene changes to Rome, and the reader is introduced to Cato the Censor, Fabius the Cunctator, the youthful Scipio Africanus, and the slave Plautus grinding in his mill. Nowhere is the author more happy than in his description of Republican Rome, that nation of austere husbandmen and soldiers, poor and simple, but conscious of a great destiny. Hannibal is represented as a savage dreamer, a man of destiny, scorning art and refinement, wholly consumed with his great ambition. The novel culminates with the epic events narrated by Livy. The discordant elements are fused into solidarity in the presence of the foe. A common patriotism stirs them all. The voluptuous Sónnica sets the example of self-sacrifice by burning all her costly possessions. The victorious Carthaginians finally enter only to find a city of ruins and of corpses.

The translator has acquitted herself creditably. She has succeeded, without emasculating the book, in modifying the more shocking audacities of the original.

Witching Hill. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The inventor of "Raffles" has written fiction of a more serious order, but has doubtless found his "lay," commercially, in the tale of mystery. He has by no means exhausted his ingenuity in that field. These stories of enchanted ground are novel and amusing. "Witching Hill" is not under a curse; it is haunted by no visible ghost; but every inch of it is under the malign influence of a wicked old lord who has made its acres infamous long before it came to be cut up into villa sites and promoted to an elegant suburban quarter. The young land agent who lives on the premises and has the care of them, tells the tales. His duties bring him into official contact with all the villa-dwellers, and the fact that he is a gentleman makes for friendly relations with some of them. One, Ugo Delavoye, is the exponent and, in a sense, the patron of the mystery. He is a descendant of the wicked lord, knows every detail of his unsavory story, and reads the events of the hour in the light of the past. He has barely taken quarters in a Witching Hill villa when his suspicions are roused. Strange things happen: one by one the new incumbents of the land pay tribute to the old. The pious old baronet who has bought the manor house becomes a secret debauchee. One tenant commits suicide, another takes to drink, a third goes mad, and so on. Delavoye himself barely escapes with honor, and by "standing up to" the dead old scoundrel and beating him on his own ground finally lays the ghost, and makes of Witching Hill a more comfortable if less romantic dwelling place for well-meaning persons. The tales are what the editors of the cheap magazines call "top-notchers," in their kind.

King-Errant. By Flora Annie Steel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

This narrative, says the writer, is not a novel or a history, but "the life-story of a man taken from his own memoirs." The man is an unlikely choice as hero of Western romance, being none other than Zahir-ud-din Mahomed, called Babar, Emperor of India, and first of the "Great Moghuls." Of this personage Mrs. Steel holds not only that he was remarkable as "poet, painter, soldier, athlete, gentleman, musician, beggar,

and king," but that he "lived the most adventurous life a man ever lived—and kept a record of it." The present chronicler has studied that record and sought to interpret it, to convey its spirit, for English readers. The more salient episodes in the career of Babar are chosen and enlarged upon. The picturesque aspects of the adventurer and his shifting *milieu* are made the most of. His feats and sufferings are described with the enthusiasm of a confessed hero-worshipper. That the effect of the performance as a whole is inadequate and confused is due, we fancy, to the error of method. It is the fashion just now for historical romancers to try to impress us with the humanity of the great men of the past by presenting them with a modern sense of humor and a modern vernacular. The thing is to emphasize their points of likeness to the man in the Strand, or the man in Broadway, rather than their points of difference. Let us make Cæsar human even if he ceases to be Roman; let us bring Cleopatra home to men's bosoms in a straight-front, if necessary, or a hobble skirt. This mode of procedure is particularly risky when the romancer is dealing with Oriental materials. A Western sense of humor, Western turns of phrase, obscure the effect. Mrs. Steel would have been more discreet in modelling her style on the Arabian Nights' Enchantment, in frankly relying upon the glamour of Eastern costume and atmosphere—instead of trying to present her Babar in terms of the current novel.

THE ROMANTIC RENAISSANCE.

A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830. By Oliver Elton. Two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

As Professor Elton proclaims in his preface, the present work is not a history, but "a review, a direct criticism, of everything I can find in the literature of fifty years that speaks to me with any sound of living voice." The usual characteristics of the historical treatment are accordingly absent—the history of the evolution of literary *genres*, the study of tendencies (dealt with summarily, however, in the first and last chapters) and of the influence of foreign literatures, etc. Moreover, the book contains virtually no analyses of works and only the minimum of biographical detail. It is primarily then "a series of judgments upon works of art." Nevertheless, it is one of the author's great merits that incidentally he traces in the style of the principal writers of the Romantic Era, with a precision that no one has ever attempted before, those elements which descended to them from the eighteenth century, and that he has a keen eye also for mutual influences among these writers themselves. Such an analysis brings, of course, into clearer relief what is truly characteristic in the style of the new movement, as a whole, and of its individual representatives. Not everything of this kind, of course, finds a record in Professor Elton's pages—as, for instance, the influence of Shelley's "Alastor" in certain poems of Keats, which Prof. A. C. Bradley has noted—but the attention which he has given to these matters is calculated to stimulate others to follow up this very suggestive line of inquiry.

Two large volumes of criticism, almost completely divorced from history, would seem to afford a pretty severe test of one's capacity for continuous reading, but we pronounce the best encomium on Professor Elton's treatise when we affirm that we have not found a dull page in the work. This result is due to a happy combination of gifts in the author: catholicity of taste, sanity of judgment, sense of proportion, and, lastly, a style marked by strength and movement and at the same time by careful phrasing. One consequence of the writer's varied sympathies is that the execution of the book is singularly even. He does not betray a bias towards any particular school, and his appreciations of Burke and Cobbett, of Blake and Byron, of Wordsworth and Scott are equally effective. We regard it as an especial service of this book that Professor Elton has done so much to restore the balance of criticism in favor of Byron and Scott. The chapters on Blake and Coleridge show that he is fully sensitive to the subtler qualities of mind and style; but he sees also that energy, passion, a clear vision of life, and an intense sympathy with concrete humanity may in no inconsiderable degree atone for imperfections of style, and that these characteristics may even in some important respects link the writers who exhibit them more closely with the great literary traditions of the past than is the case with their contemporaries whose style is less open to criticism. In the perennial dispute as to how far the Byronic melancholy was mere posturing, Professor Elton takes the more favorable view and justly remarks on the degree to which this egoism—"nearer to us all than Wordsworth's by the virtue of the suffering involved in it"—"gave a noticeable and still unexhausted impulse by the enlargement of the European spirit." It is needless, perhaps, to say that our author, like the rest of the world, regards "Don Juan," along with the letters, as the most perfect expression of Byron's genius. It seems to us, indeed, that Professor Elton does not make sufficient distinction between the first six cantos and the later ones in which the trick of digression has grown beyond bounds.

As with Byron, so with Scott, and in reply to the charge against the latter of merely drawing the surface, Professor Elton points out how rare is the power of depicting in this masterly way the pageant of life. He lays stress, too, on the mass and excellence of such art as is embodied in the Waverley Novels and the way in which the world of these novels evades formulæ and summary treatment. And behind it all, too, is Scott's noble nature, with its strong stamp of individuality.

It is rare that the writer's judgment seems to us to go wrong. We find it harder to follow him in his estimate of Shelley's longer poems than in any other part of the book. There is no indication here that "Alastor" is weakened by diffuseness, or that, even when taken as a series of dissolving views, "The Revolt of Islam" is, save for some beautiful passages, barely readable. Least defensible of all, however, is the almost unrestricted praise of "Prometheus Unbound." No one will deny the beauty of individual passages in this drama, especially of the greater lyrics, but an unreality and lyrical incontinence here beset Shelley's genius, as in the fourth act—a thin though radiant vapor of words—and what interest can one feel in an action which is carried on by shadows or even shadows of shadows? Turn to the corresponding play of Æschylus, and the difference is at once apparent. In a somewhat similar spirit it seems to us that the writer takes too seriously the prophetic outpourings of Blake.

In his excellent chapter on Crabbe, Professor Elton fails to note that the rather Coleridge-like coloring of "Sir Eustace Grey" and "The World of Dreams" is due to the fact that their author, like the greater poet, was addicted to opium at the time he composed them. Crabbe's genius, however, is essentially undramatic, and to perceive, how faintly, after all, the language of "Sir Eustace Grey," fine poem though it is, reflects the wild fancies of a diseased mind, one has merely to compare with it the production of a genuine madman, Cowper's sapphic stanzas, written during a period of religious insanity. We think, too, that our author exaggerates somewhat the influence of Pope 'on the character-drawing in Crabbe's earlier tales. From the first Crabbe felt a scientific interest in psychological detail *per se*. In this essential he was a man of the nineteenth century, old-fashioned though he seems in so many respects, and it is not merely fanciful to connect him, in some degree, with a contemporary across the Channel, who, at first sight, seems worlds apart from him—namely, Stendhal.

We have no space to dwell at length on the many excellent points of criticism to be found in Professor Elton's book—for example, the relation of Burke to the romantic movement, the limitations of Scott's insight into the Middle

Ages, and the discussion of his style. The work, moreover, contains a valuation of every production of any importance that falls within the period of the survey. Nothing quite like this—on so extended a scale—has been done for any other period of our literature, and the treatise should obtain for its author a high place among living critics.

Attention should be called, in conclusion, to the extremely valuable bibliographical notes at the end of each volume. It is worthy of remark that, unlike most of his countrymen, Professor Elton shows a thorough familiarity with the work of research which has been done outside of Great Britain.

Economic Beginnings of the Far West: How We Won the Land Beyond the Mississippi. By Katherine Coman. 2 vols. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4.

Being "a mere economist," the author informs us in her preface that her "province is rather to suggest the underlying economic conditions that determined the outcome of war and treaty and race competition, and to reveal the bread-and-butter struggle that must ever result in the survival of the fittest—the ablest to utilize the resources of a virgin territory." As a mere historian the present writer has no criticism of the attempt, and, in fact, would be the first to welcome a work which successfully interpreted the economic forces which have made the West; but as an historian he would have hesitated to undertake the work, knowing that there was not a single trustworthy history of any of the numerous States included in the vast area, and only a few good monographs on any of the fundamental topics which it would be necessary to treat; in short, very little preliminary work upon which to base conclusions. Yet this danger has never in the past been a deterrent to economic historians; and Miss Coman leaps lightly to the task and brings to it the superadded ardor of her sex.

As might have been expected, the two volumes are not a contribution to science; but they will be read with interest by uncritical readers seeking information more or less correct concerning the history of the Far West, for they present in acceptable form the main facts as far as they have been established. For convenience, the territory has been considered as falling into subdivisions, and each treated as a unit, with the result that there is much overlapping both territorially and chronologically; but this was unavoidable. These volumes contain, however, many chronological surprises. In the first sixty-six pages is the story of the Southwest, beginning with the Spanish explorations and ending with those of the Americans. Section ii begins on page 66 with the statement, "Meantime great changes had been taking place along the Espiritu Santo"; and the reader is somewhat amazed to find that the "meantime" covers the years from about 1669 to 1840, and the topic to be discussed is the enterprise of La Salle. Such chronological jumbles, and they are surprisingly frequent, rob the reader of that pleasure derived from the continuity of thought.

The narrative itself contains other surprises for the mere historian. Upon examination of any particular topic, it appears that Miss Coman has devoted most of her attention to what historians regard as strictly political history. In fact, the purely economic descriptions do not occupy any more space than would have been allotted to them by a modern historian. For instance, fifteen pages are devoted to the activities of La Salle, the last ten of which tell the story of his ill-starred expedition to settle the mouth of the Mississippi. The story as here related can be found in any history of the expedition, and there is in the whole narrative no discussion of La Salle's far-reaching economic plans. The treatment of this event is typical of the whole book, which cannot be said to do more than make sporadic attempts to lay the foundations for a true economic interpretation of the settlement of the West.

It is better, therefore, to consider the two volumes as history rather than with the qualifying adjective "economic." Even thus they are not satisfying. To discuss the journeying of Jonathan Carver without some mention of Professor Bourne's famous criticism of Carver's narrative of his adventures, whether accepting it or not, seems a startling omission. One looks in vain, also, in the account of the fur-traders for Professor Turner's well-known essay and Burpee's excellent volume on the "Search for the Western Sea." To write of French explorations and trade without reference to Margry's noted collection of sources seems almost impossible in this day, when the cry is "back to the sources." These are omissions in the bibliography taken almost at random, and indicate the superficial manner in which the data have been collected. Finally, the mechanism of the work is faulty, as the notes are hidden away at the back; and the arrangement of the bibliography by chapters makes it very difficult to discover what works have been used and necessitates much needless repetition of titles. In the present stage of the investigation of Western history, the writing of such an ambitious work as Miss Coman conceived is impossible, and she would have used her years of research to much better advantage had she limited her investigation to a more restricted field.

Annals of the Emperor Charles V. By Francisco López de Gómara. The Spanish Text and English Translation. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by R. B. Merriman. New York: Henry Frowde. $4.15 net.

Students of the Reformation period will be grateful to Professor Merriman, of Harvard, for the publication of this long-neglected historical source. Early in the nineteenth century Gallardo discovered a manuscript of the "Annals" in the National Library of Madrid, and shortly afterwards Gayangos unearthed another in the British Museum; but nearly a century was to elapse before this important work by a contemporary of the great emperor was to be used by a modern historian. The editor has prepared a text based upon the two manuscripts, which he prints both in the original and in an English translation. Copious footnotes elucidate the text. Each statement of the author has been carefully tested, his errors indicated, and references supplied. The whole is a monument of minute scholarly research. The introduction contains a biography of López de Gómara, an estimate of his historical writings, together with a discussion of the various literary problems to which the "Annals" give rise. There is also a complete index.

López de Gómara, a priest and private chaplain to Hernando Cortés, is chiefly noted for his "History of the Indies," a work written in a partisan and adulatory spirit, but valuable on account of the author's intimate personal relations with the great conquistador. He also wrote a "Chronicle of the Barbarojas" in which he narrates the lives of the two famous Mediterranean pirates who bore the name of Red Beard. The "Annals" is less important than either of these works. For the most part, it consists of terse jottings of current events under the years in which they happened. The chronicle starts with the birth of Charles in 1500, and ends with the year 1556, when he entered the monastery of Yuste. The whole work appears to be the skeleton of a more important history, projected but never completed. Most of the notes consist of a line or two each; but at times the reader is rewarded with more extended notices. The short biographies of Luther, Henry VIII, Louis XII, and other important personages of the epoch are of most interest. Gómara naturally has the point of view to be expected of a Spanish priest of the day. Thus: "Luther was a tale-bearer, a liar, a slanderer, a revolutionary, audacious, stubborn, vainglorious, rude, a cheat, buffoon, and drunkard, and, in fact, the personification of knavery, for he neither possessed nor taught a single virtue. He thus lived sixty-three years a bad man, and thirty a heretic." In like manner, his comments on English

politics reflect the national sympathy with Catherine of Aragon and the Spaniard's detestation of her supplanter, Anne Boleyn. In the following century Calderon gave literary expression to these feelings in "The Great Schism of England."

But if Gómara, like the other historians of his time, was unable to divest himself of prevailing prejudices, he was in advance of his century in the interest he displayed in economic phenomena. In this particular he was perhaps unique. Hear him bewailing the increased cost of living:

> This year (1548) was dry, lean, and dear. In Valladolid beef was worth seven maravedis a pound, and goats' flesh ten and a half, and oil nineteen, and the latter would have cost more had it not been for the whale oil. A pound of wax candles was worth twenty-one maravedis; a pound of pears, eggs, and prunes twelve, a load of water four, and a bundle of straw four also, prices which have never been seen in Castile.

He attributes this rise in values to the sudden influx of gold from the New World.

Again, he displays no little sagacity in his repudiation of Machiavellism and Italian statecraft:

> Some persons are pleased to approve of the shiftings which kings make in their friendships and leagues, perfidiously, and to their own hurt and even dishonor, saying that such action is necessary and suitable as much for the conservation of their kingdoms as for their increase; and they confirm this doctrine by the examples of King Ferdinand the Catholic, and of Louis XII, King of France, and of Pope Julius II, who frequently employed such methods; although it would be better to hold and keep perpetually to that which they have once agreed on, as King Sigismund of Poland has done with the Turks, and as the Emperor has been desirous of doing; but since all men break their words, they maintain that to do so is not as bad as would otherwise be the case, whereas in reality it is just so much the worse, in that the evil is so common that no one trusts another in diplomacy, so dangerous is it to do so.

Those expecting to find in the "Annals" new information of a sensational character will be disappointed. Gómara's writings will not change in the slightest degree our previous estimate of Charles V, his great contemporaries, and the momentous events in which they figured. They afford at most only a few gleanings of trifling importance. This is partly due to the fact that the "Annals" were exploited by Charles's seventeenth-century biographer, Prudencio de Sandoval. Professor Merriman has conclusively shown Sandoval's indebtedness to Gómara, and has secured to the latter credit for certain information which has long been attributed to his plagiarist. But if there is little new, it is something to have old facts confirmed by an observer of Gómara's intelligence. A perusal of his racy characterizations of great men and stirring events will enable one better to appreciate the standpoint of the Spaniard of the Renaissance.

Notes

Mr. Murray, the London publisher, has collected into a volume intended as a supplement to the "Life," Disraeli's early writings, the so-called by-products of his pen. Mr. W. Hutcheon adds an introduction and notes.

Among the announcements of J. B. Lippincott Co. are "A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots," by Edith Stotesbury Hutchinson, and a republication of Mrs. George McClellan's three novels, "A Carpet Knight," "Cupid and the Sphinx," and "Broken Chords."

Dr. John MacCunn is bringing out with Edward Arnold "The Political Philosophy of Burke."

Stanley Paul & Company promise shortly "August Strindberg," by Miss B. Lind-af-Hageby.

Putnams publish this week: "The Adventures of Miss Gregory," by Perceval Gibbon; "The Inferno," by August Strindberg, translated, with an introduction, by Claud Field; "Synonyms, Antonyms, and Associated Words," a manual of reference by Louis A. Fleming, and "The Fine Points of Auction Bridge," by Florence L. Irwin, second revised edition.

The "Three Farms" of John Mätter, which Holt announces, are as widely distant as Europe, Canada, and Indiana.

Miss Florence Converse will edit for Dutton the new Little Schoolmates series. The first volume to appear will be "Under Greek Skies," by Madame Dragoumis. Prof. Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley, will tell of children of Spain in "Queen Esther's Make-Believe." Prof. Margarethe Müller will describe German child-life, and Padraic Colum will attend to the children of Ireland.

Anne Douglas Sedgwick's first collection of short stories is issued this week by the Century Co.

Prof. George Santayana's "Winds of Doctrine: Studies in Contemporary Opinion," announced by Scribners, includes chapters on the Philosophy of M. Bergson, the Intellectual Temper of the Age, the Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy, etc.

Houghton Mifflin Co. issues next week the following volumes: "The Fall of the Dutch Republic," by Henrik Willem van Loon; "Guerilla Leaders of the World," by Percy Cross Standing; "England in 1815," by Joseph Ballard, and the latest contribution to the series edited by William Allan Neilson, bearing the general title Types of English Literature—"The English Lyric," by Felix E. Schelling.

Mr. Henry Frowde, the publisher to the University of Oxford, is at his own wish retiring on the 31st of March, after thirty-nine years' active work as manager of the London business of the Oxford University Press. Mr. Humphrey Milford, who has for some years been associated with Mr. Frowde, has been appointed as his successor. Though Mr. Frowde is retiring from the active supervision of business at Amen Corner, he will, it is understood, be available for consultation, so that his knowledge and experience will not be lost to the Press.

A committee, composed of Arnold Bennett, John Galsworthy, C. H. Herford, H. G. Wells, and others, has invited donations for a memorial to George Gissing. The memorial will take the form of a scholarship for the encouragement of literary studies, and will be attached to the University of Manchester, where, when it was known as Owens College, Gissing spent his student days and won literary distinctions. It is hoped that not less than £2,000 may be raised, of which amount £200 has been promised.

Under the title, "An Undergraduate's Diary," Mr. James C. White, Harvard, '53, is publishing in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* jottings which he made while in college. When he matriculated, the college faculty consisted of twelve persons: President Sparks, Professors Channing, Walker, Beck, Longfellow, Felton, Peirce, and Lovering, and Tutors S. Hartwell, F. J. Child, John B. Felton, and J. P. Cooke. "Other teachers"—the writer does not distinguish more precisely—were Prof. Asa Gray, Prof. Jeffries Wyman, and Messrs. Sophocles, Rölker, and Wheaton. Of the eighty-seven students in the freshman class all but fourteen lived in Massachusetts, and only nine came from outside New England. "With one or two exceptions, they were all of pure American stock."

At the beginning of his sophomore year young White was proud to recall that his corner room in the attic of Massachusetts Hall was the one occupied by President Quincy during his entire college life. Interesting is the topic of the first theme of the year assigned to him by Professor Channing: "It was said of Marcus Cato that his life was rather admirable than amiable." Frequent entries in the Diary show that even in those days young gentlemen sought mischief in the neighboring city. We read: "Last night three seniors, members of the Boat Club, were in a fight in Boston and put in the watch house." Student sympathy with a fellow in disgrace was also not uncommon: "A classmate was sent off for a street disturbance. A coach and four was procured, and as he drove by the Yard, he was given six cheers." The present-day policy of taking students to observe the workings of industrial plants is not new, as may be seen from the following: "We have begun a series of Saturday visits with Mr. Cooke to the various factories in the neighborhood—iron and gas works, sugar refinery, bleachery, dye works, glass and soap factories, and others, which he makes very interesting." There is a pleasant reference to a future great man, engaged in a public function: "It was a treat to hear him declaim Browning's stirring poem, 'How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix.' That was Charles Eliot." Various jottings make it plain that President Sparks preferred rules and discipline to popularity. After hearing Emerson make a speech on the Fugitive Slave law, containing severe references to Webster and Everett, "some 200 students marched to the Everett residence, old President's

House, and cheered him. They then proceeded to President Sparks's yard and cheered. On his hostile appearance they vaulted the fence and rusbed for the street."

The January number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just issued, opens with a paper describing the negotiations, British and American, by which the rules and proccdurc recommended in the award of the North Atlantic Coast Fisherics Arbitration Tribunal (rendered at The Hague, September 7, 1910) have been put into effect. Two articles discuss the question of the Panama tolls, one by John H. Latané, the other by Crammond Kennedy, and both strongly in favor of amending the act of Congress. Mr. Latané, in particular, recognizes tbc forcc of Secretary Stimson's declaration that our coastwisc shipping interests do not need exemption from tolls. Mr. Kennedy's review of the state papers, including messages, treaties, and other official statements, constitutes a strong argument for tbe contention tbat there should be "neutralization on equal terms" and a régime at Panama similar to that which regulates the Suez Canal. That the principle of neutrality should be respected by tbe United States is tbe more imperative because of England's generous admission of our desire to cxercise belligerent rights for protection. Another writer, Mr. Vesnitch, describes the career of Cardinal Aiberoni, born at Piacenza in 1664 and tbougbt by the writcr to have been a pioneer of pacifism and international arbitration. He became Prime Minister of Spain, whither he went shortly before Philip V married Elizabetb Farnese. In 1736 appeared a translation, in both English and German, of the Cardinal's "Scheme for Reducing the Turkish Empire to the Obedience of Christian Princes." His projects for pacification are therein included.

The eighth series of Paul E. More's "Shelburne Essays" comes from the press of Houghton Mifflin Co. and bears a distinct title, "The Drift of Romanticism." Two of tbe essays, those on Pater and Nietzsche, have already appeared, in part, in the *Nation*, but the bulk of the volume has not before been printed. As indicated by the title, the papers all bear on romanticism considered as the underlying literary and philosophical tendency of the nineteenth century. William Beckford is taken as a type of morbid egotism and extravagant fancy, Cardinal Newman as the English leader of romanticism in religion, Pater as the romantic æsthete and for his idea of the art of life, Fiona Macleod as the spokesman of the new Celtic pantheism and revery, and Nietzsche for his impotent revolt from humanitarian and romantic sympathy. In all these cases there is an attempt to portray the man himself and to give a rounded criticism of his work, besides sbowing his relation to the drift of the age. The last essay deals with Huxley, setting forth first the antagonism between the early evolutionary philosophy as Huxley preached it and romanticism, and proceeding from this to show how the newer evolutionary philosophy of the *élan vital* has gradually beco › merged with romantic expansiveness. Tbe volume closes with an exposition, in the form of aphoristic definitions, of the dualistic philosophy which, according to the argument of the book, is the basis of classical art and morality and from which romanticism is a present aberration.

The January Bulletin of Hampden-Sidney College is a pamphlet of 56 pages, containing the "Discourse on the Lives and Characters of the Early Presidents and Trustees of Hampden-Sidney College," delivered, in 1876 at the centenary of the founding of the college, by the late Hugh Blair Grigsby. Besides the "Discourse," the publication contains the roll of charter trustees and a sketch of the life of Mr. Grigsby taken mainly from the Virginia Historical Collections, Volume IX, and incorporating very appreciative remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop on the occasion of Mr. Grigsby's death. The body of the address covers the men of the charter, Patrick Henry and James Madison among them, and gives short biographies of the early presidents—John Blair Smith, Archibald Alexander, and others.

The "Solitude Letters" (Sberman, French) of Mary Taylor Blauvelt are supposed to have been written by a school-mistress from her summer refuge to a devoted woman friend. They are really a series of intimate essays or homilies on a variety of themes. They are thoughtful in tone and simple in expression, the utterances of an amateur of living rather than an amateur of writing. Thc conditions under which ber living is to be done are those of hundreds of serious and intelligent women. Marriage and motherhood have not been granted them, youth bas departed from tbem, and they must reckon with life upon terms of work and friendship. Tbe "Constance" of these letters, though not altogether free from that touch of self-consciousness with which the spinster faces her lot, is a wholesome and cheerful person. Marriage is a frequent theme with her. Freely acknowledging that at its best it offers woman her fullest opportunity of usefulness and happiness, she holds that the relation which distinguishes the best marriages from other marriages is a relation in which the single woman may excel—friendship:

> When an unmarried woman speaks of marriage there will always be some to think that she "speaks as a fool," but whether I am competent to treat of marriage or not, I am sure that when I write of friendship I am no tyro, I know whereof I speak. And I am sure that a marriage that does not include friendship is as much beneath friendship as Earth is beneatb Heaven.

As for the basis of friendship in marriage, it depends, believes Constance, on intellectual equality. She is an ardent teacber of young girls, and is confident that they need to be taught. She believes in sending girls to college "that they may develop their own personalities." She believes that men prefer intellectual women, and that "the marriages of college women are likely to be happier than those of other women." She believes tbat "it is only the education of women that has made marriage high or holy or even dignified." In short, she holds a brief for school-breeding versus home-breeding, and finds sucb arguments as are to be found in favor of the mental stimulation and training of womankind as a whole. After marriage and friendsbip, work is her favorite theme, but this again brings us to the sex comparison. That there is a radical difference in the mental constitution and capacity of men and women is a possibility not entertained by this letter-writer for a moment. "My impression," she says comfortably, "is that the main reason why women have not done such work ['great artistic or intellectual work'] is because they have been fully occupied, generally necessarily so, with the every-day of life." The truth of this theory ought to be pretty decisively tested in the near future—if, indeed, it has not been sufficiently tested in the past.

In "The New Immigration" (Macmillan), Peter Roberts has essayed to paint from life a picture of the would-be Americans wbo for some thirty years have been coming among us from the countries of southeastern Europe. He has chosen to portray them not in the bold outlines of picturesque generalizations, nor with academic restraint after the manner of the scientific investigator, but rather in the broken color of anecdote and incident. In a narrative style which is often vivid but which also becomes wearisome for lack of cohesion, he describes the ordeal of Ellis Island and of the first journey into the new country; the industrial conditions in which the immigrants find themselves; the traits which aid and the traits which hinder economic acclimatization; the housing and home life of tbe immigrant; his relationships with his fellows, with his church, and with political society; his recreation and culture; and the problem of his assimilation to Americans and tbe American way of living. Dr. Roberts is strongly sympathetic. He has faith in the new immigrant. Whether he is sufficiently judicial is not so plain. To be sure, be disclaims any intention to lay down conclusions: his "main purpose has been to give facts and leave most of the theorizing to the reader." Yet he seems hardly to realize the prejudice that lurks in an array of the barest facts when these facts bave not been so selected as to be wholly representative. He has set forth part of the truth—fortunately, that part which has been all too commonly ignored. As a corrective his book is sincerely to be recommended to the general reader who has not yet granted the petitioners for the immigrant a hearing.

According to Mr. John Leslie Garner, author of "Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance" (McBride, Nast), "with the passing of 'the great man theory,' biography and history have become completely separated, and a personality such as Cæsar Borgia is interesting now chiefly as a product of tbe egotism of the age." Whatever the truth of this assertion, it is difficult to see its bearing upon the writing of popular biograpbical monographs in our day. Whether the so-called "great man" be regarded as the cause or the effect, he remains the epitome or expression of the age in which he lived, the convenient peg on which to hang an account of its happenings. To carry out his theory logically and completely, Mr. Garner would do better to single out some entirely unknown egoist of the Renaissance and show how the traits which characterize a Borgia were tbe common characteristics of his contemporaries. So long as he and his fellow-writers in this field continue to select such shining exampies as Cæsar Borgia, to whom tradition is accustomed to assign a kind of singularity, their readers will continue to believe that

the genius of the individual counts for something in the lives of those who express their ages too well not to express at the same time a quality in themselves that moral and material conditions are powerless wholly to account for. And from this back to complete acceptance of the theory which our author repudiates, that history is directly influenced by the efforts, ambitions, and desires of a few superlatively endowed individuals, is but a short step. Cæsar Borgia, at all events, however we may regard him, seems still to retain a large measure of personal prestige, or, if one prefers, sinister fascination. There has even been a certain revival of interest in him and in his family during the past year or so. In addition to this book of Mr. Garner's, which, despite its professions of contempt for men of violence and "ferocious egoists," is keyed to a somewhat higher pitch of sensationalism than the others, we have already noticed in recent issues E. L. Miron's "The Derelict Duchess," over which, even if Cæsar enters its pages only as an incident in the life of his abandoned bride, his dark presence nevertheless casts a kind of continuous gloom; and Bishop Mathew's "Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia," which contains a detailed account of the son as well as of the father and the other members of the upstart Spanish family. To these the present work adds little or nothing that is particularly fresh either in the presentation or in the interpretation of facts, and is, moreover, disfigured by the author's rather rhetorical style and his tendency to become controversial or dogmatic in the statement of moral and economic commonplaces.

The latest addition to a series of monographs by Chinese students in the Studies in History and Political Science, issued by Columbia University, is Dr. Wellington Koo's "Status of Aliens in China" (Vol. L, No. 2, Longmans, Green). The author, after a brilliant career as a student in America, now occupies the responsible position of English Secretary to the President of China, an appointment which the impeccable literary style of this volume would seem by itself to justify. In a brief introductory review of the historic policy of China towards foreigners it is easily shown that the adoption of a "closed door" attitude on the part of the Imperial Government dates no farther back than four hundred years ago. Dr. Koo is inclined to attribute the change in the sixteenth century to the truculent conduct of European traders. This was certainly one cause, but his theory does not explain a rather sudden reversal in the Chinese attitude towards strangers without implying a timidity that does them scant justice. The true reason appears to rest in the fact that for the first time in their long history they found themselves confronted by a menace of intrusion from the sea; and that, being essentially an inland race without aptitude or taste for maritime adventure, they chose a natural, if futile, method of protection by closing all their ports but one to access by sea-faring aliens. Their intercourse with Russia shows a resolute policy in meeting and matching the attempts of foreigners approaching them along accustomed trade routes across the continent. To this fact in the national experience of China Dr. Koo gives no attention at all. His examination of the generally accepted notion that Caleb Cushing introduced the requirement of extraterritoriality into China demonstrates that this right was clearly implied in the British treaty of 1842. The fact remains, however, that it was Cushing, the ablest and best trained diplomatist ever sent to China before Lord Elgin's mission, who first enunciated the principle upon which the exercise of that right could be logically maintained. The tone and temper of Dr. Koo's concluding chapter, in which he discusses the reasonable hope of a better understanding between China and the great Powers, are admirable.

The career of the President of the Provisional Republic of China is picturesque enough to justify a biography, but some feeling of disappointment will attend the reading of "Sun Yat Sen and the Awakening of China" (Revell), by James Cantlie and C. Sheriden Jones. Dr. Cantlie is the British physician who taught Sun medicine in Hongkong, and who succeeded in 1896 in obtaining his release from durance in the Chinese Legation in London. One could wish that the author had allowed himself to repeat the full account of that adventure as related in a rare little pamphlet entitled, "Kidnapped in London," by Dr. Sun himself. The friendship between the two men is creditable in the extreme, and there can be no doubt about the goodness and personal charm of one of whom the Englishman can say:

> I have never known any one like Sun Yat Sen; if I were asked to name the most perfect character I ever knew, I would unhesitatingly say Sun Yat Sen. . . . His sweetness of disposition, his courtesy, his consideration for others, his interesting conversation and his gracious demeanor attract one toward him in an indescribable fashion, and have led me to think of him as a being apart, consecrated for the work he had in hand.

Beyond a few anecdotes and the honest panegyrics of a devoted admirer, the book adds little to knowledge of a character which, in spite of great personal magnetism, still strikes us as rather unreal. Nothing is said of the debated question of Sun's birthplace, or of his early life or rebellion in Canton. The reader will echo Dr. Cantlie's "chief regret—that I have been able to paint so meagre a picture of a truly noble character." Two-thirds of the volume is made up of an unprofitable *réchauffé* of the recent history and political prospects of China, by Mr. Jones.

Jane Marsh Parker, writer, and a founder of the Ignorance Club, of Rochester, N. Y., which was one of the earliest women's clubs organized in America, died a week ago in Los Angeles, aged seventy-six. Her best-known books are "Rochester—A Story Historical" and "The Midnight Cry."

William Hale White, better known by his pen name, "Mark Rutherford," died on Saturday at his country home out of London. He was eighty-four years old. Among the books of which he was the author are "Mark Rutherford's Deliverance," "The Revolution in Tanner's Lane," "Spinoza's Emendation of the Intellect," and "An Examination of the Charge of Apostasy Against Wordsworth."

Professor Count Angelo de Gubernatis died in Rome on February 27. He was born in Turin, April 7, 1840, of a family Provençal in origin. After graduating at the University of Turin, he studied at Berlin under Weber and Bopp. From 1863 to 1890 he was professor in the Istituto degli Studi Superiori, at Florence; for more than twenty years past he has been professor of Italian literature at the University of Rome, delivering his last lecture there only nine days before his death. He aptly defined himself "an Italian polygrapher," because during half a century he poured out books on many subjects, founded and edited many learned journals and two biographical dictionaries—"Ecrivains du Jour" and "Ecrivains du Monde Latin." He was one of the earliest Italian Sanskrit scholars, as well as a specialist in comparative literature, mythology, and customs. His volumes on funeral customs and nuptial rites, on "Zoölogical Mythology," and the "Mythologie des Plantes"; his translations of twenty Vedic hymns and his discussion of Vedic sources; his numerous biographical studies, including his autobiography, "Fibra"; his lectures on Dante; his patristic works, and his anthologies, bore witness to his many-sided interests and to his facile talent as a writer and popularizer. He read many languages and was a great traveller, having visited all parts of Europe, India, and South America. In 1904 he visited the United States and lectured at Harvard, Columbia, and other universities. He wrote dramas, some of which, at least, had a *succès d'estime* on the stage. His lectures on Manzoni, delivered forty years ago at Oxford, are still valuable. In recognition of his manifold service, King Humbert bestowed upon him the title of count, which had once belonged to two branches of his family. De Gubernatis chose for his motto *Patrum decus calamo resumpsi*. He was one of the first pacifists in Italy. He married Sophie de Besobrasow, a cousin of Bakounine; she translated into Italian Lermontoff's "Demon," Turgenieff's "Les Eaux printanières," and Krestowski's "La Dame Rydneff."

Thomas Peter Krag, the Norwegian novelist, died in Christiania on Friday, at the age of forty-four. He enjoyed a considerable reputation in his native land because of his descriptions of the wild scenery along the Norwegian coast. The works for which he is best known include: "Ada Wilde," "Ulf Ran," "Gunvor Kjeld," and the drama "Kong Aagon."

Science

ENGLAND'S WONDERFUL WINTER.

PARIS, February 22.

English people of every class have been impressed as never before by the workings of nature during the present year. After making due allowance for hearsay evidence, or the unsupported reports of every sort which have appeared in newspapers, the fact remains that, for once at least, nature's calendar has been completely upset upon Shakespeare's "swan's nest" of an island. It has been the year of all years for the weather observer and the naturalist. Whether such a singular panorama will be unfolded again to the eyes of the present

generation, no one can say, but it is certainly true that living man has not seen the like before.

It seems highly appropriate that, during such a season of marvels in the living world, the natural history collections of Thomas Pennant should be given to the nation. Since the death of that indefatigable traveller, observer, and correspondent, in 1798, these collections have rested securely at Downing Hall, in Flintshire. Now, after this long interval of obscurity, they have been placed by Lord and Lady Denbigh where they rightfully belong, in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. For more than a hundred years Pennant's name has been linked with that of Gilbert White, in the "Selborne," which is not only one of the most delightful books in the language, but the one also which has done most to foster an out-of-doors habit of observation among the entire English-speaking race. Had Pennant and White lived to record nature's calendar from 1912-1913, "The Natural History of Selborne" would certainly have needed revision in many important respects.

The account which follows is based on what I have seen in Hertfordshire and various other parts of England during a residence of above four months, including the summer, autumn, and a portion of February, supplemented by such reports of others, in districts which I have not visited, as seem worthy of credence. For December and January, I must rely upon other observers wholly, and here are some of the astonishing events which have been recorded for this period: battalions of snipe in the valley of the Wey, the occurrence of heron, teal, mallard, field and jack snipe in greater or lesser abundance in other parts, three of the latter birds having been shot on a golf links near London, and reported on January 8. On the same day was noticed the discovery of a nest of the song thrush with two eggs at New Lecke, in Lincolnshire. This, if true, is the most important biological fact which this extraordinary season has produced, for it would tend to show that weather conditions had affected these birds to such an extent as first to check their migratory instincts, then to start them singing, and finally to begin their serial round of reproductive activities months in advance of their usual period. With the probable exception of the English sparrow, the literature of birds, so far as I am aware, contains no case quite parallel to this.

Similar reports of winter nests of this thrush have come from other parts of England. Here are two which I gathered at Bushey, in Hertfordshire, from an intelligent man who keeps cage-birds and watches wild ones: a thrush's nest containing four eggs was found at King's Langley, the last week in December; another was discovered in Oxhey wood by a young man who works at the Bushey golf links, in early January, when it contained a single egg. At a later visit, towards the last of this month, there were two eggs, but the nest was deserted, probably in consequence of the storms which swept England for some days, beginning on January 11. I cannot vouch for any of these reports, though believing them to be true. Ornithologists will do well to sift the mass of extraordinary records of bird-life which will be piled up this year, with exceptional care, and to throw out every one which is not amply corroborated.

In a season of genuine marvels, imagination is apt to take a free rein, and every one seems imbued with the desire to outdo his neighbor with a still more wonderful tale. This is well illustrated by the controversy which has arisen over the alleged appearance of the cuckoo in England this winter. Few birds, certainly, follow the calendar more closely than this mysterious wanderer. Prompt to come in mid-April, and to depart in mid-July, for six hundred years the cuckoo has maintained its place in English literature as the embodied sign and emblem of summer days. A few records of March cuckoos are said to exist, and they are probably trustworthy, but a winter cuckoo is as much of an anomaly there as a winter organ-grinder would be in a New England village. Yet claimants are already in the field who aver that they have both heard and seen this cuckoo in different parts of England, not only in February, but in January, and in December as well. A cuckoo was also reported to have been shot in February at Saffron-Walden, in Essex; but in this case the cuckoo turned out to be a pigeon. It seems quite probable that a few cuckoos may have wintered in England this year, as hundreds of thrushes, blackbirds, and other migrants have obviously done, but knowing the literature of this interesting species, and the frequency with which it has been mistaken for a small hawk, or even for a goatsucker, we must count the evidence in favor of winter cuckoos as at present far from satisfactory.

To continue this general record: at Shipbourne, in Kent, a butterfly and a moth were seen fluttering round a Christmas tree; in early January a hawthorn showed both leaf and flower at Clifton; buttercups and celandine were blooming in Bedfordshire; house sparrows were hatched in Hertfordshire; a pear tree and climbing roses flowered in Surrey; from three different counties marsh marigolds were announced, while everywhere gorse was coming into bloom, and the growing chorus of birds was "a waking fact in every country place." On this very day and date (January 2) daisies were blooming everywhere, and primroses literally carpeted the woods in the most favored corners.

Here is a later picture drawn from Bushey, in Hertfordshire, sixteen miles northwest of London, whither I was called on the 13th of February. The country was everywhere in vivid green, and we missed only the summer foliage of such deciduous trees as elms, oaks, maples, and apple trees, on which the buds were still, for the most part, in the resting state. As in the live oaks and evergreen shrubs of our Southern States, fresh new foliage was lighting up the privet, the smilax, and the hollies, on which the berries were as bright as at Christmas-time. Many lawns had already been shorn, and grass in the fields was from six to eight inches tall. The hawthorn hedges looked bare at a distance, but on closer inspection you saw that buds were bursting, with here and there a few shoots in perfect leaf.

Bushey gardens were full of flowers of many kinds: snow drops and crocuses had been open on every mild day for weeks, and this was true also of the wall flowers, primroses, and gorse. The aconite had dropped its petals, and the daffodils were in perfection. Half-a-dozen shrubs were in bloom in this garden, and nearly all were in leaf. The flowering quince was a mass of scarlet; roses were opening their red-brown leaves, while more favored vines in other gardens showed flowers fully blown. The deep red shoots of peonies were pushing out of the ground or beginning to unfold. The buds of the lilac, though large and loose, seemed strangely conservative, when compared with the general progressiveness of their neighboring competitors. All over this village the purple plum trees were a mass of light pink flowers, which had evidently held in this state for a considerable time, and there were a number of blooming shrubs which I could not certainly name.

In more southerly parts of England strawberry plants have blossomed; pear trees are in complete flower, and the crimson stars and gray catkins have appeared on many of the nut trees. The sight is far from welcome to the Englishman, who knows the price which such enterprising fruits are almost certain to pay in the end. Fortunately, the apple trees, and in a less degree the cherries, have been more content to rest from their labors, at least in Hertfordshire, where I saw only swollen buds on February 15.

When I left Hertfordshire late in October, blackbirds, which are first cousins to the American robin, song thrushes, and robin redbreasts, were in

plenty about the garden, but little singing was to be heard, and this only from the robins. Tick-tacking was indulged in at all hours, but only in the early morning, and at evening, on warm days, did the robin sing with his customary vim and zest. Rooks, which spent the day in a neighboring field, and starlings, which had a predilection for certain housetops on the village street, came to the garden in the early morning or on foggy days, which are always chosen by the latter bird for its raids upon the fruit trees. Those who have introduced the English starling into the American States have probably never watched its behavior in a fruit garden in England at seven o'clock in the morning. Certain it is that they will have to answer for the commission of a grave mistake, if this bird keeps to the habits which it here displays. These starlings are robust, vigilant, and extremely destructive, and in a few days' time a dozen of them will account for a large amount of fruit, their first choice being pears and apples. Too wary to go to the ground, where the English cat is always stalking about, or to stay long in one place if watched, they pounce quickly upon a tree, sound their "barbaric yawp," sidle up to the best fruit, and get to work. They will cling to a pear until it drops, and then attack another, and another. After several successive raids I have seen pears, picked clean to the core, still clinging to the trees, and the ground strewn with riddled fruit.

The causes which have produced England's wonderful winter are far-reaching enough to have affected the greater part of Europe, if not of America also. Paris has experienced one of the mildest winters it has known in years, and in the Trocadéro gardens to-day the grass and shrubbery are quite as green as in the suburbs of London; forsythias were showing their lemon-yellow "bells," and the Japanese quince was really in flower, though a trifle pinched, while ice covered every fountain pool. In England, however, the checks, which every one has expected for weeks and months, have been continually postponed.

The first serious fall in temperature came on January 11, when gales and snowstorms raged over Scotland and the north of England. Snow fell as far south as Northampton, sixty-six miles north of London, but little or no damage was done in the southern and middle districts, and the effect produced was but temporary. Then came the last and really serious cold wave. It began with a north wind, which froze the water of London's streets on the night of February 17, and then, swinging quickly to the northeast, flooded the whole of Europe with air right off the Russian steppes. Up to the present time (February 22) there have been frost conditions over a large part of Europe and the British Isles. In the south of England many pear and nut trees, as well as early strawberries, were quickly blighted, and Englishmen are now seriously asking whether they are going to have any fruit. This genuine check came none too soon; but if there are many more lapses to unseasonably mild weather, followed by severe frosts, England will have to pay dearly for her unique experience of nearly four months of continuous "spring."

FRANCIS H. HERRICK.

The Nantucket Maria Mitchell Astronomical Fellowship of $1,000 has been awarded a second time to Miss Margaret Harwood, A.B., Radcliffe College, 1907. Her residence at the Nantucket Observatory is for six months; the remainder of the year is spent in a larger observatory of her own choice. She has elected to continue her researches at the Harvard Observatory during this semester.

Dr. John Shaw Billings, director of the New York Public Library, ex-deputy surgeon-general in the United States army, and an author of international reputation, died last week at the New York Hospital. He was born in Switzerland County, Indiana, in 1838, graduated from Miami University in 1857, and three years later from the Medical College of Ohio, at Cincinnati. In later life he was honored with degrees from several universities. Edinburgh, Harvard, Yale, and Johns Hopkins gave him the LL.D. Oxford made him a doctor of civil law; he received from the University of Dublin an honorary M.D. As an army surgeon, he served brilliantly through the war, and was attached to the Surgeon-General's office in Washington until 1875, when he was made full surgeon with the rank of major and was placed in charge of the library of the Surgeon-General's office. In 1883 he became curator of the Army Medical Museum and Library, and retained this post until his retirement as lieutenant-colonel and deputy surgeon-general in 1895. During the years from 1891 to 1896, he was professor of hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania, and was a frequent lecturer at Yale, Harvard, Columbia, and Johns Hopkins. He had much to do with drawing the plans for the Johns Hopkins Hospital in his capacity as medical adviser to the trustees of the Hopkins Fund. It was in 1896 that Dr. Billings was asked to become director of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden Foundation. Among his published works are "Principles of Ventilation and Heating," "Index Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U. S. A." (16 vols), and "National Medical Dictionary," in two volumes.

Roland Gideon Curtin, physician, and writer on medical subjects, died in Philadelphia on Friday. He was born at Bellefonte, Pa., in 1839, and studied medicine at the University of Pennsylvania. In 1868 he was surgeon to the United States Geological Survey, and in 1905 he was elected president of the Philadelphia Medical Society. Besides scattered articles, he wrote, with Dr. E. W. Watson, "Influenza," and, with Dr. D. E. Hughes, Vol. IV of the "Philadelphia Hospital Reports."

Drama

"Tradition" furnishes the title to a second volume of one-act plays (Holt) by George Middleton. Of these, none, perhaps, is so good as "Embers," "The Gargoyle," or "Madonna" in the first series, but the best of them show freshness of invention, a considerable faculty of psychological analysis, and a sense of theatrical situation. As a rule they make decidedly interesting reading. But in such pieces as "Their Wife" and "The Cheat of Pity"—both cleverly written—human interest is defeated by the laborious artificiality of the theme. In the first a deserted husband sends for his wife's lover, a former friend, to tell him that he, too, has been deceived in his turn, and to gloat over his suffering and humiliation, in much adroit, sarcastic, but unnatural dialogue. In the second the elopement of a much-abused married woman is frustrated by the unexpected return of the husband and his sudden death, in a bedroom overhead, while the lover is pleading his cause. There is imagination in both pieces, but it is sacrificed to theatricalism. "Tradition," in which an affectionate but densely matter-of-fact father is induced to recognize the spiritual forces in his wife and daughter, which breed revolt against the life-long monotony of a dull home, is a clever sketch, with insight, humor, and mild pathos, but not much dramatic substance. There is truth, with a sound moral, in "On Bail," a domestic study of the demoralizing influences of a gambler's life, and there is a sound appreciation of feminine character in "Waiting," whose heroine, far from approving her lover's determination not to marry until he is able to give her comfortable support, is inclined to refuse him when he does propose, for keeping her waiting so long. In "Mothers," a good woman, cursed with a worthless son, earnestly warns a young girl against encouraging his advances, only to discover that she is already his wife. The situation is pathetic and dramatic. There is a very wide field for the one-act play, and it is encouraging to note that younger writers are beginning to take to this form of dramatic composition. The besetting danger of it consists in the temptation to sacrifice every artistic consideration for the sake of one great central thrill, as in the Grand Guignol inventions.

The plays of Bracco, according to Mr. Addison McLeod, "sit on the soul as some legendary maiden, deserted by her lover, sits on a rock, looking over the river towards the sunset, giving out continual cries." Those who like such stuff will find an abundant supply of it in "Plays and Players in Modern Italy" (Chicago: C. H. Sergel & Co.). Those who do not will find it worth their while to be patient, for the book furnishes much information that cannot be found elsewhere, and some very sensible criticism. The first of the two main chapters contains summaries, with a few well-translated scenes, of about thirty plays, mostly by living playwrights. The other contains characterizations of about thirty living actors and actresses.

Rehearsals are proceeding actively in His Majesty's Theatre, London, of "The White Man's Burden," due for production on

Easter Monday. As previously reported, the three principal parts are to be played by Sir Herbert Tree, Norman McKinnel, and Phyllis Neilson Terry, who constitute the eternal triangle of wife, husband, and lover. Among others figuring more or less prominently in the cast are: Frederick Rosse, A. E. George, Nigel Playfair, and A. Scott Craven. Sir Herbert promises some striking spectacular effects, particularly in the South Pacific island scene, whither he, as the cynical man of the world, goes to oppress the native miners, only in the end to work out his own redemption and to become their protector.

Tuesday, March 25, has been chosen by Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy for the first performance at the London Kingsway of Arnold Bennett's four-act comedy, "The Great Adventure." This was originally produced at the Glasgow Repertory Theatre nearly two years ago. At the Kingsway, Henry Ainley is to appear as the famous artist, Ilam Carve, who, supposed by a muddle-headed doctor to be his own valet, allows the servant to be buried in Westminster Abbey, with all necessary honors, while quietly taking upon himself the dead man's identity. The piece is satire upon all sorts of prominent persons and institutions: artists, authors, journalists, clergymen, and politicians.

Matheson Lang and his wife, Miss Hutin Britton, who recently returned to England from Australia, appear to have pleased their London public with their new romantic piece "Westward Ho!" All manner of liberties have been taken, evidently, with Kingsley's famous story. Francis Leigh and the Rose of Torridge, for instance, survive the terrors of the Inquisition and live to be happily married in England.

When Ellen Terry celebrated her sixty-fifth birthday in London the other day, her son, Gordon Craig, was able to announce that Lord Howard de Walden had provided him with the necessary funds to establish his proposed "School for the Art of the Theatre" upon a sound financial foundation. He declares that this institution will differ from existing dramatic academies in various respects. It is not his aim merely to train pupils as actors and actresses, but to acquaint them with the many aspects of theatrical art. The scheme really divides itself into two parts, the one to which its originator attaches the greater importance being the experimental school. To this, by the way, it is not intended to admit women. This school, according to Mr. Craig,

> will aim at infusing the life of imagination into every art and craft connected with the stage, so that fresh vigor will be given to the creative power of those actively connected with the drama. It will consist simply of a body of earnest and thorough workers, who will strive by means of experiment and research to rediscover and recreate some of those magic and elemental principles of beauty, simplicity, and grace in a department of the art world from which at present they are conspicuously absent.

Working under the guidance of Mr. Craig, the school will undertake theatrical productions in any part of the world. The preliminary work will be carried out at the theatre which is to be established in conjunction with the school, and subsequently the members of the experimental school will transfer their energies to London, New York, Paris, Moscow, or any other centre. In addition to the experimental school, there will be a secondary school for the study of the crafts of the stage. All pupils desiring to join will have to take up the study of speech and movement, and they may also select one other craft, such as the making of costumes, lighting, and the preparation of properties. The Hungarian system of a three years' course will be followed, and in each year there will be three terms of about twelve weeks. Examinations will be held at the end of the first year, and those who are found to be unfitted for the work will then discontinue their studies.

Music

Sixty Patriotic Songs of All Nations. Edited by Granville Bantock. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.50.

Lyric Diction. By Dora Duty Jones. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

The Oliver Ditson Company could have found no one better qualified than Granville Bantock to edit the collection of patriotic songs just added to the Musicians' Library. Among the sixty-three volumes previously issued in this series, none is better than the "One Hundred Folksongs of All Nations" contributed by him—a volume which includes many gems. Equally satisfactory, in its way, is the group of patriotic songs just issued, although it cannot be denied that among them there are some which must have owed their official adoption as national hymns to their appealing words rather than to the merits of their music. There is little inspiration, for instance, in the patriotic airs of Brazil and Argentina, or in the "Know Ye that Race" which has served the Boers as a prayer and a battle-song. The Mexican "Canción Patriótica" is commonplace, the two Greek specimens included have little to recommend them, and the "Sons of Norway" and "Ay, this Land" make one wonder why they are so much less Norwegian and meritorious than Grieg's songs. Much cannot be said for the Canadian specimens included; and as for our own country, is it really necessary to insult us any longer by identifying us with the hideous vulgarity of Yankee Doodle, which is of European origin?

Far more musical and inspiring than any of these named—and the patriotic airs of the Balkan countries and of Egypt are not much better—are the Japanese Drill Song, "Shotai," and, particularly, the "May Our Lord Long Reign," of which Puccini made such clever use in his "Madama Butterfly." In the Drill Song the editor has skilfully emphasized the Japanese atmosphere by the slightly altered chords over an unchanging bass. The harmonizations of all the airs are his own, and they are always appropriate and interesting.

England is represented by "God Save the King," "Rule, Britannia," "The British Grenadiers," "Lilliburlero," and "Home, Sweet Home"; Scotland by "Scots, Wha Hae," "Auld Lang Syne"; Ireland by "Saint Patrick was a Gentleman," "Saint Patrick's Day," "The Wearing of the Green"; Wales by "Men of Harlech"; France by "Malbrouk to War is Going," "It was Dunois," the "Marseillaise," the "Carmagnole," "Ah, It Will Go"; Germany by the "Watch on the Rhine" (so odious to Wagner), the "Rhine Song," "I am a Prussian"; and so on. In the introduction a paragraph is devoted to each of the sixty songs in the collection, followed by references to books in which further information may be found. These notes, which are by the editor, are trustworthy and valuable. Mr. Bantock is not only one of the leading British composers of the day (with a special predilection for Oriental coloring), but he was for several years editor of the *New Quarterly Musical Review.* Under the circumstances, it is a little surprising that he did not also write the general introduction to this volume. This is by N. Desmond Anderton, who discusses the subject of folk music as related to national music in general at some length, noting the different opinions held by Ernest Newman, Dr. Parry, Cecil Sharp, Professor Bantock, and others.

While the music of national songs is often mediocre, it is nearly always well fitted to the words, and the words when sung are usually enunciated distinctly. At recitals of art songs, on the contrary, the words are seldom intelligible. Why this is so, and how the matter can be remedied, is explained in "Lyric Diction." The author's own elucidations are preceded by the text of a lecture on English diction delivered at the Guildhall School of Music by Mme. Melba, who refers to diction as the Cinderella of the family of arts, and bewails the scant attention given to it in England. Like many others, she used to think that English is not a musical language, but, she adds, "my maturer judgment and experience tell me that I was wrong; that, although the English language lends itself to expression in music less readily than the Italian, it is in that respect at least equal to the French, and certainly superior to the German."

On this point the author of "Lyric Diction" has much to say. In her opinion, "the intrinsic vowel music of English surpasses that of all other modern languages save only Spanish and Italian"; and "the vocal resources of our language, long obscured by the very richness and variety of the English vowel scheme, are only just beginning to be appreciated." The sibilants are a great stumbling-block, but even in that

respect English is superior to the German (pp. 86-90), and "the exaggerated hissing of the sibilant sounds so characteristic of British speech is, happily, not one of our many American faults." The present volume was preceded by one entitled "The Technique of Speech," and we are not surprised to find the writer endorsing Dr. Aiken's statement that in the great majority of cases the difficulties with which singers have to contend are connected with the speech organs, and not with the vocal cords, as used by singers. Proper training of the speech organs at an early age would, no doubt, simplify the process of teaching singing. Emphasis is placed on Helmholtz's statement that correct singing by natural intervals is much easier than singing by tempered intonation; but inasmuch as there is little singing to-day except with instrumental accompaniment, which usually requires the tempered scale, this fact is of no great importance. Much space is given to showing how the integrity of the word can be maintained without sacrifice of tonal beauty, and to studies in vowel-placing and vowel harmonies nearly a hundred pages are devoted, with many illustrations in musical type. Advocates of the use of English at operatic performances and song recitals may find food for thought and argument in this volume. Special attention may be called to pages 120-121 and 306-307, in which the subtle beauties of Howells's "Is it the Shrewd October Wind?" with MacDowell's music, are pointed out.

"Isabeau," Mascagni's latest opera, which started its career on this side of the ocean, and which found none too favorable a reception in Italy, has had its first German representation at the Vienna Volksoper, where, notwithstanding careful preparation and adequate presentment, it failed to fulfil the hopes that had been set upon it. The libretto of Illica, with its crude emotionalism, was objected to, while the music, on the well-known neo-Italian lines, at no point succeeded in realizing the romantic character aimed at by the story.

Arnold Schönberg, whose compositions have tended more and more towards eccentricity, recently had the salutary experience in Vienna of seeing one of his earlier and saner pieces, an extremely difficult choral work, called "Gurre-Songs," received with an unusual amount of approval. As an example of the generally conceded gifts with which Schönberg started out, the performance served its purpose by disclosing a composer quite out of the common, but as a standard of measure between what he once was and what he has now developed into, the occasion generally called forth rather more regret than satisfaction.

Aristocratic artists in the tone world, at no time very numerous, have in our days become extremely rare. A few of the composers' names are to be found in the Gotha Calendar, but among the virtuosi titled performers can hardly be found at all. Considerable interest therefore attached recently to the professional début as a pianist of the young hereditary Prince Lobkowitz (a great-grandson of him to whom Beethoven dedicated some of his compositions). At a charity concert in Vienna he performed an oft-heard Hungarian Rhapsody by Liszt in a manner calculated to make his listeners forget not only his rank, but also the fact that he did not lay claim to other laurels than those of an amateur.

Francis Alexander Korbay, who died last week in London, was one of the best-informed men on the subject of music in Hungary, of which country he was a native, having been born at Budapest on May 8, 1846. He was a godson of Liszt, at whose advice he took up the piano when his voice suffered from continued exertion as an operatic tenor at the National Theatre, in his native city. Subsequently, he gave song recitals, playing his own accompaniments. For some years he resided in New York. In 1894 he went to London, where, for nine years, he was professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music. His own compositions are of no importance, but his arrangements of Hungarian songs, with English words, have a lasting value.

Art

THE ALTAR AND THE TOMB.

The Sacred Shrine: A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church. By Yrjö Hirn. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Professor Hirn, of the University of Helsingfors, whose excellent monograph, "The Origins of Art," will be recalled by many readers, now presents a simple principle to account for the apparently miscellaneous and confusingly various products of Roman Catholic poetry and art. With characteristic scholarship he has supported his thesis by abundant citations and references. This necessary ballast is carried lightly, and the book is written in lucid and charming English. Professor Hirn's theory may be thus paraphrased: Christian art grows out of the twofold cult of the altar, which was actually and mystically a tomb and a shrine (*arca et ara*). Christian art develops to its height by cultivating the ideal of a shrine in the person of the Virgin Mary, whose body contained as a shrine Incarnate God. The wholly material notion of an altar tomb eventually gives way before the more spiritual conception of an altar shrine in which with orderly regularity is repeated the miracle of the Word made flesh and that flesh broken for our redemption.

Whatever the warrant of this interesting theory, there is no doubt as to its fundamental historical postulate. Gradually, the cult of the mass minimized or even expelled from Catholic altars all secondary and local cults based on relic-worship. The tomb and the altar part company, or, rather, the tomb detaches itself and the altar remains. And equally unquestionable is the fact that the cult of the Host thrives in like measure with that of the Virgin. She becomes the gracious and fitting archetype of all altar-shrines.

> Within the cloistre blisful of thy sydes
> Took mannes shap the Eternal Love and Pees,

writes Chaucer, boldly paraphrasing Dante. But Dante merely wrote *nel ventre tuo*, in thy womb. Chaucer's metaphor precisely illustrates how readily the mediæval heart converted the body of the Blessed Virgin into the shrine *par excellence*. This process of thought and feeling was of gradual growth. The earliest Mary was merely the Mother of the Man Jesus, the earliest altar neither a tomb nor a shrine, but a table at which the Last Supper was reënacted as a simple and non-miraculous feast of commemoration.

How early such table altars became tomb altars is not certain. The most primitive tables upon a single columnar support—Prof. Howard Crosby Butler has lately found a most interesting one *in situ* at Sardes—do not seem fitted for such a use. But as early as the fifth century the poet Prudentius sings of the Roman altar which at once guarded the bones of St. Hippolytus and served for "the spiritual food at the holy meals." Presumably, St. Hippolytus's bones lay in a cippus, or small sepulchral casket, between the legs of this altar table. Soon the altar itself was to assume the form of a sarcophagus in recognition of the relic that it invariably enclosed, and there was to ensue a long, protracted competition between the cult of the relic and the sacrifice of the mass. Indeed, there seems a kind of infelicity in the decree of the second council of Nicæa that every altar should contain a relic, just as to-day there is an evident tautology in building into a new altar, when a relic is not procurable, a consecrated Host. The danger, of course, was that the relic, being of strong local interest and a source of advantageous miracle, might actually overshadow the daily, indispensable mystery of the mass. This was no imaginary peril. We read that in a church near Cluny the relics of St. Walpurge, being for greater accessibility moved forward on the altar, suddenly ceased to work the customary miracles. At length a disappointed suppliant had a revelation of the saint, who said: "The reason you have not recovered your health is that my relics have been put on God's altar, which ought not to be used save for the divine mysteries." The miracles were resumed the moment the saint's relics ceased to encroach on the territory of the Host. The legend at least shows how conscious the Church itself was of the excesses of the cult of relics, which, the supply being limited, produced an extensive fraudulent traf-

fic. Abbot Suger, haggling for his martyrs with a Roman Jew, and Chaucer's Pardoner, with his bag stocked with miraculous "pigges bones," are merely the more grotesque examples of the credulity and fraud that accompanied the worship of saints' relics.

Such abuses grew quite naturally out of the crassly material notion of the relic held by the believer. From the merest fragment of a saint, and *a fortiori* from the entire body, there was an actual physical effluence, as there is from a magnet. This effluence constituted the healing virtue of the relic, and communicated itself both to living and to inanimate objects. Thus the case in which the relic was enclosed became impregnated with the healing virtue, which persisted even after the relic itself had vanished. It sufficed the devotee merely to touch the reliquary, and to see the relic behind the protecting crystal. And the virtue of the relic might be communicated by contact to a copy. For example, there are said to be no less than thirty-six accredited holy nails, all of which are efficacious, being in most cases copies duly charged by contact with one of the three admitted originals. Such faith in physical emanations from sacred objects is, of course, ethnologically considered, magic. Thus the Loango sorcerers, for a fee, allow laymen to place objects of their own for long periods among the authorized collection of magical paraphernalia. We should hasten to add that this white magic has never been deliberately chosen by the Catholic Church, but rather forced upon it by the irrepressible instincts of simple believers. In fact, the pullulation of saints and relics has at all times been something of a scandal, an abuse tolerated for its presumed pragmatic value. And at times, as in the Reformation, the Church has paid dearly for tolerating a mass of rather crude folklore and magic, which, candidly, it has never been in a position to control. Even to-day the Church would hardly venture to move in a critical spirit against the stronger local saints, who canonically are neither real saints, nor ever likely to be.

It was with difficulty that the proper sacramental use of the altar vindicated itself. The institution of the feast of Corpus Christi, 1264, in honor of the bleeding host of Bolsena, marked only a beginning. In the fifteenth century the books of ritual forbade on the high altar of a church any picture or statue not representing the Passion of Christ. "We should always have the Passion before our spiritual eyes, and those of our body also; especially at the celebration of the mass, which is nought else than the memorial of the Passion of our Lord." But hundreds of noble altar-pieces of the Renaissance testify to the general disregard of this command, and, indeed, it was not until the end of the sixteenth century that the pyxis set amid gold rays made the Host unmistakably the central object of the believer's contemplation.

In short, during the best periods of Christian art, church decoration was a kind of compromise between the requirement of the relic and that of the mass. In analyzing the decoration of any church we should bear in mind that the altar-piece is usually a reliquary, being only an extended illustration and glorification of the particular relic in the altar tomb, while all pictorial decoration having to do with the life of Christ, the Apostles, and the Virgin concerns the altar shrine, and is of sacramental import. The crucifix and stations of the cross in a modern Catholic church represent the stereotyped minimum of such sacramental decoration. Why the cult of the Virgin is to be distinguished from that of the miracle-working saints is clearly shown by Professor Hirn in the most delightful fashion. The Elect Maiden of Nazareth is preëminently the most sacred of shrines, for in her body took place the miracle of the Incarnation. Under the general notion of the hallowing of the shrine itself by its contents, her body was absolutely pure. And, not content with this, the Christian imagination soon insisted that, like her Divine Son, she was conceived without sin. Thus for eight hundred years the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, though officially a doctrine of yesterday, has been generally believed throughout Roman Christendom. And we must insist that what to a rationalist or a Protestant can but seem an attenuation of the miracle of the Incarnation, and a kind of diminution both of the humanity and the divinity of Christ, bears no such aspect to a Catholic realist. To him it seems merely an extension of the sacredness of Christ's body. The image of the Virgin appropriately presides over the ever-renewed miracle of the making of Christ's body and blood in the mass, as her actual body conceived him at the word of the Lord and stood beside his cross. Mariolatry, in brief, is a perfectly natural inference from a realistic and non-mystical view of the Incarnation.

As a digression it is interesting to ask what is the logical and doctrinal status of the numerous miracle-working Madonnas? We have failed to find an answer in Professor Hirn's pages, but cannot doubt that he would regard these cults as a perversion of the idea of the Madonna as a shrine. At Montevergine and Lourdes the Mother of God sinks to the quality of a thaumaturge, becomes a local institution, is reduced to a necromantic function. As such she is merely the elder sister of the miracle-working saints. Such pilgrimage resorts do not deserve their usual name of shrines, but are essentially reliquaries, the apparition of the Virgin, or some especially venerated likeness, being the equivalent of a relic.

It would be most interesting to follow Professor Hirn in his brilliant and scholarly derivation of the exquisite ceremonial of the mass, itself a consummate work of art, from the notion of adorning a shrine, and to glance at the hymns and meditations that celebrate the gracious potency of Mary; but it will perhaps be more profitable to test in a concrete instance the general theory that "Catholic art as a whole, in all its manifestations, decorates a sacred shrine." Let us recall that here the word shrine includes also the altar tomb, and repeat that in the best periods of Christian art we find a sort of balance between the requirements of the altar shrine and those of the altar tomb. With these provisos in mind, let us examine the decoration of one of the loveliest churches of Christendom one built at the best moment of the Italian Middle Ages, the Patriarchal Basilica of St. Francis of Assisi.

The legend tells us that, as St. Francis was dying in 1226, at St. Mary of the Angels, he commanded that his body should be buried on the Hill of Hell, *Collis Inferni*, where criminals were executed. By the principle of effluence, with which the reader should now be thoroughly acquainted, the hill became a holy place, and ever since has been called the Hill of Paradise, *Collis Paradisi*. Saints are not made by the Church, but only certificated, and within three years Pope Gregory IX, by canonizing the *Poverello*, merely confirmed the will of all Christendom. The two-storied church which gradually rose on the Hill of Paradise was thus essentially a tomb containing a most notable relic. In this assurance pilgrim processions from all parts of Italy have ever since visited the Basilica. Naturally, much of the decoration of the church illustrates this idea of a tomb. The nave of the lower church, soon after 1250, displayed the chief miracles of the saint. Two generations later Giotto painted in the central vaults, directly above the high altar, which again is immediately above the actual tomb, his three lovely allegories of the Franciscan virtues of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, and a Glory of St. Francis. Still later a chapel was adorned with the deeds of St. Martin of Tours, illustrating a secondary altar tomb. In the nave of the upper church Giotto and his aids depicted the main episodes of St. Bonaventura's official life of St. Francis, and room for four supplemental frescoes was found in the lower church. The earliest windows are devoted to St. Francis and his fellows. These are the main decorations

that derive from the idea of a tomb. But the sepulchral decorations overlap significantly into those that are essentially sacramental. St. Francis kneels at the foot of Cimabue's sublime Crucifixion in the upper church, and the Giottesque Crucifixion, in the right transept of the lower church, depicts numerous Franciscans as attendants. In one of the Gothic vaults of the upper church the face of St. Francis in a medallion takes its place beside those of John the Baptist, the Virgin Mary, and Christ himself. Such, with negligible omissions, is the part of the decoration corresponding to the idea of the altar tomb of St. Francis.

It was wholly consonant with the evangelical temper of St. Francis himself that the decoration of his Basilica should be, after all, mainly sacramental, based on the idea of an altar shrine. The choir and transepts of the upper church are chiefly devoted to the Apocalypse, Christ's final act as Redeemer, and to the stories of St. Peter and St. Paul, the chief witnesses of the authority of the Church and of the divinity of the Man of Sorrows. Two great Calvaries were set, invisible to the faithful in the nave but present to the preacher and officiant of the mass. Above, in the vault Cimabue painted the Four Evangelists at their desks. In the two upper rows of the nave were arranged as type and anti-type the chief events of Christ's life, with the corresponding Old Testament events. One of the vaults contained, as we have seen, Christ with the Precursor and his Mother. Another depicted the four Latin Doctors, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, St. Ambrose, and St. Jerome, who gave to traditional Christianity its dogmatic formulation. On the front wall the infant Christ appears in his mother's arms. All these frescoes are the preparation for, or explanation of, the miracle of transubstantiation which daily recurs at the modest altar—all are appropriate extensions and natural reinforcements of the idea of an altar shrine. And such is obviously the case with the stories of Christ's early life and Passion in the transepts of the lower church.

We have tried only to bring out clearly the brilliant and suggestive generalization which Professor Hirn develops with copious erudition and reverent sympathy. That his book is of a rare sort we need not insist. As a contribution to the psychology of religion it is of permanent value. The specialist will wish at times that the chronological stages of the process had been more definitely established, and occasionally will long for concrete applications of the more paradoxical ideas. Yet it is easy to see that such solace to the specialist might have been prejudicial to the form of a book that is delightful as literature. In fact, much of the charm of this learned and generous work precisely lies in its stimulus. Supported by the main hypothesis, which seems, to us, essentially sound, the student of mediæval history and art may readily set out upon alluring adventures of his own, making his own applications. This, in a small way, your reviewer has endeavored to do as a mark of gratitude. We have rarely happened upon a modern historical work that combines in so high a degree with ripe scholarship and systematic structure, insight, eloquence, and real passion of the intellect.

The newest special number of the *International Studio* ("Modern Etchings, Mezzotints, and Dry-Points," edited by Charles Holme; John Lane) is essentially a review of the ten years which have elapsed since the same periodical issued a similar volume in 1902. That such a summary, with 196 reproductions, could be made by including only the most important artists is the best proof of the "extraordinary efflorescence in recent years" of the etcher's art. For that reason the volume is welcome, indeed, and valuable and useful. The number of illustrations allotted to the various countries is not without significance: Great Britain has 75, America 37, France 25, Holland 17, Austria 18, Germany 11, Sweden 13. These proportions may seem strange, and one wonders why Aid, Miêlatz, Quinlan, Roth, Senseney, and Washburn were not mentioned in the American section. Similar omissions may be found elsewhere—for example, Reifferscheid, Olbricht, or Pietschmann in Germany. Yet it is true that not every one could be included. A noteworthy feature is the variety of treatment illustrated, which in the case of Frank Short, for example, shows "recognition of the appropriate methods—etching, dry-point, aquatint, mezzotint—for each subject" (mention of soft-ground etching being noticeably absent). The writer of the chapter on America notes that an "increasing number . . . seem content to reproduce a mournful reiteration of nature, valuable only as documental facts, and a one-sided manifestation of technical ability, . . . expressing nothing beyond craftsmanship and the exaltation of the superficial." Such technical effort, without strong personal reaction, is noticeable elsewhere also, nor is it limited, of course, to etching.

An international exhibition will be held under the auspices of the Deutscher Buchgewerbeverein, at Leipzig, from May to October, 1914. The purpose of the exhibition is to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Academy for the Graphic Arts and the Book Industry at Leipzig. Notification of the intention to exhibit must be given on forms provided by the management not later than June 30, 1913.

The Egypt Exploration Fund is proceeding in its fifth campaign at Abydos, and a report announces some important discoveries. On a small rise in the desert near the Coptic convent work was carried on in the ancient cemetery. The tombs there had to a large extent escaped the complete plundering which befell the greater part of the Abydos necropolis, owing to the fact that in Ptolemaic times a small village was built over them. The great interest of this part of the site proved to be that it contained what had hitherto been sought in vain in Abydos—namely, the cemetery of the Third to Fifth Dynasties. The tombs of this period consisted of small square or circular pits, at the bottom of which lay the body in a huddled-up position, covered with a huge inverted jar. Over each pit was a small *mastaba*, or shrine, about two feet high, with two niches in its east wall where the offerings of food and drink were made to the deceased. In the centre of the hill are several very imposing *mastabas* of this period, which it is hoped will prove to contain the burials of the more important members of the community. There were also found tombs of a later age on the same hill. The finest of these date from the Twelfth Dynasty (about 2000 B. C.). Each consisted of a rectangular pit, with two or more chambers opening off its ends at different levels. In the chamber lay the body stretched out on its wooden coffin, head to the north, while beside it were some of the favorite possessions of the dead. One of the finest of these tombs contained the bodies of a chancellor named Inher-sa, and of a woman, probably his wife or daughter. Both bodies had been plundered of the gold which once adorned them, and of which a few scraps still remained. But the majority of the objects were untouched. Among these were a fine steatite scarab of the chancellor himself, vases of alabaster and stone, bronze mirrors, small amulets of carnelian, blue glaze, and silver, and a wonderful necklace of amethyst, carnelian, and green felspar beads.

In another part of the site was found a cemetery of Ibises, where thousands of these sacred animals were buried in the Roman period in large jars, just below the surface of the desert sand. Many of the birds had been mummified with extraordinary care, the outer wrappings consisting of narrow strips of linen in two colors, white and black, accurately arranged in exquisite geometric patterns. Some of the mummies proved, when unwrapped, to contain only feathers of the ibis, which were evidently collected with great care as belonging to the sacred bird. Even the eggs were regarded as sacred, and several of the jars contained specimens of them, some of which were still intact. Other birds, such as hawks, were found in the cemetery, together with rare examples of oxen, sheep, dogs, shrews, and snakes. This cemetery, taken in conjunction with the dogs' catacombs found in 1910, shows that in the Roman period Abydos had assumed a great importance as a burying ground for sacred animals.

Louis-Maurice Boutet De Monvel, painter and illustrator, famous because of his portraits of children, died Sunday in Paris in the sixty-third year of his age. He was born at Nemours, and received his early education at the Lycée Charlemagne. He received a gold medal at the Universal Exposition in 1900, and was a Knight of the Legion of Honor. De Monvel turned to art early in life. He studied with Rudder, Cabanel, Jules LeFebvre, Gustav Boulanger, and Carolus Duran. He served as a soldier in the Franco-Prussian War, and exhibited for the first time in the Salon of 1873. For a while he devoted himself chiefly to draw-

ing for illustrated publications, but continued to paint and exhibit pictures in the various salons, for which he received numerous awards. Among his principal paintings may be mentioned The Temptation of Saint Anthony, the Portrait of Mounet-Sully, the actor, The Good Samaritan—which received a medal at the Salon of 1878, and is now in the Museum of Orleans; Arabs Returning from Market—shown at the Salon of 1879 and now in the Museum of Amiens. He has illustrated "Old Songs for Little Children," "Songs of France," "La Fontaine," "Nos Enfants," "Xavière," "The Life of Jeanne d'Arc," etc. In November, 1899, Boutet De Monvel visited New York, to make a study of American children, and painted several portraits.

Finance

DOMINANT INFLUENCES.

The events of each successive week bring into strong relief the three influences which at present dominate the course of our financial affairs. They are the fundamentally sound and strong condition of American industry, resulting from three years of after-panic retrenchment and from last year's great harvests; the danger of an unsound position in European finance and industry, following prolonged expansion and the shock of the Balkan War, and (in the mind of Wall Street equally important) our home political unsettelment and the fear of radical proceedings in Congress.

The condition of things in our own industrial affairs has been proved by the large railway earnings, the record-breaking foreign trade, and the continued activity in general business, despite the impending tariff revision. Leading steel companies, according to the *Iron Age's* advices from Pittsburgh, "report more new inquiry for delivery in the last half of the year than at any time for several months." Of the Government's estimate of last week, regarding grain and crops of 1912 still held on the farms, the Chicago market expresses the opinion that, with these surplus holdings "at the unusually high total of 2,111,000,000 bushels—an increase of 891,000,000 bushels, or 42.7 per cent. over the reserves of a year ago—the business and manufacturing interests of the country have something definite to reckon on, and so, in an even larger degree, have the railroads."

The principal and immediate cause for the weakness in our markets has unquestionably been the financial disturbance in Europe. Conditions such as exist to-day on the great European money markets would at least restrict the good effects of a promising situation in our own finance, without any other influences. We saw in our markets, in the sequel to Europe's Boer War panic, how such a strain on foreign financial resources must affect American affairs, even with American business conditions at the best. On that occasion, a strain in the European money market for which no other solution was in sight—with bank reserves at low ebb and bank rates at top notch in England and on the Continent, and with every foreign money centre defending itself against the other—had to end in a backward movement of European trade activity. It is difficult to see how it can have any other end on this occasion, or how the strain which it has indirectly caused on our own money markets can definitely end until the hour of such foreign trade reaction.

To what extent the hesitation of investment capital, on account of dislike of our own political situation, has really been a factor in the markets, it is difficult to say. Some influence must be exerted by impressions of the sort, even when it is as hard to discern their exact scope of influence as it was in 1900—a year in which a good many people withdrew their capital because they thought the market was depressed by the chance of Bryan's election to the Presidency—whereas the undoubtedly dominant influence was the reaction of Europe's financial collapse upon America. This much it is safe enough to assert—that if a sufficient number of investors believe the financial as well as the political fortunes of this country to be at stake at Washington, then we have at least a psychological influence in the field which must be reckoned with.

People who take that view of the outlook, however, and who exclude all others, must at least be regarded as unfortunate; for it does not look as if we shall very soon get rid of political irritations. With the community at large in so peculiar a mood towards ordinary questions of the day, it would not be reasonable to expect old-fashioned statesmanship in the legislative debates. When it excites no great popular surprise for an army of women to march up Pennsylvania Avenue a day ahead of the inauguration parade, the observant financial world may look for novelties of performance in the public men installed after the second of those functions.

Nor, as a matter of fact, ought selection of the requisite novelty by the Congressional orator to be difficult, at an hour when the trend of discussion, argument, and taste in the non-legislative community is based so frequently on the turning upside down of old and familiar truths. A legislator who has observed the extent of vogue which falls to art exhibits reproducing the paint-box exploits of defective children, to composers who found new schools by requiring from their orchestras the euphonies of election night on Herald Square, to sociologists who would have partners for the marriage relation selected or vetoed by the state, and to humanitarians who teach that virtue in women and honesty in men depend wholly on the amount of their salaries, must pitch his voice rather high to be heard outside the Capitol, but at least he has a hint how to do it. Such statesmen as the member from Oregon, who, on the 4th of March (while the inaugural programme was waiting for Congress to adjourn), set forth in great detail to the House of Representatives that "91,800,000 of our people" have become "the industrial slaves" of "the remaining 200,000," are fairly in line for much of what the public at large, and Wall Street along with it, may presently expect to hear.

It is natural that the financial community should not look forward cheerfully to a programme of this nature. Yet perhaps even sensitive Wall Street is beginning to get seasoned to it. Furthermore, a fairly long political tradition has taught how much easier it is to rouse the echoes of the Senate Chamber with an attack on the Rule of Three and the Law of Gravitation, than to place a repeal of either on the statute books. There is unquestionably much to be done in the way of rational progressive legislation, as there always has been; there is much of older and retrogressive legislation to be undone, and between the two movements it would be strange if some crude absurdities did not obtain a hearing. But Congressional majorities, even in these stirring days, are apt to be made up of public men who are not only aware that the bulk of their constituency can distinguish sense from nonsense, but that they themselves will be judged far more severely for what they do than for what they say.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Baillie-Reynolds, Mrs. A Makeshift Marriage. Doran. $1.20 net.

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Cyclopedia of Education. Edited by Paul Monroe. Vol. IV. Lib-Pol. Macmillan.
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Hutchinson, E. S. A Pair of Little Patent-Leather Boots. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
James, Lionel. With the Conquered Turk. Small, Maynard. $2 net.
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Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome. Bulletin and Review, No. 2. Macmillan.
Kelman, John. Among Famous Books. Second edition. Doran. $1.50 net.
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The Week

Ex-President Taft's desire for the portrait of ex-President Roosevelt which hung in the President's office for four uneasy years can hardly be inspired by any such consideration as that which led Little Lord Fauntleroy to present his old friend Mr. Hobbs with a watch on the eve of the boy's departure for England. "When this you see, remember me," read the inscription within the case, and it was supplemented by the giver's naïve explanation: "I don't want you to forget me." The incident quite upset the honest grocer. One would suppose that the most recent Executive to leave the White House needed no reminder of his predecessor. All that is dearest and bitterest in the sheaf of memories that now constitutes his sole connection with the highest pinnacle of official greatness in this country is bound up with Theodore Roosevelt. What can one picture more or less matter? And why should he not try rather to forget the tragedy? Well, in our opinion, this is exactly what he is doing.

In going closely into the particulars of the tariff bill with Chairman Underwood, so as to bring about a practical concert between the Executive and Congress, President Wilson is pursuing the course which experience marks out as wise. Democratic and Republican Administrations alike have found in the uncertainties of tariff legislation endless difficulty and danger. If Mr. Taft had been able to get from Congress what he had, in his campaign, virtually pledged that the country should have, the history of his Administration might have been very different from what it proved to be. The Cleveland Administration found its greatest difficulty in the financial troubles arising out of the great panic, and in the free-silver split in the party; but its situation was made much worse by the struggle with a few powerful marplots over the tariff, and by its unsatisfactory conclusion. President Wilson has a prestige incomparably greater than was President Taft's, and his party is in a condition of general harmony that was sadly lacking in the time of President Cleveland. He is not overstraining his prestige by any attempt to dictate to the House, but he is taking proper advantage of it to procure effective co-operation between Congress and the Executive.

With only three more States needed, Delaware has refused to join the affirmative States in ratifying direct election of United States Senators. It is always inspiring to see a man or a State that dares to be in the right with two or three; but much as we should like to be able to applaud little Delaware, we are constrained to say that the assertion of independent thought on this particular subject would have come with better grace from some other of her forty-seven sister States. Indeed, if there were any need of further argument on the subject of direct election of Senators, a very strong one would be supplied by the fact that the Legislature of the State which has furnished the classic example of debauchery of its electorate through the existing method is counted against the reform.

For ten years a "public opinion" bill has been knocking in vain at the door of the Massachusetts Legislature. In the meantime, the much more radical initiative and referendum has been growing in favor, so that at last the "public opinion" proposal seems rather conservative, and has been allowed to slip through the lower house without opposition. It provides that, on petition of two hundred voters in any Representative district or of twelve hundred in any Senatorial district, asking for the submission of any instructions to the Representative or Senator concerned, the Secretary of the Commonwealth shall determine whether the instructions proposed relate to a question of public policy, and if he finds that they do, shall draft them in a simple, unequivocal, and adequate form for presentation on the ballot in the next election. Not more than two questions may be submitted at one election, and no question negatived may be submitted again in any form in less than three years. To be an "instruction," the affirmative of the question must receive a majority of all the ballots cast at the election. It will be interesting to see whether this measure, if it is adopted, proves to be a sop to the radicals, or only whets their appetite.

CHICAGO, March 18.—One hundred and fourteen warrants for thirty-one alleged members of the "arson ring" were issued by Judge Wade in the Municipal Court today at the instance of Assistant State's Attorney Johnston. Twenty-eight of those named in the warrants are business men, some of them wealthy.

Items of news like this have been playing havoc with some notions which, a few years ago, seemed to be spreading rapidly among humanitarians interested in questions of penal policy. The doctrine that crime is always, or nearly always, a matter either of wretched environment or of such mental defectiveness as amounts to moral irresponsibility is incompatible with "Arson Trusts" of the kind we have been recently reading about in New York and elsewhere, and with such stories as that of the Hawthorne-Morton-Quincy mining adventure, or the Sugar Trust weighing frauds. And the notion, still more fatuous though closely related to this, that punishment has no deterrent effect, likewise gets a severe blow from the arson experiences. The enormous gain already shown in New York as to incendiary fires is an indication of the thoroughness of the cure which better laws, added to more rigorous administration of them, will bring about.

Four dictagraphs have been found in the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, and a member of that body asserts positively that an equal number of these machines has been installed in the Senate. The devices were discovered in the small ventilators at the bottom of the desks. Who can have put them there? It is solemnly declared on investigation that none had been purchased by the State. Burns detectives, of course, are suspected. The most disturbing aspect of the situation is the possibility that more of the uncanny contrivances are scattered through the committee rooms and other places where

the legislators are in the habit of congregating. There has been nothing quite like this since the days of the King of Syria to whom it was explained that a certain prophet had no difficulty in telling the King of Israel "the words that thou speakest in thy bedchamber." In Woodrow Wilson's phrase, this is "pitiless publicity" indeed. What is really needed is an instrument that will automatically make public those words that legislators ought to have said, and suppress those that they ought not to have said. This would save many a labored and unconvincing "explanation."

The final signing of the subway contracts last week was a momentous event in the history of New York city. In no city on this continent has, we believe, so large a transaction been put through in such a far-sighted way, with such advantages to the public. If the success of the fusion ticket in 1909 needed any justification, there is more than sufficient in this one act, which will affect the whole development of the metropolis for generations to come. It is only necessary to think what would have happened if Tammany had controlled the city at this juncture, to realize in fullest measure the good fortune the city has had in having three such men as Messrs. Willcox, Prendergast, and McAneny to safeguard it. Even the Mayor was ready to sign in 1911 a contract which bore no resemblance in its benefits to the city to that which became binding last week. The honors which might have been the Mayor's are clearly Mr. McAneny's. To him chiefly are due the scope and the many good bargains for the city of these contracts, which involve the staggering sum of $325,000,000. The city may well be proud of its achievement, carried through without even the suspicion on the part of any sane citizen that any public official has personally profited or sought to profit thereby.

The Indiana Legislature has passed and the Governor signed the proposed press-muzzling law. As originally drawn, it made a crime of printing anything in a newspaper that might expose a man to ridicule or contempt in order to influence others to vote against him or to win support for or oppose any measure at a primary, election, or convention, or in the Legislature. As finally passed, it is modified by the use of the word "falsely"—one must not falsely hold up a legislator or a statesman to ridicule. "The effect," says the Indianapolis *News*, "will inevitably be to expose every newspaper in the State to the wrath of crooks with a grievance against it." The *News* adds that, as many prosecuting attorneys are creatures of political gangs, it will not be difficult for offending politicians to find agents to proceed against that portion of the press that has incurred their wrath. Indiana, of course, has its libel laws, both civil and criminal, so that no additional statutes were necessary. Had the new law been in existence recently, the *News* declares, it would have been a crime to call public attention to the activities of certain groups who were working against the Public Utilities bill. "Except for that publicity which it is now sought to destroy, the sleek gentlemen who fill the Indianapolis hotels while the Legislature is in session would run away with the State House." Such legislation ought to meet with the general contempt and prompt repeal which marked the course of Gov. Pennypacker's muzzling bill in Pennsylvania.

A settlement of the protracted labor war in the West Virginia coal fields is imminent, if it has not actually been attained. Credit for the restoration of peace is due in large measure to Gov. Hatfield, who has made use of the exceptional powers conferred on him through the proclamation of martial law under his predecessor. We are still of the opinion that the trial of civilians by military court is a vicious practice. But finding the situation as Gov. Glasscock had left it, Gov. Hatfield has used his authority as commander-in-chief of the State forces in a spirit of clemency and has thereby succeeded in appeasing the feeling of bitterness engendered in the course of what has at times approached the condition of civil war. The same energy and judgment displayed at the beginning of the conflict might have averted violence and the necessity of martial law.

The final census bulletin concerning Mississippi brings out a number of interesting facts about its population. As is well known, it is one of the two States, South Carolina being the other one, in which the negroes outnumber the whites. In Mississippi the proportion is 56.2 per cent. colored and 43.8 per cent. white, as against 58.5 and 41.3 per cent. in 1900, showing a substantial white gain. There are few, if any, States in the Union with so large a native-born population, only 0.5 per cent. of the whites being foreign-born and but 1.1 per cent. having foreign parentage. Out of a total citizenship of 1,797,114, only 207,311 people reside in Mississippi's cities; all the rest lead the rural life. Two-family houses or tenements are little known, for there are 376,420 dwellings and but 384,724 families. Despite the fact that, except Texas, Mississippi produces more cotton than any other State, and still has a soil of rarest fertility in some portions, few emigrants are lured from other States, for 87.5 per cent. of its citizens were born within its boundaries. Altogether, in many of its aspects Mississippi is one of the most interesting of our purely agricultural commonwealths; it is at least free from all those questions that arise out of overcrowded cities and a teeming population large in proportion to the total acreage. But it is in many respects one of the most backward of our States.

A "Citizens' Protective League" has just been formed in Denver, and what does the reader think is its object? To protect the city against disease or crime? No; against vicious journalism. Increasing numbers of citizens have become disgusted with the course of the Denver newspapers. They do not object chiefly to the squabbles between rival editors, though these are unseemly enough, but to the practice of sensational journalism in its worst forms. Filth is poured into Denver homes by some of these sheets. They seize upon every scandal and story of vice and spread the whole forth in startling and exaggerated reports. The thing has gone so far that a League has been formed to combat this public evil. The intention is to keep up a rain of protests against the publication of all the revolting details of crime, and by combined action to bring the truth home to yellow editors that their course is not only offensive to the public sentiment of their city,

but will surely lead to the withdrawal of public support.

A piece of genuine protection is sought from the tariff-makers by persons interested in saving certain birds from further destruction. The proposal is to amend Schedule N by prohibiting the importation of the plumage of wild birds, except for scientific purposes. A precedent for this action is found in the present tariff act, which prohibits the importation of the eggs of game birds. In behalf of the amendment, it is urged that bird slaughter is greater than ever before, so that in another decade a dozen of the most beautiful species will be exterminated, unless the war upon them is checked. The United States is the largest market for wild-bird plumage, and the closing of our ports to this trade would probably be followed by similar action in London and Berlin. Australia has already led the way. The prohibition would arouse little opposition either from women wearers of such plumage or from milliners, since ostrich plumes and fancy feathers of domesticated fowls will be available, to say nothing of what the art and ingenuity of the milliners may devise.

The recent English bye-election in South Westmoreland is noteworthy for the fact that the successful Conservative candidate was an avowed free-trader. As commander of a Territorial battalion in the constituency for fifteen years, Col. Weston was well known and popular, and his party turned to him to save the seat. He had never made any concealment of his free-trade views. These, in fact, had been so pronounced as to keep him out of sympathy with the recent Unionist management, and to prevent his taking any active share in county politics. Moreover, Col. Weston was not even rabid on the subject of Lloyd George and the Insurance act; and, to add to the wonder of his candidacy, was not fiercely against Home Rule for Ireland. His words were: "If Ulster can be brought to see that some compromise is fair and reasonable, I should welcome it." Yet heterodox as he thus was on two main points of Conservative doctrine, Col. Weston was elected by a majority some 200 greater than the 308 by which the Unionists won in 1910. What this "proves" would puzzle the Scotchman who asked what "Paradise Lost" proved. It will, however, undoubtedly have the effect of cheering the free-trade Unionists, and stiffening them in their determination to throw over as soon as possible the protectionist policy which Joseph Chamberlain, with disastrous consequences, imposed upon their party.

The make-up of the new French Cabinet, so far as its principal members are concerned, would at first sight promise a continuance of M. Briand's policies. The new Premier, M. Louis Barthou, and his associates in the important Ministries of War and Marine, together with two minor positions, are taken over from the Briand Cabinet. Nevertheless, there has come a change over the aspect of French politics. The mere fact that the "strong man" Briand should have been driven from office within less than a month is significant. His successor is not a "strong man." M. Barthou is an old wheelhorse of the Radical party. He was Minister of Public Works and Minister of the Interior during the crucial years of the Dreyfus affair, 1894-98. From 1906 to 1909 he was Minister of Public Works and of Justice in the same Cabinets with, or under the presidency of, Clemenceau and Briand. He held the portfolio of Justice in the late Cabinet. From his former affiliations little is to be gathered as to whether he is a Clemenceau man or a Briand-Poincaré man. Probably he has been chosen to tide over a crisis. He is said to be in favor of the three years' military law; but so is every prominent politician at the present moment outside the Socialist ranks. On the subject of proportional representation he is apparently a moderate.

The bases of peace, as submitted by the Powers to the Balkan allies, exclude the demand for a money indemnity to be paid by Turkey, fix the new frontier along a line from Midia on the Black Sea to the Gulf of Enos on the Ægean, and concede Adrianople to the allies. If the suggestions put forward by the Powers should be adopted by both sides, the allies will at first sight have gained nothing by the resumption of hostilities. That Turkey would lose all her territory west of the line along which the decisive battle of Lule-Burgas-Bunarhissar was fought has been a foregone conclusion. As for Adrianople, the Powers long ago formally advised the Turkish Government to consent to the surrender of the fortress. The probabilities are that, in return for Adrianople, Bulgaria would even now consent to dispense with an indemnity and surrender her claims to the peninsula of Gallipoli, with the virtual control of the Dardanelles. But if the bargain is to be pushed through, the Powers must bring Turkey to reason before warm weather sets in and the Bulgarian artillery, now largely imprisoned in the quagmires around Tchatalja, can once more be brought into operation. A battle in front of the Tchatalja lines, or in Gallipoli, may come any day to render the work of the mediating Powers labor wasted.

The murderer of the King of the Hellenes has as yet given no motive for his act. But whether the assassin of kings and presidents asserts a motive or not, in the end it is pretty sure to turn out that mental aberration is the impelling cause. As the list of assassinations increases it is more and more evident that the madman's bullet is one of the risks of a "trade," and is not to be connected with the personality of the royal victim. That is one of the handicaps under which the constitutional monarch labors; he takes the physical responsibilities of royalty without the reality of power. During the fifty years of King George's reign, Greece has passed through many tribulations, but her way has been that of progress. The boundaries of the kingdom have been extended until to-day the Greater Hellas of the visionaries has almost been attained with the conquest of Epirus, Hellenistic Macedonia, Crete, and other islands of the Ægean. The sovereign under whom the Greek national aspirations have been so fully realized met his death on the scene of the most notable victory won by his people. Without exaggerating the merits of the dead King, we may find fresh meaning to Fitz-Greene Halleck's well-worn lines, dedicated to another Greek leader:

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

NOT LEAVING CHINA HELPLESS.

There is a certain force in the criticism of the manner in which President Wilson announced that this Government would no longer give its backing to the six-Power loan to China. The Secretary of State was away and the matter was taken out of the hands of the Acting Secretary. Of course, all Presidents reserve the right to decide important questions of foreign policy, but they usually consult the officials of the State Department with due courtesy. That President Wilson did not do this in the case of Huntington Wilson gave the latter a technical grievance, and justified him in peremptorily resigning if he so wished. But it did not entitle him to lecture the President on the folly of the plans of the Administration. In thus translating his hurt into impudence, the Acting Secretary made the grave diplomatic blunder of over-playing his hand and needlessly putting himself in the wrong. The President's curt acceptance of his resignation naturally followed, and evened up matters on the score of official etiquette.

From Washington come reports of a kind of subdued complaint on the part of foreign representatives there, because they were not informed in advance of our Government's change of policy in the China affair. It is said that we were in a quasi-partnership with five other Powers, and should not have withdrawn without notice to the members of the firm. But the thing was no great secret. It was known for some days that the President's announcement would be what it proved to be. The diplomatists in Washington could not have been ignorant of what was virtually common knowledge. And we are much mistaken if the banking houses here or abroad interested in the Chinese loan were in any doubt what the President's decision would be. Berlin telegrams spoke of the news as causing surprise there, but the London comments implied that a confused and rather hopeless situation, in regard to the six-Power loan, had been cleared up by Wilson's action.

All these criticisms relate to the form, not the substance. It may be that there was a brusque directness about it which did not, in the absence of Secretary Bryan, study the diplomatic *convenances*, but that is not very serious. There are, however, weightier things alleged. It is said that it is all very fine to take our Government out of the six-Power loan, but what is to become of China? She needs a great deal of money to meet her financial obligations and to reorganize her affairs under the new régime, as well as to undertake internal improvements, and where is she now to get it? The implication is that the new American policy somehow leaves China helpless. We talk about our desire to assist the struggling young Chinese Republic, yet we proceed to deprive it of the loans without which it cannot get upon its feet.

For this view we are convinced that there is no substantial warrant. In the first place, it would require some hardihood to assert that the six-Power project had been so glittering a success that any interference with it would be an outrage. How long it had dragged out its weary and inconclusive negotiations, we cannot say exactly, but certainly for many months. Always the transaction was on the point of being definitely closed, and always some new difficulty was arising to defer it. We do not say that there was an attempt to drive a hard bargain with China. The rate at which the money was to be supplied does not seem unreasonable, while it was proposed to take future loans at the market price of Chinese bonds at the time, so that China would have the advantage of any improvement in her credit. But it is not denied that the Chinese Government found much to object to in the proposal. The plan had throughout the appearance, not of something which China was seeking, but of something pressed upon her as a disagreeable necessity. There was a frankly avowed intention to make a certain degree of financial "control" go with the loan. The latter was to be secured by the salt tax, to the continuance of which, as Dr. Morrison pointed out in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the Chinese reformers were strongly opposed. Then it was impossible to exclude the political implications of the six-Power loan. After Russia and Japan, both borrowing nations, had insisted upon being taken into the arrangement, there could not be any doubt on this point. That was another thing which offended Chinese sensibilities. So that it is not a little absurd to represent President Wilson as dashing from China's lips a cup which she was eager to drain. Definite word has not yet come from Peking, but we shall be much surprised if it does not speak of a sense of relief there.

If the six-Power scheme is now abandoned, as it probably will be, there is no reason to doubt that China can float loans by other arrangements. She made a successful beginning last year. A contract for $50,000,000 was made with a London house, and $25,000,000 in Chinese bonds were actually issued. That method of obtaining money was not continued, mainly, it is conceded, because Government pressure of one kind and another was exerted against it. But if the alternative plan urged upon China is dropped, and if the new Republic gives proof of stability, it is hardly to be doubted that loans can be had from bankers without a direct sanction by any Government. It has been done before and can be done again. And the objectors should not overlook those sentences in President Wilson's statement which look to facilitating American banking operations in China and elsewhere, by methods less perilous and less under suspicion than those now given up.

THE NEW SECRETARY ON THE ARMY

The first utterances of a new Secretary of War are naturally scanned with eagerness as a guide to the policy of the Administration. As a whole, we think that Mr. Garrison's position will please neither the big-army men nor those who would have the War Department devote itself to other things than the creation of a military spirit in the land. Briefly, his position may be summed up thus: He does not recommend any increase in the standing army; but he urges a steady development of the National Guard through better instruction, the establishment of a regular-army reserve, and the creation of the machinery by which volunteers may readily be raised in time of emergency.

All of this, he admits, is but his hastily thrown-together thought, and we need not take this declaration too seriously. After he has found himself in his office and has begun to form his own opinions, rather than to take the color of those in his immediate entourage, he may look more deeply and soberly into the questions confronting him. At present he is much impressed by the lack of

preparedness of the country for a great struggle. Later on he will see that if the hundreds of millions spent upon our seacoast defences have not been wasted, we have a superb system of fortifications, now reinforced by a strong navy. Both of these are ample for the defence of our coast and harbors. If, however, Mr. Garrison means that the country is not prepared in the sense that Germany and France and Russia are prepared, he is correct. Moreover, this country would never be willing to be prepared in that sense; it is a realization perhaps of this that makes him turn to the idea of a better National Guard, a reserve, and a citizen yeomanry in readiness for the call to arms as volunteers.

His plans, he is careful to add, can be achieved without additional cost, or with so little as to be negligible. But he cannot avoid adopting somewhat the language of the extreme militarist, and saying: "Nothing could be more insensate than to refuse to prepare for an emergency because we don't foresee its coming." Upon that theory, any expenditure or sacrifice, any tax-burden, is justified abroad to-day.

However, the Secretary, despite his somewhat bellicose language, looks to a citizen soldiery rather than to professionals. His present professional advisers will tell him that this is all wrong. Gens. Wood and Bliss have been preaching 250,000 men and officers as the minimum for the standing force. Taking up, however, his plan for better instruction for the militia, Mr. Garrison will need to spend many an hour in study of it. There is grave question how far the closer association of the regulars and the militia has improved the latter. The militia complains with much truth that in the past ten years it has been a school of instruction for regular officers, who have profited at its expense; that the big joint manœuvres have had their chief use in informing the regular generals and staff how not to feed and march and overwork the citizens who leave their offices every year to manœuvre in the open. Mr. Garrison will, we believe, find that the militia cannot be made the reserve he hopes without more and more destroying its usefulness as *State* troops. On the one hand, he will find, if they talk frankly to him, some army officers who go so far as to say that the regulars are "fast approximating the standards of the militia" as a result of present conditions; on the other, he will find a newspaper like the Boston *Herald* soberly explaining the excellent appearance in Washington of the First Massachusetts Regiment of Coast Artillery, on the ground that it has but once been brought into contact with regulars in joint manœuvres!

As for the seven-year enlistment term just introduced by Congress, Mr. Garrison is enthusiastically for it; so may anybody safely be now, but no one will know for five years at least whether this law, which makes a man serve four years with troops and be for three years on call in reserve, in return for small payments, is actually workable. Whether the men in civil life can be kept track of remains to be seen. And there is much else for Mr. Garrison to consider. No department at Washington offers a better opportunity for executive and administrative success. Let him first think for himself, break up the War Department cliques, curb the General Staff, muzzle the generals who would arm every adult, drive politics out of the army, and save the millions upon millions squandered by inefficient and unbusinesslike methods, and he will reflect great honor on himself and the Administration. More than that, he will in this way do more towards really creating an efficient army and strengthening our defensive power than by spending months upon months in experimenting with militia or reserves.

HOW RAPIDLY WE CHANGE.

Woman having been driven from her historic sphere, the home, by the developments of modern industry, she has gone in for—well, everything that the modern woman is going in for. This is perhaps the most familiar assertion in the text-book of militant feminism. It is a formula which seems on the face of the facts so true that one rarely stops to consider just how true it is. We know by simple observation that the domestic occupations of woman are taken away from her by the factory baker, the factory clothier, and the factory laundry. We know by simple observation that women are crowding into the factories, the business offices, and the professions. Consequently, when the ardent feminist demands whether man, having forced woman out of the home by his many inventions, will venture to deny her the rights which go with her new functions in society, the fair-minded reply seems obvious.

But a doubt arises, Why, after such a stupendous change, should the world be so very much like what it was before the home was destroyed? There are notable differences, too, no doubt. The attitude of the sexes towards each other is not what it was a generation ago. This and other differences assume importance when the question of woman's position is under debate. But when one is not debating, but merely living, the sense of change is not so apparent. The family is so intimately bound up with civilization, that the destruction of the home must inevitably bring a new world into existence. We look about us and find that in the great essentials the world is still what it used to be. There are movements, agitations, propagandas, reforms, readjustments; but life itself is still entirely recognizable for what it was. What can be the explanation?

One explanation may be built up after a few minutes' study of the statistics of industry in the United States Census. Before consulting the Government's figures, the reader might well pause and ask himself the simple question, How many more women are there in industry to-day than there were twenty years ago? If in New York, he will think of Broadway during the rush hour, of the armies of women workers who have of late years been waging the most picturesque of our labor wars, and he will probably say, "Oh, I don't know. Three times as many. Five times as many." If he should be warned against the very simple error of counting actual increase in numbers without allowing for the increase in population, he will modify his estimate, but still maintain that the growth of wage-earning women has been enormous. He may now glance at the Census figures. In 1880 the number of women of sixteen years and above engaged in gainful occupations was 16 per cent. of all women in that age class. In 1890 the ratio had risen to 19 per cent. In 1900, the last year for which complete figures are available, the ratio was 20.6 per cent. We do know that between 1899 and 1909 "most of the individual States show comparatively little change in the proportion of women." This applies to women in the

manufacturing industries only. But we are fairly safe in assuming that, for all classes—wage-earners, the professions, and the trades—the rate of increase during the last ten years has not been very much greater than it was between 1890 and 1900.

The conclusion is plain, therefore, that during these last twenty years of "revolutionary" change in the social status of woman, the exodus from the home to the shops has been much smaller than we are likely to assume. The proportionate number of self-supporting women during these twenty years has not increased five-fold nor three-fold. It has not even doubled. It has not increased by 50 per cent. Roughly speaking, the increase has been about 20 per cent. Where twenty years ago five women above the age of sixteen were working for pay, to-day there are six. It is by no means a negligible change. But neither is it revolution, if we consider what twenty years means at the present pace of civilization. Deduct from this number of self-supporting women all those between the age of sixteen and the average marriage age for women, and the evil effects of our industrial development on the business of home-building are further decreased. In 1890 the number of married women who were also breadwinners was 4.6 per cent of all the married women in the country. In 1900 the ratio was 5.6; again the increase is not negligible, but again it does not justify confident predictions regarding the speedy extinction of the home.

One important reservation must be made. While the increase in the proportion of women wage-earners, strictly speaking, has been inconsiderable during the last twenty years, the increase of women in the professions and in clerical and mercantile pursuits has been far greater. But here evidently it is not the factory that has forced women to go outside the home. To a large extent they are now performing paid services, where formerly they performed no services at all. In other words, women in salaried and professional classes are largely recruited from the comparatively leisured families. They come from families of higher than the average education. It is in this comparatively small, though important, middle class that the change in the economic status of woman has been most noticeable. And in that fact, too, we find an explanation of the distorted impression regarding the change in the status of womanhood as a whole. Because they come from the class with the facilities and qualifications for self-expression, it is their views and needs that find utterance in the press and in public movements. They aim to speak for the self-supporting women of the nation, but it is inevitable that they should picture conditions with which they themselves are familiar.

In this there is nothing blameworthy. Perhaps the thing is inevitable. But at the same time it is well to remember that among the farmers, the workers, and the small traders of the nation the home is not dissolving.

ENGLAND'S AERIAL DEFENCE.

The trepidation which fills all England whenever it hears the news of another extended voyage by a German dirigible, has led to the promulgation by the British Home Office of an order regulating the use of the air above the "tight little isle," and prescribing the behavior of each and every airship after it finds English territory a mile or so beneath its keel. Never shall it be truthfully said by any Tory that a Liberal Government was remiss in protecting Albion's shores. Hence the appearance of this order just after the news that mysterious lights, presumably from a Zeppelin, have been seen over Manchester, London, and other cities. Primarily, be it noted, there are certain proscribed areas over which no airship may fly, and no foreign military or naval aircraft may pass over any portion of the United Kingdom and its territorial waters "except on the express invitation, or with the express permission previously obtained, of his Majesty's Government." When such an invitation has been extended, there will be special rules of conduct laid down for each case.

As for the proscribed areas, of which there is a long list, no one shall bring an airship to earth or water within three geographical miles of any one of them. Thus, if you should by some accident land 2¾ geographical miles from Cromarty Ness, Allhallow's Church, Spike Island, Thurso Town, or Haulbowline Dockyard, six months in jail (unless shortened by a hunger strike) or a fine of $10,000 will stare you in the face. That this will tend for accuracy in landing goes without saying; we are sure that an air pilot will soon learn to gauge distances so that when flying at forty miles an hour he can tell to a rod just when he is three geographical miles from Teapot Hard, Barking Creek Mouth, Grain Martello Tower, or Chattenden Farm. Loch Long will, however, present its difficulties, for only so much of it as lies north of a line drawn due east from Knap Point (it is well to reduce speed to forty miles while drawing the line) is prohibited. Plainly, here it will be as dangerous for a pilot not to watch his compass as it is necessary for a ship captain to beware of color-blindness in approaching the Black or the Red Sea. But there are certain areas that are unrestricted, and for such of our readers as are going abroad with their aeroplanes this summer, we hasten to print them. They are:

From Fraserburgh to the Ythan River.
From Holy Island to Newbiggin.
From Sutton (Lincolnshire) to Holkham (Norfolk).
From Stansgate Abbey on the Blackwater to Burnham-on-Crouch.
From Margate to Walmer.
From Rye to Eastbourne.
From Hove to Bognor.
From Bridport to Dawlish.

If this list is pasted on the dashboard in front of the pilot, next to the barometer and speedometer, it will simplify his task. But travellers by way of the air must bear other things in mind. To prevent any mere haphazard and casual wandering into British air—as our idle rich sometimes start for Central Park and then decide to invade New Jersey or make an afternoon call in Philadelphia—it is prescribed that before commencing any voyage to the United Kingdom the person in charge of an airship shall report to a duly authorized British consular office in the country from which the voyage is to be undertaken. Not for forty-eight hours thereafter shall the voyager fly into England; and when he appears before the consular officer he shall state accurately in triplicate the answers to these questions:

(1.) Name and registered number (if any) of airship.
(2.) Type of airship.
(3.) Name, nationality, and place of residence of the owner, of the person in charge, and of every member of the crew, and name, profession, nationality, and place of residence of every passenger (if any).
(4.) Nature of cargo, if any.
(5.) Approximate time of departure.

(6.) Place of departure.
(7.) The intended landing place in the United Kingdom (which must be within one of the prescribed landing areas).
(8.) Proposed destination.
(9.) Object of voyage.

That no triflers need apply is apparent from the fact that a later change of intention, or addition of any cargo or unrecorded passenger, is forbidden. Moreover, when the airship reaches England one cannot make use of a copy of this clearance paper, but must promptly report these few facts as soon as one lands at, let us say, 3⅛ geographical miles from the proscribed area which centres at Barrow-in-Furness Town Hall:

Name and registered number (if any) of aircraft.
Description of aircraft, type, horsepower of engines, capacity of envelope, date of envelope and engines, number of crew, number of passengers, nature of cargo, including personal baggage and goods of every description carried, quantity of petrol or other liquid fuel on board, capacity of fuel tanks; name and nationality and place of residence of owner; name and nationality and place of residence of person in charge; name and nationality and place of residence of crew; name, profession, nationality, and place of residence of passengers (if any); place of departure; proposed destination and route; object of voyage; duration of voyage; number of pilot's certificate.

Of course, no photographic or wireless apparatus, basket of homing pigeons, or explosives may be carried, and no aircraft may quit England, even if a forty-five-mile gale be blowing, until it has descended and landed the authorized Government officer who must sail on every airship after its first arrival in England as long as it hovers over the kingdom (fee at first landing, $15 for airships, $5 for aeroplanes). If any of these terms cannot be complied with because of stress of weather, the airship, even if blown 500 miles to sea, must return promptly (with or without petrol, or other liquid fuel) and report at once by telegram to the British Home Office. Even a British airship must give eighteen hours' notice before flying home, and nobody who travels by air is allowed to stay abroad more than thirty days without bringing down upon him all the powers of the Government. As for the control of the traffic, this is vested in army and navy officers. When an airship takes the wrong course, the nearest fort is to fire three shots at ten-second intervals by day, and by night projectiles showing red stars or lights. If then an aeroplane is unable to land immediately, the operator must leave his wheel and engine and wave a red triangular flag with two black balls superimposed vertically—this even though one may be flying sixty miles an hour 6,000 feet above the land. By night you must wave a white light, like a rear-end brakeman, at the same time extinguishing the side lights which every aircraft carries (including port-hole lights). Altogether, we are more than ever sure, after seeing these regulations, that Britons never, never, shall be slaves. For no foreigner yet heard of would be brave enough to run the gantlet of these regulations.

THE MEMORY OF LIVINGSTONE.

Commemoration in this country and in England of the centenary of David Livingstone's birth has many aspects, but its central significance is easily seen. Though Livingstone was a wonderful explorer, there have been others almost his equals in that respect whose centenary no one has thought of observing. Attempts have been made to show that his achievements were over-estimated, but the sober judgment of the competent is that he did more than any other to make over the map of Africa, first giving the world an approximately correct idea of the interior of that Continent, with its plateaus, river-systems, and lakes. Yet it is not merely as a traveller and geographer that his name is cherished. Nor did his labors as a missionary, pure and simple, bulk so large as to entitle him to this world-wide recognition, forty years after his death. In that special form of activity, many have surpassed him.

What makes his fame so singular and secure is the exalted character and the deep humanity in which his varied qualities were united. He had strong scientific interests, but they were subordinated to his love of human beings, even when lowest in the scale. The enthusiasm and daring of a pioneer were his, yet he always thought of himself as primarily an agent of religion and civilization. Over that "open sore" of the world—the slave-trade in Africa—his heart bled; and he early took a vow, as solemn as Lincoln's against American slavery, to do all in his power to bring it to an end. This was the aspect of him as a man with the broadest human sympathies, to whom the misery of even degraded and forgotten men and women appealed irresistibly, that most powerfully caught and longest held the imagination of the civilized world. The rest might fade or be overlooked, but David Livingstone who carried the wretched millions of Africa in his heart was bound to endure in the memory of mankind.

In his own narratives and letters, and in what has been written by others about his methods, the outstanding fact is the law of kindness that was always on his lips and that consistently ruled him in all his intercourse with the natives. His trust in his fellow-men was almost as implicit as in the Eternal Goodness. It never entered his mind that he must "impress the Oriental imagination," in our proud but fallacious modern phrase, by acts of brute force. Not for him were the arms and violence and terrorism which have unhappily marked too many African exploring parties. With only a handful of attendants, he crossed the vast stretches of the interior, lost himself in the jungle, lay fever-stricken by the shores of lakes and the banks of rivers, never doubting that the simple good faith in which he confided himself to the natives would be his sufficient shield and buckler. He was justified by the result; for the veneration in which he was held throughout his travels, and the devotion of his African followers to their "great master," as they called him, were a tribute at once to his sagacity and his human kindness. Even when, as more than once happened, he had to witness terrible atrocities inflicted by the traders upon the groaning slave-gangs, he restrained his hot impulse to pistol the murderous ruffians. The weapons of his warfare were spiritual. Hence came his moral grandeur, and the extraordinary testimony which his life bore to moral forces.

Americans of a generation back got their most vivid knowledge of Livingstone through Henry M. Stanley. The remarkable influence which Livingstone exerted upon Stanley, in the time they were together, has not often been noted, although the latter freely confessed it. But the fact is that Stanley was thereafter a changed man. He had been simply a keen and somewhat jaunty newspaper correspondent, ready to face hard-

ship and go anywhere in order to get a sensational bit of news. But it seemed as if virtue went out of Livingstone to Stanley; for thereafter he entered upon the phase of his life which, with all its unhappy mistakes, brought out his great qualities and won him his place on the list of African explorers. It all dated from that historic meeting in Ujiji.

GERMAN BOOKS ON AMERICA.

A conversation which took place in the editorial rooms of the *Gartenlaube* some two years ago has given rise to a very practical little book by Kurt Aram, "Mit hundert Mark nach Amerika" (Berlin: F. Fontane & Co.). The question had come up how a German without means would fare in America to-day. The author volunteered to try the experiment. The *Gartenlaube* furnished a steerage ticket and the obligatory twenty-five dollars (one hundred marks), and the playwright and novelist, Kurt Aram, started on his mission. The letters in which he reported his progress to the *Gartenlaube* form the bulk of the book. When the experiment was concluded he had seen the country from the angle of the usual visitor, but on surveying the books on America when he returned to Berlin, he decided upon a radical departure from the beaten track of impressions and interpretations. He felt that he could serve a greater number of his countrymen by a simple record of his experiences as immigrant, and he not only limited himself to these, but preceded them by a catechism for emigrants and a synopsis of the American Constitution.

"Fritz Müller," as he called himself while playing his part, has little to say that is new, but what he says makes a direct appeal to the foreigner. That no one who is not young, strong, and healthy should think of going to America to earn a living, that the country is preferable to the city, and that those who intend to remain in America should by all means become citizens, these and other prudent counsels cannot be too frequently repeated. His account of steerage conditions contains hints that might be heeded by the companies and the cabin passengers. One incident deserves mention. Among the ladies of the first cabin that had watched the sordid scenes on the steerage deck as one watches a menagerie, one threw down a pair of old gloves, and these not being noticed, sent after them an old stocking. A young Hungarian administered a well-merited rebuke by picking up these "gifts" and throwing them back at the "donor." Ellis Island comes in for a good deal of sharp censure. The manners of a German "Unteroffizier" are called gentle in comparison with those of the immigrant officials. That the author roused suspicion by not being ready to state his profession, seems natural, but that he escaped annoyances and possible deportation by stating that he had one thousand dollars with him, and, being in a free country, could do as he pleased, is likely to be cited as proof that the dollar standard is the only one applied to men and things in America. His brief career as immigrant began in a furnished room in Hoboken, but its chief scene was a saloon on West Street, where the new arrival made his first acquaintances and received tips on available jobs. He ran the gamut of "Frankfort" peddler in a pleasure resort, waiter in a restaurant, porter in a German clubhouse, man-of-all-work in a furnished-room house, and coachman; and by strict economy succeeded in making the two ends meet. When he left the last place with $23 in his pocket, he changed his linen, brushed up, and strolled along Broadway. Entering a restaurant, on the windows of which shone the magic words, "Würzburger Hofbräu," he heard a waiter call "Ein Sauerbraten und Kartoffelklösse"—and surrendered. He looked with dismay at his shabby clothing and the traces of rude labor on his hands, and "Fritz Müller, from Berlin, Germany, profession none," rose from that dinner as Kurt Aram, playwright and novelist, or as Herr Hans Fischer, which is the author's name in private life.

The lectures which Dr. John Firman Coar delivered a year ago as representative of the Germanistische Gesellschaft before German universities and other audiences, have appeared in print and take a place among the valuable contributions to German literature on America. In his "Wollen und Können in Amerika" (Berlin: Universitäts-Buchdruckerei von Gustav Schade), he shows some of the ethical motives underlying the material manifestations of American life. Among other noteworthy passages is the one in which he dwells upon the essentially humanitarian spirit back of some American undertakings which have been misinterpreted as expressions of national ambition. He proves that this spirit conforms with the ideal of humanity cherished by Klopstock, Herder, Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and other German thinkers towards the end of the eighteenth century. Dr. Coar calls the American people justly a new people, *i. e.*, one still in the making, instead of insisting, as most foreign writers do, upon its being a young people. In this newness he finds the explanation of many traits of American life that strike one as crude and dismal. He does not attempt to ignore or excuse them, but calls attention to their causes, to conditions which foreign observers cannot readily grasp, even if they have lived in the country.

A. von Ende.

THE WESTERN ECONOMIC SOCIETY.

Chicago, March 18.

Scientific Management was the subject of the Fifth Conference of the Society, held at Chicago on March 14 and 15. The attendance at each of the five sessions indicated an interest exceeding that which any previous programme of the Society had aroused.

The opening paper of the conference, on "The Spirit and Social Significance of Scientific Management," was presented by Mr. Morris L. Cooke, Director of Public Works of Philadelphia, a prominent exponent of the principles of management which are associated with the name of Mr. Frederick W. Taylor. Mr. H. P. Kendall, manager of the Plimpton Press, admirably illustrated the difference between scientific management and the mere introduction of unenlightened system into industrial methods. Mr. Sanford E. Thompson, speaking on "Time Study and Task Setting," pointed out the importance of minutely analyzing and timing the elementary motions of operatives at work, in order that, by study of the unit-times thus observed, rates of remuneration may be fixed and operations standardized and brought into efficient coördination. Mr. Hollis Godfrey and Mr. Carl G. Barth—known as the inventor of the Barth slide-rules for the determination of appropriate machine-speeds—contributed accounts of the results of scientific management in various industrial applications. Mr. Amasa Walker, of Longmans, Green & Co., interestingly indicated the possibilities of the scientific distribution of goods, and by elaborating a scheme of specialization in selling and of "functional salesmanship," carried the idea of scientific management over from industry into commerce. Mr. Harrington Emerson's theme was "Organization and Personnel."

The significance of scientific management for the laborer proved to be the topic about which the most active and most interesting discussion revolved. This was the topic assigned for the principal session of the Conference; and again at the concluding session Mr. Frank B. Gilbreth and Mr. Cooke, who spent a whole afternoon in answering questions, found the labor question dominant. On the side of the efficiency experts Mr. C. B. Thompson had led the way to the labor question by showing how scientific management had laid a foundation for determining positively what is a fair day's work. Mr. Hudson W. Reed attempted to indicate the many ways in which scientific management contributes to the advantage of the laborer. But organized labor remained unconvinced. The principal spokesman of the unions, Mr. John P. Frey, editor of the *International Moulders' Journal*, expressed their contention that scientific

management tends to overdrive the worker by speeding up and by bonuses, reduces him to the position of a semi-automatic attachment to a machine, denies him a due share of the increased earnings which result, and, above all, treats with him as an individual and thereby breaks down the collective bargaining upon which organized labor has fixed its hopes of ameliorating the conditions of work. It was to little purpose that Mr. Gilbreth, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Barth, and others affirmed their belief that scientific management was compatible with collective bargaining and held no menace for the laborer. The parties still failed to reach an understanding. The professional mind of the engineer seems not to grasp the policy of solidarity to which the trades unions are at present committed. In this respect, the engineer shares the limitations of the typical employer. The labor leaders, in their turn, seem hardly to appreciate the need of recognizing scientific management as a movement too vital to be resisted, and therefore requiring compromise and adjustment. For here, once more, is presented a problem of mitigating the hardships of economic change such as came, for example, with the day of machine methods. Possibly, given time for reflection, such discussion as this Conference brought out will aid advisers, employers, and employed to recognize in scientific management a mutual benefit. JAMES A. FIELD.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The other day while hunting for something else I came upon this item in the *General Repository* of Cambridge, Mass., for July, 1813:

Walter Scott.—The following statement is printed by desire of the publishers of the comparative sale of Rokeby and the Lady of the Lake. Sold of the Lady of the Lake in nearly four months (June 2 to September 22, 1810)—

2,000	4tos, at 2 gs.....	£4,200
6,000	8vos, at 12s.....	3,600
8,000		£7,800

Sold of Rokeby in 3 months (Jan. 14 to April 14, 1813)—

3,000	4tos, at 2 gs.....	*£6,048
5,000	8vos, at 14s.....	3,500
8,000		£9,548

*Less 126 remaining.

This demand is unexampled, and evinces the increasing popularity of this favorite poet.

That is to say: the sale of 2,000 copies of the "Lady of the Lake" at, roughly, $10 a copy, and of 6,000 copies at $3, so exhilarated the publishers that when they issued "Rokeby" they put out 3,000 copies at $10, and raised the price of the other 5,000 50 cents a copy, so that 8,000 copies of "Rokeby" brought in nearly $10,000 more than the same number of copies of the "Lady of the Lake"!

As a rule, poetry in England has sold at a price that was reasonable, even if not cheap. Dodsley's three-volume "Miscellany" (1748) cost the purchaser only 9 shillings; Thomson's "Castle of Indolence," that same year, was 3 shillings; the "Deserted Village" (1770) was a 2-shilling quarto; Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper" (1781), which ran through a dozen editions, was 6 shillings; "Perdita," Robinson's "Poems" (1791), in a handsome octavo with a print of one of Sir Joshua's portraits of her, and with a long list of noble subscribers, brought a guinea—but Mistress Robinson was a beauty and an actress as well as a poetess, and her publication was virtually a "benefit." In 1796, Cottle, who had bought the copyright of Southey's "Joan of Arc," issued it in a quarto volume at a guinea, presumably with the idea of giving a provincial press a high-sounding start; the two volumes of "Thalaba" (1801), however, were priced at only 7 shillings a volume. The "Lyrical Ballads" sold for 5 shillings, Landor's "Gebir" for 2s. 6d., and Hayley's "Triumph of Music," a quarto by a poet of reputation, for 10s. 6d. Scott, therefore, was doing a somewhat audacious and risky thing when he published the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" in January, 1805, at 25 shillings. Nevertheless, he sold that year 750 quartos, as well as 1,500 octavos at 10s. 6d., and nearly 10,000 more before "Marmion" appeared. Success brought increase of boldness, and when "Marmion" came out in February, 1808, the publishers issued 2,000 quartos at a guinea and a half. In spite of this increase in price, the 2,000 quartos sold in less than a month, and were followed by 3,000 octavos at 12 shillings, also an increase in price. With the "Lady of the Lake" in 1810, Scott raised the price to two guineas—and in spite of everything, not only sold unprecedented quantities of the new poem, but also 5,000 copies of "Marmion" and some 1,500 of the "Lay."

During these years of Scott's harvest, almost no other volumes of poetry brought anything like such prices. The only ones I have found are Southey's "Madoc" (1806) and Hodgson's translation of Juvenal (1808), both in quarto at 2 guineas. On the other hand, Wordsworth's two volumes in 1807 cost 11 shillings, Crabbe's "Poems" (1808) brought 8s. 6d., and Lamb's "Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets" (1808) 10s. 6d.

Fortunately for buyers, Scott's outrageous prices for poetry failed to set a fashion. Just for comparison, here are some prices taken almost at random: At 4 shillings, "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" (1809),"Original Poems by Victor and Cazire" (1810), Browning's "Strafford" (1837), Mrs. Browning's "Poems before Congress" (1860), and English editions of Longfellow's "Poems and Ballads," and "Voices of the Night" (1843). At 4s. 6d., "Christabel, Kubla Khan and Other Poems" (1816), Shelley's "Cenci" (1820), and Arnold's "Strayed Reveller" (1849). At 5 shillings, "Childe Harold, Canto III," the "Corsair," the "Siege of Corinth," and "Mazeppa"; Tennyson's "Poems chiefly Lyrical" (1832), the "Princess" (1847), "Maud" (1855), and "Demeter" (1889); Bailey's "Festus" (1839), Browning's "Dramatic Idylls" (1879), "Ferishtah's Fancies" (1884), and "Asolando" (1889), and Mrs. Browning's "Casa Guidi Windows" (1851). At 5s. 6d., the "Bride of Abydos" (1812) and Arnold's "Poems" (1853). At 6 shillings, "Hours of Idleness" (1807), Tennyson's two volumes of 1842, "In Memoriam" (1850), "Enoch Arden" (1864), and "Queen Mary" (1875); Browning's "Paracelsus" (1835), and the two volumes of "Men and Women" (1855); Mrs. Browning's two volumes of "Poems" (1844), and Arnold's "Empedocles on Etna" (1852). At 6s. 6d., Hunt's "Story of Rimini" (1816).

Among the higher prices I have noted were: Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound" (1821), at 9 shillings; "Childe Harold, Cantos I and II," quarto 30 shillings, octavo 12 shillings; "Aurora Leigh" (1856) and "Lucile" (1860), 12 shillings each; "Lays of Ancient Rome" (1842) and Landor's "Last Fruit off an Old Tree" (1853), 10s. 6d. each; the four volumes of the "Ring and the Book," 7-and-6 each; the "Prelude" (1850), 14 shillings, and the "Spanish Gipsy" (1868), 12s. 6d.

These examples, which run pretty well through the century and include volumes of various kinds, many of them by poets whose names alone would insure a heavy sale, make the prices of Scott's poems seem the work of some ultra-modern monopoly, shamelessly levying tribute on art and literature. It must be remembered, too, that these two-guinea editions of Scott's poems were not illustrated editions, but merely "large-paper" copies; they were not exceptional specimens of the printer's art, like the books of the Foulis brothers or of Baskerville a generation earlier; the price bore no reasonable relation to the cost of production, and the editions were not limited in the modern sense. Schiavonetti's engravings of Blake's designs for Blair's "Grave" (1808) at two guineas and a half were cheap by comparison; and so was Rogers's "Italy," with illustrations by Stothard and Turner, at 28 shillings. A modern two-guinea edition of a poem is a very different thing from Scott's; for example, a few years ago Mr. Heinemann issued the "Midsummer Night's Dream" in an edition de luxe on hand-made paper, with 40 illustrations in color by Arthur Rackham, each plate mounted, limited to 1,000 numbered and signed copies. The publisher's returns may have been handsome, but the price of 2 guineas bore at least some relation to the cost of production and to the artistic results of skilfully applied technical processes.

On the other hand, it must be admitted that very cheap editions of *new* poems have rarely sold well. In 1840 or 1841, Edward Moxon, the publisher, told Browning of a plan he had to issue new poems in what were really paper-covered pamphlets at a very low price. Browning at once fell in with the plan, and between 1841 and 1846 Moxon published for him the eight numbers of "Bells and Pomegranates." The first number sold for sixpence, the next five for a shilling each, the seventh for two shillings, and the last for 2s. 6d. It is mortifying to have to record that Number Five (the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon") was the only one to go into a second edition, but that the sales picked up when Moxon raised the price. A sad change from the days when the poets offered and the public bought fresh from the press Johnson's "London" or his "Vanity of Human Wishes" for a shilling; Mason's "Isis" or Gray's "Elegy" for sixpence; and Johnson's "Irene," or Home's "Douglas," or the "Traveller," or "She Stoops to Conquer" for 1s. 6d.!

One other instance of cheap publication is interesting both for its success and for the reasons that prompted it. In 1843, Richard Henry Horne (he had not then changed Henry to Hengist) issued his epic poem

"Orion" at the price of one farthing. Three editions sold at this price (in spite of the fact that if the books were sent by mail purchasers must forward nine stamps, *i. e.*, ninepence), a fourth sold at a shilling, and two more at 2s. 6d. The author never received a penny for his poem, but the later editions reimbursed his publisher, who incontinently went bankrupt as a result of a less fortunate venture. In 1872, in the "Brief Commentary" prefixed to the first library edition (a seven-shilling book), Horne gave the following reasons for his cheap editions—surely among the most curious on record:

As there was scarcely any instance of an Epic Poem attaining any reasonable circulation during its author's lifetime (certainly not up to *that* period, with the exception of Voltaire's "Henriade"), the first, second, and third editions of "Orion" were published gratuitously—that is, they were published at a nominal price, the least coin of the realm, to avoid the trouble and greatly additional expense of forwarding presentation copies; which, moreover, are not always particularly desired by those who receive them.

In their prices "Orion" and "Rokeby" represent extremes; fortunately neither Horne nor Scott had much effect upon the price of poetry. Scott, however, as I hope to show in another paper, did have a decisive influence upon the three-volume novel.

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

Correspondence

OUR IRREPRESSIBLE PRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I say another word about the evils of newspaper sensationalism? My letter to the *Nation* of January 16 on "The Ethics of News Suppression" has been, like poor Banquo's ghost, stalking abroad in the land and will not down. And when I seek an explanation of this phenomenon, I can find but one answer: I used the words "hell" and "sewer" in my first paragraph. Isn't it, Mr. Editor, a striking proof of the deplorable condition of our American press, when, with its nose for news, it seeks out such words in a modest letter of four paragraphs on the tenth page of a conservative journal?

Mr. Louis Brandeis, who really has a high opinion of the newspapers when they are free, says that while fighting the special interests of Boston some years ago, he had to make the news so dramatic that it called out to heaven before the papers would give it attention. Can it be possible that Blease at Richmond discovered the real secret, and, calling out to the right place, met with an immediate response? At any rate, the case stands clear that news must be made dramatic, or it will not be news in the eyes, or nose, of the ordinary paper. And I am still inclined to believe that there is entirely too much of the cheaply melodramatic in our news columns.

Why is it that the ordinary newspaper is a tacit confession to the belief that sensationalism, too often in connection with wrongdoing, is a necessary financial asset to American journalism? Simply because sensationalism has paid in the past; and its power, it is said, was first discovered in America by James Franklin, the brother of Benjamin. Thus we see that both these brothers made discoveries which have been potent forces in American life; but there is this difference: Benjamin snatched electricity from heaven, whereas James caught the secret of sensationalism from—but I refrain.

And have we not here the secret of such cries as "censorship," "suppression of free speech," "reactionary methods," which are heard from newspapers generally when any amelioration of present conditions is suggested? Such cries were provoked even by my letter; but they were heard much more distinctly when Senator Bourne had passed in Congress the Newspaper Publicity law, and, again, when George H. Dunlop, of the Los Angeles *Municipal News*, suggested a publicly owned newspaper as a remedy for existing evils of the press.

In defence of their position, newspaper men say that sensationalism leads to reform. But if so, why place it before others than legislators, sociological workers, and the more intelligent people who are our sole dependence for reform? It is very doubtfully necessary there; and when employed as it is now, it places its purveyor in as fallacious a position as that of the saloon-keeper, who, as Charles Dudley Warner said, "does not merely offer to satisfy an existing demand, but stimulates and creates an appetite by which he profits."

Again, it is asserted that an editorial attitude offsets whatever evil results may follow from sensationalism applied to all types of news on the front page. One newspaper man, whose statements I have before me, throws all responsibility on the editorials after first contending that the news must be made sensational in order to be readable. What of the editorials then? This same writer, in answer to my statement that detailed accounts of ingenious and suggestive crime have an immoral influence upon the weaker and criminally inclined elements of our population, says: "This would be true if the newspapers did not assume an editorial attitude on all criminal actions." Such argument ignores the fact that ten, perhaps twenty-five, men read the front page, while one man reads the editorials. In other words, this argument would place on the most prominent street of a city a saloon carrying all grades of whiskey all the time, with sensational and alluring signs on the front of the building, sell the alcohol at prices from one to five cents, and then leave it to the discretion of the customers to step back through the alley to a modest little church completely surrounded by walls higher than itself and hear preached from the sanctum of the man who owns or operates the front establishment the evils of the stimulant they have consumed.

Of course, an inactive public opinion is largely responsible for the continuance of this condition. And if those newspapers who objected to my first letter will admit that sensationalism is necessary to arouse public opinion in this case, then I concede a value in the least censurable part of their methods of reform, so far as it is aimed to have an effect upon intelligent and right-minded people.

CHAS. V. STANSELL.

Ottawa, Kan., March 18.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE SMALL INVESTOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I do not question the general soundness of your views as expressed in your articles on finance, but as an investor in a small way I believe that very many are deterred, as I am, from freely buying railway and other securities because of the apathy with which the general public views the extreme and continually advancing demands upon such corporations by their employees. We are deterred also by the apathy of the public before the arrogant attitude of the leaders of labor unions, and before their half-veiled sympathy with the fiendish outrages which have been perpetrated in furtherance of their schemes. One of the last acts of ex-President Taft was to veto a bill which aimed to single out these organizations as superior to all others in the land, making them exempt from the restrictions of law to which all others are subject; yet we heard of no outbreak of indignation over that bill. I could find in our Baltimore daily papers no hint of the acts of violence recently perpetrated against the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, when the latter had successfully operated in spite of a strike against them. If the press is silent and legislators range themselves with those who have shown themselves unscrupulous enemies of invested wealth, and if this awakens no popularly expressed indignation, do you wonder if many of us hesitate to invest our savings in stocks and bonds?

T. E. C.

Baltimore, Md., March 20.

THE SUBMERGED PROFESSION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The New York *Times* of March 4 contained the following statement in its brief summary of the career of Secretary William Gibbs McAdoo:

Mr. McAdoo was born near Marietta, Ga., on October 31, 1863. The Civil War cost the family all of its possessions, and Mr. McAdoo's father, who had been a Judge and a soldier, was afterward forced to take up teaching as a professor at the University of Tennessee.

Many of us still living sat at the feet of former soldiers who, "armed with resolution," took up the arduous task of schoolmaster or professor at the close of the war. They were often appointed, not to a chair, but to a veritable divan, teaching sometimes as many as four or five subjects. They were, for the most part, modest and simple men, who performed their duties with conscientiousness and dignity. They were, nearly all of them, as far as possible from the military pedant described by Addison in the *Spectator*. The glory of these brave men was so great and their adopted career so respected that we are warranted in conjecturing that the author of the words, "who had been a Judge and a soldier, was afterwards forced to take up teaching as a professor," belongs to the younger generation. The capital letter of "Judge" as compared with the humble initial of "professor," and the implication in "forced to," will escape no one. While our first feeling on reading the above statement is one of amusement, the matter has a serious side. The columns of the *Nation* have more than once borne witness to a relative loss in the dignity of the profes-

sorial career. In conclusion, has not the recent news item that a late President of the United States is to become a professor at a salary of five thousand dollars a year, whereas his private secretary is to go to a business position at four times this salary, a peculiar significance in a country whose only standard of success is money?

RAYMOND WEEKS.

Columbia University, March 16.

FARNOL AND DEKKER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Various critics of Jeffery Farnol's latest romance, "The Amateur Gentleman," have quoted with admiring comment as a novel presentation of an undefinable word the wandering preacher's definition of a gentleman:

> A gentleman, young Sir, is (I take it) one born with the Godlike capacity to think and feel for others, irrespective of their rank or condition; . . . one who possesses an ideal so lofty, a mind so delicate, that it lifts him above all things ignoble and base, yet strengthens his hands to raise those who are fallen—no matter how low. This, I think, to be truly a gentleman, and, of all gentle men, Jesus of Nazareth was the first.

Mr. Farnol's works show him to be a reader of wide and sympathetic tastes. It is impossible in a novel to give credit for every suggestion, but the author would probably be the last to deny his indebtedness for this striking thought to Thomas Dekker. Perhaps Dekker will longest be remembered for a single passage in one play, the very title of which cannot now be mentioned to ears polite, but which may be called "Bellafront" from the name of the heroine:

> Patience, my lord! 'tis the soul of peace:
> Of all virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
> It makes men look like Gods—The best of men,
> That e'er wore earth about him, was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

FRANK W. HOYT.

Montclair, March 17.

OUR GENIAL POST OFFICE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This our government of the people, by the people, and for the people occasionally does some remarkable things. The act of August 24, 1912, requiring semi-annual sworn statements of ownership, circulation, and many other interesting things, of periodicals, was at the time properly criticised in the newspapers, and is now before the Supreme Court on the question of Constitutionality.

The new, clean-sweeping broom of Mr. Wilson's Postmaster-General would have the law applied to foreign periodicals as well. He would require newspaper agencies which have entered foreign periodicals as second-class matter at the New York Post Office to file sworn statements for every one of them as to editor, owner, known (?) bondholders of 1 per cent. or more; and demands the publication of such statements twice a year in these foreign papers. Think of submitting such a request to the publishers of the London *Times*, the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, or the *Kolnische Zeitung!* This government would become the laughing stock of the world.

RISUM TENEATIS.

New York, March 19.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: At the time that my "Journal of an Expedition Across Venezuela and Colombia" was published I was absent from this country on an expedition to South America. An appendix on "Temperature and Weather" was prepared from my notes by Mr. Burton M. Varney, of Harvard University. Owing to a misunderstanding which would not have arisen had I been in this country, or had Mr. Varney not been so very modest, this acknowledgment was not included in the preface.

An "Additional Note" stating this fact has been prepared in such a form that it may readily be inserted in the volume in question. If any of your readers who own copies of the book will send a line to that effect either to the Yale University Press or to me, I shall be very glad to furnish them with the inset.

HIRAM BINGHAM.

Yale University, March 21.

Literature

THE BALKAN WAR.

With the Victorious Bulgarians. By Lieut. Hermenegild Wagner. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3 net.

With the Turks in Thrace. By Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett. New York: George H. Doran Company. $3 net.

With the Conquered Turk. By Lionel James. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $2 net.

The Balkan War Drama. By Cyril Campbell. New York: McBride, Nast & Company. $1.40 net.

No one looks for a definitive account of how battles have been lost and won in the hastily compiled war books of the professional newspaper correspondents. All the four volumes on our list were obviously written within a few weeks after the events with which they deal. The armistice in the Balkans, which was generally assumed to mark the end of hostilities, turned out to be only a truce. We have here, therefore, the story of a war told while the war is still in progress. Evidently, there was no chance to correct the impressions of the moment by such information as is generally forthcoming after peace has been signed and the General Staffs have nothing more to gain by a policy of reticence. But in the present instance the situation is more than ordinarily complicated. Readers are by this time familiar with the difficulties under which the correspondents labored in the Balkans. On the Bulgarian side the newspaper men were subjected to a censorship of such extraordinary rigor that just one correspondent of the large number that gathered at Sophia upon the outbreak of hostilities succeeded in getting even into approximate touch with the march of events. This man was, of course, Lieut. Wagner. On the Turkish side the censorship was far less strict. But by pursuing a policy of characteristic evasion and delay, the Turks succeeded in keeping nearly all of the accredited war correspondents at a comfortable distance behind the battle line. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, of the London *Telegraph*, did escape from Turkish hospitality in time to see the fighting at Lule Burgas, though only in one portion of the field. Mr. James, of the London *Times*, was also at Lule Burgas on the decisive day. But between the stories of the two men there are important discrepancies which time must resolve.

An additional element of uncertainty arises from the sharp contradiction between the accounts given by the English correspondents and that furnished by Lieut. Wagner, in regard to many important features of the campaign in Thrace. The case of Lieut. Wagner is by this time celebrated. For weeks the outside world was dependent for its information upon Wagner's dispatches to the Vienna *Reichspost*. That he alone of all the correspondents at the front should have been in a position to know the truth was finally explained on the hypothesis that Lieut. Wagner was virtually a press agent for the Bulgarian army. He dated his dispatches from army headquarters, and his knowledge of operations was at times so minute as to favor the assumption that his information emanated from the Bulgarian General Staff, and was, therefore, to be accepted with a degree of suspicion. This hypothesis was held to be confirmed later, when it was shown that a sanguinary battle at Tchorlu reported by Wagner as following upon the Turkish defeat at Lule Burgas had never taken place. Lieut. Wagner reported important Bulgarian successes in front of the Tchatalja lines, and these, too, were subsequently disproved.

Wagner's explanation, in the present volume, of just what his status was at Bulgarian headquarters is not illuminative. He does admit that his personal experience with the armies in the field was confined to a brief visit to the army of investment around Adrianople. But it is his contention that war correspondence under modern conditions can be carried on only by the methods he pursued—that is, by choosing a base of operations in close touch with official sources of information; by interviewing prisoners of war, refugees, and friendly officers among the victors; by an expert study of large-scale maps. He denies that his telegrams were dictated to him by the Bulgarian authorities. Yet he speaks of a mysterious mission the nature of which he is not yet at liberty to disclose, and his book is published with a preface by the Bulga-

rian Premier. It is, therefore, undeniable that he enjoyed exceptional favor in official circles. The English correspondents notwithstanding, Wagner persists in speaking of a bitterly fought battle at Tchorlu. He gives a minute account of a severe fight at Kirk Kilisseh, preceding the decisive struggle at Lule Burgas, whereas the opinion seems to be now that there was no battle to speak of at Kirk Kilisseh, but that the Turks fled from the town in sudden panic.

Yet, with so many reservations to make, Lieut. Wagner's narrative is easily the most satisfactory account of the war as a whole; and this, not only because his story, after all disputed points have been cancelled, presents a faithful picture of the campaign in Thrace in its broad aspects. Lieut. Wagner's is incomparably the most comprehensive of the four books that we are now concerned with. His knowledge of the people and the country is of the most intimate nature. The book is a condensed encyclopædia of Bulgarian history, biography, and politics. Wagner's analysis of the historical forces that brought about the conflict, and of the strategical and political factors that determined its course, is excellent. His book will have permanent value for the student of Balkan affairs in the future. It is also eminently readable.

Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett enjoys the distinction of having been an eye-witness of the heaviest fighting of the war. He was in personal relations with the commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces in the battle of Lule Burgas-Bunarhissar. Of that bitter struggle, so far as it came under his own observation, he has given us a most brilliant description. His account squares with that of his colleague of the London *Times* and of Lieut. Wagner in regard to the main outlines of the battle. At Lule Burgas and Bunarhissar the Turks fought with desperate valor. They succumbed to superiority of numbers, to the tremendous effectiveness of the Bulgarian artillery, and, last but not least, to their own pitiable lack of preparation. For three days the Turks were without food, and during the greater part of the time without heavy ammunition. The splendid courage with which the Second Turkish Corps charged again and again in the face of a withering fire has been vividly told by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett. His fine battle pictures and his somewhat over-impressionistic but engrossing account of the flight of the beaten army make the reader forget the wearisome detail of the earlier part of the book, in which the fate of the peoples of the Near East seems largely subordinated to the adventures of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, his dragomans, and his motor car. This undoubtedly is to be explained in part by the special circumstances under which the newspaper men did their work in Thrace. Certainly, no one will quarrel with the author's story of how he and Mr. Donohoe, of the London *Chronicle*, "got through" the first detailed story of Lule Burgas by a wild dash from the battlefield to Rodosto, to Constantinople, and so to Constanza, in Rumania.

What is a defect in Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett assumes the dimensions of a vice with Mr. Lionel James. His book is less an account of battle than a narrative of personal adventure. It is primarily the story of the English war correspondents with the Turks, a book rich in nicknames, personal banter, and light philosophy. Nevertheless, it is an honest book because of the very fact that it deals only with what the writer saw with his own eyes. He witnessed the turn of the tide at Lule Burgas without waiting for the final catastrophe. With regard to the aftermath of Lule Burgas, Mr. James takes issue with both Wagner and Ashmead-Bartlett. The *Reichspost* correspondent insists that there was a hard-fought battle at Tchorlu several days after Lule Burgas. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett insists that there was no battle, but that there was panic and rout. Mr. James asserts that there was neither battle nor panic. Contrary to the statement of Wagner, he writes:

> While the privileged Vienna newspaper was telling Europe of the Turkish Sedan which had made the dry bed of the Tchorlu River run red with Ottoman blood, the Bulgarian armies, faint and exhausted, were resting on their arms, counting their losses and thanking the Christian's God that something had intervened to make the Turks evacuate the positions which they themselves were too exhausted to face again.

Against Ashmead-Bartlett, he writes:

> Here was the Centurion [Mr. James] at Tchorlu, six days after the general retirement of the Turkish army was ordered from the line Lule-Burgas-Viza. Tchorlu was only thirty-five kilometres—that is, one day's march—from the battlefield. At Tchorlu was a Turkish rear guard. For five days neither of these divisions had fired a single round. Where, then, was the rout? Some one or another had lost his sense of proportion.

It is plain that we are still in need of exact knowledge as to what happened after Lule Burgas.

Mr. Cyril Campbell was with the Servian forces in Macedonia. The campaign was much less stubborn than the one in Thrace, though in view of what Mr. Campbell has to say of the hard-fought battle at Kumanova preceding the fall of Uskub and of the operations leading to the capture of Monastir, he is hardly justified in describing the entire campaign as a procession. The book deals at length with the Balkan political situation.

There is no disagreement among our four authors as to the reasons for the Turkish débâcle. The Bulgarians had been preparing for twenty-five years, while the Turks were relying chiefly on Kismet. The Balkan allies were superior in numbers, incomparably stronger in artillery, and under excellent leadership. This is not underrating the extraordinary valor of the Bulgarian peasant soldiers, on which Lieut. Wagner lays so much stress. The Turks went into the struggle ill-armed, ill-fed, and under-officered. All our writers agree that the army reforms initiated under the Young Turk régime had resulted only in disorganization and a sapping of the traditional Ottoman fighting spirit.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jezebel. By Richard Pryce. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Burden of a Woman. The same.

Elementary Jane. The same.

Time and the Woman. By Richard Pryce. New York: R. F. Fenno & Co.

About a year ago the *Nation* commented upon a novel by an English writer of good standing if not of popular fame at home, whom "Christopher" first introduced to American readers. That was a story of interpretation rather than of incident. It undertook to select and to illuminate certain episodes in the life of an unusual man. Christopher, however, was not unusual as Mr. Locke's and Mr. Hewlett's favorite heroes are; not eccentric in act or manner, but marked from his fellows by innate fineness of temper, by a passionate yet not unbalanced worship of beauty in character and conduct. Fate was not kinder to him than to his kind. To have carried the torch of youthful ideals unflickering into manhood only served to make its snuffing out more painful. Mr. Pryce was more ardent than skilful in bringing about the catastrophe. The unmistakable charm of the story depended upon its atmosphere and detail rather than upon its force.

That it "got across" (as the theatrical people say) in America, is sufficiently shown by the simultaneous publication of four other novels by this author. Reading them consecutively, one is struck, first of all, by their versatility of mood and manner. Versatility, we have more than once noted, is the most surprising quality of current English story-tellers as a group. They can play the game of fiction with either hand, and under any recognized set of rules—or simply go-as-you-please. They can give you the realistic or the romantic, the archaic or the last cry of the modern, the problem story or the humorous extravaganza; and each of them, in its way, the real thing. Never, since Eliza-

beth, has the pen of England displayed such virtuosity. Or, rather, let us say, never since then have the literary thews of England shown themselves so flexible and accomplished. What are single laurels?—all out for the pentathlon!

The title of the present champion, Arnold Bennett, is not in danger from Mr. Pryce. In the intermediate events he might hold his own, but he could hardly sprint in a class with "Buried Alive," or throw the hammer abreast of the "Old Wives' Tale." Still, we think of no American novelist who is capable of writing four books as different as the group we have in hand. Each story has a distinct atmosphere, moves, for one thing, upon a distinct social plane. Jezebel is daughter of one Lord of the Manor, and destined to marry another. "Time and the Woman" is a chronicle of polite, just not titled, town life. "The Burden of a Woman" is a study of peasant life on the Welsh border. Elementary Jane is a little Cockney music-hall singer.

And the style varies with the subject. In "Jezebel" the writer is filing his phrases. He has lived with Meredith, and more than met Hewlett. He is involved, allusive, too often merely decorative. He is careful not to say anything straight out. Lord Dormoral tells the parson at the font that his daughter is to be christened Jezebel. The parson feebly protests:

> Lord Dormoral's "By God, sir, am I or are you . . . ?" (the person to name the child, well understood) took all the strength out of him. He hesitated, and was lost. To the day of his death he would think (and he thinks) that he failed in his duty to the Church of which he was a member, and to the Almighty whose servant he was and whose name he had heard taken in vain so profanely [*sic*], when he quailed beneath Lord Dormoral's menacing presence (was there a laugh somewhere in his wrath? Was there? was there? And was the whole thing but a terrible jest?), and continued, albeit so fearfully, the interrupted service.

In substance as in manner, "Jezebel" is clever and self-conscious. But for the tag of the title, and the tang of the introductory incident, it is a too familiar substance. Lord Dormoral, believing that his supposed child is not really his, causes that ill-favored name to be given her at the font. Jezebel grows up under a cloud, not only on her mother's account, but because the Dormorals are known as an evil race. Still, we see very soon that she is going to marry her neighbor, young Lord Malmsey, in spite of the hatred of his dowager mamma—and in mentioning the dowager we have sufficiently suggested the course here taken by true love. That haughty dame, after savage and prolonged use of the brutal weapons by means of which (we gather) great ladies are wont to protect the family name from contamination, is driven, as so many of her kind have been (in fiction), to implore the alliance she has spurned.

"Time and the Woman," though it does not deal with lords and ladies, is still in the polite sphere. The hero, or leading man, Gerald Ventnor, is of much the same type as the young Lord Malmsey—though older and settled into the habit of the clubman. He is handsome, accomplished, well-provided in every way. He likes women casually, does not mind their loving him, thinks himself safe. In short, we know at a glance that there is trouble ahead for him at the hands of our author; and that the two pretty women whose path converges upon his in the opening pages are to be the instruments. These are the *mater pulchra* and her inconvenient offspring who have been so often interpreted in recent fiction. Mrs. Ruthven is, speaking vulgarly, a grass widow, with a husband, but not a heart, in India. She is of the siren kind, a pleasure-hunter, the female without vice, but without maternal instinct, who is to be found in all orders of society. Araby, the girl, has been brought up in a country household, very British, very spinsterly. She differs from her mother in every way, except in the degree of her beauty. Ventnor meets the pair, finds them charming, and allows himself to be lightly attached as cavalier by the mother. Araby is kept in the background as much as possible; but Ventnor presently falls in love with her. He is in no doubt of his feeling, but the habit of taking things easily is ingrained; he loses his chance: perhaps the most enlightening fact as to the book's quality is that we do not greatly care whether he has lost it or not. It is all very interesting and well-written, but it does not quite succeed in gripping the attention. To borrow from the slang of the theatre once more, it lacks "punch." Its style shows hardly a trace of the strain we have noted in "Jezebel"; it is simple, flowing, urbane, rather like the manner of "Frank Danby" or Mr. F. R. Benson.

"The Burden of a Woman" involves an altogether different setting and atmosphere. But for the fact that the scene is laid in a Welsh border-county instead of upon Dartmoor, and for the single page of epilogue which supplies, or implies, a happy ending, this tale might almost have been told by Mr. Phillpotts. To Maen Gorsedd has come, some years before we meet her, a young and comely mother and her child: a supposed widow with a "past," which presently confronts her, and almost—not quite—wrecks her life. The course of the narrative is quite Phillpottsian (but for the epilogue)—grim, naked of speech and of action, provided even with the familiar tavern group as chorus. But we have not here the feebleness of conscious imitation; we feel that Mr. Pryce is more certain of his ground, more absorbed, at least, in his theme, than in his studies in polite romance.

But "Elementary Jane" is "the real thing"—the really spontaneous and really finished work among the present group. Even in the story of Mary Redwing, Mr. Pryce seems a little outside of his characters. Jane he possesses as she possesses him. The incident of the tale is nothing; it might have been made the substance of a short story. But as an interpretation of a woman's heart, Jane is worth a dozen Arabys and a hundred Jezebels. She is only a music-hall singer, and is wafted to something like fame by nothing better than an air of innocence and a song about violets in a lane. But as it happens, the air and the song do not belie her. She is innocent, and her natural goodness is proof against the perils of her lot. But she is a woman, not a Clarissa—a creature worthy of the pain and joy of the two loves which complete and justify her nature.

Oddly enough, "Jezebel," which, by reason of its studied and artificial manner, one might guess to be the earliest of these stories, is actually the latest: *absit omen.*

THE RELIGION OF GREECE.

Themis: A Study of the Social Origins of Greek Religion. By Jane Ellen Harrison. With an excursus on ritual forms preserved in Greek Tragedy by Gilbert Murray, and a chapter on the origin of the Olympic Games by F. R. Cornford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

Readers of Miss Harrison's previous books will expect to find in this also new light on old themes. Nor will they be disappointed. It contains much new material and illustrations carefully culled from Greeks and barbarians. It constitutes a notable annex to the Greek Anthropological Museum, with its contents, indeed, somewhat hastily classified. But a regrettable tendency, already too apparent in her "Primitive Athens," has increased. An arrogant assertiveness, joined with a plausible persuasiveness, may either impose a too ready assent upon the unwary or irritate the critical reader into premature dissent from arguments which deserve careful consideration.

Miss Harrison has made a really scientific study incidentally the vehicle for an unscientific polemic against religion—even religion defined in elastic terms. Avowedly under the influence of "L'Evolution créatrice" and other writings of Professor Bergson, and of Professor Durkheim's "De la Définition des phénomènes religieux, représentations

individuelles et représentations collectives," etc., she concludes that Themis is "social ordinance, the collective conscience projected." Vague emotions, desires, and instincts, long antedating any creation of a god, sprang, she thinks, rather from the group consciousness than from the individual. "In general, the progressive evolution of a god is from emotion to concept, from totem-animal to mystery-god, from mystery-god to Olympian" (p. 478). In her introduction she says: "These two ideas (1) that the mystery-god (*e. g.*, Dionysus) and the Olympian express, respectively, the one *durée*, life, and the other the action of conscious intelligence which reflects on and analyzes life, and (2) that, among primitive peoples, religion reflects collective feeling and collective thinking, underlie my whole argument."

William James, in commenting once upon the *salto mortale*, by which Herbert Spencer arrives at the first beginnings of consciousness, recalled this defence of a girl tried for infanticide: "Please, your Honor, it was such a little one!" Miss Harrison's denial of objective reality, or confusion of it with the subjective idea (cf. pp. 476, 487, 502, *et passim*), must seem to many philosophic thinkers to be a holocaust, to vitiate, indeed, her whole argument.

Another criticism has to do with the current practice of using in shorthand "The Greeks" or "Greek" as a constant. This is misleading enough even in the span from Homer to Menander, but when the terms embrace every period, from prehistoric origins to Pausanias and beyond, there is need of close attention. It would be unjust to Miss Harrison to imply that she pays no regard to this, as it would be folly to ignore the persistence throughout Greek life of popular beliefs and practices, many of which she illustrates so brilliantly; but any dispassionate account of Greek religion must distinguish much more carefully than she does between savage origins or crude survivals, and the intellectual independence of an Æschylus, Anaxagoras, or Plato. For example, not only, according to Miss Harrison, does Homer nod, but Pindar is really celebrating the Year Spirit in his Epinician Odes. As for poor Æschylus, he is as "pathetic" as the modern believer in religion whom she likens (p. 535) to a dancing medicine man. Æschylus, she says (p. 414), has "his mind all out of focus through his beautiful monotheism and his faith in God the father."

Charmed, like Eve, with one or another snake-emanation, the author deplores the intrusion of the anthropomorphic Olympians into her Eden of totems, and explains (p. 495) her irritation over the Hermes of Praxiteles by asserting that the statue's "whole conception is false." Hermes is by rights a phallus and, probably, a snake (p. 297).

But even those who may feel that the intrusion of Miss Harrison's religious Nihilism is an impertinence, may pass it by for the contributory value of the work. Miss Harrison recognized in the "Hymn of the Kouretes," which was discovered in Palaikastro in eastern Crete, the stimulus needed for her exposition of social origins. The hymn is of quite late source (actually inscribed in the second or third century after Christ!), but she is satisfied that it contains very ancient material. The Daimon invoked is the Greatest Kouros —the projected unity of the youths at the New Birth of their initiation. This clue is followed in explaining the Dithyramb of the drama, the Olympic victor as the Year-Daimon, and so on through the maze of Greek life. In her account of the hero, as the Agathos-Daimon, she might well have adverted to the recently discovered "Hero" of Menander. But even a mere list of the subjects of specific interest to the student of literature, here freshly illustrated, would be long. A few from many may be mentioned: P. 168, the Thunder-brides, Semele, Alcmene, Dido; p. 297 ff., Zeus Ktesios, and p. 406, Apollo Aguieus; p. 455 ff., Prometheus and the Oceanides; p. 461, the derivation of the Greek philosophy of the Ionic schools from Persia (which would be revolutionary, if true); p. 462, the account of Orphic religion; p. 477, "The wheel of Dike moves through time, Moira operates in space"; p. 478-9, "The Olympian became an *objet d'art*." When Miss Harrison says here that "the strength of the Greek temperament lay rather in art than in religion," she might well have emphasized more clearly, in a book upon Themis, that their art presupposes Law and Proportion. On p. 491 it is refreshing to have Cretan claims held in abeyance while emphasis is laid upon the fact that Zeus of Olympus is a patrilinear projection of a northern tribe. If the real Greeks, in addition to their conquering northern language, can lay claim to the Olympian hierarchy, their ultimate *status quo* may not prove to be so parlous as the Minoan missionaries have been asserting.

In the Anglicizing and spelling of proper names meticulous consistency need not be demanded, but Miss Harrison seems unnecessarily erratic: *e. g.*, Denys of Halicarnassus, Trozen, Alcestis *vs.* Herakles, Hæmon and Trachiniæ *vs.* Menoitios and Moirai.

Pilgrims to Athens—scores of them innocent of the archæologist's bias—have gratefully used as their companion Miss Harrison's "Ancient Athens" (now out of print), and all readers with even a little knowledge of things Greek will be impressed by the wealth of illustration in the present volume; but those who believe in the permanent value of Greek literature, both for its form and its content, will be satisfied as little with her patronizing admiration as with her splenetic outbursts.

Modern Italian Literature. By Lacy Collison-Morley. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

The Italian literature of the last two hundred years has found slight recognition beyond the Alps: it is nevertheless richer in absolute value than the far more influential literature of the Cinquecento. Machiavelli stands alone, it is true, and the magic of chivalrous verse is spent; but the Renaissance has no such poets as Leopardi and Carducci, no dramatists to rank with Goldoni and Alfieri, no satirist to match Parini; the short story is a finer thing than the old *novella*; and the novel is vigorous in youth.

Mr. Collison-Morley's book deserves a hearty welcome. It shows a good knowledge of most of the greater and some of the minor authors, and a conscientious use of the standard histories and larger monographs. It is comprehensive and well-planned. The only important name omitted is that of Fucini; the only men who receive entirely inadequate treatment are Zanella and Giacosa. Mr. Collison-Morley contents himself, for the most part, with straightforward accounts of books and men, and quotes De Sanctis and Carducci in preference to venturing criticism of his own. His success in quotation, whether from the authors he is considering or from Italian comment upon them, is indeed one of the best features of his work: the translations are plentiful, well-chosen, and well-executed.

Among the best chapters are those dealing with Parini, Monti, Leopardi, and d'Annunzio. In Leopardi, for instance, Mr. Collison-Morley sees clearly the positive strength that is so often disregarded. In spite of constant pain, in spite of the harsh verdict of his reason, Leopardi clung passionately to his dear "illusions," the old ideals of beauty and virtue and love. His poetry is not poetry of surrender, but of conflict between a relentless mind and a noble heart. Leopardi's scholarship suggests an excellent generalization: "Unlike our own, the great poets of Italy have almost invariably been men of considerable learning. Whether it is on account of the vast tradition of culture that lies behind them or for some other reason, they seem to draw their inspiration through a profound knowledge of literature rather than from a direct contact with life itself. Dante is as true an embodiment of the poetic characteristics of Italy as Shakespeare, rather than Milton, is of those of England." But the choice of Dante as example is unfortunate: surely no poet ever drew in-

spiration from experience of life more immediate or more searching than his.

Indeed, many of Mr. Collison-Morley's references to earlier Italian literature show him to be upon unfamiliar ground. He confuses Lorenzo and Lorenzino de' Medici, classes the story of Francesca da Rimini as a story of the Renaissance, says that the seven and eight-syllable lines preferred by Parini had been the popular metre in Italy from time immemorial, terms the "Secchia rapita" the first Italian mock-heroic poem, speaks of Naples as the birthplace of the opera, and calls Tartaglia "one of the four original masks" of the Commedia dell' arte. Similar errors in fact and in judgment mar his treatment of the modern literature which is his main subject, but the errors in fact seldom concern matters of primary importance. The printing of Italian words, even names of books and authors, is very careless. Sisara becomes Sissaro; Gropallo becomes Grapollo, and the line "Finchè non sorgi un uom che ci raduni" halts in the disguise, "Finchè non sorgi un nom che non ci raduni."

It is a pity, too, that the author should not have learned from the Italians more grace and clarity of style. His account of Giacosa contains this sentence: "After trying historical plays, in which Felice Cavallotti (1842-98), 'the last of the Romantics' as Carducci called him, who was killed in a duel, also obtained considerable success, he turned to modern comedy." Elsewhere he writes of "the neighborhood of Vesuvius, which is certainly more calculated to impress us with the littleness of man, especially during an eruption, than any other district in Italy." But his judgment is most seriously at fault, perhaps, in his estimate of Goldoni and Alfieri. Many of their best qualities escape his notice. Against Goldoni is brought the specific and quite unwarranted charge of moral indifference: "Vice, and even crime, amused him, instead of rousing his indignation." On the contrary, the *castigat* is for Goldoni literally true, and masks no exploitation of indecency. His satire is less pungent than that of Parini, but it is none the less revealing and effective, whether it deals with the universal themes of greed, vanity, and malevolence, or with so special and noisome an offence as cicisbeism. And the cleanliness of his whole theatre is a notable protest against the depraved likings of the public of his day. Of the ordinary comic qualities, the only one that Goldoni lacks is verbal wit: the others he has in exceptionally good measure. But his peculiar claims to greatness lie in the nature of his realism and in the quality of his comic atmosphere. Goldoni found himself only when he laid aside conventional forms and language to imitate, in his own dialect, the life of his own city, the motley, crowded, homely life of lagoons and *campielli*, many-hued, noisy with chatter, sweet with honesty. The Venetian comedies bring in the whole population of each little neighborhood, the stage is constantly filled with a democratic variety of persons and interests, and the talk is short, crisp, interrupted. The realism of these plays is neither indifferent nor indecent: Goldoni selects what is most delightfully characteristic, and renders it with deft and vivid minuteness, yet comprehensively. Moreover, he has always the charm of a rare geniality. His humor, springing from his characters, is the humor of humanity itself. The clear air of his Venetian afternoons is life-giving and joyous. He brings one unfailingly into a mood of sunlit happiness—and that is surely the true function of comedy.

Mr. Collison-Morley's depreciation of Alfieri is the more unfortunate in that it sustains the general injustice of modern critics to the great tragedian. Alfieri was, in life and work, intense—a Byronic Michelangelo, with the *terribilità* of the sculptor and the driving restlessness of the Englishman. His whole art moves from a responsiveness to intensity in others: as he read of intense love, or ambition, or thirst for vengeance, a personating sympathy possessed him, and forced a new utterance of the old emotion, rekindled in its passage through his spirit. Intensity informs his plays throughout. Nothing is permitted, in word or act, that does not lead directly towards the catastrophe. Scenes, speeches, sentences, are cut down until the residuum is of living strength. Every one of the few personages is intensely concerned for the outcome. There is no cessation in their reinforcements and their thwartings, no interlude, no delay for rhetoric. Event hurries on event with terrible swiftness; no change of scene allows escape from the insistent tragedy. The unity of action is perfectly attained, and the minor unities are for once self-justified. If one is conscious of them at all, it is only in realizing that they are inevitable. Mr. Collison-Morley is right in saying that Alfieri is in general too subjective for dramatic personification, but he is very wrong in calling Saul his one great character. And he is wrong, too, in saying that there is no variety in the tragedies. A few of them differ from the others in being merely political manifestoes, but the majority are tense with varied life: "Filippo," with the sinister cunning of its dominant presence; "Antigone," with its pure and fearless devotion; "Oreste," terrible with rushing fate; "Rosmunda," romantic wine in a neoclassic cup; "Saul," "Mirra," and the second "Brutus." With "Saul," moreover, comes a notable change in style. Hitherto Alfieri had wrought for the effect of overwhelming force; hereafter his imagination and his love of beauty seek and receive plentiful recognition. His last plays are rich in poetry: "Saul" in poetry of vision and of deep humanity, "Mirra" in poetry of fated and resistant love, and the "Brutus" in poetry of eloquent patriotism.

Some English Story Tellers: A Book of the Younger Novelists. By Frederic Taber Cooper. With portraits. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.60 net.

This is a companion to Mr. Cooper's volume on American Story Tellers. The substance of its chapters has appeared in the *Bookman* or elsewhere, chiefly in the form of reviews, and traces of timeliness remain. Fifteen writers of fiction are commented upon, half a dozen of whom belong strictly to the category of "the younger novelists," if it is taken to include writers of not more than middle age. More strictly, this book deals with novelists who have won an audience of late years. In this sense, Kipling is a far older novelist than De Morgan, and Anthony Hope considerably the senior of Joseph Conrad.

Kipling, indeed, is the patriarch among them all, and Mr. Cooper feels constrained to apologize for his inclusion in this gallery of current favorites. "The day when one was compelled to write of him exuberantly," he admits, "in the sheer joy of speculating on what his erratic and undisciplined genius would do next, is a thing of the past." But he must be included here because "he is too imposing a figure among contemporary English story-tellers to be omitted." These easy-going phrases suggest the need, which persists throughout the reading of these pleasant papers, of taking our commentator not too literally. A critic may be known by his adjectives. Kipling is not imposing as a contemporary story-teller. A quarter of a century ago he founded a school of short-story writing which, for better or worse, is still thronged with pupils. In America the head-mastership itself changed hands some time since: where Kipling has his tens of imitators, "O. Henry" has his hundreds. Kipling has never been a novelist, in the sense in which the other writers treated of in this book are novelists. His one long story of sustained power was printed a dozen years ago. And it is difficult to see how his genius could ever have been characterized as either "erratic" or "undisciplined"; no writer of this generation has been more consistent or has had a stiffer schooling. In short, Mr. Cooper's use of words is so casual as to make it difficult to follow his often ingenious and suggestive thought. When he says, "It seems inevitable to write of Mr. Phillpotts without making mention of Hardy," one has to reflect an instant to make sure that he means the reverse of what he says. He is too easily content with the cheap

counters of the critical vocabulary, "virile," and "vital," and "convincing," "technique," "artistry," and the like. He can even say that Kipling's chief distinction lies in his "dynamic force"!

However, his judgments are in the main sensible and interesting, if not "compelling." The papers on De Morgan and Hewlett and Arnold Bennett are perhaps the best of the group.

Notes

In "Widecombe Fair," promised by Little, Brown for next week, Eden Phillpotts completes his series of books on Dartmoor which were planned more than twenty years ago.

Included in the spring publications of the same house are the following: "The Uphill Climb," a story of Montana, by B. M. Bower; "The Long Way," by Mary Imlay Taylor; "The Quarry," a tale of New York life by John A. Moroso; "The Creeping Tides," a romance of Greenwich Village by Kate Jordan; "The Philippine Problem," by Frederick Chamberlin; "A Sunny Life: The Biography of Samuel June Barrows," by Isabel C. Barrows; "Crime and its Repression," by Gustav Aschaffenburg, professor of psychiatry in the Academy of Practical Medicine at Cologne, translated by Adalbert Albrecht; and "History of Continental Criminal Procedure," by A. Esmein, professor in the University of Paris, with chapters by Profs. François Garraud and C. J. A. Mittermaier, translated by John Simpson.

April issues of the Century Company will include "Mr. Hobby," a novel by Harold Kellock.

Dodd, Mead & Co. are bringing out this week Miss Elizabeth Robins's book on woman's suffrage, entitled "Way Stations."

A long narrative poem by John Masefield, entitled "The Daffodil Fields," is one of Macmillan's announcements for this week.

Putnams will bring out in this country an autobiography entitled "My Past," written by a relative of one of the reigning monarchs of Europe. The author's name is not given.

The Allen Book & Printing Company, of Troy, N. Y., will have ready about May 1 "Economics as the Basis of Living Ethics," by John G. Murdoch.

Among the books promised shortly by Houghton Mifflin Company are: "Gettysburg," by Elsie Singmaster; "Justice and Modern Law," by Everett V. Abbot; "The Value of Organized Speculation," by Harrison H. Brace; "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures," translated from the Chinese by George Soulié; "Stowe Notes," by Edwin Martin Taber, and "A History of Lexington, Massachusetts," by Charles Hudson.

The publication of the Selden Society for the current year will be "Year Books of the Eyre of Kent," edited by William C. Bolland. The Society has also in preparation a volume of "Year Books of Edward II," edited by Mr. Turner and Professor Geldart, and for issue shortly "Select Chapters of Trading Companies," edited by Cecil T. Carr. Provisional arrangements have been made for the following further publications: The second volume of the "Law Merchant," by Professor Morgan; other volumes of the "Year Books of Edward II"; a volume of "Select Cases Before the King's Council," by Mr. I. S. Leadam; a volume of "Select Ecclesiastical Pleas," by Mr. Harold D. Hazeltine; an edition of the "Liber Pauperum" of Vicarius, by Mr. F. de Zulueta, and a volume of "King's Bench Ancient Indictments," by Mr. Cyril Flower.

Mrs. Meynell's poetry has been collected in a single volume, which is printed by the Arden Press and will be issued next month by Burns & Oates.

Mr. Noel Buxton, M.P., is publishing, through Smith & Elder, his experiences "With the Bulgarian Staff." Save for his brother, he was the only Englishman to enjoy the privilege denoted in the title.

The concluding volume (the eighteenth) of T. N. Foulis's authorized version of Nietzsche is promised this month. Special features of the book are an exhaustive index compiled by Robert Guppy and an introductory essay on "The Nietzschean Movement in England" by the editor, Dr. Oscar Levy.

A tragic tale of Old Ceylon is told in Woolf's "A Village in the Jungle," which Longmans, Green will bring out in this country.

Other spring announcements by the same house are: "College Sermons," by Dr. L. C. Stewardson; a new book of "Sermon Notes," by Cardinal Newman; Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson's "Confessions of a Convert," and "Organized Democracy," by Frederick A. Cleveland.

A committee, headed by Joseph H. Choate and Charles W. Eliot, is preparing plans for a memorial to the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Gilman, Harvard, 1811, and author of "Fair Harvard." The project is to fit up a Samuel Gilman Memorial Room in the tower of the historic church at Charleston, S. C., in which Dr. Gilman had a long, distinguished career. The treasurer of the local Charleston committee is Mr. Frank R. Frost, People's Office building, Charleston, S. C.

A dictionary of moderate size, published in this country by Macmillan, is "Books That Count," by W. Forbes Gray. It is a list of some 5,500 books in English, that present an authoritative and not too recondite study of all manner of subjects, from Biography to Sports. Prices are given in shillings and pence, and a brief note tells the character of each work. The dictionary will no doubt prove serviceable to those who are reading or studying without much guidance.

We have to record the appearance of two new issues of Baedeker, which we shall not attempt to criticise. One is the fourteenth remodelled edition of the "Northern Italy," corresponding with the eighteenth in German. The other is the sixteenth revised edition of the "Northern Germany." These, like all the Baedekers, are Scribner importations.

A. C. McClurg, of Chicago, publishes a second edition of "The Ships and Sailors of Old Salem," by Ralph D. Paine, which, on its first appearance, was favorably reviewed in the *Nation* of June 16, 1910. In this reprint seven chapters in the original work together with several paragraphs and appendices have been omitted. But the book, still a large one, remains an authoritative and indeed thrilling account of the exploits of Salem's early sailors, who made the American flag known and respected even in the far distant South Seas, who were equally ready to serve on privateers or men-of-war, fight pirates, or trade with Christians and heathen savages.

In his "Portraits and Sketches" (Scribner), Edmund Gosse is at his very best. The book is not made up of criticism, in which Mr. Gosse lacks philosophy, nor of scholarship, in which he sometimes wants accuracy. He has here written a series of portraits of men he has known—Swinburne, Philip James Bailey, "Orion" Horne, Aubrey de Vere, Tennyson, Whittier, Shorthouse, Mandell Creighton, Andrew Lang, Wolcott Balestier, Carl Snoilsky, Eugène Melchior de Vogüé, and André Gide—and in each case, with varying fulness of detail, he has brought his subject vividly before the eye. All the other portraits, however, pale beside that of Swinburne. The poet was picturesque enough in appearance and original enough in habits to make description of him easy for any hand, and the clever anecdotal literature about him is already enormous; but for a vision of the very man himself we know of nothing comparable to these pages by Mr. Gosse. There is nothing to do but quote at great length:

> The world is familiar from portraits, and still better from caricatures, with his unique appearance. He was short, with sloping shoulders, from which rose a long and slender neck, surmounted by a very large head. The cranium seemed to be out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. His spine was rigid, and though he often bowed the heaviness of his head, *lasso paparera collo*, he seemed never to bend his back. Except in consequence of a certain physical weakness, which probably may, in more philosophical days, come to be accounted for and palliated—except when suffering from this external cause, he seemed immune from all the maladies that pursue mankind. He did not know fatigue; his agility and brightness were almost mechanical. I never heard him complain of a headache or of a toothache. He required very little sleep, and occasionally when I have parted from him in the evening after saying "Good-night," he has simply sat back in the deep sofa in his sitting-room, his little feet close together, his arms against his side, folded in his frock-coat like a grasshopper in its wing-covers, and fallen asleep, apparently for the night, before I could blow out the candles and steal forth from the door. I am speaking, of course, of early days; it was thus about 1875 that I closely observed him.
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> He was more a hypertrophied intelligence than a man. His vast brain seemed to weigh down and give solidity to a frame otherwise as light as thistledown, a body almost as immaterial as that of a fairy. In the streets he had the movements of a somnambulist, and often I have seen him passing like a ghost across the traffic of Holborn, or threading the pressure of carts eastward in Gray's Inn Road, without glancing to the left or the right, like something blown before a wind. At that time I held a humble post at the British Museum, from which I was freed at four o'clock, and Swinburne liked to arrange to meet me half-way between that monument and his own lodgings. One of Swinburne's peculiarities was an extreme punctuality, and we seldom failed to meet on the deserted northern pavement of Great Coram Street. But although the meeting was of his own making, and the person to be met a friend seen

every day, if I stood a couple of yards before him silent, he would endeavor to escape on one side and then on the other, giving a great shout of satisfaction when at length his eyes focused on my face.

"Religion in China, Universalism: A Key to the Study of Taoism and Confucianism" (Putnam), by J. J. M. de Groot, is a book of great importance, being the work of a scholar who has spent half a lifetime on his subject. He has to his credit eight big volumes on "The Religious System of China." This vast work has now been condensed into eight lectures, in all about 300 pages, which make up the volume before us. Many will rejoice to have the range of the author's views in such convenient form. The methodical manner in which they are presented and his support of statements of fact by translations from Chinese originals put readers in a position to weigh his theories and to draw their own conclusions. One of the most interesting chapters is that on Asceticism, Prolongation of Life, Immortality. It deals with cultural elements, such as the "discipline of the breath," cultivated in China in the fourth century B. C., long before we find any historical evidence of intercourse with any of the other civilized nations of Asia. We should have liked to hear the author's views on this strange similarity with practices known to have existed among the sages of early India, to which fact Professor Conrady, of Leipzig, drew attention in a learned academical essay published in 1906. Another chapter, as interesting as it is important, is the eighth and last lecture, entitled Feng-shui. In it the author attempts to connect that well-known popular superstition, which it may be hoped will gradually disappear in republican China, with his general theories on Universalism. Another writer on this subject, Dr. E. Eitel ("Feng-shui, or The Rudiments of Natural Science in China," Hongkong, 1873) has asked the question, "What is Feng-shui? Sinologues have looked through the Chinese classics for an answer to this question, searched their dictionaries, and found none." The answer, it appears to us, has been found by Professor De Groot.

It was a happy idea of the American committee for lectures on the History of Religions to entrust to a specialist like Professor De Groot so complicated and difficult a subject, and the committee on publication also deserves credit for having turned out a neat little volume. A number of misprints, if they may be so called, might have been avoided by referring the proofs to the author. The author, who speaks the Amoy dialect, so important in his former career as an interpreter among the Chinese settlers in Java and Borneo, is evidently not so well at home with the Mandarin dialect as spoken in Peking. Thus he does not distinguish between the syllables *shan,* "good" or "goodness" (pp. 32, 35, and 80) and *shen,* "a god" (p. 152 *et passim*). Altogether, the absence of Chinese characters, which would be of little use to the general reader and would have interfered with the popularity aimed at, calls for transcription based on a fixed and uniform system of spelling. Why, for instance, should the aspirate be expressed by an apostrophe after *t* and by the letter *h* after *k*, as in *Khin t'ien kien,* a want of uniformity resorted to in a number of examples with what appears as intentional, though incomprehensible, regularity? But these are trifles which ought not to discourage readers bent on learning rather than on criticising.

"Jean Jacques Rousseau" (Scribner), by Gerhard Gran, of the University of Kristiania, is in the main a narrative of Rousseau's life, with a psychological commentary. The present volume ends with the publication of the first "Discourse" (1750). The author is unduly harsh when he says that Rousseau "lied with ease and fluency whenever the situation demanded it." As a fluent liar, Rousseau cannot compare with Voltaire. Yet if the work fails to be a really noteworthy addition to the endless stream of publications on Rousseau, the reason is to be sought in the fact that the writer is himself too much under the spell of the Rousseauistic view of life. He makes an elaborate application of James's theory of conversion as a "subliminal uprush" to Rousseau's sudden illumination on the road to Vincennes. This uprush, so far from being related to the inhibitive and rational powers of personality, is in direct opposition to them. Professor Gran does not raise the question whether true religious insight may not come from an entirely different direction. The question proposed by the Academy of Dijon, he says, "acted as an explosion on the threshold of Rousseau's consciousness; it forced a breach. Through this breach there suddenly streamed a flood composed of all the memories, all the indignation, all the moods, in short, all the psychic stuff that, gained through inheritance, race, and early experience, lay settled in his subconsciousness." Since the "uprush" is composed, after all, only of previous impressions, it becomes important to trace their origin. Accordingly, Professor Gran devotes several chapters to a study of Geneva (from the sixteenth century) and of Paris under Louis XV, and attempts to show that the conflict in Rousseau between the impressions received from these two environments culminated in his outburst against civilization.

The translation of Professor Gran's work reads smoothly in the main, though the translator has an irritating trick of omitting the definite article from the titles of books (*e. g.,* "While 'Discours' in its contents is essentially aggressive"). Proper names and quotations in French are often very incorrectly printed. Two portraits are given, one of Rousseau in youth and one of Madame de Warens, without any warning that in both cases the ascription is uncertain.

The monograph of Prof. Adolf Harnack on "Bible Reading in the Early Church" is translated by Rev. J. A. Wilkinson and published in the Crown Theological Library (Putnam). Professor Harnack takes issue with the celebrated proposition of Lessing, that "the laymen of the primitive church might not even read the books of the New Testament, not at least without the permission of the presbyter who had them in his keeping." He cites a large number of references from the literature of the first three centuries to prove that Bible reading by private individuals was encouraged as a pious duty, and that no restrictions were placed upon any class of Christians in the freest use of all canonical books. He holds, of course, with Lessing that "Christian faith and a Christian church existed before ever there was a New Testament," but maintains that from the first, and at least to the time of Constantine, the sacred documents of Christianity were regarded as a free gift to the community, over which the church claimed no special privilege of supervision or interpretation. Harnack is especially interested in the corollary that early Christianity was not a mystery-religion, with secret documents for the initiated. As a daughter of Judaism, Christianity opened its treasures to all, and the mysteries which developed within the church were encroachments from without, not growths natural to its genius.

With his volume on "The Old English Country Squire" (Doran), supplementing those already published on the "Parson" and the "Parish Clerk," P. H. Ditchfield completes a pleasant trilogy on English rural life. Mr. Ditchfield, as we know from his previous volumes, is an ardent lover of the subject which he has made his own—the old-fashioned village community of England, happy though feudal, and on the whole well content with existence under the benevolent tyranny of "the quality." If he is also somewhat of a special pleader and quite frankly a *laudator temporis acti,* who sighs for the good old days before Lloyd George thought of land taxes or insurance acts, and when rustic hinds, as a matter of course, ordered themselves lowly and reverently towards their betters, we need not quarrel with him on that account, for his convictions are those of the squires and parsons about whom he writes, and without them his writing would lose something of its sympathetic quality. But if he has grievances against modern tendencies, he has also humor sufficient to keep them in the background. One feels that at the bottom of his soul he regards himself somewhat seriously as the Froissart of the aspects of English life that he chronicles, but his zest in his stories of squiredom, of the joys of the chase, of the whole round of country life, is such that one is ready, with a smile, to concede him the title. In these pages the whole history of the English squire is given, from the age of chivalry, when he was the gentleman attendant on a knight, to these less ardent days, when, his warlike guise laid aside, he is simply one of that order, a little lower than the nobility, which, as the author might affirm, is likely before long to be known as "the landless gentry." Mr. Ditchfield feels sadly that he is telling the story of a class that is rapidly disappearing, and his serious purpose is to show that, whether the system that created him is now outworn or not, the country squire has played no inglorious part in contributing to the greatness of England and has performed faithfully the work that fell to him to do. The admirable illustrations are an attractive feature of this book.

The compliment of translation into German has been paid to but few works of American classical scholars. The last example was the German translation of Professor Hale's "Cum Constructions," which was published in 1891. The appearance of such a translation of Prof. E. G. Sihler's "Annals of Cæsar" ("C. Iulius Cæsar: sein Leben, nach den Quellen kritisch dargestellt"; Leipzig) is, accordingly, of more than passing interest. The chief difference

between the two editions lies in the omission in the German of the appendix, which was devoted to an unsparing criticism of Mommsen and Froude. This was perhaps to be expected, for Mommsen is still too near to German thought to be subjected to harsh criticism, especially by a foreigner. The German preface is in much better taste than the original, for in the latter Professor Sihler seemed to feel it necessary to draw attention to his own fitness for his task, as shown in his numerous studies in the life and times of Cæsar. Professor Sihler's work represents an attitude of mind, a protest against the prevalent custom of building upon the modern interpreters of antiquity rather than upon the ancient sources. He, therefore, has paid scant attention to the views of modern investigators, with the exception of Holmes. As a consequence, he falls into occasional errors of fact—when more attention to modern investigation would have saved him. Then, too, his pursuit of his main theme has led him into a certain carelessness about less important details. Many of these inaccuracies, particularly those pointed out by Meusel in a review of the English work, have been corrected in the translation, but too many still remain to mar a study which as a whole deserves hearty commendation. The translation presents a much more pleasing appearance than its original, and the style is free from those idiosyncrasies which are so evident in the English form.

By the republication of the "Folk-Tales of Bengal" (Macmillan), by the late Rev. Lal Behari Day, one of the best-known collections of the folk-tales of India—a volume long out of print—has again been made accessible, this time adorned with thirty-two colored plates by Mr. Warwick Goble. The volume contains twenty-two stories, all told by Bengalis unacquainted with the folk-tales of the West, and the value of the collection has too long been acknowledged to require further emphasis. At the same time it may be noted that there are frequent suggestions of the "Arabian Nights," although no minute comparison of the "Arabian Nights" with folk-tales of India has thus far, to the reviewer's knowledge, been made. Some of the Bengali stories show blendings of cycles familiar to folklorists. Thus the "grateful animal" *motif* is found in the story of "The Bald Wife"; the "Story of the Rakshasas" contains three well-known themes, the "life token," "sleeping beauty," and the "separable soul"; and "violated tabu" is prominent in "The Man Who Wished to Be Perfect." The diction of the collection, it must be confessed, seems rather too literary when compared with the more exact "Wide-Awake Stories" of Steel and Temple or with Swynnerton's "Indian Nights' Entertainments"; in "The Field of Bones" the redactor's language was confessedly influenced by the vision of the valley of dry bones in Ezekiel xxxvii, 1-14. The general appearance of the new edition is far more attractive than that of the old one, and a special word of praise is due the illustrations, which, though not markedly Oriental, have a happy Eastern flavor.

The Connecticut Valley Historical Society, which has just issued at Springfield Volume IV of its Publications, 1904-1907, was organized in 1876, and has at present a membership of about three hundred. The Society has done much to preserve whatever relates to the natural, civil, military, ecclesiastical, and genealogical history of the country in general, particularly to that section known as the Connecticut Valley. It aims also to prepare and to preserve correct reports of passing events of importance. The volume opens with a full description and many illustrations of the new home of the Society, the palatial Springfield residence of the late D. B. Wesson. Built in the style of Louis XIV, it is valued above a million dollars; and the only condition of gift is that the Society shall raise a fund of $100,000, the income of which shall be used in maintenance. A committee, headed by the president, W. F. Adams, is actively at work in completing this fund, towards which J. P. Morgan, one of the life members, has offered $10,000. By far the handsomest building owned by any historical society in the country, this edifice will house all the collections which have heretofore had a somewhat uncertain home in the Art Museum, where many of the meetings are held.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Newton Hallock, editor and proprietor since 1880 of the *Christian Work*, died Monday in Brooklyn, aged seventy-eight. Among his writings, which include books on travel, finance, and religious topics, is a "Life of D. L. Moody."

Lady Dorothy Nevill, who had a close acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington, Disraeli, Lord Palmerston, and most of the leading Englishmen for fifty years past, died Monday in London in her eighty-seventh year. She was the author of a book of reminiscences, "Leaves from the Note-Books of Lady Dorothy Nevill."

Field Marshal Viscount Garnet Joseph Wolseley, the famous soldier, died on Monday at Mentone, France, in his eightieth year. He retired as commander-in-chief of the British army in 1900, after having been at the head of the forces of the Empire for five years. His first taste of actual service was in 1852-3 in the Burmese war, in which he was severely wounded. He took part brilliantly in other campaigns, especially in the Crimea, where he was again injured, being picked up for dead. He was a careful student of the art of war, and wrote several books on the subject, among them "The Soldier's Pocket-Book for Field Service," "The Story of a Soldier's Life," besides "Life of the Duke of Marlborough" and "Decline and Fall of Napoleon."

Science

Mr. Henry T. Finck's new book, "Flavor in Food," described as a gastronomic guide to health and good living, will be issued by the Century Company in April.

Nearly eighteen months ago we noticed in this column the first of four volumes of Luciani's interesting treatise on "Human Physiology," in the English version of Frances A. Welby (Macmillan). The second volume is now at hand after an interval which suggests a long delay in the completion of the work. This part takes up Internal Secretion, Digestion, Excretion, and the Skin, inclusive of the Mammary Gland and its secretion. All these subjects are treated in an entertaining and illuminating fashion. The text naturally lags somewhat behind the progress of the experimental study of the internal secretions, but this fault is in part made good by a supplementary list of recent literature in English. To this list the translator has added a special reference to the very recent book of Swale Vincent on the ductless glands, but makes no allusion to the large book on this subject by Sajous, which came out a few months earlier. Leonard Williams's translation of the important book of Biedl came perhaps too late for notice, although one would suppose that its prospective appearance would have been sufficiently known to make its inclusion possible. The literature concerning the movements of the digestive tract ought to have taken similar cognizance of Cannon's little book on the "Mechanical Factors of Digestion," published as one of the International Medical Monographs (Arnold) in 1911. Luciani seems to overlook the important researches of Meissner and his American pupil Shepard on the connection of the kidney with the synthesis of hippuric acid. There is also no account whatever of Meissner's studies of the transformation of proteins by the digestive ferments. In this field he worked for a time with great zeal and such refinement of observation that his contemporaries virtually drove him away from further labor of that kind by their ridicule of his results. It was a pathetic episode in the history of physiological research, for, only a few years later, a change in the method showed the cleavage products to be even more numerous, and fully justified the efforts of Meissner to establish very fine distinctions among them.

Great as have been the advances in the study of economic entomology during recent years, the available comprehensive texts are nearly all deplorably antiquated and deficient. To meet the demand for an up-to-date compendium, W. C. O'Kane has just published, through Macmillan, "Injurious Insects: How to Recognize and Control Them," illustrated with 600 original photographs. To arrange such a book so as to make it of use to the untrained reader is a very vital matter. For him, an arrangement according to zoölogical relationships is almost useless, although it has been tried in one of the best of the older texts. Grouping by host plants leads to confusion and duplication because so many of the insect pests feed on several varieties of plants. Professor O'Kane seemingly has met the difficulty satisfactorily by first grouping the injurious insects under three heads: pests of garden and field crops, pests of orchard and fruit crops; and those of the household, of stored products, and of domestic animals. Within each of the first two groups, the various species are arranged according to the part of the plant where they are found at work. The determination is still further facilitated by the arrangement of the page headings to serve as an index to the place where the insect is found at work, and to its general characteristics. The most striking feature of the book is the absence of the hackneyed illustrations borrowed from the old texts and from Federal and State bulletins. In their stead are six hundred photographs

of injurious insects and their work. Some of these are excellent—of many of them the best that can be said is that they are original. It is needless to add that with such a number of good-sized illustrations in less than four hundred pages of text the consideration of the various pests is very meagre. For this reason, the addition of an extensive but carefully selected list of references to bulletins and reports in which may be found detailed accounts of the insects considered is especially commendable. The book will prove of value to agriculturists as a "finding list," and may meet admirably the needs of some agricultural schools and "short courses." Unfortunately, its use will not be limited to such courses. Until it is more fully realized that the study of an applied science as college work presupposes a knowledge of the science upon which it is based, there will be a ready demand for books of this type as texts in some of our agricultural colleges.

Dr. Ira Van Gieson, bacteriologist to the Health Department in New York, died on Monday. He was born on Long Island, forty-seven years ago, and graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Columbia University. He was accounted an authority on insanity, but much of his recent research was in connection with hydrophobia. He was a prolific writer on methods of staining tissue for microscopic work.

Drama

The Dramatic Works of St. John Hankin. New York: Mitchell Kennerley. 3 vols. $8 net.

There can be no doubt that the English speaking theatre suffered a positive loss in the premature death of St. John Hankin His steady advance in the art of play-making is clearly marked in the seven pieces printed in this collected edition, and he was still in the early prime of manhood when he ended his life and labors, It is only reasonable to suppose that he had in him the latent capacity for more earnest and vigorous production, although it may be doubted whether he could ever have created a permanent drama. The springs of his inspiration were fresh and sparkling, but had no depth. His strength lay in the readiness of his invention of dialogue, sufficiently simple in form to appear natural, yet charged with a witty and satirical humor which gave it a distinctly literary quality; a happy knack of characterization, of somewhat conventional personages; a shrewd sense of current social absurdities and hypocrisies; a not too bitter cynicism and a lively appreciation of comic situation. In his observation of those various phases of English middle-class life of the later Victorian era he was accurate so far as superficialities are concerned, but by no means profound or reflective. His personages, almost without exception, belong to exceedingly familiar types, both on the stage and in fiction, but the intellectual and moral atmosphere in which they move is more often suggestive of real life than the theatre, and in this way they frequently become living actualities.

Although Mr. Hankin is commonly accounted among the younger school of dramatists, whose works, being regarded as too audacious for the commercial stage, owed their earliest representation chiefly to the London Stage Society and Mr. Granville Barker, he differs widely from the more modern realists in his moderation, his general sanity, and his literary skill. If he is occasionally disrespectful to the rigid axioms of sanctimonious puritanism, is frequently more worldly wise than austerely moral, and, like a good many enthusiasts of different kinds, is apt to forget that modern conditions and human nature are often formidable barriers against the enforcement of abstract justice, he neither violates the canons of good taste nor exceeds the limits of credulity. He preserves a certain plausibility even when he approaches most nearly to the borders of extravagance.

The defects of his plays lie in their technical construction, their lack of general human interest, and the manifest artificiality of their plots. Effective and amusing as many of the individual situations in them are, these are too clearly the result of a carefully calculated mechanism to provoke the suspense which is of the essence of true drama. This is particularly the case in "The Two Mr. Weatherbys," where the nicely preserved balance between contrasted characters and incidents is clearly arranged for a whimsical and predestined end. The same thing is true, though less conspicuously, in "The Return of the Prodigal." Here the workmanship is better and the plausibility greater, while the characterization of all the principal personages is uncommonly well maintained, but the ultimate conclusion—the virtual triumph of a clever wastrel who "blackmails" his duller but more prosperous relatives into supporting him by threatening to disgrace them—is plainly due to a preconceived scheme, worked out with indisputable comic force, but very little logic. Successful business men, even if father or brother, under the prescribed circumstances, would have checkmated the trickster by prompt defiance. No amount of clever writing could win for such a tale belief or sympathy. In "The Charity that Began at Home" again—a piece which is often suggestive of the methods of Oscar Wilde—the plot, with all its destined coincidences carefully dovetailed into their appointed places, is transparently mechanical. There is not an incident or a personage in it that might not be founded on fact, but as a whole the play would be more akin to farce than comedy, were it not for the excellence of its dialogue.

But "The Cassilis Engagement" is genuine comedy of a superior order—even if it be a trifle overdrawn in places—with an effective story, of a vital kind, developed along lines of a perfectly sound social philosophy. Fewer simple youths would be betrayed into disastrous marriages if all rich mothers were as wise as Mrs. Cassilis. Here is a play that really does reflect life in witty and credible fashion, illustrates a sound maxim, and solves a dramatic problem in a way that is as reasonable as it is entertaining. It is, taking it all in all, the best accomplishment of its author. "The Last of the De Mullins," clever as it is in many ways, and unconventional in its courageous but reasonable attitude in the special case of the heroine, who saved herself from social shipwreck, and declined thereafter to barter assured freedom for an unnecessary and doubtful rehabilitation, is not so well made, so fresh, or so convincing. It has none of the crucial directness of such a study as "Hindle Wakes." Actually, there is nothing especially new, startling, or controversial in the case of Janet de Mullin. Women in life, as well as in fiction, have fallen and recovered themselves, but it does not follow that they were wise because they were fortunate. No rule can be proved by an exceptional instance. Nor is there anything new or very valuable in the easy satire which Mr. Hankin levels against the follies of an almost extinct feudalism. The most valuable portraiture in his play is that of the slighted Hester, whose fate—though he does not appear to have realized the fact—furnishes a most significant illustration of the manner in which the innocent may be made to suffer for the guilty. Such trifles as "The Burglar who Failed" and "The Constant Lover" need no more than this passing reference, but these volumes are well worthy of a place in every modern dramatic library, not only as early examples of intellectual revolt against the crudities of the commercial Victorian drama, but for the sake of their genuine wit, humorous perception, and literary skill.

Mr. Winthrop Ames, director of the Little Theatre, New York, offers $10,000 for the best play by an American author, submitted before August 15, 1913. It is his intention to produce this play next season at the new playhouse now being built for him on West Forty-fifth Street, near Broadway. All manuscripts must be submitted anonymously. No limitations as to the type of play are imposed; but in making the award plays which promise to appeal to the general body of playgoers will be preferred to those which appeal to a limited class only.

William A. Brady announces a revival of "Rosedale," to be made in the Lyric Theatre on April 7, with a specially selected cast of players. The revival will be in-

teresting as an example of the sort of romantic melodrama which pleased an earlier and less sophisticated generation, although the piece has no special merit of its own, except from the standpoint of the leading actor. Wallack, of course, wrote it, as he did "The Veteran," with especial reference to his own style and personality. Nobody ever succeeded as he did in the part of Elliot Grey, although many actors essayed it, Lawrence Barrett among them. Even in advanced middle life, he cut a brilliant figure in it; in his prime he was almost an ideal hero of romance. He had the air and authority that could add plausibility and even a touch of the heroic to a situation in itself false and ridiculous. His successor is to be Charles Cherry, and it is doubtful whether a better selection could have been made. He is not the Lester Wallack of fifty years ago, but the number of playgoers who can subject him to the test of that comparison is limited. What an array of first-class acting talent there was in those early casts of "Rosedale"! Charles Fisher, John Sefton, Fanny Morant, George Holland, John Gilbert, Mrs. John Sefton, Mrs. John Hoey, Mary Gannon, all had a share in the first production. They were members of the regular stock company. Nowadays it is questionable whether a list of equally competent players could be selected from all the acting companies between Sandy Hook and the Golden Gate. This is a striking illustration of what the syndicate system has done for the stage.

The annual Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon, once more under the direction of F. R. Benson, will extend this year over three weeks. It is to be opened on the afternoon of Monday, April 21, by Arthur Bourchier, who will deliver a lecture on the subject of "Drama and Shakespeare." In the evening Mr. Benson and his company appear in a revival of "Richard II." During the course of the festival Violet Vanbrugh will be seen as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," and Nancy Price as Chorus in "Henry V." Mrs. C. C. Stopes will lecture on "The Burbages." Miss Jean Sterling Mackinlay will give a recital of old songs and ballads, and Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse a concert of English music.

Ibsen's "The Pretenders" has failed to attract the general public to the London Haymarket Theatre. It ran for a month only. The piece is to be taken off and replaced by "The Typhoon," of Melchior Lengyel, which has already had a run in New York. The principal characters will be played by Laurence Irving, Mabel Hackney, Leon Quartermaine, and Arthur Whitby.

This week is the time chosen by Gerald du Maurier and Frank Curzon for the revival of "Diplomacy" at Wyndham's, in London. The piece is announced simply as "a new version of a play by Victorien Sardou." It has been very considerably revised, but the leading features of the story have been strictly preserved. In the old days, for instance, it was the fortifications of Constantinople which attracted the attention of the Countess Zicka; to-day these have been replaced by certain important works connected with the safety of Gibraltar. The part of Lady Henry Fairfax has been materially enlarged. In the revival that character will be taken by Lady Tree. Gerald du Maurier will be Henry Beauclerc; Owen Nares, Julian; Donald Calthorp, Aigle Fairfax; Arthur Wontner, Count Orloff; Norman Forbes, Baron Stein; Eilis Jeffreys, Countess Zicka, and Gladys Cooper, Dora.

Music

"BORIS GODOUNOFF."

Among the operatic novelties promised last year by the management of the Metropolitan, but not produced, was "Boris Godounoff." The promise was redeemed last week, when Moussorgsky's famous opera had its first performance in America. In St. Petersburg it was heard as long ago as 1874. The fact that Moscow did not hear it till 1889 indicates that it was not a real success at first. Outside of Russia it was virtually ignored until six years ago, when a Russian company produced it in Paris in the original tongue and with all the accessories Russian. It was in the midst of the Russian craze in France, a craze partly political, partly artistic, fanned by the graceful dancers from St. Petersburg and fostered by the followers of Debussy, who recognized a kindred element in the harmonic audacities and the bravado of Moussorgsky. Yet even with these advantages it is doubtful if "Boris Godounoff" would have succeeded in Paris had it not been for the powerful impersonation of the imperial assassin by Chaliapine. The managers of the Grand Opéra took that view of the situation. After buying the scenery of the Russian company, it reconsidered the matter, concluding that the opera would not attract the public without its chief interpreter. The scenery was then purchased for the Metropolitan Opera House by Giulio Gatti-Casazza, in the hope and belief that New York would accept the opera, even without the advantage of having a Chaliapine to act and sing the part of Boris, and in an Italian version, with a mediocre cast—a touching instance of managerial optimism.

The hero of the opera—a Russian Macbeth—is an historic character. Boris, after the death of Ivan the Terrible, usurped the throne by assassinating the boy Dimitri, who stood in the way of his ambitions. Tormented by his conscience, he seeks refuge in a monastery, but is persuaded by the clamor of the populace to resume the sceptre. A young monk named Gregory, discovering that he is of the same age as the murdered Dimitri, conceives the bold plan of posing as that heir to the throne, rescued from the hand of the would-be assassin. He gathers an army in Poland and invades Russia. The Duma meets to consider the most suitable punishment to be inflicted on him when captured. Boris, crazed by his sense of guilt, and tormented by the fear that the false Dimitri may be the real Czarevitch, finally falls dead at the foot of the throne, after admonishing the court to accept his son as heir to the kingdom.

Though this is the plot of the opera (which is based on Pushkin's play), the audience would hardly be able to guess it from the scenes enacted on the stage, most of which are episodes or incidents but loosely connected with the story. Moussorgsky was well aware of this; in fact, he wished it so. Being a musical Nihilist, he was averse to all operatic conventions—and was not a coherent plot one of the conventions to be avoided? Another operatic convention he could not approve of was having interesting vocal parts for a tenor and a soprano, such as theretofore had been regarded as necessary, even by Wagner. Boris is a bass, and for the most part he scorns real melody, contenting himself with more or less melodious declamation. The apology for a prima donna is a contralto, a Polish maiden to whom Dimitri makes love. In the opera as originally produced there was no love episode. The composer was persuaded to add it, but his heart was not in it, and he had his revenge on those who asked him to be conventional by making the love music remarkably uninteresting.

After his death his opera gained a fresh vogue, but not until it had been revised and polished by his friend, the eminent composer Rimsky-Korsakoff. As all copies of the original score seem to have been destroyed or hidden, it is impossible to say just what the editor did with his file and shears. That he had a number of grammatical errors to correct is certain, for Moussorgsky was not an educated musician. In the words of Tchaikovsky, he not only liked "what is coarse, unpolished, and ugly," but even seemed "proud of his want of skill." In a preface Rimsky-Korsakoff refers to the principal changes made by himself—the correction of faulty counterpoint and slight alterations in harmonic progressions. That he greatly improved the orchestral coloring is also certain. In this line the editor was a master, and Moussorgsky was not.

"Boris Godounoff" is neither an opera, in the old sense of the word, nor a music-drama with Wagnerian leading motives to fuse the different sections. It is simply a group of scenes from Russian life, and as such it possesses considerable interest. The choruses of the populace are realistically impressive, even if they lack individual musical merit. The Czar is seen in the intimacy of family life as well as in the agonies of remorse. There is a bibulous scene in a tavern which is truly convivial, and the moonlit forest scene, followed by a snowfall, is beautiful. Nevertheless, it is not likely that "Boris" will prove a

permanent addition to the Metropolitan repertory, not, at any rate, unless the cast is improved. The choruses were admirably sung, and under the direction of Mr. Toscanini the orchestra was at its best; but the lack of ingratiating melody will prevent the public from taking this opera to its heart. While it is not likely that its chances would have been improved if it had been sung in English, it nevertheless is incomprehensible why, since a Russian production was out of the question, "Boris" was not sung in English instead of Italian.

Arnold Schönberg's "music" may not be music, but it serves a useful function in giving the critics something new to talk and differ about. According to G. H. Clutsam,

his dreary meanderings with impossible combinations of notes, debilitated, palsied, and defenceless, have certainly gained him followers, resulting in the establishment of an artistic brotherhood (whose tenets for some reason or other—but entirely illogically—have become associated with the art theories of the post-impressionistic school of painting); but they possess no possibility of providing material for the composer or the audience of the future.

Yet, according to another contributor to the London *Musical Times*, "Schönberg is a most earnest artist, and the tendencies embodied in his work assert themselves in those of an important group of younger men like Alban Berg, Anton von Webern, Horwitz, Jaglowetz, Egon Wellesz."

Opinions on Richard Strauss still differ widely. After the recent performance in Berlin of his "Ariadne" (which has been considerably compressed since its première at Stuttgart), the critic of the *Tageblatt* predicted that thirty years hence no one would be able to believe that there ever existed any difference of opinion concerning this opera—"the first really new thing since Wagner and the most important phenomenon in music of the last three decades." Dr. Ethel Smyth, the English operatic composer and suffragette, on the other hand, says Strauss owes his success mainly to "booming." But, according to her, the "booming" has invariably been followed by reaction. In support of this statement she instances "Elektra," which, she declares, "has practically disappeared from the Continental stage, and is frankly loathed, though as long as Frau Mildenburg is there to play the part of Klytemnestra, it will be given now and again." Then, of "Rosenkavalier," Miss Smyth says that it was "at first a madness, especially in Vienna. Now it is given once in three or four months, to half-empty houses."

Paris is awaiting the production of "Julien," the sequel to Charpentier's "Louise." As soon as he has put the finishing touches to it, it is to be given at the Opéra Comique, with a cast including Mlle. Carré and M. Rousselière. The story of the opera is that of a poet's life; it is full at once of actual life and of the atmosphere of fairyland. Apostle of universal love, Julien goes out to preach his dream to the people of the street. Then, discouraged, he seeks quiet and forgetfulness in Nature, among the workers of the soil, who cannot understand him. More and more discouraged, unable to find forgetfulness anywhere but in drink, he sees his ideal dream shattered. His inspiration is Louise, illusion of Love, and then in turn the illusion of Beauty; of Work; of Nature's consoling power; of Religion's consolation, and of Revelry.

Adrienne Augarde, a clever operetta singer, died in Chicago last week after undergoing an operation for appendicitis. Early in her career she sang at the Gaiety Theatre, London, and she was the leading woman in George Edwardes's production of "Toreador" in 1903. She appeared in this country the following year in "The Duchess of Dantzic." She also had parts in "The Rose Maid," "The Dollar Princess," and "Peggie Machree."

We have to announce the death of two foreign singers. Ferencz Korbay, born at Budapest in 1846, distinguished himself as a tenor in London and New York. In the former city, after returning from this country in 1894, he was appointed professor of singing at the Royal Academy of Music. Napoleone Zardo, who was born at Crespano in 1858, appeared as principal baritone in several cities on the Continent and in America. The Guildhall School of Music, London, made him professor in 1906.

Art

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

The eighty-eighth annual exhibition of the National Academy of Fine Arts is distinguished by uncommonly agreeable hanging, made possible by reducing the number of pictures to three hundred, and by the abstention of a score or so of the stronger painters. Paradoxically, this absenteeism makes absolutely no difference in the general look of the show, nor at bottom in its quality. Either the stars are of lesser magnitude than their repute, or the minor satellites are more brilliant than we are wont to admit. For myself, I grasp both horns of the dilemma. Among a hundred or so of our painters who are regular Academy exhibitors, the question of rank is entirely negligible. Virtually none of them shows distinguished invention, all reveal competent workmanship, and most a patient and reverent attitude towards nature. Personality of a sort they must have, for one can identify their pictures without the aid of the catalogue; but it is a personality that usually expresses itself along obvious lines of geographical preference, is satisfied with small decorative inventions or minor novelties of observation, making no appeal except to a gentle sense of place, leaving the imagination wholly unperturbed. In the general sanity and competence of the work possibly a certain comfort should be taken. Yet people somehow do not crowd to this solace. I shared the galleries for a long hour the other morning with six other visitors, excluding as many League students. And, after all, sentiment for the old Academy aside, why should anybody come to see pictures which for the most part have been or will have been more attractively shown in the galleries of clubs and dealers? The annual exhibition as now conducted is well enough as a family affair, a partial outlet for Academicians and their protégés, but it is rapidly losing public significance, and if the much-discussed plan for adequate galleries is indeed to be effected, it were well this were done while some traditional vestige of public respect and good will persists. Unless the Academy is prepared to take a vigorous aggressive in the near future, its destiny can only be that of a respectably obscure parochialism.

The pictures which have for my eyes any distinguished quality of invention will not take long to enumerate. Far the most striking among them is Rosen's The Lineman. Two telegraph poles, one bearing the clutching figure of the lineman, are splayed to right and left on a tree-capped knoll. Above is a great whirling cloud, and below a suggestion of broad lowlands. Everything is flooded with pewtery light. The vastness of the effect, the fine selection and simplification of masses, make this a most inspiriting work. One must imagine that only some odd hazard of the rules prevented it from receiving a high award; or was the overdue honor of an associateship deemed a sufficient recognition for Mr. Rosen's distinguished talent? Yet one can hardly quarrel with the award of the Inness medal to Paul Dougherty for the canvas Rock Channels. A nearer conical crag pushes up before a distant cliff of identical form, and, between, the sea heaves tranquilly, finding a quiet way between the visible rocks and over invisible obstacles below. The color is restrained, but gains depth and indicates texture as one gazes. This elaborate interweaving of tones is a somewhat piquant enrichment of the simplicity of the design.

Snow scenes abound in the exhibit, and there are admirable ones by Redfield, not to mention somewhat sugared examples by Gardner Symons, the Saltus medallist of the year. Elmer Schofield's The Wintry Sun, a glimpse of the Harlem gorge and Highbridge under a spectral, sallow light, is surely the most imposing picture of this class. But it seems to me that Walter Nettleton, in his unpretending canvas, The Brook's Wintry Bed, has caught more of the hush and awe of a snowy landscape than any of his more adroit colleagues. And I find myself coming back to Van Boskerck's highly elaborated Gill Brook, Adirondacks, and wondering if, in spite of its entirely old-fashioned look, it isn't one of the best landscapes of the show. At least, it is very faithful and specific portraiture of a distinctive kind of scenery. The opposite pole

from this sort of thing is the opalescent embroideries of Daniel Garber. Here decoration is the aim, and very delightful decoration is achieved in such a canvas as September Fields. A similar quality with more vitality and a tinge of romance is in Johansen's Approaching Storm. Riders stagger against a blast which twists a sapling and flies heavenward in a towering, ominous cloud—a capital illustration for the frontispiece of a cape and sword drama. Landscapes by Ochtman, Walter Palmer, Bruce Crane, Charles Ebert, Cimiotti, Perrine, and Potthast are variously interesting. Parshall's highly synthesized perspective of a cañon seems to me to miss the scale, but is a most intelligent experiment, which may lead on to later successes. Frieseke's sultry vision of a verdurous river bank with a skiff and a bather putting off her clothes, should perhaps not be counted as landscape. Yet the sense of hour and season is predominant, and with it a languorous fascination. Something of this dreaminess gets into George Bellows's fantasia called In Virginia. Willowy girls thinly dressed for summer stroll under old trees before a colonial portico. They wander aimlessly as if missing the cavaliers who of old would have been making due professions while kissing fair hands. Whether or not this be the mood Virginian, it is not for me to say. At least, the scene recalls certain delightful Southern pages of Owen Wister. For Mr. Bellows's brusque and sometimes strident talent the mood is exceptional —one more proof, if that were necessary, of his quite extraordinary versatility.

We meet Bellows again as winner of the first Hallgarten prize, with his full-length portrait of a little girl. It is firmly constructed in grays and full of a certain defiant wistfulness. Margaret Richardson's sturdy portrait of a hale and vigorous old gentleman, Mr. Asa H. Paige, receives the first award of the Isaac A. Maynard prize for portraiture. The third Hallgarten prize goes to M. Jean McLane for a frankly brushed group called Brother and Sister. To Helen M. Turner is given the Julia A. Shaw prize for the most meritorious work by a woman. Her figure set before a Venetian blind that admits a green glare, most Tarbell-like, has the merit of solidity and decorative effect. The list of prize-winning pictures is complete with Robert Spencer's The Silk Mill, second Hallgarten. To close the paragraph, as it began, with portraits, Henry Salem Hubbell's full-length of a lady in black turning at a door is most gracefully conceived in the early English vein. W. E. B. Starkweather's Mlle. Tomescu has vitality and suggestion of a potent character; a similar grimness inspires Leo Mielziner's portrait of a red-robed Hebrew theologian; Cecilia Beaux's portrait of a lady in a lilac and gold peignoir is rasping in color and unsteady in placing; Thomas Eakins's portrait of Dr. Hayes Agnew in operating blouse is salient, and hints of a character in which strength and whimsicality seem to blend attractively.

In the field in which portraiture shades off into decoration and character study we have Wilton Lockwood's The Firefly, an adroitly arranged vision of a girl in a Liberty scarf; Edward Peixotto's The Reader, lovely in color; Josephine Paddock's garish and humorous sketch of Miss Trelawney in Russian finery; Dimitri Romanoffski's stern and impressive picture of a woman sewing, and Sergeant Kendall's Intermezzo, a little girl plucking at a violin which lies across her lap. Charles W. Hawthorne's Fille du Pêcheur has a disconcerting consciousness of her public. Heaven help this gifted painter if he begins deliberately to put into his pictures that human interest for the spontaneous occurrence of which he has been justly praised. Even Blumenschein, in The Driver, gives to his truckman a romantic lilt. He looks like the tenor of a transportation opera. Of the competent official portraiture of Wiles, Swedley, Chase, Ipsen, Fromkes, Haggin, and others, what can one say but admirable, most admirable!—and yet not much.

Figure compositions are few. Gifford Beal's vivacious pictorial version of the familiar lyric,

> The elephant now goes round,
> The band begins to play,

has something of the cadence of its literary original, and in an off-year perhaps deserved the Thomas B. Clarke prize. In the slender and maidenly figure of Spring, F. S. Church taps once more his thin but authentic vein of fancy. It is more memorable than more imposing works. I dutifully record the memorial appearance of a large canvas of newsboys by the late J. G. Brown. Recollection of childish joys in this work withholds the full expression of wonder that anybody who had explored an interesting corner of human nature so thoroughly could wish to tell of it with so tedious an explicitness. Among remaining figure compositions there is only to note W. W. Gilchrist's clever and prettily painted confection of a nude model amid stuffs before a gold screen, and a very handsome little kitchen interior by Benjamin D. Kopman.

This beautifully felt little work, with Lockwood's delicious bowl of peonies and Rosen's spacious landscape, afforded me the only sharp and pleasurable sensations that I could not have had on easier terms elsewhere, among the winter exhibitions. But, of course, I am fully aware that, if this show has become quite negligible except in so far as it conserves—let us hope until better days—a dwindling tradition, my notice may well seem an even more egregious superfluity.

F. J. M., JR.

Francis P. Harper, of Princeton, N. J., will issue, April 7, "Colored Plate Books and Their Values," a reference work for collectors, librarians, and booksellers.

The summer session of the School of American Archæology will be held in Santa Fé and at the near-by ancient ruins, August 1 to 30, inclusive.

Henry Stull, the well-known painter of animals, particularly thoroughbred horses, died last week at his home in New Rochelle, N. Y. He was born in Canada about sixty-two years ago, and came to the United States when a boy to join the staff of *Leslie's Weekly*. The late Dudley A. Buck, then owner of the *Spirit of the Times*, engaged him to make pictures of famous horses for that publication, and his pictures of the horse, whether standing or in action, were really portraits. He took up painting in oil, and soon fully established his reputation. Scarce a racehorse of prominence in the last score or more of years but has been painted in oil by Stull, and he was nearly as popular in England and France as here.

Henry W. Desmond, editor of the *Record and Guide*, died last week at his home in Cranford, N. J. He was born in Kingstown, Ireland, fifty years ago. He was one of the founders of the *Architectural Record*, of which until recently he was editor. Another publication started by Mr. Desmond was *Sweet's Index of Building Construction*. He was the author of several books, the last being "Stately Homes of America," of which he and Herbert Croly were joint authors.

Louis Amateis, the sculptor whose death occurred last week in Washington, was born in Turin, Italy, in 1855. After studying at the Institute of Technology in the town of his birth, he came in 1883 to this country. In 1892 he was made head of the department of fine arts in George Washington University, then known as Columbian University, Washington, which post he held until 1899. Amateis executed busts from life of several prominent men, among them President Arthur, James G. Blaine, Gen. Hancock, Gen. Logan, Secretary Bayard, etc. He designed the monument to the heroes of the war of 1836, in Galveston, Tex., and a pair of historical bronze doors at the west main entrance of the Capitol in Washington, besides statues and mausoleums.

Finance

IN THE NEXT NINE MONTHS.

With the stock market in its unstable condition of last week, and, more particularly, with the severe declines converging on shares of certain companies which trade in general merchandise, it was not surprising that the community which watches the Stock Exchange should have been asking again whether all this means trade reaction. Wall Street itself has had a ready enough explanation of the recent violent break in

such stocks as "Woolworth," "Goodrich," "Kresge," "Rumely," "Sears-Roebuck," and "May Department Stores." It is, that these are newly introduced securities, representing companies whose exact intrinsic value and earning power are unknown to the general public: which are thus apt to rise more extravagantly in an enthusiastic mood of the Stock Exchange, and decline more extravagantly in an hour of pessimism, than shares of seasoned properties.

But this is reasoning which does not impress the ordinary observer. He grasps only the fact of the fall in prices for shares of such companies, and infers that holders of them must foresee extremely bad business conditions during the rest of 1913. Coupled with the prevalent atmosphere of gloom which has lately surrounded the Stock Exchange community, it seems to such watchers a convincing argument. Among people of the more despondent sort, it leads to predictions of bad times. Occasionally, one encounters, in his club or office, the melancholy remark that this is not only the thirteenth year of the century (an omen in itself), but is the twentieth year since the panic of 1893, which in turn was the twentieth since 1873. If the "twenty-year crisis" is an economic rule, why, then, not look for something of the sort this year?

This not unfamiliar logic of the day puzzles some people who listen to it, causes others to smile, and makes the hair of others stand on end. To old hands in the market, it suggests the familiar principle that the great panics which every one predicts are the panics that never come; it is also a reminder of the Congressional orators of 1908, who told their colleagues that, unless such and such bills were passed, "we shall have another panic next autumn," and who then forgot all about their own prediction. Still it may not be without interest to inquire what answer, on either specific or general principles, should be made to the argument.

Obviously, the first answer to be made is that we had one of our great financial panics in 1907, and that such an event is not followed, five or six years afterward, by another like it. The reason for this is that a real panic stops the movement of financial and industrial inflation, forces prolonged reaction, brings securities and commodities into reasonable touch with actual values, and puts the markets, after more or less resistance, into a fundamentally sound condition. Application of this rule to the present situation rests on two assumptions—one, that the breakdown of 1907 was a real financial panic; the other, that nation-wide liquidation has occurred between then and now. But no intelligent economist or financier questions either assumption.

People who say, as a good many said four or five years ago, that October, 1907, was merely a "Wall Street flurry," are hardly capable of judging economic questions. There is no recognized test of a real economic crisis, which does not now fit that episode. As to why that crisis came in 1907, instead of patiently waiting for 1913, that is no special mystery. The panic came fourteen years after 1893, instead of twenty, for the same reason which caused the panic of 1873 to come sixteen years after 1857, instead of twenty—namely, that in both intervals promotion and speculation had been wilder in the world at large than in the orthodox twenty-year cycles, and that, in both, two or three prodigiously expensive wars had swallowed up capital, which did not happen in the two decades after 1837 or 1873.

As for the question of "after-panic liquidation" in the present case, it is true that this process, applied to industry at large, was delayed a year or two after 1907, with a false aspect of revival in the meantime. But exactly the same was true of the sequel to 1873—a fact of which most people are unaware. That nation-wide industrial liquidation, however, and nation-wide readjustment of business and credit did occur in 1910 and 1911 (as they also did in 1876 and 1877), and with the same result of bringing the whole position back to a normal basis, no one in the least familiar with our recent business history would think of denying.

Sometimes one meets a street-corner oracle who rejoins triumphantly that, whatever may be said of general trade in these regards, real estate shows the pinch of unfavorable times. It unquestionably does—and it thereby conforms to one of the most interesting traditions of the Cycle of Prosperity. All previous experience with such economic waves of prosperity and adversity has shown that the market for real estate is the last to fall in panic times, and the last to recover in the return of prosperity. In the great "boom" with which this century began, the stock market had started its upward rush as early as 1899. Business at large followed suit in 1901 and 1902, but real estate, as most people will remember, did not join in the movement until 1904. The downward movement, after the turn was marked in 1907, observed precisely the same sequence, and so it did after all our other greater panics.

Students of economic history are also aware, however, that the fact of an economic movement in a given country being at a certain hour on the up-grade or the down-grade, as the case may be, does by no means render the markets of that country immune from temporary outside influences of the day, such as developments in other countries or in domestic politics.

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Bourne, R. S. Youth and Life. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.

Brooks, J. G. American Syndicalism. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

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Gregory, Lady. New Comedies. Putnam.

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Housing Problems in America. Proceedings of the Second National Conference. Philadelphia.

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Jordan, D. S. What Shall We Say? Boston: World Peace Foundation.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1913.

The Week

While instant help was the uppermost demand when the news of the terrible disasters in Ohio and Indiana first came, it is of the highest importance that the thought of the country should be directed at this time to the great need of considering the whole problem of river floods, as a standing peril to millions of our people, and a steadily recurrent cause of colossal destruction of property. It is only when stirred to the depths by a great tragedy like this that the people at large realize the duty of averting calamities which come rarely and unexpectedly. It was thus that the Triangle Waist fire led to legislation for the improvement of the fire-safety laws in New York. But in this matter of the floods, there exists a prior difficulty which is in itself formidable. The problem here is not only to institute improvements, but in the first place to ascertain what are the means to which we may resort with a hope of ending the evil, or of bringing it within as narrow bounds as possible. No time should be lost in setting on foot, and pushing with the utmost vigor, an investigation of the whole problem by the highest scientific and engineering ability that the country can command. A liberal appropriation for this purpose should be the first act of Congress at its approaching extra session.

It was long ago discovered by one who had had ample experience in the patronage business that every time he selected an appointee to office he made ten enemies and one ingrate. The figures given out last week at Washington show that the statistical basis for this political theorem still exists, for there are 131,530 applicants for the 10,384 offices that are to be given out. But while the *ratio* continues to hold good, it is a great comfort to reflect that the absolute numbers are immensely different from what they would have been under the good old ways of a former generation. The total number of positions under the Federal Government is now not far from 400,000. How large a proportion of these would be regarded as falling under the fine old Jacksonian principle of rotation if it had not been for the growth of civil service reform, we cannot venture to say; but it would certainly furnish an appalling aggregate, even without multiplying by ten the number of "ingrates."

In choosing Walter H. Page as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, President Wilson has selected a gentleman of unusual charm and unquestioned ability. This pleasingly upholds the tradition that a man of letters should represent the United States in Great Britain. That Mr. Page is not known to the English public outside of the publishing world is unquestionably true. But it will not take him long, in our judgment, to win a place for himself in their estimation. A ready and graceful speaker, he has many of the best qualities of the diplomat. More than that, he has a most unusual knowledge and understanding of American life. A Southerner of broad views, he has long lived in New York and New England, besides studying with great care Western problems. In the revival of education in the South he has played a noteworthy part, as a member of both the Southern and the General Education Boards. Finally, that Mr. Page is not reputed to have wealth is a proof that the country is not shut up to being represented abroad by millionaires alone.

A method of checking Federal extravagance, particularly in the matter of public buildings and river and harbor improvements, is suggested in an article in *Harper's Weekly* by Anson Phelps Stokes, jr., of Yale University. It is, in a word, to condition national appropriations upon local contributions. By this plan, no new building for a post office or Federal court house, costing $100,000, would be authorized unless 10 per cent. of the sum were forthcoming from the city or town where it was to be erected. So with dredging rivers; the State or region benefited would be called upon to meet a percentage of the expense. Mr. Stokes points out that this would be only an enlargement of a policy already followed, in a hesitating way, by the general Government. It would also be in accord with the practice of road-making in many States, which require counties or townships to cover a part of the cost. Nor can there be any doubt that, if the system were to be made the rule in Congressional appropriations of the kind, the "pork barrel" would shrink in size.

Col. Roosevelt told his Progressive followers at Albany last Friday night that the existence of their party is necessary in order to compel the rich to divide with the poor. This is not the language he used, but it is the effect of what he said. He cited the case of two wealthy men in Chicago whose wills disposed of property amounting to more than $20,000,000, yet who in their lifetime had employed girls in their shops at very low wages. "Conditions like that," he observed, "will be changed under our leadership." But at that game the Socialists can beat him hollow. It is easy to imagine a Socialist orator dilating on the shocking instance of a millionaire resident of Oyster Bay, who inherited all his money, yet who paid his cook and butler and gardener only the current wages. "Conditions like that," the Socialist agitator might conclude, "will be changed under our leadership." And could Col. Roosevelt say him nay, except by denying the validity of general principles, and exposing himself to the rebuke of Socrates for refusing to "follow the argument"?

Secretary Daniels has started well with a vigorous effort to break up the clique of naval officers which regards the Navy Department as its own, and by insisting that sea service is to count towards promotion. This will drive many influential navy officers to sea. There is something about the atmosphere of both the War and Navy Departments that makes for cliques, rings, and abuses of varying kinds. In the War Department there are officers who have been intrenched for years and years, and they perpetuate their dynasty by getting Presidents to appoint their friends to high positions. Hence their nickname of "Manchus." Last year Congress struck a deadly blow at "Manchuism"

by compelling officers after four years of detached service to return for at least two years to regimental duty. This made a tremendous upset in the army, and was vigorously opposed by Gen. Wood and other insiders. Army opinion outside of Washington favors the extension of the order to take in the majors, lieutenant-colonels, and colonels now excluded from its excellent provisions. Under Mr. Taft the Manchus had it all their own way. It hardly seemed possible for him to appoint or promote a general outside of the War Department. For an officer to leave Washington was truly to be out of mind as well as out of sight. All of which affords a wonderful opportunity for Secretary Garrison.

They are retired but not retiring, those half-pay naval officers who have been touring the Southern Chautauquas and lyceums preaching the message of a big navy and big naval appropriations. In the opinion of Senator Johnston, of the Senate Military Committee, himself a Southerner, this educational campaign has taken on something of the dimensions of a movement to prevent the election of Congressmen and Senators opposed to the big-navy idea. We sincerely hope that Senator Johnston will have the backing of President Wilson in his attempt to put a stop to such practices. The navy is by no means the only sinner in this respect. There are too many high officers in the army who devote to the business of publicity time that should be given to their strictly professional duties.

The breaking of the six weeks' Senatorial deadlock in Illinois by the election of Lewis, Democrat, and Sherman, Republican, for the long and the short term, respectively, was a victory for Gov. Dunne. In the beginning, he, with the National Committee, was inclined to demand both of the Senatorships, but a single week of balloting convinced him that such an outcome was impossible. Thereafter he bent his energies to the achievement of the agreement which was carried out. The Sherman supporters gave him little encouragement at first, as they were planning a pact with the Progressives which would have left the Democrats without either prize. Reluctance on the part of a considerable number of the Progressives to join hands with a body of men some of whom wore the Lorimer stripes proved fatal to any such arrangement. Indeed, Gov. Dunne won four of the Progressives over to Lewis. Not until last week, nevertheless, did the Republicans give up hope of the long term. Enough members of the Legislature signed the bi-partisan agreement, however, to make the result certain—the most logical issue that could have been brought about.

An interesting development in the direction of centring legislative responsibility has been taken by the Illinois House of Representatives. By unanimous vote, a rule was adopted which prescribes that the Governor may designate any bill as an "Administration measure," and that it shall have the right of way immediately after appropriation bills. The House is to sit in committee of the whole every Tuesday morning to consider Administration measures. Such a rule is particularly desirable in Illinois, where juggling with bills in committee and "gavel rule" have been among the worst features of the bi-partisan alliance that is even now struggling to regain a foothold. The larger significance of the new rule is its recognition, to some extent at least, of the greater part which the Governor has come to play in legislation. In this State, Gov. Hughes openly sought popular support for certain bills, and in New Jersey Gov. Wilson went even further. To this exercise of authority, Illinois has now given official sanction.

Gov. Mann did a service to the cause of law and order throughout the country by his prompt return to Virginia on being apprised of the possibility that his absence might be made use of to procure a commutation of sentence for the two Allens, sentenced to death for the Carroll court-house murders. That sentence has now been put into execution, after a stay given under orders of the Attorney-General of the State pending determination of the question whether the Lieutenant-Governor had a right, in the absence of the Governor, to act upon a petition for commutation. If a case ever existed in which the idea of leniency should be repugnant to the instincts of the sound-minded citizen, it is that of the deliberate murder of a judge in open court, by friends or relatives of a criminal upon whom he had just passed sentence, and who were in court for that very purpose. A community which can tolerate that, or which can regard it as presenting any element calling for the exercise of clemency, is deficient in one of the first requirements of civilized society.

The more official salaries are studied, the clearer does it become that they are not provided to live on, but merely as a mark of appreciation by a grateful but impecunious people. One would hardly suppose, for instance, that the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts was under the necessity of living sumptuously. Yet, according to his own statement, his $2,000 a year scarcely covers what he has to spend for taxicab and car fares. What would our Congressmen have done all these years without mileage? When they reluctantly prohibited themselves from using railway passes, only the courage of necessity enabled them to drive away the wolf by raising their own salaries.

There can be no difference of opinion with reference to that part of the seventh annual report of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching which is entitled "Education and Politics." The political difficulties of most State institutions of learning, it is explained, have come, not from any effort to serve a political party, but from a desire to further personal interests. The troubles of the University of Oklahoma on this account have extended over a period of some years, and are not yet ended. It was found necessary to dismiss the entire board of trustees, and more recently the Governor has abruptly got rid of three of the members of the new board whom he believed to have used their offices partly for their own political advantage, partly in order to place personal friends in faculty positions which had been made vacant for them by dismissals of competent professors, and partly for private gain by entering into a dishonest school-book contract. The Oklahoma Senate, however, refused in special session to confirm the new appointments of the Executive, and this forced the latter to name a temporary board to act in important matters until the Legislature

convened. In this particular case, the struggle will be worth all it costs the State if in the end it impresses the people with the necessity of divorcing education from politics.

One of the best-loved men in New York was honored last week when alumni of Columbia presented John Howard Van Amringe with a likeness of himself in undying bronze, and sang songs in his praise. It is some years since Professor Van Amringe resigned from the post of Dean of the College, and four years ago the University celebrated his semi-centennial as a member of Columbia's teaching staff. But "Van Am" to-day is still the most vivid of traditions in the university on the hill, and his physical presence crowns the festivities of the sportive graduates in reunion. The generations remember him as the man who, in his capacity as inquisitor of unexplained absences from class, tempered mercy with justice. Only by way of rhetorical exaggeration does the alumnus sing:

Oh, I shook in my boots at the things he said
When he asked me to call in the morning.

The skill which "Van Am" as professor of mathematics displayed in searching out the secret of complicated curves was not brought into full play in following the devious course of an undergraduate argument on those occasions when it was

First a cut, then a bar, then an interview
With the Dean in his den in the morning.

That was a charming story about Colombia and Uncle Sam which appeared in some of the morning papers on Saturday. Whether it is true, or even *ben trovato*, we shall not undertake to discuss. But it is safe to say that if it is true it is one of the queerest stories that ever came out of the world of diplomacy. Colombia wants reparation for an injury she asserts was done to her by us in substantially compelling her to part with a valuable portion of her territory, including the Panama Canal Zone. If the story is true, we virtually admit that Colombia is entitled to reparation, but instead of undertaking to make reparation in a straightforward way, we make a series of propositions which have in common only one thing —that they offer no direct compensation in the shape of money or other tangible thing handed over to Colombia by the United States as compensation for an acknowledged injury. One of the proposals does, indeed, carry an offer of money; but the money is offered, not in the form of reparation for the past, but in that of purchase money for a new privilege to be given by Colombia to the United States. And it is to this proposal that the peculiar picturesqueness of the story of Minister Dubois's negotiation attaches.

The proposal is as follows:

Payment of $10,000,000 to Colombia for an option to build an interoceanic canal by the Atrato route and for the rights of establishing coaling stations on the islands of St. Andreas and Providencia.

Now, some people might think that this was simply an offer of $10,000,000 to Colombia. But that is all a mistake. The option is for seventy-five years, and our Mr. Dubois points out to those ignorant Colombians that, "if at the expiration of the option the canal should not have been built, Colombia would have enjoyed the $10,000,000 for seventy-five years, which sum, with the interest added at 5 per cent., would have reached the total of $47,500,000." It is doubtless only politeness that prevents Mr. Dubois from making the computation at compound interest instead of simple interest. Even simple interest cannot be got if you touch the principal; and if you don't touch the principal for seventy-five years, why not pursue the same policy with regard to the interest and let that, too, be productive during the period of the option? In that case the sum "would have reached a total" of about $400,000,000, instead of a mere $47,500,000. And just think what a sum would be in Colombia's grasp if for our $10,000,000 she would sell us an option for, say, 200 years instead of 75! That the economists have unanimously ignored this simple method of increasing the wealth of nations is one of the mysteries of human perversity.

Two arguments were frequently brought forward during the early years of the Asquith Ministry to prove that the speedy collapse of the Liberal Cabinet was inevitable. One of these dealt with the conglomerate nature of the Liberal majority in Parliament, made up as it is of Liberals proper, Laborites, and Irish Nationalists. How long will it be, people asked, before the factions begin to quarrel? They are still asking the question. Mr. Asquith has so far displayed admirable skill in driving his team of three abreast. The second supposed cause of dissolution lay within the Cabinet itself. Its three outstanding members, Asquith, Lloyd George, and Winston Churchill, all men of ambition and force, were bound to find their ambitions conflicting. What Mr. Asquith's feelings towards Mr. Lloyd George are we do not profess to know; but with regard to Mr. Churchill, the Prime Minister's letter to Sir Rufus Isaacs, read before the Marconi Committee, is instructive. "We are having broken weather," writes Asquith from Malta, "and but for Winston there would be nothing in the newspapers." If there is venom in this paternal reference to Winston it is effectively concealed. Actually the three leading men in the Asquith Cabinet are precluded from being rivals by their disparity in years. The Prime Minister is sixty-one. Lloyd George is fifty, Churchill is thirty-nine. The younger men are in a position to await their turn patiently.

Mr. Winston Churchill's suggestion that all the nations which are afflicted by the battleship mania should cease construction for a year, is good sense. Obviously, if these countries were to agree to expend not a single cent on new vessels for a year their relative position would not suffer in the least, and their respective treasuries would profit greatly. What possible excuse is there for not accepting the First Lord of the Admiralty's suggestion? It would be an entering wedge towards disarmament, of vast benefit because it would bring the nations into concert on this question of big-navy building. There is an opportunity for President Wilson, and one that would not conflict with Washington's warning against entangling foreign alliances; for this would be an agreement that could only be of benefit to the world as a whole. It would not require action, but non-action, and it would lift in some degree the heavy burdens of wage-earners in the hardest pressed and most heavily taxed countries. Mr. Churchill's suggestion, by the way, is but one of several proofs that Great Britain is tiring of her fearful naval load.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN.

The remarkable career in the field of American and international finance, which was closed by Mr. Morgan's death in Rome, will be variously regarded. There has been abundant evidence, these past few years, in the voluminous published reviews of his activities, that critics, appearing equally sincere, were drawing conclusions of a wholly conflicting character regarding the real significance of that personal history. What all agreed upon was the fact that a figure, more masterful than the financial world had perhaps ever seen before, had risen in the domain of American affairs, and had stamped its own individuality on the financial history of the period.

The question how far Mr. Morgan's personality caused or directed the tendencies of the period in large finance, and how far it was itself shaped by the economic tendencies of the day, is not so easy to determine. There are those who believe that the history of American finance in the two past decades could not have been what it was but for Mr. Morgan's presence in the field. There are those who believe that his career could not have been what it was but for the extraordinary financial conditions of the period. History will probably say that the truth lies somewhere between the two conclusions.

The personal domination which Mr. Morgan exercised over other men, in the field of large affairs, has had few parallels; the magnitude of the undertakings in which that masterful leadership played its part has had none. Mr. Morgan's prestige reached its climax when the financial world had begun to think in hundreds of millions; but the power of his personality had been recognized, in Europe as well as in America, long before that time. The economic wisdom of the methods by which the exhaustion of the United States Treasury's gold reserve was stopped in 1895, through the artificial control of the avenues of foreign exchange, has been much disputed; but as to the fact that the achievement would itself have been impossible without Mr. Morgan's determined overruling of the doubts and hesitations of the world's greatest bankers, that is not open to dispute. It is probable that the breathing-space permitted by that unusual operation saved the Government from lapse to the silver standard.

Those who lived through the bewildering days which followed 1893 will probably agree that the mass of wrecked corporations which then blocked the path of American finance would have had a history different from their actual rapid reconstruction but for the dominance of Mr. Morgan in the plans for setting them on their feet again, and the financial community's confidence in his resourcefulness. This powerful individuality came into play again at the crisis of the panic of 1907. The fate of the two great New York trust companies, whose depositors had already drawn out upwards of $50,000,000 in the run, was hanging in the balance; no expedient of relief remained except the guaranteeing of the rest of their depositors by the other trust companies, and the institution on whose concurrence everything depended refused to sign. Probably no one but Mr. Morgan could have broken that panic deadlock, and it was broken by the sheer force of his personal influence over other men.

That such a personality was bound to play a great part in the extraordinary outbreak of promotion, company amalgamation, and financial expansion which marked the beginning of this century, followed as a matter of course. What could not have been so certainly foreseen was the manner in which that great personal influence would be applied. History has produced great financiers who, in an era of public excitement and speculative excesses, devoted all their powers to the work of restraining and controlling the dangerous tendencies of the day. It will always remain a matter of deeply interesting discussion just how events financial would have moved in 1901 and 1902, had Mr. Morgan pursued a policy of that nature.

That he did not pursue such a policy, but elected rather to lead in the memorable campaign of exploitation; that he apparently saw no limit to the possibilities of the new machinery for hundred-million and thousand-million amalgamations—these well-known facts will be the crux of later historical controversy over the great career now ended. It is perhaps still too early to pass judgment finally on that episode. Some questions involved in it, such as the period's utter misconception of the capacity of credit and capital to endure the prodigious strain imposed, have been settled by subsequent events. Others, such as the economic necessity or value of the enormous industrial combinations, are still matters of active controversy, to which only future economic history can give a conclusive answer.

Public discussions of a still more recent day have brought Mr. Morgan's career into the foreground of popular interest and controversy in connection with the so-called "Money Trust" investigation, of which he was avowedly the focus. Every one at all familiar with the past decade in American finance is aware that, at various stages of this controversy, particular episodes in Mr. Morgan's career were treated with gross unfairness, ignorance, and misrepresentation; but that, after all such crudities were allowed for, the animus of the controversy really lay in the public's not at all incorrect impression of the immense individual power possessed by this masterful dictator over American finance.

But who is to say whether even that power was not in the main a result of the personality of the man, which exercised so great a sway over men and institutions of the financial world, long before any Congressional orator had detected a "Money Trust"—at times, indeed, when a favorite complaint, in the banking community of the day, was the absence of "concentration"? Not the least important question of the hour is how the more recent movement in that direction, and the public attitude caused by it, will be affected by the ending of this great career.

MR. MORGAN AS ART PATRON.

An art patron in the sense of his banker predecessors, the Medici, Mr. Morgan never was; yet few wealthy men of any time have been more persistently concerned with accumulating precious objects. The difference lay in his attitude towards the art of his own day. To name the Medici and their business and political associates is to revive the memory of the greatest artists of their age. Mr. Morgan's name will evoke no such memories of our workers in the future. He outlived two artistic revolutions, marked by the success of the Barbizon school and that of the Impressionists, but his taste

was deeply touched by neither. He employed, to be sure, the best architect in America to build his beautiful private library, but it never occurred to him to summon a mural painter of highest distinction to complete the work. The only portrait painter whom he consistently and enthusiastically employed is an artist of inferior talent. We call attention to these limitations of a great art lover, not to depreciate his taste, but because these facts mean something about both the man and the art of our own times.

It must be admitted immediately that modern art, subdivided into specialties, maintained largely by esoteric cults, an art so little central and public, could not have appealed to so potent, public, and essentially simple a character as was Mr. Morgan's. Such an art must have represented to his consciousness either an evasion of the main business of life, or a disintegration parallel with that which he dreaded in society at large. In short, the Medici art patrons transported to our age would probably have liked our art no better than Mr. Morgan did, while he, in their times, might well have been the friend and employer of a generation of craftsmen. It is the defect of our art, and the loss of our wealthy contemporaries, that its appeal to those who robustly do the world's work is so small. What is remarkable about Mr. Morgan is not the indifference to current art, which he shared with many of his kind, but the enthusiasm with which he turned to the great things of the past.

Nor was this an indiscriminate lust for possession, as might appear when one remembers that he bought, literally wholesale, entire collections of bronzes, porcelains, drawings, prints, decorative objects, and what not. One may trace in his career something more than the dauntless competitor. Always a reading man and a traveller, he began his art collecting precisely where he loved to acquire literary manuscripts—with the early English school of a century or more ago. The fine pictures of this school now on exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum, assume to-day the aspect of a pathetic memorial. As his collecting progressed he passed to the earlier periods, largely as subordinate to the building up of his library. The rarest illuminated manuscripts found a ready purchaser in him. He acquired extraordinary series of the prints of Dürer and Rembrandt. It was not until his private library was built that the extent and worth of these accumulations were realized.

Meanwhile he began the purchase of great collections; these passed into the obscurity of the storage warehouse, or were lent to European exhibitions. In the year 1900 Mr. Morgan bought for the Metropolitan Museum the Garland collection of Chinese porcelains. It had long graced the Museum as a loan. As a trustee Mr. Morgan could not bear to see the Museum suddenly bereft of one of its most beautiful and instructive exhibits. From then on the great purchases, such as that of the Hoentschel collection of decorative art, were made with the Museum in view. When in 1904 he became its president, his personal contributions made it possible at once to recruit an expert staff. This should be remembered both because the reform was sorely needed and because he characteristically showed more respect for expert advice in a corporate enterprise than he did in his personal collecting. This service, with the gift of the Garland and Hoentschel collections, will keep his memory fresh and grateful as long as the Metropolitan Museum stands.

In the later years his interests widened. He became active in excavating and buying the antiquities of Egypt, where he was a frequent visitor. He built a noble museum building at Hartford, Conn., in memory of his father. He became a chief agent in the extension of the work of the American Academy at Rome through the consolidation with the School of Classical Studies. His catalogues, which at first had been perfunctory affairs arranged by his dealers, began to be highly authoritative works. The library on Thirty-sixth Street was generously opened to accredited applicants, and became a resort of scholars. In short, Mr. Morgan was finding his way to real sources of knowledge by the academic route when death overtook him.

Mr. Morgan was a candid man, and it would be to affront his memory to claim for him a connoisseurship to which he never pretended when living. It was his weakness as a collector that he did not readily seek or win the confidence of critics and other amateurs, but depended too much on dealers. He was too impatient and too rich to give himself the luxury of buying shrewdly, and the great prices which he willingly paid did much to produce the present demoralization of the art market. In fact, the amateur must regard Mr. Morgan's artistic career with something of awe and misgiving, not unmixed with pity, feeling the disproportion between his unwearied activities as a collector and the personal solace which he got from his royally abundant possessions. Such refinements of sympathy and appreciation need not trouble the ordinary man. It is enough for him to know that all his long life Mr. Morgan earnestly coveted the best in art, that through his enterprise tens of thousands of beautiful objects have come from Europe to America, and that through his gifts we all have the possibility of an illimitable extension of our æsthetic life. In no other way will Mr. Morgan's insatiable will to possess redound more surely and enduringly to the common good.

SENATE, HOUSE, AND PRESIDENT.

With the election of one Democratic and one Republican Senator from Illinois, ending the long deadlock in that State, the membership of the Senate is now complete. The Illinois result, following upon the recent election of a Democrat from New Hampshire, gives the party a firmer hold on the control of the Senate than had been expected by the most sanguine shortly after the elections last November. Especially in view of the impending death of Senator Rayner—whose successor was to be named by a Republican Governor—it looked, for a time, as though the Democrats might command only an even half of the total membership, and thus be dependent for the passing of important measures upon the casting vote of the Vice-President, except in so far as they might get the help of Progressives outside the party. The actual situation is emphatically different from this. Out of the 96 Senators, 51 are Democrats, a clear party majority of 6. In the regular session, this majority may, after the first few weeks, be expected to be increased to 8, through the election by the Maryland Legislature of a Senator to serve for the remainder of Senator Ray-

ner's term. Thus the responsibility for accomplishing substantial and desirable results is squarely on the party. As an excuse for failure, it will be impossible to plead that the possession of the Presidency and of an overwhelming majority in the House was rendered nugatory by a hairbreadth hold on the Senate.

In the matter of the tariff, the gain of this additional margin is peculiarly important. It counts for much in moral effect as well as in the direct arithmetical accession of strength. With an extremely narrow margin, the recalcitrancy of one or two men determined to insist on protective demands in the interest of their own constituencies or sections would be difficult to deal with. This difficulty will exist, even as matters stand; but a firm attitude on the part of the party leaders is all that will be required to overcome it. For any tariff bill that has obtained, after full deliberation, the authoritative approval of the President and of the leaders in Congress, it is now clear that, with ordinarily strong and sagacious party management, enough votes can be had to insure its passage in both houses. Those who are going to fight for concessions of a protective nature will have to reckon with this situation from the start, and pitch their note accordingly. There will be a hearing for dissentients, but there can be no coercion by them, unless the men at the helm are weak, or unfaithful, or incompetent. The only danger-point lies in the as yet unknown character of the party leadership in the Senate. And those entrusted with that leadership should be made to understand from the outset that upon their shoulders rests a responsibility of the gravest kind. The party is in no extraordinary situation, but in the normal position of a party in full control of all branches of the Federal Government, and it must give a good account of itself or suffer the penalty of failure.

In grappling with the currency and banking problem, Congress will be confronted with perplexities and difficulties of quite a different nature. With the tariff, it is a question of fulfilling a fairly definite promise, of carrying out a programme concerning whose general lines there is substantial agreement in the party at large—indeed, one may almost say, at the present moment, in the country at large. Not so with banking and currency. Everybody, to be sure, is agreed that something must be done; and, even more than in the case of the tariff, it is felt that reform is not merely needed, but is of critical importance. But the moment the question of method comes up, there emerge not only disagreements, but prejudices and inveterate prepossessions. To decide upon a scheme that will satisfy the requirements which those who understand the problem regard as indispensable to a real solution is but one part of the task before the President and the leaders in Congress; the other part is to make the scheme acceptable to Congress in the face of these long-standing obstacles. The Republicans, in their long tenure of power, have been unable to accomplish anything; but let it not be supposed that this will serve as an excuse for the Democrats. The time is ripe for a conclusion, after all these years of floundering; and President Wilson has had the courage to commit his Administration to the achievement.

The color of the political situation is affected by a development concerning the House, as well as by the completion of the roll of the Senate. The refusal of Representatives Lenroot of Wisconsin, Anderson of Minnesota, and Kent of California, to ally themselves with the new third-party organization in the House, accentuates a tendency plainly visible for some time. These gentlemen are among the most prominent and pronounced of the Progressive Republicans. They not only refuse to go with the Roosevelt Progressives, but explicitly recognize President Wilson as the natural leader in the promotion of the policies which they advocate. "Not until President Wilson shall have shown a willingness to abandon the road in which he is travelling," said Mr. Kent, "shall I consider it my duty to do other than to help him to the utmost of my strength and ability." Precisely what that road is, remains to be defined. The spirit in which he takes up his work was declared in his inaugural address. Nobody doubts his sincerity. When his programme comes to be more clearly defined, disagreements may develop which are now in abeyance. The pressing problems of immediate legislation are putting off that test. But it is safe to say that, for the present, although Mr. Wilson was elected by a plurality vote, the sentiment expressed by Mr. Kent is shared by a great majority of all the people of the United States.

MURDER AND THE LAW.

Exchange of congratulations over the fact that there were "only sixty-four lynchings in the whole country last year" must give a detached observer something of a shock. Yet it is such slow and painful progress away from this form of barbarism that we are driven to acclaim, and even the satisfaction thus extracted is tainted with signs of a tendency to resort to mob law for alleged offences of a trivial nature. Following Gov. Blease's outburst at the Governors' Conference, one negro was hanged for "refusing to give evidence"; another was shot for being "impertinent"; and another met a similar fate for the peculiarly African outrage of "not paying his debts." There have been also an unusually large number of colored men who have been lynched so speedily that their innocence was not established until it was too late for anything but another public crime in the shape of the lawless killing of the "right" man. Nevertheless, there are rifts in the cloud, and some of them are significant.

Booker T. Washington has expressed the belief that there is a growing respect for law and order in the South, and that this improvement is due mainly to the Southern newspapers. Mr. Washington has a pronounced habit of looking on the bright side, but in this matter his judgment is borne out by an examination of the Southern press. He is well within the truth when he says:

> A few years ago the daily press in the South was either silent on the question of lynching, or in a few cases approved it for certain crimes. To-day in the South there is practically no daily paper of any standing that does not openly condemn lynching and all forms of mob violence. They all speak against these crimes more forcibly than has ever been true before, and their utterances are making a better and saner public opinion on this subject.

Typical of such utterances is one from the Chattanooga *News*:

> A Mississippi mob last Friday lynched a negro suspected of murder. The guilty man confessed and was lynched Saturday. Another argument in favor of the recall of Judge Lynch.

And the Mobile *Register*, in commenting on the same case, called it "an atrocious murder." "It is wrong," it con-

tinued, "to lynch the law. It is the people's law. If the makers of the law do not respect it, how can they expect it to command respect?" When the leaders of public sentiment in a community begin to urge the rule of reason in this way, the institution they are attacking, however deeply grounded in prejudice and passion, is doomed.

Indeed, revolting as the situation with reference to lynching still is, one hesitates to say that it is not more encouraging than our condition regarding murder in general. However bad the record of any city or county may be in this respect, it is not difficult to find a worse one in some other part of the country. "Life is cheap in the United States," remarks the Macon *Telegraph*, "and worse than cheap in the States of the South." It is cheap enough in New York, but the Chicago *Record-Herald* publishes a table to show how much cheaper it is in Chicago. Cook County, with little more than half of the population of New York, had 221 homicides in 1911 against our 198 in 1912. And Atlanta, which numbers 155,000, had 55! For this shameful condition, afflicting the entire nation, certain specific causes are cited. A Maryland grand jury has just reported its conviction that "the demoralization and crime in the county" are in a very large measure due to "the illegal barterings of intoxicants and the gatherings caused thereby." What in the South is picturesquely termed "pistol toting" is held responsible in the North as well for a considerable proportion of the violations of the Sixth Commandment. The law's delays and miscarriages, too, are always coming in for a share of the blame.

But the cause of causes is our attitude towards law. A few weeks ago the Mobile *Register* gave the first column of its front page to a series of interviews with some thirty prominent citizens. What was the inspired word that these men agreed in speaking? Simply this: A law should be either enforced or repealed. The same thing might happen almost anywhere in the land. What is there to say about ourselves so long as we think it news to have our most respectable citizens affirm with emphasis a commonplace of the Old World? Yet we breathe a sigh of relief and admiration when a chief of police delivers himself of a defiance of law-breakers and announces his determination to put into effect whatever he finds on the statute books, regardless of his personal opinion of any particular law. Our admiration may quickly change to disgust at his tactlessness and stupidity when he proceeds to compel obedience to some measure which hits us, but that only makes the boldness of his announcement the more evident. However the psychologists and the ethnologists may explain it, we are prone to pass two new laws rather than enforce an old one. In other words, as a people, we have still something to learn respecting the difference between liberty and license. The discussion now going on in all parts of the country should contribute to this most desirable end.

AROUND ADRIANOPLE.

The law of competition holds for the news columns. If the floods in the Ohio Valley had not monopolized the attention of the country for several days, more space would have been found in the press for the fall of Adrianople amidst circumstances surpassing in dramatic intensity even the last days of Port Arthur. In the near future we shall undoubtedly learn more of the nature of the fighting which resulted in the taking of a mighty fortress as a single redoubt is taken, by the onrush of charging lines of infantry, victors following on the heels of the vanquished and settling the final account, as now appears, within the city itself. Notable for many reasons in the history of military operations, the siege of Adrianople will stand out because of what may be described as the tragedy of the war correspondent. For above five months a garrison of more than fifty thousand men was besieged by an army which at the end must have attained twice that number. Platoons of newspaper correspondents were hovering on the Bulgarian frontier not much more than twenty miles away. Yet we know little of what happened around Adrianople after the first two weeks of the war, and of what occurred within the city we know nothing. At the beginning there were almost daily rumors of plague, mutiny, and starvation in the beleaguered city. Gradually the rumors died of inanition, but the inhabitants of the city held out. Englishmen of Wellington's day actually knew more of what was going on in the trenches around Badajos than we of the wireless age knew of what was happening on the banks of the Maritza.

At the beginning of the war, the Bulgarian General Staff was itself badly informed as to the situation within Adrianople. We have the word of Lieut. Wagner for that. Fighting in the environs of the city began on October 19, and for ten days the Second Bulgarian army under Gen. Ivanoff resorted to assault tactics. Outlying Turkish positions were captured, but at such heavy cost that by October 29 it was decided to blockade the city and starve it out. Adrianople was believed to be insufficiently provided with food, and its surrender was supposed to be a matter of days. Two Bulgarian divisions had been assigned to the task of reducing Adrianople. Later they were reinforced by a third division from the central Bulgarian army and by two Servian divisions, one operating on the northwest front of the fortress, the other to the southeast. That was the situation at the beginning of November. As the Servians completed their own rapid operations in Macedonia, still more troops were diverted to Adrianople. The Servian siege guns admittedly played an important part in the reduction of the city. When the blockade was completed at the end of October, the Balkan allies were extended in an almost perfect circle some thirty-five miles in circumference. The twenty-five redoubts constituting the defences of Adrianople formed an inner circle twenty-five miles in circumference. Full mastery of this inner circle was won by the allies only during the last few days. After that the contest apparently resolved itself into something like open field fighting, until the final charge of the allies brought them inside the city.

Lieut. Wagner had the good fortune to be an eye-witness of the last desperate assault delivered by the Bulgarians before they shifted to a policy of blockade and bombardment. It was an attack on Karagash, on the southwest front of the fortress. We can very well infer what happened around Adrianople during last week's three days of battle from what the correspondent of the *Reichspost* saw and heard at Karagash last October:

> Denser and denser grow the Bulgarian firing lines. Again and again the men

spring up and dart forward with rushes which the Turkish forces seem too weak to withstand. The enemy's attack seems to have no success and their lines are now rolling back by the burning ruins of Maras. There, as some of the wounded tell me, the corpses were piled up two yards high on each other. The Nizams, the Turkish regulars, stood up even against case-shot. . . . The energy of the Bulgarian advance gradually relaxed; exhaustion made itself felt even among them. Far away one could still hear the booming of guns. Terrible scenes were described by those who were brought wounded from this last phase of the conflict. Men grappled and tried to strangle each other with their hands, and there were orgies of the most horrible bloodthirstiness.

Here, as at Lule Burgas, the Turks gave evidence that the old fighting spirit is not extinct among them. Given food and ammunition, both of which they lacked at Lule Burgas, they could render account of themselves man for man. The factor of strongly superior numbers must not be overlooked in accounting for the victories of the allies.

The fact that the Servian troops seem to have taken almost as active a part as the Bulgarians in the reduction of Adrianople, is not without importance for the continuance of amicable relations among the allies. There are observers on the spot who have predicted a recrudescence of the old Servo-Bulgarian rivalry as soon as peace is signed. On the part of the Bulgarians there would have been a tendency to minimize the rôle played by Servia in the course of the war. The task that was assigned to the Serbs in Macedonia was undoubtedly a lighter one than that which confronted the Bulgarians in Thrace, although at Kumanovo and Monastir the Servians utterly confounded the legend of their military incompetence. But if Kumanovo and Monastir were the beginning, Adrianople was the final proof. After fighting side by side for the conquest of the city, Bulgars and Serbs are less likely to indulge in mutual recriminations.

MAKING A MAN OF SHAKESPEARE.

Close on the heels of Mr. Frank Harris's expressed conviction that the Dark Lady of Shakespeare's sonnets was Mary Fitton, comes a book by Mr. Arthur Acheson, naming the lady as Mistress Davenant, sometime hostess of the Crown Inn at Oxford. Something more seems to be behind these efforts than a thirst for the truth. The authors, like the "Baconians," are resolved by hook or crook to confer a large benefit upon this day and generation. Bacon or the Dark Lady, one or the other of these is the clue by means of which our literary detectives hope to throw light on Shakespeare's obscure personality. Then shall the public have the longed-for chance to caress him, to "investigate" him, and to write his full biography. Messrs. Harris and Acheson say, in effect: "If you will understand the heart of Shakespeare, let us first show you the woman to whom he opened that heart." In their hands one woman can be made to tell much. Be she Mary Fitton or Mistress Davenant, there is scarcely one of the plays whose love-interest she cannot explain. It is she, in the person of Juliet, who proclaims that her love for Shakespeare surpasses all other love, yet who in "All's Well" admits that she is running after his false friend, etc. In the process of these confessions, the figure of Shakespeare is supposed to emerge, considerably more of a man.

It begins to look as though the present age were determined to add the identification of Shakespeare to its other achievements. While the world looks on expectant, Professor Wallace runs through legal documents, not without some finds; Dr. Owen, in the interest of thoroughness, digs for secrets in the slime of the Avon; and, if we may trust to hearsay, the London bookseller, Mr. Bertram Dobell, whose genius for picking literary prizes out of rubbish heaps is established, has now set his heart on recovering personal memoranda of Shakespeare. To what all this may lead who can say? In many minds there is probably the thought that the poet's works will never be properly estimated until he himself comes out into the light. Thanks to over-indulgence by publishers, the present age finds it difficult to appreciate an author without knowing where he spends his winters, what car he uses, etc. If the out-and-out modernist could be sure that nothing in Shakespeare's dramas was based on his actual experience or observation, it would be so easy to discredit them. But so long as the author keeps from view, their attacks are not whole-hearted; they canont forget that perhaps, if the facts were known, he was as firmly rooted in the world about him as they in theirs. Certain overdone classicists are in a similar plight. It is a vexation to them that Shakespeare, despite his formlessness, has had such a magnificent success down the centuries. Now, if only it could be proved that as a youth he used to sit on the banks of the Avon, not fishing, simply dreaming, how readily they could convert the dreams into revery—that first and last infirmity of romantic minds! Then could his lack of form be ascribed to a congenital weakness; then, too, would the explanation of Hamlet's madness soon be forthcoming. Conversely, the romanticist would be quick to see in the act of lolling on a river bank the best preparation for literary greatness.

It is difficult to foresee what would be the total result of a sudden revelation of Shakespeare's life. For a time at least the man would overshadow his works. "Macbeth," "Othello," "King Lear" would possess a new interest. Consider the host of pregnant lines which would require an autobiographical explanation. The extreme to which this method has been carried in Goethe scholarship would be far exceeded. Once let it be shown that a great author has embodied some of his own experience in his writings, and few critics are steady enough to stop short of absurd inferences. On the whole, we prefer the present follies of Shakespearean critics. They are harmless compared to what would happen if an army like them were to be turned upon the man himself. If the plays are at present all things to all people, the life of the man would be so too, with the result that biassed statements would appear to have a real foundation. And it would be years before any body of settled conviction could be reached. This is not intended as an alarm. All the world to nothing, Shakespeare will elude the investigating clan.

All things considered, many would be quite as well pleased to learn no more than the plays reveal of Shakespeare. It is salutary to be confronted by such documents, dropped, as it were, from the sky, and to be asked to say whether they are great, and if so why. Shakespearean criticism is only just getting back some of the big lines which it followed in the days of Johnson and Morgann. In the meanwhile inaccuracies of detail have been corrected by textual study, and the way is now prepared for

a reasonable appreciation of Shakespeare's large humanity. It would be a pity if criticism should again be distracted. Yet it must be confessed that no one can look on Shakespeare's portrait, at his extraordinary signature, or can read works of his which almost look like personal revelations, without being tremendously piqued. But this way madness lies—at least temporary madness.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, March 28.

The one hundred and twenty-fifth meeting of the Society, at the University of Pennsylvania, March 25, 26, and 27, was well attended and was marked by the large number of communications announced by the members. The growth of interest in the Society and of the scientific activity of its members is such as to make imminent the division into two sections, Semitic and Indo-Iranian.

Of the sixty-one papers announced, only about fifty could actually be presented, and a great many of these in such brief summary as to be hardly satisfactory. The discussion of the papers, on the other hand, was in many cases quite full and proved to be one of the most satisfactory features of the meeting. The first session, on Tuesday afternoon, was devoted to the business of the Society and to the address of the president, Prof. George F. Moore, of Harvard University, on "Babism and Bahaism."

Professor Moore defined Bahaism as "the latest offshoot of the banyan tree of Mohammedan heresies"; but in order to understand this movement, which, curiously enough, is spreading to some extent even in this country as well as in European centres, it is necessary to go back to Babism. This made its appearance in Persia shortly before the middle of the nineteenth century, when a young Persian, Mirza Ali Mohammed, the son of a small tradesman, declared himself to be the Bab, or door of communication between Allah and his worshippers. This latest Bab, or "door," illustrates the continuity of religious beliefs in the Mohammedan world; for scarcely a generation has passed since the mysterious disappearance of the twelfth imam (or religious leader) many centuries ago, without some one coming to the front and claiming to be, first, the door of communication and then the lost leader himself. This doctrine of the reappearance of the Mahdi, as the "leader" (literally "the rightly guided one") was also termed, may, in fact, be traced back still further to what ensued in the Mohammedan world soon after the death of the Prophet. Professor Moore gave an interesting account of the Babist movement in Persia, which early became involved in political entanglements with the Government, and led finally to the imprisonment and death of Ali Mohammed in 1850. One of the adherents of the Bab, Beha Ullah, escaped to Bagdad, which became for a time the centre of the movement. It was from the name of this adherent that we get the designation Bahaism. Beha Ullah also claimed to be a door of communication, but he stopped short at this point and did not go to the length of his predecessor, who announced himself as the incarnation of God Himself. The interrelation between these two doctrines, the reappearance of the lost leader and the incarnation of Allah in some human individual, are the two ideas around which a goodly portion of the history of Mohammedan heresies revolves.

As for the teachings of this heretical sect, Professor Moore characterized them as embodying many lofty and broad humanitarian ideas expressed in formulas that conveyed platitudes rather than profound truths; but mixed with these humanitarian teachings—which emphasize the brotherhood of man, the equality of all before the law, universal peace, the separation of religion from politics, and the education of women—there was a mystic conception of divine government which lost itself in nebulous speculations.

The greater number of papers read were naturally of a highly technical character, dealing either with philological problems or with the interpretations of special points in Vedic and Semitic literatures. Among those of more general interest, mention should in the first place be made of Prof. C. C. Torrey's (Yale University) communication on a possible metrical origin of the Lord's Prayer. Taking the older form of this prayer, as given in the Gospel of Luke, Professor Torrey found that in translating it back into the Aramaic original, in which, as is now generally admitted, Luke was originally written, it could be divided into four lines which turned out to be metrical. In the case of two of these lines, the metre, in fact, was perfectly evident, and for the other two merely slight changes were required in order to make them metrical likewise. The metre was one of seven syllables, a common form in Aramaic compositions which can be traced back to the fourth century B. C. In confirmation of his supposition, Professor Torrey pointed to the wide use of metres in inscriptions on tombs and in prayers couched in Aramaic dialects or in late Hebrew.

Another paper of general interest in a widely different field was presented by Dr. T. Michelson, of the Bureau of American Ethnology, who showed that, as a result of recent expeditions in northeastern Asia, a morphological connection between the languages of some of the peoples and the languages of the North American Indian stock was established, and that this connection was confirmed by physical anthropology. Dr. Michelson expressed the view that the similarity pointed to a migratory movement from the northwestern coast of America over into Asia Minor and not the reverse, and that this movement took place in comparatively recent times. A valuable feature of Dr. Michelson's paper was the demonstration of a fundamental error in many previous attempts to connect the languages of the North American Indians with Aryan or Semitic speech through accidental resemblances in mere words. Lexicographical agreement in the case of sporadic examples proves nothing whatsoever, unless confirmed by agreement in the structure of the languages compared.

Mr. W. S. Kupfer, of New York, gave an entertaining account of Vernacular Folksongs of India and illustrated some of their characteristics, which involuntarily suggest a comparison with our "ragtime" music. He gave interesting specimens of these songs, both those of narrative character as well as tragic and light songs, though to the European ear the distinction between the serious and humorous was scarcely apparent.

One of the social features of the meeting was a lunch offered by the president and board of Dropsie College, on Wednesday noon, the afternoon session being held in the large assembly-room of the College. Before the reading of the papers Dr. Cyrus Adler, president of Dropsie College, made a brief address on the institution. He was followed by Prof. Carl Bezold, professor of Oriental languages in the University of Heidelberg, who was introduced as a distinguished guest and who gave an interesting announcement of a proposed Assyrian dictionary to be prepared on slips, after the manner of the great Egyptian dictionary projected by Professor Ehrmann, which has now grown to such huge dimensions. The Baden Academy of Sciences has become the sponsor for this new undertaking.

On Wednesday the Oriental Club of Philadelphia, a local organization consisting of those in Philadelphia and vicinity interested in Oriental studies and in the history of religions, entertained the members of the American Oriental Society at dinner at the Franklin Inn Club in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of the local club.

The Society adjourned after the session on Thursday morning to meet

during Easter week in 1914, either in Cambridge or in Boston, Mass.

Prof. Paul Haupt was elected president for the ensuing year.

MORRIS JASTROW, JR.

SCANDINAVIAN BOOKS.

BERGEN, Norway, March 19.

Selma Lagerløf's new book, "Kørkarlen" ("The Driver"), is quite up to the expectations of her many admirers. Besides a rich imagination, it contains a solid religious element which cannot fail to make a strong impression. The story aims to show how right living and altruistic sympathies produce in those who possess them the only genuine happiness, and concludes with the prayer, "God, let my soul come to be ripened before it has to be cut." The book is to a large extent a glorification of the work of the Salvation Army, whose officers play important parts in the story; but much more it is the message of a fine poetic and imaginative spirit pleading for democratic good-will towards mankind. A collection of poems by David Fallstrøm, "Fontänen sjunger" ("The Fountain Sings"), contains much that is beautiful. Since the death of Frøding, the author may possibly be called the most important lyric poet of Sweden. There are many strings to his lyre, but the most used are of the soft, subdued kind, full of melody and charm. His memorial verses to Bjørnson and Herman Bang catch the essential qualities of these two poets.

Of other Swedish Christmas publications must be noted the third volume of Sven Hedin's "Transhimalaya," which brings to a close the exceedingly interesting account of the famous explorer's adventures in Tibet (Stockholm: Albert Bonnier). From the same publisher has come the third volume of the biographical monograph on Geijer, by Anna Hamilton Geete, "I solnedgången" ("At Sunset"). Tor Hedberg's "Ett decennium," a collection of critical essays on literature, art, and the theatre, is a book which deserves some attention. Among the recent novels are Per Hallstrøm's "Nya noveller" ("New Novels"), Sven Lidman's "Carl Silfverstråhl's upplefvelser" ("Carl Silfverstråhl's Adventures"), Henning Berger's "Lifvets blommor" ("The Flowers of Life"), and Anna Branting's "Valérie."

In Norway the book which has lately created the greatest sensation is Knut Hamsun's new novel, "Den sidste glæde" ("The Last Joy"). It is easily one of the poet's best works, showing abundantly that his "old age," which he has been somewhat too fond of mentioning (he is little above fifty), has bereft him of none of his vigor, biting irony, or charm. The book is full of sharp, witty satire on many subjects, but as a whole is a vigorous attack on the modern spirit that reigns in Norway at the present time. More than ever Hamsun in his latest work appears as a master of the Norwegian language.

Few authors were more industrious letter-writers than Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. A selection of the letters he wrote in his young days (1857-1870) is now published by Prof. Halvdan Koht, who also furnishes an able introduction and notes. The letters fill two heavy volumes, and are deserving of careful study. They reflect the poet perhaps better than any of his published works, and throw new light on the political and intellectual conditions of his country. Written in his usual vivid and impulsive style, they hold the attention from the very first; they tell in Bjørnson's own words the story of his development during momentous years. Of particular interest are the numerous letters to Ibsen, which witness to the faithful and important support Bjørnson gave to Ibsen during the latter's difficult first steps in his literary career. Other useful and interesting information concerning Bjørnson and other leading figures of his time may be found in the memoirs of the educator and politician, O. Arvesen, "Oplevelser og erindringer" ("Experiences and Recollections"), newly published. Just before Christmas Capt. Amundsen's large work on the conquest of the South Pole was brought to a close. In two heavy volumes, provided with a number of excellent illustrations, it tells a straightforward tale, even the stirring chapter on the attainment of the goal being characterized by great simplicity.

A very promising first-work is the new biography of Dickens by the young scholar, Leonard Sandberg. It is a critical review and valuation of Dickens's works. The book, which was published on the occasion of the centenary, will add to the number of Dickens's friends in Norway, as also will the recently finished successful translation of the "Pickwick Papers" by C. J. Hambro. A Norwegian edition of "David Copperfield" by the same translator is to appear in parts in the course of the present year.

Recent additions to Norwegian fiction include several stories of high rank, among them Thomas Krag's "Frank Hjelm," Hjalmar Christensen's "Brødrene" ("The Brothers"), Sigrid Undset's short stories, "Fattige skjæbner" ("Poor Fortunes"), Regine Normann's "Den gang" ("Then"), and Kristofer Uppdal's "Trolldom i lufta" ("Witchcraft in the Air").

Of Danish books of the season the memorial edition of Herman Bang's works has found a large number of readers. It is edited by Johan Knudsen and Peter Nansen, and forms six large volumes, containing most of Bang's writings—his novels, short stories, plays, poems, and a selection of his critical essays. The work costs 20 kr. (unbound) and is a worthy memorial to the renowned author. A small biography of Bang by P. A. Rosenberg would serve as a useful supplement to this edition. This is a well-written statement of the chief events in Bang's life and a well-balanced estimate of his writings. The price is only 1.50 kr. The novels of Jakob Knudsen are widely read in all the Scandinavian countries. His idealism, force, and earnestness have added steadily to his reputation. His latest book, "Angst" ("Fear"), deals with the childhood and early youth of Martin Luther. It is history handled freely by a poet's imagination; it is a summary of a venerable popular tradition, full of art and life, and at times is rarely beautiful. The book belongs to the few that will survive the season of their publication. Mention should be made of a few other Danish novels, especially Harald Kidde's "Helten" ("The Hero"), Poul Drachmann's "Kraft" ("Power"), an historical novel by Laurids Bruun, "Den signede dag" ("The Blessed Day"), Karen Ewald's "Paa vei til Palæstina" ("On the Way to Palestine"), Franz von Jessen's "Katja" (a story from the Russian), and Sophus Bauditz's "Den gamle kro" ("The Old Inn").

For some years Prof. Karl Larsen has been compiling diaries and letters of Danish emigrants. Of great interest are those which he has included in his recent work, "De der tog hjemmefra" ("Those Who Left Home"). The accounts of the experiences of common men and women in strange countries far from home have a thrilling stamp of reality. Most of the documents date from the latter part of the last century. They are written chiefly by farmers and artisans and give an excellent picture of the various and variable conditions which Danish emigrants meet with. The work has run to two volumes so far, but Professor Larsen has collected about 8,200 diaries and letters, and intends to continue printing the most characteristic. Proof of the interest which this new venture in literature has stirred up may be found in the fact that the sociey of Norwegians the world over, Nordmandsforbundet, plans shortly to set on foot a similar enterprise, hoping thus to gather trustworthy materials for a history of Norwegian emigration.

ARNE KILDAL.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Those of our grandfathers who bought books instead of writing them may not have squirmed at the prices Scott demanded for his poems, but they had good reason to complain of his greed in the matter of novels, for beyond question it was Sir Walter Scott who started that terrible incubus of the three-volume novel at thirty-one-and-six—an incubus which rode the British public for some seventy years, and made the fortune of Mudie and others who started

circulating libraries (although it was these very libraries which finally laid the spectre).

The three-volume novel, to be sure, was no novelty in Scott's day; there were many in four volumes, not a few in five and six—nice little twelvemos that you could easily slip into your coat pocket or travelling bag. (I am not speaking now of saurians like "Clarissa," in eight volumes, though the first edition sold at three shillings a volume). "The Vicar of Wakefield" (1766) appeared in two twelvemo volumes at three shillings each; "Evelina" (1778) was in three volumes at three shillings each, and the sale of 2,300 copies encouraged Miss Burney to expand "Cecilia" (1782) to five volumes, still at three shillings a volume; and the sale of 2,000 copies of that novel in three months led to hoisting the price of "Camilla" (1796), also in five volumes, to one guinea. Even at that price it found 3,500 purchasers in three months.

Between 1803 and the appearance of "Waverley" in 1814, out of some 420 novels of from three to six volumes each, nearly three-fifths were in three volumes at from three to six shillings a volume; a very few brought seven shillings, or a guinea complete. In those years, however, I have come upon just one novel which sold at the rate of ten-and-six a volume, and that was a four-volume translation of "Gil Blas" (1807), at two guineas for the set.

"Waverley" appeared in July, 1814, at a guinea for the three volumes—the very highest market price. Nevertheless, Scott's publishers sold the first thousand copies of this anonymous novel in five weeks, four thousand more that year, and printed a sixth thousand in January, 1815. Only one other three-volume novel in 1814 sold for a guinea—Lady Morgan's "O'Donnell." In 1815, Scott let "Guy Mannering" go at a guinea, but with the "Antiquary" in 1816 he raised the price to twenty-four shillings, although the customary price that year as before was fifteen or eighteen shillings. Four novels in that year's list ("Emma" was one of them) crept up to a guinea, but only one other—Lady Caroline Lamb's "Glenarvon"—was twenty-four shillings.

For a little while Scott was content with eight shillings a volume, though he expanded his "Tales of My Landlord" into four-volume series. In 1820, he raised the three volumes of "Ivanhoe" to thirty shillings. No other novel of that year (even of four or five volumes) sold for thirty shillings; but late in the year Mrs. MacNally, "daughter of the late Rev. R. Edgeworth, of Lissard, Ireland," issued a three-volume novel, "Eccentricity," at the queer price of thirty-one shillings. Scott's other novels in 1820—the "Monastery" and the "Abbot"—fell back to twenty-four shillings, but in 1821, "Kenilworth" rose to 31s. 6d., and is not merely the only one of its year, but the first one I have found. By this time, three-volume novels were often twenty-one or twenty-four shillings, but Scott thereafter stuck to 10s. 6d. a volume, and when in 1823 "Peveril of the Peak" broke the record for four-volume novels by selling for two guineas, the *Monthly Review* starred the price and added this footnote: "We cannot omit to advert to the high price set on these volumes. The encouragement of the public ought not to be thus *fined*." In that year only three novels—one of them Lockhart's "Reginald Dalton"—ventured into the market at thirty-one-and-six, and eighteen-shilling novels were more numerous than guinea ones.

The virus had begun to work, however; in 1830, 18 out of 28 three-volume novels brought thirty-one-and-six; in 1835, 53 out of 64; and in 1840, 51 out of 58. Ainsworth, and Lytton, and G. P. R. James, and Mrs. Trollope and her two industrious sons, and a few score other purveyors of entertainment, made their handsome profits, and the public, with some reluctance, paid the bills.

On June 1, 1829, there began a new edition of the Waverley novels in forty monthly volumes of four hundred pages at five shillings each in cloth, which meant that for the first time—after fifteen years—one could buy "Waverley" for as little as ten shillings. (About this time, too, the poems appeared in neat volumes at only nine shillings each!) In 1842, the Waverley novels finally got within reach of all but the most impecunious, for the owners of the copyrights began three separate editions, one in handsomely illustrated volumes at twenty-eight shillings; another in twenty-five monthly volumes at only four shillings, each volume containing a complete novel or novels; and a People's Edition in weekly numbers or monthly parts, the parts at nine pence, the complete novels at two shillings each. In 1868, George Eliot's publishers began a cheap edition of her novels at three-and-six, but we find her complaining in her letters that this edition did not sell very well, although the high-priced ones had sold amazingly.

There were, of course, many other cheap series, such as the Parlour Library, the Shilling Library (composed largely of foreign fiction), and the Travellers' Library; but they were all alike in being invariably reprints. In the fifty years after Kenilworth I have come upon just one publisher, prominent enough to command the assistance of reputable authors, who made any attempt to issue new novels at a reasonable price. On January 1, 1833, Smith & Elder began a Library of Original Romance, composed of "Original Works of Fiction by Writers of the First Class, at six shillings each, and each contained in one volume equal to two of the usual size." The first year's output, however, consisted of only nine novels by Banim, Leitch Ritchie, Andrew Picken, Galt, Mrs. O'Neill, James Baillie Fraser, and one or two others even less known to readers of to-day. That was a lean year for English fiction; "Writers of the First Class" were perhaps reluctant to market their books at "cut prices"; —at any rate, Messrs. Smith & Elder gradually dropped the "original" part of their scheme, and continued to publish notable fiction at the usual figure. "Jane Eyre," for example, a first novel by an unknown author, appeared in the customary three volumes at thirty-one-and-six; Mrs. Gaskell's "Mary Barton," however, another first novel, came out timidly in two volumes at eighteen shillings; so did "Hypatia," but "Westward Ho!" more certain of its audience, was in three volumes at the conventional price.

Finally—at least, I have not come upon instances in the meantime—on November 11, 1871, the *Saturday Review* was moved to remark upon the three-volume novel as follows:

> Many monstrous anomalies flourish without remark until chance consigns them to the rubbish room of history; then, for the first time, they turn to useful purpose by satisfying future generations as to the creditable advances men make on the intelligence of their fathers. Surely the day must come, and come speedily, when the present standard price of novels will strike common sense from the ludicrous point of view. If our children ridicule us for having tolerated a guinea and a half as the regulation price inevitably ticketed on each new-born work of fiction, who shall blame them? . . . By exploding the tradition that makes three volumes an inexorable conventionality, we should relieve many a wretched author from the bed of Procrustes that cramps him and tortures us. . . .

The protest makes rather too much of the Procrustean effects of the three-volume novel (to-day we sometimes hear readers regret that we have lost the leisurely spaciousness of the old form!), for even Anthony Trollope did not try to make his novels of uniform length; but otherwise it is sensible and concrete in its suggestions. A fortnight later the *Times* took up the question and declared that "the three-volume system has become an abomination and a curse." Nevertheless, only one publisher seems to have made any attempt to cure the evil. This man was Samuel Tinsley, who shortly thereafter began a new series of original novels at four shillings, a series which he advertised industriously, but —he continued to publish the regular three-volume novel at the old price, and before a year was out seems quietly to have dropped the four-shilling series.

Another source of dissatisfaction with the price of fiction was that as a rule it was out of proportion to the prices of other books, especially poetry. An exception was the holiday trade; for many decades Christmas books of all sorts were a guinea, whether the book in question was a brand new Christmas story by Dickens or Thackeray, by G. P. R. James, or Wilkie Collins, or a "Book of Beauty" edited by the Countess of Blessington and lavishly illustrated. There were, of course, a few shameless attempts to capitalize public interest. In 1813-14, some London publisher brought out a four-volume edition of Mme. de Staël's "Germany" at two guineas—but the book had been suppressed in Paris, and at that particular time England was interested in anything of which Bonaparte did not approve. In January, 1828, Leigh Hunt's "Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries" was issued in one volume at three guineas, and in January, 1830, the first volume of Moore's "Life of Byron" at two guineas. There were, too, a few instances in which books priced to bring fair returns on moderate sales sold rapidly in spite of price. One of these was Dean Stanley's "Life of Arnold" (1844), in two volumes, at twenty-four shillings, of which four editions sold in five months. Another was the first volume of Forster's "Life of Dickens" (1871), at twelve shillings, which appeared on December 4, and of which the publishers sold nine editions that month! Still another was Canon Farrar's "Life of Christ" (1874), in two volumes, at twenty-four shillings, which appeared on May 14, and was in its eleventh edition before the end of the year. The "Origin of Species" was fourteen shillings; Forster's "Oliver Goldsmith," Creasy's "Fifteen Decisive Battles," and the "Seven Lamps of Architecture" were a guinea each; and

Macaulay's "History of England" was sixteen shillings a volume. But the instances just cited were exceptional.

As a result of the pressure now novels began to appear at six shillings, and a good many, like Mrs. Gaskell's "North and South" (1855), in the compromise form of two volumes at a guinea, and at last, after some years of waning popularity, the three-volume guinea-and-a-half novel came to a rather sudden end. This was hastened by the determination of the circulating libraries not to pay at so high a rate for the three-volume novels as for the others. A scrutiny of the book-lists of the *Athenæum* will show how rapidly the end came. In 1891, 1892, 1893, and the first six months of 1894, the *Athenæum* listed 864 novels at six shillings or more; of these two-fifths were ten-and-six a volume (almost one-third of these were in two volumes at a guinea), and a little more than half were in one volume at six shillings. In the second half of 1894, there were only twelve in three volumes at thirty-one-and-six, eleven in two volumes at a guinea, and 128 (more than three-fourths) in one volume at six shillings. (In this half-year came the last three-volume novel to have a notable sale—"Trilby," published about September 20. I do not know the size of the editions, but the seventh was ready on December 8, and was followed in June, 1895, by the "eighth and cheaper edition" at six shillings.) In the first six months of 1895, nearly nine-tenths of the novels were in one volume at six shillings, and not one at ten-and-six a volume. In the second half of 1895 there was just one at thirty-one-and-six, Miss Braddon's "Sons of Fire"—the latest one I have found.

EDWARD PAYSON MORTON.

Correspondence

"OBSESSIONS OF THE SPECIALIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: If the writer of the editorial article in your issue of March 20, "Obsessions of the Specialist," had taken the trouble to read, I will not say Dr. Davenport's book, but the single paragraph of it from which he garbles his quotation, he should have seen that Dr. Davenport, whatever he may think, certainly did not express the opinion for which your writer takes him to task. Dr. Davenport is writing of biologic progress, not of social or economic advance; and so far is he from uttering any opinion that can be called "reckless" that he is probably well within the general opinion of the scientific world. Most zoölogists, at least, would probably agree that in America and in Western Europe "human progress," in Dr. Davenport's sense, has already stopped.

My protest, however, is against a slightly different aspect of the article in question. Dr. Davenport may be right, or he may not be. But, right or wrong, he is the one man in America, and one of the two or three in the world, who knows the evidence in the matter. Yet your writer wantonly goes out of his way to hold him up to scorn, lumps him in with "sociologists" and "uplifters," merely because he himself does not happen to agree with an opinion concerning which he can hardly have any first-hand information whatever.

Understand, I am not defending Dr. Davenport's opinion—I mean the opinion that he actually did express. I merely point out that he is an able and learned man, holding a high place in the scientific world, who is speaking on a topic to which he has devoted virtually his entire professional life.

When the *Nation* does this sort of thing, is it any wonder that the public is all at sea, not knowing whom to trust?

E. T. BREWSTER.

Andover, March 22.

[Whether our quotation was garbled or not, the reader may judge for himself. What we said was this:

> In the opening paragraph of his [Dr. Davenport's] book on "Heredity in Relation to Eugenics," after stating that the laws of improvement of racehorses hold for man, he declares: "Unless people accept this simple truth, and let it influence marriage selection, human progress will cease."

The whole paragraph in the book is as follows:

> Eugenics is the science of the improvement of the human race by better breeding, or, as the late Sir Francis Galton expressed it: "The science which deals with all influences that improve the inborn qualities of a race." The eugenical standpoint is that of the agriculturalist who, while recognizing the value of culture, believes that permanent advance is to be made only by securing the best "blood." Man is an organism—an animal; and the laws of improvement of corn and of racehorses hold true for him also. Unless people accept this simple truth and let it influence marriage selection, human progress will cease.

What Dr. Davenport may have meant by the phrase "human progress," we cannot say. But there is no general agreement, either among men of science or in the world at large, that human progress in the sense of "biologic progress" is now going on, or has taken place, in general, in historic times. Our correspondent himself says that, in the opinion of zoölogists, such progress, in America and in Western Europe, "has already stopped." It is not of a thing that has already stopped, or that many think has not been taking place for ages, but of a thing which, by common consent, is regarded as going on, that one must be understood to speak when he utters a solemn warning that it "will cease" unless we take certain steps. The fact that the book is devoted to the examination of heredity from a biological standpoint has absolutely nothing to do with the case. The opening paragraph is not a summary of the contents of the book, but a declaration of the importance to human beings of the matter with which it is engaged. For that importance, almost every reader must understand the claim to be made that upon the adoption of eugenics as a guide to marriage depends the continuance of human progress, in the sense in which those words, used thousands of times every day, are understood by all mankind.

We would not detract an iota from the merits of Dr. Davenport's work in the field of biological research. If, by using him as an illustration, we have associated him with "sociologists" and "uplifters," it is because, when dealing with the actual problems of human life, he has sinned in precisely the way that is characteristic of irresponsible "sociologists" and "uplifters." It is not as a man of science, but simply as a man like another, that he speaks when he takes up such a question as the relation between the low birth-rate among good stocks and the cost of supporting the imbecile and insane. And we have seldom, even in the literature of the "uplifters," come across a statement more reckless, or wider of the mark, than his assertions on this subject. The more admirable his scientific work, the more his obsession in this matter gives point to our moral.—ED. NATION.]

GETTING READY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I once found it desirable to track a manuscript catalogued years before in the library of Sir Walter at Abbotsford. The usual repositories of such treasure did not have it; ingenuity was taxed to find it. Unsuccessful, I set to work upon other accessible and therefore less fascinating material.

One gloomy afternoon in the basement of the Advocates' Library, perfunctorily noting this spelling and that handwriting, I was easily disengaged by the entrance of a venerable gentleman in a rusty silk hat and a most negligently worn overcoat. I was at the end of the only table available for scribes, and I am still conscious of my keen expectation as he came to the other end of the table, got out of his overcoat, and carefully entrusted his hat to wide safety in the middle of the table. At the keeper's desk he got a large flat parcel wrapped in newspaper. He gravely seated himself in benevolent disinterestedness and opened the parcel, the wrappings of which stood up and cut off my view. The old gentleman soon fell to writing, and I went on with my task. A wee bit of luncheon broke the short Scotch day, and with the closing of the library the paper parcel was returned to the keeper.

For a fortnight the old gentleman worked within the exclusive limits of his newspaper parcel, the wrappings of which—it was a copy of the *Scotsman*—never once unbent to disclose the nature of the text within. Naturally, I guessed and surmised. It might be a collection of Jacobite memoirs, the letters of Cecil to James, or the Gowrie documents. It was no affair of mine, and I would do well to cloak my Yankee curiosity and attend to the matter in hand.

Yet it was not easy to do this. The library was a solitary place. The old gentleman's immobility and the squeak of his

quill pen gave me the fidgets. Long dark passages led away from the only open door showing cases stocked with brown volumes and dull red behind stout wire screens. A bust of Scott I knew was in the corner to the right; it was natural to wonder who had made the bust, and in going over to it I could not help seeing what the old gentleman had in his parcel.

It was a manuscript as yellow with age as any manuscript should be. It had good black writing in it, showing that it was no upstart after the invention of printing—and bad handwriting. That was as much as a glance of the eye could gather, but quite enough for me to resolve to outstay the old gentleman that evening and find out what the manuscript was.

At half-past three it was too dark to write, the parcel was in the keeper's desk, and I was alone. As I handed him my books, I seemed to detect, after a month's formal pleasantries, a "speiring" of kindliness in the keeper's face. Acting upon it, I asked what book the old gentleman was copying. "It's fifteenth century—several things in it." "Scotch?" "I think so. Really, I haven't examined it."

He then allowed me to open the parcel. It was the manuscript I had hunted in vain!

The rare moments granted me for examination and transcript in the days following are in no sense related to the importance or unimportance of the substance of that manuscript. I made some use of it—what use I have even now forgotten. Yet the finding thus accidentally of what I had not discovered after methodical search I shall never forget. The incident was actually more treasurable than the work for which it was a mere detail of preparation.

Lameness of diction prompts me to call getting ready for a piece of work more fun than the completion of that work. In getting ready we are responsible to no one; the public and judges are unaware. Committing entries in archives to type is commonplace compared with finding those entries. Planning a new house is more diverting than owning it. The process of finishing a picture is painful, whereas the studies and composition of it are alive with novelty. One feels that the best of Turner is essentially unfinished; he has preserved the marks of getting ready for a great picture. The eye single to final results may be very blind; the sketch may be greater than the picture. Certainly, a fondness for preparation may protect a man from achieving results neither desirable nor necessary. And something may still be said for a view of life which regards it as a means of preparation, of getting ready, rather than as an accomplishment.

W. P. Reeves.

Gambier, O., March 26.

RECENT FUR SEAL LEGISLATION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Among the commendable acts of the Sixty-second Congress, just closed, was the prompt ratification of the treaty of July 7, 1911, in which Great Britain, Japan, and Russia joined with the United States in suspending for fifteen years the pelagic hunting of fur seals, the destructive agency which, through the slaughter of gravid and nursing females, has brought the herd in thirty years down from 2,500,000 animals to 215,000.

It became the duty of the Sixty-second Congress in due time to enact a law giving effect to this treaty. This was accomplished by the Sulzer bill, approved August 24, 1912. To this bill was attached an amendment suspending land sealing also. The House provision was for one year only; that of the Senate, for ten years. The conference determined the period finally at five years. The movement resulting in this amendment originally suggested a period of fifteen years, the full period of the treaty.

The treaty did not interfere with land sealing, because for the past sixteen years pelagic sealing has been looked upon as the sole cause of the herd's decline and threatened destruction. As land sealing is confined to the superfluous males (the fur seal is polygamous), it is attended with no damage to the herd. Furthermore, the suspension of pelagic sealing provided for in the treaty was directly contingent upon the continuance of land sealing, as the United States and Russia agreed to share their land catches of seals with Great Britain and Japan, whose citizens gave up the pelagic industry. The suspension of land sealing is, therefore, a violation of our treaty obligations. The action has immediately bred dissatisfaction. Abrogation of the treaty would mean the resumption of pelagic sealing and the ultimate destruction of the herd.

While the possible breaking of the treaty is the most serious objection to the amendment, it is not the only one. It involves the waste of a minimum of $2,500,000 worth of sealskins in the next fifteen years, and the animals bearing these skins will grow up as fighting, useless bulls to be a menace to the mother seals and their helpless young. Furthermore, an important race of fur-bearing animals, the blue foxes, which, through a century of habit, are dependent upon the killing fields for their winter food, is left to starve or destroy itself, the strong eating the weak.

In keeping with this amendment is the final act of the Sixty-second Congress touching the seals. Having suspended land sealing, it held that the force of Government agents, which has been maintained ever since we acquired the islands from Russia, in 1867, was unnecessary, and the item for their salaries was cut out of the appropriation bills, a single caretaker being left for each island. This act would save $25,000 a year for five years, a definite, if modest, offset to the $2,500,000 loss which the suspension involves. The indefensible nature of this act is apparent when we reflect that there are 300 dependent natives on the islands to be controlled, fed, and clothed as wards of the Government. The blue fox herd and the recently installed reindeer herd must be cared for. Foodskins to the value of $80,000 to $150,000 must be cured and shipped, and the whole expensive sealing equipment, now the property of the Government, must have intelligent attention. In the judgment of the Sixty-second Congress all this life and property, at the most critical period in the history of the fur seal industry, should be virtually abandoned to its own devices for five years.

Fortunately, the particular appropriation bill to which this item belongs failed of passage, and the Sixty-third Congress will have an opportunity to right this last mistake. It will do well, also, with as little delay as possible, to repeal the Hitchcock amendment to the law of August 24, suspending land sealing.

George Archibald Clark.

Stanford University, March 7.

SENATOR HOLLIS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your editorial of March 20 in praise of the newly elected Senator from New Hampshire, you fail to mention the fact that one of his best-remembered campaigns was in support of Mr. Bryan's scheme for free silver. Mr. Hollis lauded this, not merely as economically sound, but as in every way desirable as a national policy. Why overlook this argument for the prospective usefulness of Mr. Hollis as a loyal supporter of the chief of Mr. Wilson's Cabinet? A. T. Dudley.

Exeter, N. H., March 21.

THE OLD DOG.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In "As You Like It," I, i, occur these words, which, I believe, have not been annotated:

> Oliver: Get you with him, you old dog.
> Adam: Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service.

The sense of the passage is perfectly obvious, but the allusion to the fable of "The Old Dog and His Thankless Master" has been passed over. The gist of the fable is this: An old dog, which in his prime has been held in high esteem by his master for his valuable services, now that his teeth are well-nigh gone and his spirit abated, lets the hare slip from his mouth in the hunt and escape. The master, enraged, falls upon the dog and abuses him; whereupon the dog laments and begs his master to remember past benefits.

The fable was certainly known to Shakespeare in some form. It occurs in the "Romulus" (II, 7, "Venator et Canis"), and in virtually every fable collection current in his day. Relative to the use of fables in schools, which fixed a knowledge of them in the mind of every lad, I hope to have something later to add to the material already available. It is sufficient here to emphasize the fact that fable lore was taken in by the Elizabethan youth with his milk, that fable and emblem books often assisted by grotesque illustration left vivid images in his mind, and that fables were translated by him from Latin into English and from English into Latin at a time when he was learning to use his own language. It is no wonder that the figurative language of the Elizabethans shows such a dependence upon this common lore.

M. Ellwood Smith.

Syracuse University, March 27.

"THE TWA DOGS."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Cambridge edition of Burns's poems the origin of "The Twa Dogs" is assigned to the fact that some unknown person killed the poet's favorite dog Luath; that thereupon he first thought of writing some "Stanzas to the Memory of a Quadruped Friend," but abandoned this project

for the tale as it now stands. On February 17, 1786, he wrote to his friend, John Richmond, that he had completed his "poem on the dogs." A translation of Cervantes's "A Dialogue between Scipio and Berganza, two Dogs belonging to the City of Toledo, giving an Account of their Lives and Adventures, with their Reflections on the Lives, Humours, and Employments of the Masters they lived with," appeared in the year 1767. The *Monthly Review*, for May, 1767, has not a very high opinion of these dialogues, "notwithstanding they are here and there distinguished by strokes of humour. . . . Scipio and Berganza are critics, moralists, and philosophers, and make many keen remarks on the lives and manners of men." It would be a curious fact to find Burns deriving his idea for "The Twa Dogs" from the great Spanish master of satire. I do not remember to have seen this possible origin suggested by any commentators upon Burns.

J. R. CRAWFORD.

Yale University, March 28.

Literature

FRENCH IDEALISM.

Cardinal Manning; The Decay of Idealism in France; The Institute of France. By J. E. C. Bodley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.

In this *arriviste* age, when professors and publicists are prone to put into print hasty lectures which a fortnight after being reported in the papers as news are advertised in the publishers' circulars as literature, it is singularly refreshing to come across such well-considered and gracefully expressed thoughts as Mr Bodley's. He believes that it is better to travel comfortably than to arrive; that the swiftly flowing pen produces prose swift to perish. When he crossed the Channel twenty-three years ago to begin work on his life-task, on "France," he was privileged to taste the flavor of conversation in Madame Taine's salon. He also became intimately acquainted with many men of the older, more idealistic generation in France, whose disappearance ne recalls with reminiscent regret. He naturally cherishes the belief that proficiency in the "bien écouter, et bien répondre," which La Rochefoucauld regarded as the perfection of conversation, is one of the first of the fine arts. These three essays give evidence of Mr. Bodley's belief put into practice.

The sympathetic sketch of Cardinal Manning owes its existence to the fact that many years ago, when a Royal Commission on the Housing of the Poor was appointed, Mr. Bodley was its secretary and Cardinal Manning its moving spirit. "As the leading members of the Commission were too eminent to have time for drafting the report themselves," the task fell to the youthful secretary, assisted by the kindly advice of the aged bishop. Out of this common work for humanity grew a life-long intimacy. "Whenever you are in London and not dining out, come to me for a talk at half-past eight," Manning used to say.

So many a night saw me at Archbishop's house, where we talked till nearly eleven, when Newman would arrive to put me out. Newman, it should be explained, was Manning's butler. The malicious said he had been chosen for this name of his because Manning liked to order about a person called Newman—but that was pure legend. . . . The only object of piety discernible in the dim lamp-light was a fine malachite crucifix on the mantelpiece, which was given to him in Rome soon after his conversion and had always stood near him for twenty-seven years—so said his executor, Dr. Butler, who sent it to me when the Cardinal died. Facing it Manning used to sit, in a low armchair. With his faded red skull-cap cocked over his eyebrow he looked like an old warrior of the days of his boyhood, when men of war were often as clean shaven as priests. The best nights were those when he fought his old battles again. . . . Of the loneliness of his last years there is no doubt, in spite of the devotion of the kind priests of his household, and in spite of the numerous callers of all types, whom he received perhaps too accessibly.

Most interesting, perhaps, being from one who is a Protestant and at the same time an intimate friend, are Mr. Bodley's statements concerning the relations of Manning and Newman. He cannot justly understand "why Manning's hostility to Newman should be imputed a sin, while Newman's hostility to Manning is held to be a virtue." Manning, who had helped impose the dogma of Papal Infallibility upon the Vatican Council, held to the opinion that Newman was not in doctrine a "good Catholic." Mr. Bodley recalls that this opinion was also shared by another eminent Catholic, Lord Acton, and finds a confirmation of its justness in the fact that in recent days the Modernists have claimed Newman as their predecessor and supported their contentions with many a passage from his writings. Manning had hoped that Mr. Bodley might be his biographer; the charm and knowledge with which this sketch is written makes us keenly regret that Mr. Bodley's other literary work and ill-health made the realization of this hope impossible.

In the second essay, on "The Decay of Idealism in France," Mr. Bodley analyzes the "practical" idealism which was such a political force in France from Rousseau to the Franco-Prussian War. Rousseau's idealism, combined with the tradition-destroying acid of the philosophers, became the dynamic force which made the French Revolution. The optimism of the revolutionists, who believed that they were inaugurating a new era in human history, and the idea of "La Patrie en Danger," carried the Revolution over the European Continent, and assisted Bonaparte into the saddle. But Napoleon had no liking for idealists; one of his first tasks was to remove from the Institute and the Government all the idealogues whose views on liberty did not accord with his own. After the fall of Napoleon philosophers and statesmen who idealized the British Constitution were allowed to form for France a constitutional monarchy. Under Louis Philippe, in contrast to the crass materialism of the money-making *bourgeoisie*, Michelet was turning the history of France into a symbolical poem; Fourier and St. Simon were developing idealistic schemes of Utopian socialism; the "Napoleonic Idea" was seizing the popular imagination; and, finally, Lamartine's "Girondins," glorifying the idea of the great Revolution, appeared in 1847. Almost instantly the unpopular July Monarchy was swept out of existence by the combined force of a host of "practical" idealists. Napoleon III himself was an idealist, but each of his ill-calculated attempts to promote the idea of nationality returned like a boomerang upon his own unfortunate head. As the Second Empire grew unpopular, the ideal of a republic seemed again to have a magic power, "capable of elevating the moral sense and of healing all the ills of humanity." M. Lavisse has related how, in the days before 1870, youthful republican idealists used to import from Belgium contraband copies of "Les Châtiments" enclosed in plaster busts of Napoleon III, whose head they broke to the accompaniment of Victor Hugo's stanzas.

With the disaster of the Franco-Prussian War and the establishment of the Third Republic begins, thinks Mr. Bodley, the decay of idealism in France. He reads, for instance, the long debates in the Chamber of Deputies upon the Separation of Church and State, and finds nothing but sordid financial arguments —no great phrases which sum up a political idea, and no appeal to ideals. When Zola's remains were being transferred to the Panthéon, an anti-Semite fired a shot at Dreyfus, who was present. When tried at the Assizes of the Seine, the defendant declared that he had no hatred for Dreyfus, and had not even aimed at him. "My gesture was symbolic," he cried, "and I fired the shot at an idea." Whereupon the Parisian jury, in Mr. Bodley's words, "always prone to excessive mercy when judging attacks upon human life where any element of sentiment has provoked the crime, acquitted this singular symbolist as a farewell salute to the disappearing idealism of France."

For this decay Mr. Bodley finds many causes. The humiliating national defeat in 1870 naturally caused a widespread pessimism, and pessimism is incompatible with idealism. The Third Republic itself was another cause. The republican idealists who had lived in hope under the Second Empire soon found to their sorrow that in a repub-

lic governed by republicans the millennium did not come after all; they were disillusioned, because they had optimistically dreamed of having a government which has never existed outside the realm of fancy. For the first time since the idealists of the eighteenth century began to weaken ancient tradition and undermine the ancient monarchy, their successors had no plausible substitute to propose for the existing régime. As evidences, and in part as causes also, of the decay of idealism, Mr. Bodley further cites the disappearance of good conversation, of salons like Mme. Taine's, and of the provincial bookshop which offered a local centre for the fostering of traditions and ideals. Greater than all these causes, however, is the effect of the mechanical inventions of the past half-century.

While conceding that there is much truth in many of the author's observations, his sensibility seems to us to have been unduly distressed by the more superficial and obvious effects of the mechanical age upon the gilded youth who appear to him to be obliterating the distinctiveness of nations, so that "no joys of surprise will await the traveller of the future." But the gilded youth, though so very much in evidence, are, after all, an infinitesimal part of the great mass of the nation. Much more important would be a consideration of the effects of the mechanical age upon the thought and idealism (if any be possible) of swarms of operatives in densely crowded factories, of herds of clerks moved swiftly by subway and suburban trains into a vortex every morning and vomited forth by the same mechanical means every evening, or of peasants sitting on the harvester instead of sweating with the scythe. That France is so barren of idealism to-day as the author seems to suggest, we cannot admit.

In the third essay Mr. Bodley sketches the history, and explains the interesting characteristics, of the rich corporation which, aside from the Théâtre Français, is the only institution which succeeds in preserving the great literary traditions of pre-revolutionary France. With appropriate phrases, like those bestowed upon the recipients of honorary degrees in this country, and with pleasant and complacent reminiscence, he passes in review the *académiciens* of the past.

CURRENT FICTION.

One Woman's Life. By Robert Herrick. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Why is it that Mr. Herrick, who is so earnest, who studies the human scene so gravely, and puts so much sincere effort into his interpretation of it, never quite does a big thing? His later novels have shown decided technical improvement. He no longer dissipates the reader's attention by the juxtaposition of little-related groups of human characters, the multiplication upon his canvas of figures lacking not in reality, but in relevance. In "One Woman's Life," as in "The Healer," a straightforward story is told. Milly Ridge makes her entrance in the opening sentence, and there is not a page of the volume upon which her name does not appear. From beginning to end the attention of the reader is focused upon her single figure.

It cannot be said that she does not deserve attention. She deserves it for her importance as a type, if for nothing else. To be sure, she has been often portrayed before—by Mr. Herrick himself among others. She is the American girl who seems to have been born with a passion for getting in with "the best people" and for doing "the proper thing." To the satisfaction of that passion she is ready to sacrifice everything else. Because it enables her to satisfy it, her bodily beauty becomes an object of worship to her, and dress a part of the ritual. Beyond this is an instinct for feline comfort, for the softest places, moral and intellectual. A husband is an accessory, children an impertinence: the only thing worth real effort is the game of "society," the pursuit of persons and places that are acknowledged to be really "nice."

The Sister Carrie of Mr. Dreiser embodied this type in more rudimentary form. Of as respectable origin as Milly Ridge, she lacked that young female's extraordinary instinct for social nicety and social advancement. Success and happiness were represented to her fancy by luxury rather than by the entry into any circle. But her moral helplessness in the face of her desire, such as it was, was on Milly's plane. That she happened to "fall," while Milly did not, was due to circumstance rather than principle; and she is by far the more human and lovable of the two. The truth is, Mr. Herrick so scorns his worldly type of woman, is so obsessed by the scorn of her, that he cannot conceal his impatience, and permits himself to become a satirist instead of an interpreter. It is she who, with her petty exactions, her worship of convention, causes "the Healer" to prostitute his gift. It is she who under a dozen names dominates the entire group of novels thus far put forth by Mr. Herrick. And in this novelist's treatment of her there is always something a little enervated, a little plaintive. Here she is, he seems to say. There is nothing to plead for her—or to do about her. She is Woman.

It is this quality of plaintiveness, of languor, we think, which marks the limitation of Mr. Herrick's work. There is no robust and hearty philosophy of life behind it. No sweet waters of faith and courage flow beneath it. It is the work of a man disheartened, distrait, with an eye to see with almost painful clearness many of the phenomena of life, but never quite to see life whole. Aspiration is here, but not for fulfilment. Milly has her faint dreams of a worthy happiness, a perfect love, but "the real, right thing" of her vision is not for her. Getting on in life is, after all, a practical matter. Beauty and charm are the tools she has to work with. She lacks the control necessary to her chosen task. She is betrothed to a very rich man whom she despises; but she throws him over in a fit of temper at his petty frugalities, not from shame of the sordid bargain. Her marriage with a poor young artist is surrounded with a mist of emotion—through which she secretly sees him rich and famous; and when his sincere work proves unprofitable, she encourages him to kill himself with pot-boiling, body and soul, so that she may have "what everybody has." Certain purifying fires she does go through thereafter, and we leave her at the moment of a second and very different marriage with some dim hope of her future. But it remains dim: her creator sees to that. For it is with something very like a sneer that he seems to pen his final comment: "Milly was settled at last, and, let us assume, 'lived happily ever after.'" That, of course, is precisely what Mr. Herrick does not wish anybody, ever, to assume.

My Little Sister. By Elizabeth Robins. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Issued under a different title in England, and published in condensed form in a popular American magazine, this story has roused a good deal of comment. The theme is an ancient one: the luring of an innocent girl into a house of shame from which only death releases her. The effectiveness of its treatment here depends largely on the sharp and studied contrast between the carefully sheltered youth and beauty of the victim, and her sudden and brutal sacrifice to the casual needs of a male world. Two sisters are brought up in the country by their widowed mother. She is a beautiful woman, and has once passed through a moment of dreadful fear which has left her without trust in any man. The sisters reach the verge of womanhood in safety under an eye of almost anguished watchfulness. But only one hour of mischance is needed, and for this the treachery of a servant paves the way. Journeying alone to London, they are met by a woman made up to represent the aunt they are to visit, whom they know only by their photograph. What follows is described with an effect of realism sufficient for the author's purpose, which is to distress and harrow the reader. The barred and guarded house in which the girls find themselves entrapped is "one of the most infamous resorts in Europe."

Their captor is a "gray hawk" with yellow eyes, who regards them merely as so much food for the evil beasts who are her patrons. A beast relents, and helps one of the sisters to escape. But she has failed to notice where the house is, and the other sister is never seen again.

Such are the facts of the story. They are undoubtedly related to facts which are actual or potential in the life of any great city. Probably we all have a more or less vague sense of personal acquaintance with incidents of the sort—recall hearing some one say that he knew So-and-So, whose sister, etc. And it is probably true that in most of us these stories, appalling as they are, inspire a mild and disinterested sort of horror. Such a thing, we feel, is never likely to happen to our sisters. We file it away, placidly enough, among the unspeakable outrages against the possibility of which civilization has no absolute safeguard. Mrs. Robins does not wish us to file it away. She wishes us to brand it upon our foreheads as a disgrace no longer to be concealed or borne with equanimity. To gain our attention she uses a voice shrill and emotional to the point of hysteria. She does distress and harrow her readers—if that is worth while.

American Nobility. By Pierre de Coulevain. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

A study of the problems involved in international marriage by the author of "On the Branch" might conceivably be a contribution worth while. In the present story, which first appeared some years ago, the parties to the contract are picked with a manifest desire to avoid the charge of exaggeration. The heroine, a charming girl of twenty-one, belongs to a fashionable but dignified old New York family. The hero is a young French marquis whose affairs require that he shall marry great wealth, or else put upon the market his ancestral estate. The meeting is in Paris. If the degree of love felt by the marquis does not quite efface his memory of an impeccable duchess, Annie at least enters into her new life whole-heartedly. But scarcely is the honeymoon at an end before inherent difficulties appear. Annie's insensitiveness to some treasured European tradition, for instance, her blunt misunderstanding of Catholic rites, recalls to the hero's mind, by contrast, the duchess's delicate spirituality, and at length sends him secretly to her arms. It is some years before Annie discovers his infidelity, and meanwhile her bond to her husband has been strengthened by the birth of a child, for whose sake there must be no thought of a separation. The story ends with the three on the point of making a visit to this country — under the circumstances a pleasant prospect for Annie!

The Amateur Gentleman. By Jeffery Farnol. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The scene of Mr. Farnol's new romance opens in an English inn owned by a retired prize-fighter. The son, who has unexpectedly come into a great fortune, declares his determination to go up to London and become a gentleman. The father scoffs at the young man, and swears he shall not start on so mad an adventure until he has thrashed him, the ex-pugilist—which the son proceeds, firmly and amicably, to do. The last scene is also at the inn, where we behold the hero with a ministering duchess at his side and a marvellously fair lady at his feet.

Between lies the world Mr. Farnol has evoked from memoirs of the days when the "first gentleman of Europe" was waiting to become the King of Great Britain. The fun and the perils go fast and furious—noblemen and servants, jockies and mad visionaries and forlorn damsels and money-lenders and retired sea-captains are mixed up in a huge kind of play, for which the stakes are heavy, often even life or death. The narrative is a little too long, and particularly drags towards the end; the style, though lively and highly colored, is marred by one or two tricks that become annoying by repetition, but withal the story is diverting, full of invention and dash and honest sentiment. It can be recommended as belonging to the best reading of the day.

THE MAN NAPOLEON.

The Personality of Napoleon. By J. Holland Rose, Litt. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

When a man who knows a great deal about a great subject discloses briefly and charmingly the heart of his subject, his book is likely to be worth reading. This is such a book. When Mr. Rose was invited to give the Lowell Lectures in Boston, a year ago, he evidently did not feel that he was called upon to read a narrative of Napoleon's life of the ordinary chronological sort; for he had already done that at length in his two-volume biography and in brief in the compressed encyclopædia article which displaces J. R. Seeley's biographical sketch in the new edition of the Britannica. Nor did Mr. Rose merely recast material which he had already published. These eight lectures are full of new facts and fresh thoughts.

The first seven lectures on Napoleon the Man, the Jacobin, the Warrior, the Lawgiver, the Emperor, the Thinker, and the World-Ruler, flash before the reader the whole career of the man seen from different points of view. This is the novel part of the book and enables Mr. Rose effectively to point out again and again the constant transformation which Napoleon was undergoing in the course of his life. At Valence the pure idyllic youth of seventeen, with olive cheeks, wan with study, feasted his eyes on the innocent face of a Provençal maiden in the glow of sunrise, when "all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together." At twenty-six he fell in love, stirred by the languorous charms of the beautiful but unworthy Creole. Within a dozen years his love for her was dead, and for reasons of state he contracted another marriage with the Austrian Marie Louise. At St. Helena, forgetting the Provençal cherries and the frenzy of his first passion for Joséphine, he finally pronounced that "love must be the occupation of the idle man, the temporary distraction of the warrior, and the chief peril of the sovereign." In the second lecture Mr. Rose shows him passing through the same kind of transformation in his political thought. Bonaparte entered politics as an ardent disciple of Rousseau and consequently as a Jacobin; he had even defended Rousseau fervently against a Genevese pastor who had protested against the attacks on Christianity contained in the "Contrat Social." Gradually he began to realize that Rousseau wrote with a Swiss canton, not France, in view; that the French Jacobins had committed an unpardonable crime alike against Rousseau and common-sense in their persistent attempt to apply the principles of the "Contrat Social" to a great state like France. He saw the need of a strong government to keep down the royalists and to push the war of conquest in Italy which he had begun to lead. And so, in 1800, visiting the room in which Rousseau died, he exclaimed, "He is a fool, your Rousseau! it is he who has brought us to our present condition." A few minutes later, on visiting Rousseau's tomb in the Isle of Poplars, hard by, he continued, "The future will discover whether it was not better, for the repose of the world, that neither Rousseau nor I had ever been born"—remarkable words which sound the death-knell of Jacobinism in him and suggest the coming Imperialism.

Most interesting, perhaps, is the lecture on Napoleon the Thinker, in which Mr. Rose traces the evolution of the great man's ideas on religion, superstition, Fortune, and his views on Voltaire and Tacitus. He suggests that it was Napoleon's boyhood reading of Plutarch and of the prominent part played by Fortune among the Greeks and Romans, notably in the remarkably lucky career of Timoleon as related by Plutarch, which originally made Napoleon think that he, too, might become Fortune's

minion. In reality he had no faith in Fortuno as Wallenstein had; his dry reason taught him that "man is always free, always master of himself," that "luck consists in always making preparations for every alternative," and that "Providence is on the side of the big battalions." Nevertheless, when the Corsican youth grew up and turned from Plutarch to practical politics, his keen insight into character showed him that the masses believe more or less in the influence of Fortune. Some generals are regarded as lucky and others as unlucky. He saw the advantage of being regarded as one of the lucky ones. Wellington used to say that Napoleon's presence on the battlefield was worth 40,000 men. Therefore, Napoleon deliberately spread the idea that he was Fortune's favorite. He shrewdly conquered Fortune by claiming that she was already on his side. By cool calculation he succeeded in having people regard him as the Man of Destiny, as though he sat up at night viewing the stars and casting horoscopes. He never did anything so foolish. If he sat up very late, it was in order to transact business and complete preparations.

Why did Napoleon fail? So far as any one formula can be assigned to explain such a complex question, Mr. Rose would say, "hardening of the brain." Napoleon had risen to power by his imagination, will, and extraordinary capacity for work and for clear and precise thinking on practical problems. He had acted, as he himself said, "by mere dry calculation." From his Corsican ancestry he had also inherited great impulsiveness and nervous intensity. In his earlier years the "mere dry calculation" of his brain had curbed the impulsiveness of his nature and checked the romantic flight of his fancy. Gradually great success began to impair the inhibitive power of his brain. The passion for the grandiose overmastered the calculating faculties which in early life generally held ambition in leash. He began to feel, as some one has shrewdly remarked of Napoleon III, "condamné d'être brillant." From the mistaken invasion of Spain until the reckless false moves at Waterloo, Mr. Rose traces the weakening of Napoleon's earlier power of cool calculation and the increasing mastery of passion and impulse. Megalomania had caused hardening of the brain.

In Wicklow, West Kerry, The Congested Districts. By J. M. Synge. Boston: John W. Luce & Co. $1.25 net.

These essays, dealing with the peasantry and conditions of life on the western coast of Ireland, have all the charm of Mr. Synge's papers on the Aran Islands, and derive additional value from their shrewd and sympathetic observation of the effect of the various relief measures recently undertaken by the British Government. They are, as might be expected, especially felicitous in their vivid sketches of individual character, in their descriptions of land and sea, their preservation of illuminative domestic detail, and their variety of anecdote.

He draws a striking picture of the vagrants of Wicklow and of the desolation in the hill districts brought about by death and emigration. The cholera played havoc in that region between sixty and seventy years ago, and there were ghastly incidents. An old man told him that, in the general panic, some sufferers were buried alive and that one husband, whose wife had been carried to the dead-house, made his way thither at midnight and found her still living amid forty corpses. He carried her home on his back and she recovered, to be shunned by her neighbors as one returned from the grave. After that, for many years, the population grew thinner and thinner and poorer and poorer. Not only the small farmers and fishers suffered. The country is full of deserted ruins, sole remnants of what, in the eighteenth century, were the luxurious homes of a high-spirited aristocracy. Landlords paid a heavy penalty for their greed and improvidence. Naturally, there is a tragic undertone in most of Mr. Synge's pages, but it is continually brightened by flashes of the comic spirit which is so potent an element in Irish character. There is an admirable illustration of enjoyment under difficulties in his account of a circus performance, in a leaky tent, during a torrential downpour, in West Kerry, and this is followed by a delightful sketch of cottage life in the Great Blasket. Here the simplicity was entirely patriarchal, but the peasant hosts proved that neither happiness nor hospitality was made impossible by the narrowness of their means or their accommodations.

In speaking of the wretchedness in the congested districts, and especially on the Galway seaboard, Mr. Synge remarks that "it is a part of the misfortunes of Ireland that nearly all the characteristics which give color and attractiveness to Irish life are bound up with a social condition which is near to penury." He makes it plain that the model, or modern, cottages erected in certain places by the Congested District Boards, are far less picturesque than many of the miserable hovels which scarcely afford shelter. It is a pity, of course, that artistry must sometimes be sacrificed to material benefit. That the relief boards have done and are doing good work, he freely admits, but he laments that the authorities often fail to consider the natural capacities and traditional occupations of the natives, and put them to uncongenial tasks, such as road-making of doubtful value, instead of encouraging them to develop their ancient industries of kelp-manufacture and boat-building, both of which are profitable. Nor does he believe that the land, in the poorest localities, can be made to support the population by any system of redistribution. But he expresses hope that a general improvement in the situation may be effected by former emigrants who are now beginning to return to their old homes. The book is full of interesting and suggestive matter.

History of Plymouth Plantation, 1620-1647. By William Bradford. In two volumes. Boston: Published for the Massachusetts Historical Society, by Houghton Mifflin Co. $15 net.

The Massachusetts Historical Society has departed from the customary routine of its publications by authorizing the preparation of new editions of the histories of Bradford and Winthrop and by issuing them in a series distinct from the familiar Collections and Proceedings. The new enterprise deserves unstinted praise from scholars and the public alike, both for the wisdom that prompted it and for the skill that has accompanied its execution.

The two sumptuous volumes containing the text of Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation" have been prepared by Worthington C. Ford, the editor of the Society's publications, and printed in a manner that is almost faultless by the Riverside Press. The only possible criticism from a typographical point of view concerns the facsimiles of autographs and signatures printed with the text, which are not as sharp as one might wish, a fault due, it may be, to the paper employed. The editor's reproduction of the text seems to be letter-perfect: "William King" is for the first time properly rendered "William Ring," and even Bradford's odd slip, "the Charels-river," previously corrected, is here retained. Mr. Ford states that the history is now printed in its entirety for the first time, but he does not say wherein the edition of 1898, supposedly compared word for word with the facsimile of 1896, is imperfect, and it must be said that a comparison of the two texts discloses no omissions. On the other hand, the defects of the first, or Deane, edition are well known, and the version printed in the "Original Narratives of American History" was rightfully abbreviated. The great value of Mr. Ford's text, however, lies in its readability, as all abbreviations, symbols, and ligatures have been extended, and the text, in all respects save the spelling, has a modern look. Especially noteworthy is the printing of *the* for the form *ye*, which has been ren-

dered so often in the past as if the first letter was *y* instead of an inverted *th*.

More than half the work is taken up with illustrations and footnotes. "Whatever was authentic and of contemporaneous origin," says Mr. Ford, "has been brought into the notes, so as to present as full a picture of the life of the plantation at the time as the available records will permit." The result is an edition built up somewhat after the fashion of Bagster's English Hexapla, one original text being supplemented and illustrated by other original texts. In this case the supplemental matter is drawn from the writings, chiefly printed, of Bradford himself, Winslow, "Mourt," Morton, and Winthrop, and from the Plymouth Records. This plan is of manifest convenience to the student, though we think it likely to prove distracting to the general reader. Intermingled with these quotations are scores of notes written by the editor, explaining, elucidating, and elaborating the text. In general, these notes have been written with learning and good judgment, though inevitably the critic will find opportunity for the exercise of his craft. We would gladly have sacrificed some of the more elementary of the historical explanations for one good account of the business relations between the leaders of the colony and their partners in England. Mr. Ford excuses himself by saying that "it is difficult, if not impossible, to unravel the innermost history of the commercial experience of the Plantation," but the fraud practiced upon the Pilgrims and the devious business methods of Beauchamp and Sherley play too prominent a part in Bradford's story to be passed over without adequate comment. We should have been glad, also, to find explanations of such phrases as "brusht away their coats" (I, p. 233), "given at a clape" (II, p. 130), and "carried into Saly" (II, p. 435), none of which is annotated, though "Saly" is easily identified as Sallee in Morocco. Furthermore, why has Mr. Ford, an expert on documents and their repositories, confounded Her Majesty's State Paper Office with the Public Record Office (I, p. 73, note), and why, even with the evidence of his own facsimiles before him, has he always printed the name of the latter "the British Public Records Office"?

These and numerous other little slips (such as "Barnstable" for Barnstaple in Devonshire, and "P. R. O. America and West Indies, VI," a meaningless reference) are irritating and unexpected in the work of so eminent an editor. But they count for little in comparison with the large amount of accurate and intelligent comment that the work contains. The note on the origin of the story of the plot "between Master Jones and the Dutch to land the Pilgrims in a place other than the Hudsons (*sic*) River" is masterly, while those on the plague of 1621 and the extension of the suffrage in 1634 are informing and helpful. Taking the annotations as a whole, we must admire the range and thoroughness of Mr. Ford's researches.

Our Book of Memories. By Justin McCarthy and R. M. Praed. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

The friendship of Mrs. Praed and Justin McCarthy was founded at first on literary affinity and was continued on a basis of ever-increasing mutual affection. From Mr. McCarthy, Mrs. Praed received advice, help, literary assistance of all kinds, and was always able to draw unreservedly on his vast stores of knowledge of the world. From Mrs. Praed Justin McCarthy got an intellectual companionship which proved of the greatest benefit to him in those strenuous days through which he was to pass. He was never so busy that he could not find time to jot down a few lines, perhaps a few words only, detailing the crisis just past or just to come. Such is the tenor of the greater number of the letters which Mrs. Praed has edited with care and appreciation, and which give us as no other documents could do a vivid picture of the struggle for Irish Home Rule which was finally to fail and bring down in its fall the Great Commoner himself, weary and worn.

The life of an Irish Parliamentary leader was no easy one in those days. Justin McCarthy, idealist, enthusiast, patriot, most chivalric of gentlemen, most loyal of friends, found it peculiarly hard. As a patriot he had the same ideals as those which prompted some of the greatest crimes of the day, and the struggle to keep the political party clean from any taint of these awful happenings was a constant source of anxiety. The refutation of that Jesuitical formula that the end justifies the means had to be constantly on his lips; and besides he suffered most severely in his loyalty to his chief. For many years Parnell had been his hero, and when the crash came he could not at first believe the truth; so great a man could not have descended so low. But when the truth was out and the break in the party occurred Justin McCarthy, in spite of affection, of belief in the skill and ability of his leader, had to break away. The struggle in committee room 15 is historic now. Mrs. Praed catches many echoes of it in brief notes written in all haste from the room itself while the fight was still going on, little words which show that, if Parnell, baited, and with his back to the wall, suffered in the fight, the foremost of his opponents suffered even more.

Politics is the keynote of the letters. Whatever else McCarthy was he was first and foremost a politician. Yet he was no fanatic. Men and women loved him for his sympathy, his chivalry, his absolute honesty of purpose. He writes of people of all kinds as his friends, and he dabbled in all sorts of literary work. He was a novelist, leader-writer, short-story writer, all by turns and all at once, a dramatist, a politician always, and a great-hearted idealist who had one aim, one ambition. He went on a lecturing trip to America, covered half the continent, and met all the men of mark of the early eighties. Mrs. Praed was the recipient of many most interesting letters written from all sorts of places over the Eastern half of the United States.

The value of this work, however, is not in the people and places it describes, varied and interesting and well done as they are, but lies in the picture of the man, drawn all unconsciously by himself and now etched in and laid before us by one who was well qualified to finish the portrait, and did so as a labor of love.

Notes

"Essays in Biography," by Charles Whibley, is among forthcoming volumes announced by E. P. Dutton.

Miss Bertha Runkle will issue this season, through the Century Co., an historical romance, entitled "The Scarlet Rider."

The first copies of the "Britannica Year-Book, 1913," are now appearing from the press of the Encyclopædia Britannica Co. (New York). It aims to do for a single year, 1911-1912, what the eleventh edition of the Encyclopædia has done for all time.

In "Royal Women: Their History and Romance," which McClurg is publishing, Mary Ridpath-Mann deals with Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, Marie Antoinette, and the Empress Josephine.

"The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," which will appear under the imprint of the Putnams in April, have been prepared for publication under the general auspices of the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee, which was formed in 1906. The work, complete in six volumes, has been in the hands of a sub-committee, of which Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard has been chairman, and the editing has been done by Frederic Bancroft.

Putnams also promise shortly: "Little Thank You," a story by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor; "The Fringe of the Desert," a novel by Rachel Swete Macnamara; "The Psychology of Revolutions," by Gustave Le Bon; "The Cyclopædia of Social Usage," by Helen L. Roberts; "Trails and Tramps in Alaska and New Foundland," by William S. Thomas; "Personality," by F. B. Jevons; "The Economics of Everyday Life," by T. H. Penson, and "The Book of Judges" (the Cambridge Bible for Schools and Colleges), with introduction and notes by Prof. G. A. Cooke.

Burns & Oates, of London, have in prepa-

ration "Shelley, and Other Essays and Reviews," by Francis Thompson, in a volume uniform with the two volumes of Thompson's "Collected Poems," previously announced in these columns.

The handy and well-tested "Satchel Guide for the Vacation Tourist in Europe" comes to us from Houghton Mifflin Company, with the regular annual revision.

"Daily Song," an anthology published by George H. Doran Co., bears as second title, "A Year-Book of Spiritual Cheer." It contains a poem for each day of the year, most of them of an edifying, though not distinctly religious, character. The selection is commendable.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have issued an attractive reprint of the "Lincoln-Douglas Debates," with an introduction by George Haven Putnam. The text is apparently that of the Columbus edition of 1860, with modernized punctuation. The absence of an index is regrettable.

The following is an instance of the ridiculous prices at which books sometimes sell at auction in New York city. The New York State Library sent to its agent bids upon thirty-two several items in Part 4 of the Hoe sale. It was not able to procure a single one of these items, which sold for an aggregate of $583. The Library thereupon commissioned this agent to procure these books at any price within the amount of the original bids. Within four months of the sale the thirty-two items were delivered at a net cost to the Library of $175.35. In many cases the copies received were better bound than those in the Hoe library, and in no case were the books apparently inferior in condition.

In our review of F. Wolcott Stoddard's "Tramps Through Tyrol," we criticised "Amras" as erroneous for *Ambras*. Mr. Stoddard informs us that both these forms occur in Baedeker and elsewhere. We accept the correction, but "Ambras" is certainly the better spelling, and this form alone is used throughout Austria.

The Massachusetts Biographical Society has published advance sheets of its forthcoming "Biographical History of Massachusetts," of which Dr. S. A. Eliot is editor-in-chief. The contents are an introduction by Dr. E. E. Hale and the autobiography of the late Gamaliel Bradford. Dr. Hale pictures in his characteristic way what the State stands for in the history of the nation. Among other statements is one which will surprise many readers, that for long periods in the Revolutionary War "Massachusetts had more seamen engaged against King George's navy than were serving in that navy against her." The autobiography is of great interest, especially the part showing the main object of the last forty years of Mr. Bradford's life, the study of the "Lesson of Popular Government."

Lilian Rea's "The Enthusiasts of Port Royal" (Scribner) is a readable but distinctly amateurish account of seventeenth-century Jansenism. With such recent and excellent treatments of this subject in English as Miss Lowndes's "Nuns of Port Royal" and Lord St. Cyres's "Pascal" it is indeed not entirely obvious why the present volume should have been written at all. Miss Rea differs from the Port-Royalists in being a romantic rather than a religious enthusiast. Herein she resembles the greatest of all the historians of Port-Royal, Sainte-Beuve, who was drawn, he says, to Jansenism by the poetry of its inner life. This type of religiosity would seem more appropriate to the subject than Miss Rea's attempt to present it (to quote her own words) "in all the glory of prismatic colors." Her repeated references to Pascal as a stoic make one wonder whether she has not entirely missed the nature of enthusiasm in the Jansenist sense. If Pascal had not transcended stoicism he would not have deserved in this sense to rank as an enthusiast at all. In general, Miss Rea is more at home in dealing with the picturesque and anecdotal than with the intellectual and religious aspects of the movement.

How Tolstoy's writings were constantly censored by his wife, is told in a book recently published in Russia ("The Living Words of Tolstoy," by I. Teneromo), which contains the author's reminiscences of his visits to Tolstoy. For example, "War and Peace" originally included a description of Ellen bathing. Pierre Bezuhov accidentally sees through a crack in the door, and then decides on the mad step, for which he was sorry through life, and proposes to Ellen. Tolstoy's wife vigorously protested against the scene, and the meek creator of "War and Peace" gave in. The passage was thrown out, and the marriage of Pierre Bezuhov appears without artistic justification. Likewise, Tolstoy's wife demanded the omission of a chapter from the "Kreutzer Sonata," which depicted Pozdnishev stealing in his stockings up the stairs to his wife's bedroom, and killing Trukhachevsky, in whose arms he finds his wife. The passage was one of the strongest in the novel, and the fact was of chief importance in bringing about Trukhachevsky's acquittal. The chapter was thrown out, and the acquittal remains unintelligible to the reader.

"A Chronicle of the Popes" (Macmillan), by A. E. McKilliam, is a volume of about 500 pages giving the chief facts concerning each Pope from St. Peter to Pius X. It is intended for use as a reference handbook, and offers therefore a simple, impartial record without discussion of causes or results. Such a work has long been needed, and this book, based on the recognized authorities, meets the need most satisfactorily. It is very generally accurate, though a number of minor slips could be pointed out. The Pazzi, for example, are consistently called the Pozzi; the account of the decoration of the Sistine chapel is incorrect; the Kingdom of Italy in 1861 lacked Venice as well as Rome. Queerly enough, not one of the 258 biographies mentions the date of its subject's birth, though the age at death is often mentioned in connection with the date of the death.

"The Latter-Day Saints," by Ruth Kauffman and Reginald Wright Kauffman (London: Williams & Norgate), is an essay in the economic interpretation of religion. The conviction of the authors is that "belief in God or gods has little to do with the form or practice of any religion. Religious forms are the spiritual results of the economic conditions prevailing at the time of the religion's beginning, and religious practices are modified by the modifications of the economic conditions that prevail during the time of the religion's existence." The rise and development of Mormonism is explained on this theory. It had its origin in the economic unrest which prevailed in the pioneer period in America. Polygamy was accepted as a revelation because a plurality of wives and bevies of children were profitable in the labor of a new agricultural community. Capitalism, which is declared to rule America, favored the growth of the religion, and Socialism will be its doom. The authors see no prospect of the decline of the religion of Joseph Smith until a new social system wipes out the economic injustice on which it rests. Notwithstanding this one-sided view of the Mormon faith and the degraded interpretation of religion, the authors have brought together a large amount of useful material bearing on the history of the Latter-Day Saints. They present the facts as to the origin of the book of Mormon and the character of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young in plain speech and with abundant proof from contemporary sources.

In "The Italians of To-day" (F. G. Browne & Company), Mr. Richard Bagot writes the most sensible popular account of recent Italian conditions and policy that we have seen from the pen of any Englishman. He was goaded into utterance by the calumnies which the English press heaped upon Italy during the war with Tripoli a year and a half ago. Few foreigners have at any time equalled the vigor with which he denounces "the sanctimonious hypocrisy" of his countrymen. Italy's experience with war correspondents simply taught the Balkan allies to exclude them altogether. Mr. Bagot shows that the English pressmen who calumniated the Italian soldiers could not possibly have seen what they pretended to describe, because they were leagues away; he shows also, from indisputable official evidence, that the Turks and Arabs practiced upon the Italians, whether dead or living, atrocities too frightful to be told in print. The larger part of his little book, however, is devoted to a discussion of more general conditions—the state of the peasant and workman, of the professional classes, and of the aristocracy. His account of the relations between Church and State is the best that has appeared lately, and may be commended to the Americans, not less than to the English, who have been misled by Ultramontane propaganda. Mr. Bagot may seem at times to assume that he is the only person competent to speak on all these matters; but this proceeds from his enthusiasm and his chivalry; and he is right in declaring that his countrymen are ignorant of the Italians of to-day.

Achille Loria, professor at the University of Turin, deals with the subject of international law in "Les Bases Economiques de la Justice Internationale" (Putnam). This book is the first part of the second volume of the Publications of the Norwegian Nobel Institute. The object of this Institute, as pointed out in the preface to this work, is "to keep informed of the development of the relations among the nations, and especially of the efforts peacefully to settle international conflicts, in order that it may be able to give its advice to the committee on

the distribution of the peace prize." After pointing out the first germs of international law, which consisted in the substitution of a law of more general application for the tribal and family law, Professor Loria proceeds to show how the growth of this international law has been dependent almost entirely upon economic conditions. Competition creates the necessity for rules governing the commercial and economic relations between natives and foreigners, and the development of revenue determines the necessity of international institutions. When associations of groups of men, exchange, and other economic conditions increase the revenue up to a certain point, and the potentiality of production becomes paralyzed, the violent annexation of the revenues of others will follow; and this is a negation of international law. The means of this annexation is war, and war is always a reaction against a decrease in revenue. Furthermore, war, the pathologic means of increasing revenue, is bound to result in a violation of every rule of international law.

The economic conditions which have a tendency to reëstablish the rules of international law are the heavy damages sustained by the belligerents. That the nations have made some attempt to lessen these damages is evidenced by the agreements with regard to the protection of property and commerce; but it is not until more recent times that they have thought of the necessity of having an international law for the protection of human life. International law thus revived in this form differs from the international law outlined in the first part of his book, Professor Loria tells us, in that it is *abnormal* and *special*, whereas the other was *normal* and *universal*. With the increase in the size of the economic unit comes a decrease in the frequency with which war is resorted to, and it is thus that economic conditions tend directly to prevent war. This prevention is exercised by decreasing the advantages of war, and by increasing its cost and the damages which it causes. It necessarily follows that war becomes less and less capable of fulfilling its function, that of increasing revenue, and so economic progress tends to make peace the rule and war the exception. Professor Loria himself seems to be of the opinion that, owing to the development in economic conditions, war eventually will entirely disappear. Though the complication of economic international relations will give rise to more numerous differences, they will be better settled peacefully because it is now of the most vital interest to the nations to avoid war.

It would be a patient man, indeed, who should undertake to verify the accuracy of Capt. Albert Harrison Van Deusen's two stout volumes on "The Van Deursen Family," which is published by the Frank Allaben Genealogical Company. Since the work is written in a spirit of sober and wholly Dutch enthusiasm, there is no reason to doubt the fidelity of the endeavor, in spite of the more or less conjectural nature of the earliest traces of the South Brabant origins of these American and Canadian Van Deursens, Van Deusens, Van Dusens, and Van Duzers. As in the case of most of the Dutch Vans in this country, Deursen was first the place name and then the local surname. *Deur* or *dur* (seen in our word Durham) is Celtic for *water*, and so it fell out that the Jan, or Pieter, or Hendrik, who lived at or near The Water, became Van Deursen. Eventually, many of these and other Brabanders made their way to Haarlem, where was born, in 1607, the immigrant ancestor, Abraham Pietersen. He married Tryntje Meichiors, of Groningen, in 1629, and is known to have been in New Amsterdam as early as 1636, when he lived on the Heerewegh Straat, our Broadway, certainly at one time on the third lot south of Wall Street. He was the official Miller, or "Molenaar," and innkeeper, just as Tryntje Jonas was the official midwife of New Amsterdam. Marytje, his second child, married as her second husband Evert Jansen Wendell, who himself was the widower of Susanna du Trieux. Not until 1667 did this family use the local surname, when Pieter Abrahamszen added Van Deursen on a record of baptism. This sturdy Dutch stock started bravely on new soil, when the seven children of Abraham Pietersen all grew up, married, and raised families. The important American biographical dictionaries reveal only infrequent mention of the variants of the Van Deursen name, but of just such stuff as this family is the best, though not of necessity the most notable, fabric of American life made up.

Capt. Van Deusen's researches of nearly twenty years' duration seem to have been crowned by a self-conducted tour through the Netherlands in search of more light. He left few genealogical stones unturned in his itinerary, and he viewed the scenes of ancestral happenings with a natural satisfaction. The cuts are pleasing, as a rule, though at times portraying rather trivial objects, as, for instance, a handsaw issued by the British Government to one Caspar Dusen after his arrival in Canada in 1784. In the second volume there is a record of miscellaneous and related families, which is somewhat baffling in its arrangement and significance. As for the spelling of the early Christian names and patronymics of these New Netherlanders, it is the part of discretion to beat a hasty retreat from so appalling a maze. Few of us are of that stern yet elastic fibre of which the true genealogist is made. For instance, the Conrad Burghardt, and Mary, his wife, whose daughter Fiche married Isaac Van Deusen, the ancestor of the Great Barrington branch, are set down in L. H. Sahler's "History and Genealogy of the Van Deusens of Van Deusen Manor," as Cœnreat Hendrickse Borghghardt and Marya Janso Franse Van Hœsen. One must, indeed, walk by faith and not by sight in these Hollandish paths.

"From Religion to Philosophy" (Longmans), by F. M. Cornford, is not, as the title might lead one to suppose, a new book on the "present religious crisis." Its subject is early Greek thought, and its aim is to trace European philosophy and science back to primitive Greek religion, and, with the help of Professor Durkheim and the sociologists, to trace religion back to social structure. Thus, according to our author, *physis* is at first essentially social custom, and *Moira* is the projection of the social restraint imposed by the group upon the individual. In like manner, the two great philosophical schools of Greece, the Ionian or scientific, and the Italiote or mystical, are outgrowths respectively of the two great religions of the early Greeks —the Olympian and the Dionysian. In such a book there is inevitably a good deal of the purely hypothetical; but, fortunately, our author has not confused hypothesis with fact. This is fortunate indeed, for his hypotheses are often daring if not bizarre, and his implicit confidence in the French school of sociology is naïve. The reader who has his wits about him will find much that is of value from the author's sound classical scholarship; but the book is one that should be taken only with the large grain of salt ready at hand.

The Proceedings of the Mississippi Valley Historical Association for the Year, 1911-1912, indicate the growing importance of that organization. The papers show that there is growing up a group of younger scholars with the proper training, who are devoting themselves to the problems of Western history. Although the volume contains no contribution of great moment, still the average of the essays in scientific character and value is very considerably above that of similar contributions to the proceedings of the local societies; and gives promise that the study of Western history will soon pass completely out of the stage of antiquarianism and "gray-beardism," wherein it has lingered so long. The most successful papers in the volume discuss some phase of the anti-slavery struggle in the Old Northwest. There are several papers on the teaching of history in the secondary schools, a subject which the Association has taken up with great seriousness since its union with the Northwestern History Teachers' Association. The Southerners show a noticeable lack of interest in the work of the Association. Surely in a volume of this size there should have been more than one paper on some phase of history south of Mason and Dixon's Line. From the very beginning the Association has printed its proceedings on good paper and with excellent type, and this volume maintains the standard. The failure to print the names of the contributors in the table of contents seems to us a matter of just criticism.

Under the title "Primitive Christianity and its non-Jewish Sources" (Scribner), Robert G. Nisbet, of the University of Glasgow, has translated Prof. Carl Clemen's "Religionsgeschichtliche Erklärung des Neuen Testaments." The work is favorably known as a thorough and painstaking study of the ideas and incidents in the evangelists and other New Testament writings which offer parallels, or which have been supposed to be in any way related, to elements in non-Christian faiths other than Judaism. Chief attention is paid to alleged derivation from Babylonian sources, but Persian, Greek, and Eastern cults have also been searched for similarities to Christian ideas.

Dr. James Thompson Bixby, in "The Open Secret: A Study of Life's Deeper Forces" (American Unitarian Association), pleads for a spiritual interpretation of the world against the materialism represented by Haeckel. He appeals to the facts within the realm of personal life to justify belief in Providence, despite the invariable laws of nature. The book is a popular theodicy, an assertion of good as the final goal, written with earnest religious feeling, high moral appeal, and without argumentative bitterness.

That there was room for the Rev. James Baikie's "The Sea Kings of Crete" (Macmillan) is shown by the fact that it has now passed into its second edition. And though Mr. Baikie has apparently no other qualifications for writing on Crete than a diligent reading of what other people have published and a wholesome enthusiasm for the subject, nobody can deny that he has produced a readable book, which has the further advantage of numerous, good illustrations. He shows his good sense by acknowledging himself an outsider and not advancing any original theories. The new edition is virtually a reprint of the first edition, which appeared in 1910. The only addition is a short note on the translations of the "Phæstos Disk," attempted by Professor Hempl and Miss Stawell. No mention is made of the important discoveries recently made at Tiryns; and the bibliography does not include Mr. Seager's new book on Mochlos.

Science

A Psychological Study of Religion. By James H. Leuba. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

It is now seventeen years since the publication of Professor Leuba's first contribution to the psychology of religion ("Studies in the Psychology of Religious Phenomena"), the appearance of which almost simultaneously with Starbuck's "Study of Conversion" marked the beginning of the serious and concerted work of psychologists upon the religious consciousness. Since that time the psychology of religion has had a rather rapid growth, and to this Professor Leuba has been one of the chief contributors. Some twenty-three articles and monographs on this subject have come from his pen during these seventeen years, and it has been his plan to cover the whole field in systematic form in three volumes, dealing respectively with the origin and nature of religion, the contents of the religious consciousness, and the dynamics of the religious life. The first of these volumes is now completed. As the sub-title states, it is a study of the "origin, function, and future" of religion, and it falls naturally into two quite distinct sections, one dealing with the nature of religion, its origin, its relation to magic, and similar anthropological questions, the other discussing the respective rights of the psychologist and the theologian in dealing with the religious consciousness, and the question of the possible future of religion and theology.

There are, according to Professor Leuba, three great types of human behavior (excluding, of course, the lower sorts). These are "mechanical," "coercitive," and "anthropopathic." The second includes those practices which are supposed to bring about their inevitable results by occult means that are neither mechanical and quantitative nor "anthropopathic"—in other words, magic. The third kind of behavior is the attempt to induce a desired action on the part of some sentient being by various methods of appeal. When behavior of this type is directed towards unseen and supra-human psychic beings, it is religion. "Religion is that part of human experience in which man feels himself in relation with powers of psychic nature, usually personal powers, and makes use of them."

Magic and religion being thus essentially different from each other, they must, in our author's opinion, have had different origins. It is a mistake to regard either one as an outgrowth of the other. Leuba refuses to accept either of Frazer's well-known views, namely, that magic is primitive science, and that magic is the mother of religion. He believes, however, that it probably antedated religion, and that it grew out of the belief in a non-personal power permeating things—the mana of the Melanesians, the wakonda of the Sioux, etc. Dynamism, as Professor Leuba calls this view, is, in his opinion, older than animism, and magic (or at least one form of it) is the attempt to control this mysterious power by non-mechanical and non-personal methods.

Animism, however, though not man's most primitive philosophy, did form the intellectual side of his earliest religion, for early religion is the attempt to win the favor of mysterious, but *personal*, beings. The origin of the belief in these unseen beings, according to our author, is not to be found in any single phenomenon. This view of the multiple origin of religion is not new with Professor Leuba, but for some reason it has seldom been expressed—and never better expressed than here. Too long have anthropologists been discussing whether the gods came from ghosts or from personified nature forces, as if they could not have come from *both*. And Professor Leuba's pluralistic theory not only is more persuasive than the monistic one, but enables us also to account for many of the varying attributes and characters of the historical gods which the older view found it hard to explain.

The reader who cares only in a general way for origins and anthropology will find Parts iii and iv much more interesting than the earlier sections of the book—as, in fact, seems to be the case with the author himself, if one may judge by the style. For, coldly scientific in the first part, it takes on in chapter 11 a warmer and almost a belligerent tone. Professor Leuba is here fighting the battle of psychology against invaders, and he does not mean to cry Peace, Peace, when there is no peace. The invaders are, of course, the theologians, and the territory invaded is the religious consciousness. Professor Leuba shows at length how, having been driven out of the field of physical nature, the modern theologian has attempted to make of the inner life a fortress for religion unassailable by science. Few writers have spoken so openly on this subject as does our author. His view may be stated very briefly. The great majority of modern theologians base their belief in God on the facts of the religious consciousness. Now, the facts of consciousness can be studied intelligently only by the psychologist. When so studied the following conclusions are reached: (1) There is no immediate apprehension of God or of the traditional dogmas, and to say that there is, as the mystic and the theologian sometimes do, is to confuse introspection and description which cannot be refuted with theoretical and highly dubious interpretation; (2) no truly scientific induction from the facts appealed to can prove the conclusions which the theologians base upon them. The facts of the religious consciousness can be explained like the other facts of psychology without appeal to any supernatural source. Thus we come to the final conclusion, that mysticism and the inner life are in no way evidence for the existence of the Christian God or the truth of the Christian doctrines.

In dealing thus with "empirical theology," Professor Leuba does not mean to attack all theology. His own philosophy, he assures us, is idealistic rather than naturalistic. He wishes merely to show up "the dishonest shifts to which traditional Christianity is now driven," and to serve notice on all theologians hereafter to keep out of the psychological field. He tells us that he does not wish to overthrow religion, and that he hopes there is a future for it. And here we come upon an unsteadiness in his use of the word religion which makes certain sections of his book difficult to interpret. If religion be, as he insists, merely a form of "anthropopathic behavior," must it not die with the belief in a personal God and with the attempt to "make use" of God by "anthropopathic" measures? Yet Leuba has a whole chapter on the "religion" of the future, which he conjectures and apparently hopes will be something of a cross between Comte's religion of humanity and Bergson's creative evolution, with no anthropopathic nonsense about it. And this suggests a question which many will raise, namely, whether Professor Leuba has not underestimated the force and the emotional value of continuity and tradition.

However this may be, our author is evidently convinced that the psychological study of the religious consciousness will in time destroy the last refuge of the belief in a personal God who entertains personal relations with the indi-

vidual. And, indeed, he has put his case very persuasively. Yet the matter is hardly so simple as the hurried reader may be led to believe. The theologian will insist (as Professor Leuba knows perfectly well) that a thorough investigation of the religious consciousness will yield facts not fundamentally explicable on purely psychical laws. And though the theologian may be mistaken, it will be no easy thing to prove it. The mystic will insist that his "experience of presence" is unique in character—a claim impossible to prove and difficult to refute. The facts involved are complex and exceedingly evasive, and some kind of interaction between the soul and spiritual forces around it is at least conceivable. And even if a scientific "explanation" be granted, there would be in that nothing inconsistent with the belief in a "personal" God. In short, many thoughtful readers will refuse to follow Professor Leuba in all his conclusions about religion. But no one will be able to read his book impartially without admiration for his plain speaking on a most important subject.

The "Antarctic Disaster," the leading article of the *Geographical Journal* for March, contains Capt. Scott's message, written March 25, 1912, and the addresses of Lord Curzon and Sir Clements Markham at the memorial meeting of the Royal Geographical Society. Portraits of Capt. Scott and his four companions in their Polar surroundings are given, together with a sketch-map showing the sphere of operations of the expedition. Other subjects treated are Moroccan geography, by A. G. Ogilvie, with a map showing the Spanish spheres of influence; the formation of gravitation waves in the Culebra Cut of the Panama Canal, by Dr. Vaughan Cornish, and the progress of the Baghdad Railway, with maps. There is also the first part of a description, with diagrams, of some new and improved instruments and apparatus for geographical surveying by E. A. Reeves.

The aggressive activity of German scientific exploration is well indicated by the handsome form of official publication adopted for the results. The contrast between the "Mitteilungen aus den Deutschen Schutzgebieten," now in their twenty-fourth volume, and the official Blue Books in which British explorations occasionally see the light, deserves review under some such heading as Colonial Administration. One of the latest numbers of the *Mitteilungen* concerns the Manenguba highland of the Camerun region in west Africa, on which a well-illustrated report is made by Dr. F. Thorbecke, entitled "Das Manenguba-Hochland, ein Beitrag zur Landeskunde Kameruns"; it treats the surface forms, among which volcanic features figure largely, the climate and vegetation, and the native tribes. A number of photo-plates and a good map are included.

In these enlightened days of public sanitation and personal hygiene, when philosophers illustrate their points in terms of toxins and antitoxins, when microbe or germ replaces the bugaboo or bear in the nursery, it is well for the public, particularly the educated portion of it, to know some of the fundamental facts at least about the minute organisms which lie underneath. Such knowledge is presented in relatively simple scientific form in the admirable book on "Microbes and Toxins" (Putnam), by Dr. Burnet, of the Pasteur Institute in Paris. It is not exactly a popular presentation, although an excellent, if limited, glossary will aid the uninitiated, while on the other hand, it is sufficiently deep to be a guide to the scientific specialist. The translation has been made by Drs. Charles Broquet and W. M. Scott. Written originally in the Pasteur Institute, it was to be expected that the book would have the flavor of Metschnikoff's views on immunity and intestinal poisoning; indeed, Metschnikoff contributes a short introduction, in which he says: "And the progress of microbiology leads us to hope that this science will one day liberate man from his fear of the grave, and to permit him to attain the true object, the true conclusion of life." The biology of lower forms of life, the relations of animals and plants, and the transformations of energy are clearly and ably presented. It is shown that "life as a whole could not continue without bacteria; they do not create life, but they supply it with the necessary material." While the beneficent rôle of the bacteria is thus not neglected, the other side, the malevolent aspect, is much more fully elaborated and forms the bulk of the work. The intestinal bacteria as the agents of putrefaction and auto-intoxication make an introduction for the discussion of Metschnikoff's views on the prolongation of life, and pave the way to a detailed description of recent progress in regard to the facts and theories of immunity. In regard to the latter, it is Metschnikoff's view again that is supported. The phagocytes, or white blood cells, are shown to be not only the physical agents in immunity, but the originators, through phagolysis, or phagocyte disintegration, of the immune factors of the blood. Other theories, however, receive just treatment, and experiments and counter-experiments are cited until the reader is overwhelmed with the perplexing complications of the problems, and he is ready to admit with the author that they permit of no one harmonizing view at present. It is unfortunate that such a useful and valuable book should show unmistakable evidence of haste in its preparation for an English-reading public. Not only is the syntax so poor in places that the meaning is lost, but innumerable typographical errors show the effects of hasty proofreading and an inexcusable carelessness in the making of the book.

Drama and Music

Prof. Brander Matthews has placed with Scribners for publication in the autumn "Shakespeare as a Playwright."

In "Court Masques of James I," shortly to be issued by Putnams, Mary Sullivan, Ph.D., attempts to establish Shakespeare as an important instrument in the court entertainments of James I.

It is not often that so much good white paper is wasted in a single volume as in the 361 pages of Weedon Grossmith's reminiscences entitled, "From Studio to Stage" (Lane). Mr. Grossmith babbles cheerfully, with evident self-enjoyment, of his boyhood days, at home, at a Hampstead Academy, and the Royal Academy Schools, with a serene unconsciousness of the fact that he has nothing to tell worthy of print, and no special gift of relation to give fictitious point to his anecdotal trivialities. That he is a man of varied abilities has been sufficiently proved by his successes as a painter and as a comedian, but the reflection which he presents of himself in these pages is not flattering, and he would have been far wiser if he had submitted his rough notes, as he calls them—and as they actually are—to some judicious editor. There is entertaining material to be found in them, though nothing very new or startling. An ardent fisherman, he gives some useful hints to the English angler, and collectors of old furniture might read his experiences in that pursuit with interest and profit. But even on these matters he speaks as an intelligent amateur rather than an expert. One of his best chapters is that on the methods of rehearsal adopted by Henry Irving in the famous days of the Lyceum. The theatrical acumen of the actor, his masterful direction, and his zeal for artistic detail are clearly illustrated. A description of a rehearsal of a Drury Lane melodrama is significant in its contrasts. Mr. Grossmith, naturally, has a good deal to say about the commercial side of the theatre and his own histrionic and managerial achievements, but the value of the matter is grossly disproportionate to the space devoted to it.

Kenneth Douglas and Carl Leyel have obtained control of the London Comedy Theatre, where they will produce to-day a play by Frank Stayton called "The Inferior Sex." It is described as farce comedy, with sensational incidents, and the scenes occur on a yacht, chartered by a misogynist in order that he may be able to write a treatise on his pet subject without fear of interruption by the fair sex. His plans, of course, are completely frustrated by a fascinating intruder, who, in the end, makes a convert and a captive of him. The leading parts will be played by Kenneth Douglas and Renée Kelly.

The opening of new repertory theatres in England continues steadily. The latest of them is at Croydon, where an experimental season of six weeks is to be tried, with a new play every Monday. Elizabeth Baker's "Chains" will be presented on April 14; Haddon Chambers's "The Tyranny of Tears" on the 21st; a new comedy in three acts entitled "The Situation at Newbury," by Charles McEvoy, on the 28th; Macdonald Hastings's "The New Sin" on May 5, a four-act comedy named "Dropping the Pilot," by Keble Howard, on May 12, and Bernard Shaw's "Candida" on May 19.

Reports come from Manchester of the marked success of the revival of "Romeo and Juliet" in the New Theatre in that city. The Juliet is Margaret Halstan, who renews her success first won in this character six years ago. Warm praise also is accorded to the Romeo of Dennis Neilson-Terry, and it is pleasant to note that special stress is laid upon the eloquence with which both players uttered their lines. The

art of delivering blank verse properly upon the stage has not, it seems, been entirely lost.

The "Open Windows" of A. E. W. Mason seems to be a success at the London St. James's Theatre. The story does not appear to he entirely reasonable, but is well told and furnishes excellent opportunities to George Alexander and Irene Vanbrugh. They are Mr. and Mrs. George Herrick. The former is a Cabinet Minister, a supremely able and fortunate man, happiest of all in the love of his wife and beautiful daughter. Presently he gets a new private secretary, Philip Brook, and it soon appears that between the latter and Mrs. Herrick there is a secret. In fact, they had been lovers before Herrick ever came upon the scene, and when they were separated, it was to save her good name that she hastily married the man to whom she has long been devoted. But her daughter is Brook's child, not Herrick's, and the secretary takes care that the truth shall he told. But when it comes to the pinch, neither Herrick, who loves the girl too tenderly to infect her with the taint of disgrace, nor Brook, who is smitten at the last with compunction, can summon courage to reveal the shame and, in the end, both men learn to consider the case with broader minds—through "open windows," as it were—to let the dead past he buried and to lay hold on present happiness.

The London critics do not appear to have been deeply impressed by the performance of Hamlet which Louis Calvert gave recently with the Pioneer Players. A writer in London *Truth* says:

Mr. Calvert's impersonation of Hamlet is interesting, as must be every impersonation of the character which is not an imitation. But if his conception of the character were to he accepted as on the right lines, it would not be long hefore the play ceased to he played until some one with a more poetic imagination again unearthed it.

Sir Squire Bancroft has just given his last public reading, or recitation, of "The Christmas Carol," for charitable purposes. For many years he has read this work to raise funds for hospitals and other charitable enterprises, which have profited hy his benevolent lahors to the extent of more than $100,000.

Some of the hest of Liszt's songs have recently heen issued in sheet-music form hy the Ditsons, whose latest Bulletin mentions them with enticing descriptions.

Liza Lehmann, who is, with the exception of Mme. Chaminade, perhaps the best-known woman composer of the day, has written a book of "Practical Hints for Students," which Messrs. Enoch will publish soon. She was formerly a singer herself, and, as a child, she used to get hints by attending Jenny Lind's classes in the Royal College. The book contains examples from popular modern songs, with paragraphs pointing out the pitfalls and showing how they can he avoided.

The department of music at Harvard University was founded hy John Knowles Paine, whose portrait adorns the March number of the *Harvard Musical Review*. The same numher contains an article hy Paine's successor, Prof. Walter R. Spalding, entitled "Some Real Harvard Musicians." It gives a list of graduates who made a name for themselves, among them twenty-three composers, ten executants, twelve theorists and teachers, and nine musical critics. The names are also given of ten generous patrons of musical progress who are Harvard graduates. This number has an article hy Henry F. Gilbert on Indian music, and a numher of papers on current musical topics. In an article on the operatic situation ahroad, Karl H. Eschmann comments on the curious decadence of the Berlin Opera, which has recently lost three of its conductors, Muck, Weingartner, and Paur. Richard Strauss remains, but he conducts only "once every three weeks, and then only his own operas, which need the prestige of his name to fill the house." The other two conductors are rated as little more than drillmasters. Not only Vienna and Munich, but Dresden, too, are ranked above Berlin. The dearth of singers is felt more and more.

The Berliner Liedertafel, the strongest male chorus organization in that city, is contemplating an American tour in the spring of 1914. Such a tour was projected a few years ago, but had to be abandoned on account of plans made to visit the Orient and also Russia and Finland. The series of concerts given in Berlin each season invariably attract large audiences.

Concerning Debussy's new preludes and his playing of them at a concert in Paris, the English pianist, Fanny Davies, wrote to the musical critic of the London *Telegraph:*

The Debussy group came second in the programme, and I think it worthy of note that he ordered the lid of the piano to be half-closed, as in ensemble playing. Then he arrived, quite simply, with his music in his hand, and after arranging it and his chair he played three of his new preludes deliciously, all perfectly simple, in strict hut never stiff rhythm, always flowing, hut never forced. His touch is beautiful, very sonorous in pp. passages — it creates an atmosphere of calm serenity, and ahsence of all fuss—his tempi are most moderate; in fact, he strictly followed his own directions in each case. He has that *Hineinlegen* in the soft chords that Frau Schumann always wanted, which carries the chords into the air.

Melbourne has a new concert hall, erected at a cost of $200,000. It has a seating capacity of 2,000, which can be reduced to 1,000 if required. It is to be opened in May by Clara Butt, who will he followed hy John McCormack and Harry Lauder.

A bill has been introduced at Harrishurg asking the Legislature to expend $300,000 in the next two years for an orchestra which shall give concerts for a period of thirty-five years, under the supervision of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. If the hill passes, Pennsylvania will have the first symphony orchestra supported by a State in the history of this country.

After occupying his stall in Westminster Abbey for more than forty years, the veteran hass singer, Robert Hilton, is dead. Since last year he had retired from active service on full pension, but when above seventy years old he was still "rolling out his rich diapasonal notes" in the Ahhey. Although Sir Michael Costa and Sir Julius Benedict frequently tried to lure him into opera, he remained true to oratorio and the church. As a glee singer he was regarded as unrivalled, and he was a leading memher of the Nohlemen and Gentlemen's Catch Club, the Round, Catch, and Canon Cluh, the City Glee Club, and the London Glee and Madrigal Union.

Clifton Bingham, the author of more than sixteen hundred songs, as well as "Lyrics without Music," a volume of verses, and "Love's Old Sweet Song," a novel, is dead in London. He was born at Bristol in 1859.

Georges Houdard, who is dead at the age of fifty-three, studied under Massenet, but soon gave up composing to become a writer on musical subjects. Among his writings are "Le Rhythme du chant dit grégorien," his principal work, and a history of the "Château de Saint-Germain-en-Laye" in two volumes.

Art

Della Robbias in America. By Allan Marquand. (Princeton Monographs in Art and Archæology No. 1.) Princeton University Press. $4.50 net.

With this handsomely printed and fully illustrated study of Della Robbias in America, the recently founded Princeton University Press makes its first important academic venture. It is the initial study of a series to be prepared by members of Princeton University covering the field of European art. No art series of similar comprehensive scope has hitherto existed in America.

Professor Marquand brings to his theme an intimacy extending over thirty years. He offers here merely a geographical selection from the complete illustrated catalogue of the Robbias which he has in advanced preparation. For the present work the form of a catalogue is chosen. One finds always a full description of the piece, a discussion of related compositions, and when necessary an historical commentary. The text is a model of cautious and urbane scholarship. Its peculiar value lies in the sharp and authoritative discrimination of secondary school pieces from the products of the Robbia masters. Since virtually all Robbias in private collections are ambitiously attributed, while the museums and art historians are often equally sanguine, this determination of the school pieces is very necessary. Despite the self-chosen geographical limitations of Professor Marquand's monograph, we know of nothing on the subject that gives so clear an idea of the qualities of the masters of the Robbia family.

When Cavallucci and Molinier made their catalogue in 1884 they credited America with one Robbia piece. Maud Crutwell, in her catalogue of 1902, increased Cavalluci's tally of four hundred and eighty-one to nearly eleven hundred, of which ten were in this country. Professor Marquand's list passes seventy pieces, and most of which are reproduced. Eleven pieces are in museums. Far the most important is the exquisite

and little-known Madonna, by Luca della Robbia, in the Altman collection. Only one other example of Luca's work is in America, but half-a-dozen pieces illustrate the beautiful practice of his studio. Andrea's hand and school are fully represented. Even portraits and coats-of-arms are found. Giovanni's work is to be seen only in the museum of the Brooklyn Institute, in the Metropolitan collection, and in the Gardner collection, but school-pieces of Giovanni type are fairly frequent. Professor Marquand's stylistic grouping of such derivative works is very interesting, especially the group built around an altarpiece belonging to Mr. Junius Morgan. These advance studies raise the hope that Professor Marquand's general catalogue of the Robbias will not merely define the work of the three famous masters, but also reveal and identify some of the interesting minor personalities of the school. Fully indexed and fortified with references to earlier authorities, this monograph meets the requirements of special scholarship, while remaining in style and appearance attractive to any reader of cultured taste. Its appeal is not merely to the academic public, but to all who are interested in the special theme and in the progress of American collecting. The make of the book is creditable to the Princeton University Press, but the cuts, which are in several cases muddy and inferior to those in cheap German books on the subject, are not worthy of the letterpress.

"The Letters of a Post-Impressionist, being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent Van Gogh," is attractively published by Houghton Mifflin in the English of Anthony M. Ludovici, with an introductory essay. The book is timely, falling, as it does, upon the first considerable exhibition of Van Gogh's paintings in America. From the letters to his brother, upon whose bounty he lived; to Seurat, and to Emile Bernard, one gets a picture of the man at once pathetic and amiable. He came late to painting, and quite untrained. The robust polychromy of the Luminists and of the Neo-Impressionists fascinated him, and later he was captured by the barbaric energy of Paul Gauguin. To a kind of overemphasis, expressing itself in an almost symbolic choice and force of color, he was predisposed by that nervous intensity which ended in actual madness. The little pen sketches which are the sole ornament of this volume betray an almost morbid imputation of movement to nature. They are fine withal, instinct with a peculiar passion. For a few years he worked, or rather bungled along, in solitude or in uncongenial associations on the Seine or in Provence. With a frenzy of appreciation, he called upon the boldest hues of his palette to symbolize his emotions before nature. His drawing, never even in intention exact, attained a poignant tension. Soon he saw that his kind of painting should be executed apart from all models, but he never gained courage to forsake the fields for the studio. His tortured and vibrant canvases revealed an ominous world quite of his own, but a world not good to dwell in. Their apocalyptic character, which endears them now to jaded æsthetes, made no appeal at the time. Their present vogue is exaggerated, as was their former disesteem. Van Gogh's talent, while wholly abnormal, was never negligible. The reading of these letters will bring home the complete hopelessness of any such individualistic programme as Van Gogh attempted. Had he been, not a neurotic, but of the sturdiness of a Winslow Homer, this attempt to create unaided a new art must lamentably have failed. The very desire implies fanatical immodesty and lack of social discipline. For the rest it was an honest purpose, and stalwartly pursued, so the failure is written in the large lines of tragedy, and not, as in so many similar instances, in the sordid comedy of a gradually increasing charlatanism. The morbid power of Van Gogh's best paintings should keep them a place among the minor tragic eccentricities of genius. He was almost an El Greco of landscape, but without the Greek's shrewdly directed fantasy. His letters may serve as a perpetual reminder of what the life and training of the artist should not be.

Charles Moreau-Vautier's "The Technique of Painting" (Putnam) is a clearly written and interesting book with remarkable illustrative features. The author's description of pigments and demonstrations of fading, by means of color prints, will be useful to painters. Color facsimiles to scale of portions of famous paintings, Leonardo, Fragonard, Rembrandt, Ingres, Monet, Signac, and others are thus represented, show precisely the typical procedures of oil painting and spare much description. We cannot praise as highly the chapters on the care of pictures. Water should never be applied to any picture except in extreme cases, and after testing of the surface. Soap, of course, as M. Vautier rightly insists, should never be used. Those museum officials who regularly clean their paintings with suds are destroying their treasures. We miss any adequate account of the Pettenkoffen process, one of the safest and most efficacious.

Finance

THE "BLUE SKY LAWS."

The bills which passed the Assembly at Albany last week, with the purpose of regulating Stock Exchange business and the issue of corporation securities, unquestionably belong to the class once known as "huggermugger legislation." That is to say, these bills, whatever may be the motive and purpose underlying them, are hurried to a vote in complete disregard of the serious practical objections raised to them by disinterested critics, and in a shape which makes it impossible to say what their actual operation would be, though they meddle violently with the machinery of the legitimate investment community

Hitherto the least-discussed measure, but in many respects the most sweeping of them all, is the so-called Goldberg "Blue Sky Law," aimed at supervision of company security issues by the State. Behind this bill, which is patterned more or less closely on similar legislation proposed in other States, a proper enough purpose can be seen. Some control ought to be exercised over such issues as the shares of the Hawthorne mining group, and from such operations, which had cut an important figure in the rural communities of Kansas, for example, the "Blue Sky movement"—so christened, in the picturesque popular metaphor of the day, because designed to clear away the clouds and fogs from the simple investor's horizon — took its impetus.

Legislation of the same general purport has in fact been pending in no less than thirty-six States of the Union. But nothing could be more hopelessly inapplicable to the business of the country's financial centre than the bill which has now passed one house of the New York State Legislature. From beginning to end it applies to all corporation finance, small and great (with the sole exceptions of banks, insurance and realty corporations, and companies subject to supervision of the Public Service Commissions), the restrictions and supervisions which would naturally apply to a doubtful mining business.

Its language shows that its original authors apparently had in mind what is known as an "investment company" selling special securities, and that term was explicitly used in the Kansas law. But the New York law in its present form applies its provisions, not to investment companies alone, but to "every company." Its language, strictly interpreted, would apply its drastic provisions equally to the issue and sale of stocks, bonds, or notes, by a small business corporation or mercantile partnership whose affairs are in a few experienced hands, or by a great corporation known in the investment community, and with years of conservative history behind it. Before selling or offering for sale such securities, every company subject to the act must file with a board, consisting of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Controller of the State, a complete itemized statement of its organization, financial condition, property, liabilities, "and such other information touching its affairs as said securities board may require."

The examiner appointed by the board has the sweeping power of declaring whether the plan involving such security issues "in his judgment promises a fair return on the stocks, bonds, and other securities offered by it for sale." He may decree that it does not promise such return, and may veto the issue. He alone is to judge the undertaking. He may indeed decide "that the company is

not solvent and does not intend to do a fair and honest business," and is at liberty to bring proceedings for a receivership, and from such decisions there is provided no appeal except to the three State officers above referred to.

Nothing is more evident, even granting the best of general purposes to the authors of this bill, than that it is an effort to apply, to the greatest and most complicated financial market of the Continent, restrictions framed to protect a Western village from the impositions of a travelling peddler of "dollar mining shares." Its plan is, in fact, open to specific objections which do not apply to the Kansas "Blue Sky Law"; for that measure placed supervision in the hands of the present State Banking Department, whereas the New York Assembly bill commits it to a group of elected politicians and an "examiner" who might be a mere political hack.

This necessarily brief summary of a complicated measure draws attention to only a few of the bill's provisions which, in operation, would bid fair to throw the financial business of the State into instantaneous confusion. Undoubtedly, it was such considerations which last month caused the Governor of Indiana —himself a leader in the campaign against fraudulent security issues — to veto a similar bill passed by the Legislature of that State, and to insist, as a preliminary to legislation in the matter, on the careful study of the problem by a commission of competent experts.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Briggs, C. A. The Fundamental Christian Faith. Scribner. $1.50 net.

Bryant, L. S. School Feeding. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

Buttles, M. A. Bluets and Other Poems. Broadway Pub. Co. 50 cents.

Dickens Year Book. Compiled by L. E. Prentiss and G. C. Spaulding. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.

Doyle, A. C. The Case of Oscar Slater. Doran. 50 cents net.

Farley, J. E. The World We Do Not See. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.25.

Fillebrown, R. H. M. Betty Corbin. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.

Franklin, M. L. The Case for Woman Suffrage: a Bibliography. National American Woman Suffrage Ass'n. 75 cents.

Fuller, R. W., and Brownlee, R. B. Laboratory Exercises, to accompany "First Principles of Physics." Boston: Allyn & Bacon.

Galsworthy, John. Plays (Second Series): The Eldest Son, The Little Dream, Justice. Scribner. $1.35 net.

Gidley, J. W. An Extinct American Eland. Smithsonian Institution of Washington.

Gladden, Hope. The Problem. Boston: Badger. $1.25 net.

Grandgent, C. H. The Dark Ages. Reprint. Modern Language Association of America.

Greenberg, D. S. A Bunch of Little Thieves. Shakespeare Press. $1.35.

Gretton, R. H. A Modern History of the English People. Vol. I, 1880-1898. Boston: Small, Maynard. $2.50 net.

Hazeltine, Horace. The Snapdragon. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.

Irish Texts Society. Vol. XII. Adventures of Suibhne Geilt, edited and translated by J. G. O'Keeffe. London: David Nutt.

James, Henry. A Small Boy and Others. (Biographical.) Scribner. $2.50 net.

Johnson, D. P. The Accurséd Roccos. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Kitchin, George. Sir Roger L'Estrange. Dutton. $3 net.

Lawrence, E. G. How to Master the Spoken Word. Chicago: McClurg. $1.50 net.

Luttinger, Paul. The Burning Question. Rational Education League. 10 cents.

Mackirdy, O. C. Love's Soldier: A Novel. Cassell.

Mason, G. A. The House of Hearts in 82nd St. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50

Millican, G. W. Revealed by Fire. Broadway Pub. Co. $1.50.

Maury's Guide to Paris and Every-day French Conversation. Revised, enlarged. Chicago: Laird & Lee. 50 cents net.

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Stangeland, K. M. The Governor. Lane. $1.20 net.

Trask, Katrina. In the Vanguard. Macmillan.

Viebig, Clara. The Son of His Mother. Lane. $1.25 net.

Windham Papers: Life and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. William Windham. 2 vols. Boston: Small, Maynard. $10 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1913.

The Week

President Wilson's message to Congress states the theory of which we have the practical application in the new tariff bill. He lays down the general principles; the bill furnishes the details. The President gave simply a survey of the work to be done, and of the spirit in which it should be undertaken. He could not do more in the limits of space which he was wise enough to impose upon himself. But, happily, the labor which Mr. Underwood and the other Democratic members of the Ways and Means Committee have expended upon the tariff during the past two years, and especially in preparation for the extra session of Congress, has made possible the instant production of the full bill. Thus we are in the fortunate position of having theory and practice go hand in hand. As the President truthfully says, and as everybody knows, the original idea of the protective system was long since outgrown. Instead of a modest shelter, protection became a blown Government subsidy. The final expression of the belief that the Government must be a patron of industry was given in the eye-opening phrase of the Republican platform of 1908, that duties must be so laid on imports as to assure a "reasonable profit" to American manufacturers. Against all this, and against the practice of money-bought and log-rolled tariff bills, President Wilson urges Congress to set its face. The aim must be to make it impossible for monopoly to hide behind tariff walls, to remove taxes as far as possible from the necessaries of life, to lift needless burdens from consumption, and in general to put American enterprise to the test of effective competition.

A purely local cause has been suggested for the breaking of the levee which resulted in the flooding of the western part of Indianapolis. It is that manufacturing concerns have been encroaching on the bed of the White River by dumping cinders and earth, and building on the ground thus made. As a consequence, it is declared, the stream has been narrowed, so that, when the unusual pressure came from the extraordinary rains, the force of the water was irresistible. A responsible citizen of Indianapolis asserts that he has repeatedly called the attention of the City Engineer and of other city officials to this practice on the part of manufacturing companies. Unfortunately, this story is inherently quite credible. It tells the tale which in varying forms we are thoroughly accustomed to hear; the tale, that is, of the exploitation of public resources by private interests. If it is true in this instance, the city of Indianapolis has paid well for the dereliction of its officers. In any case, there should result a quickening of the sense of both officials and private citizens in respect to the enforcement of law—even law that imposes some inconvenience upon some persons.

The defeat of woman's suffrage in Michigan was not altogether unexpected. The suffragists themselves were not united, and the campaign does not seem to have been well managed. On the other hand, the anti-suffragists were more active than before, including a vigorous men's association. Besides, as was the case in Ohio and Wisconsin, the liquor interests were aroused to the point of spending money right and left. A red circular passed about in the saloons bore the legend: "Woman suffrage means doubling the vote which is naturally opposed to you and your business." And, finally, the crazy actions of the English militants are affecting the cause in this country. When all is said and done, however, the importance of the event is not to be minimized. Michigan for suffrage would have been an entering wedge for the East, and would have stopped many an argument to the effect that suffrage is merely a wild Western innovation. That the voters on Monday were radically inclined appears from their overwhelming adoption of the initiative and referendum and the recall of elective officials, all of which thus take their places in another State Constitution.

Not until party labels on municipal tickets are discarded will newspapers be apt to look at city elections from any except a party point of view. Yet nothing could be much more misleading than the bare report that the Democrats elected about two-thirds of the Aldermen chosen in Chicago last week. There, at least, it is pretty generally recognized that what counts is the proportion of winners who have the endorsement of the Municipal Voters' League, or, at all events, do not have the League's vigorous opposition. It is extremely gratifying, accordingly, to read the expressions of satisfaction in independent Chicago newspapers over the continued success of the movement for non-partisanship in city politics. A victory of this sort is the more notable this year, owing to the Democratic "atmosphere" persisting from last November, as well as the divided condition of the opposition. The number of Councilmen pulling through on the strength of their records is most encouraging. The moral of the result should not be lost upon the Legislature, which is being asked to abolish party designations in Chicago municipal elections. This idea, which has made considerable progress of recent years, might well be adopted generally.

A surprising revelation is that made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, in a report telling of the "orgy of petty graft" that has been going on in Colorado, in the shape of the giving and receiving of free passes on railways. That some violations or evasions of the anti-pass law might be taking place any one would have been prepared to learn; but when an official report states that shippers, professional men, judges, State officials, members of the Legislature, and other classes of persons were indulging in great numbers in this form of graft, one can but be taken aback at the news. Indictments have already been found against several large corporations for accepting passes and against two railway companies for giving them. What is to be done in the cases of individuals does not yet appear; but if the practice is to be permanently stopped, it is persons of flesh and blood to whom the guilt must be brought home. The legal persons known as corporations have a

wonderful capacity for absorbing punishment without visible effect upon their conscience, or what serves in lieu of conscience.

With characteristic shiftiness, Gov. Sulzer answers President Truesdale's denial of the charge that the Corning accident was due to the lack of extra brakemen by raising all sorts of other issues. The Lackawanna pays 55 per cent. dividends on its stock; Mr. Truesdale draws a larger salary than Gov. Sulzer; but Gov. Sulzer serves the people, not a corporation, and places the man above the dollar and not the dollar above the man. This is nauseating. The fact is that, in pursuance of an agreement with labor unions, Gov. Sulzer signed the "full-crew" bill which is, among other things, a deliberate slap at the Public Service Commissions of the State. In these days of scientific management the railways are condemned to pay a couple of millions annually for needless employees. Of course, Gov. Sulzer brings up the fact that there were killed last year 280 railway employees and 45 passengers, while there were injured 6,690 employees and 945 passengers. These casualties must be reduced; but what will the extra brakeman have to do with it? The Governor seems to think it will be his duty to watch the engineer and report if he is fit for duty. This is delicious nonsense. New York never had a more high-minded Governor than Charles E. Hughes. He vetoed this bill and he was utterly incapable of writing such a discreditable letter as this one of Gov. Sulzer.

A bill carefully drawn for a good purpose is that now before the Judiciary Committee of the New York State Senate, providing for the registration of architects. It is pointed out, in a statement issued by the New York Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, that the bill does not compel any one to fulfil its requirements of competency as a condition of carrying on the business of an architect; it simply creates a designation—Registered Architect—for those who *have* fulfilled those requirements, and forbids any others to use that designation. It makes a provision, too, against injustice to those already in the active practice of the profession, by admitting them to registration without examination upon satisfactory evidence of competency and of bona-fide practice. For the future, however, applicants for registration must give evidence of proper preliminary training and undergo an adequate State examination—or, in lieu of the examination, must have completed the course of a recognized architectural college or school—and must show that they have had a specified amount and kind of practical experience. Good architecture is one of the great interests of the community, and such certification of competency as is required in the bill may often prove a valuable protection.

There are many ways of serving the cause of truth, but it would be difficult to name one that combines the useful with the agreeable in more satisfying proportions than does the work of the gentlemen who carry on the Metropolitan Psychical Society, of New York. Their function is evidently not the extension of the boundaries of knowledge, but rather the prevention of alleged extensions that are not extensions at all——in accordance with Josh Billings's maxim that it is better not to know so much than to know so much that ain't so. No sooner does a young lady of ten exhibit a marvellous power of seeing through opaque obstacles, and get her achievement recognized by a learned gentleman who is hospitable to phenomena of this general nature, than the president of this modest little society offers the wonderful infant $300 if she can reproduce for him the performances that have satisfied Dr. Quackenbos. This is a primitive method of putting the question to the touch, but we doubt whether an international congress of the learned societies of Europe and America could propose a better. These downright, though skeptical, investigators understand legerdemain, and they do not hesitate to assert flatly that it is only persons who understand legerdemain that are competent to find out whether claims like this of "X-ray vision" are genuine or fraudulent. The exposure of Palladino in this city was a signal instance of success by sleight-of-hand men where men of science had been baffled.

A bill has been introduced into the Tennessee Legislature making it unlawful for "any acknowledged, self-confessed, or convicted liar or thief to publish, own, or control any newspaper" in that State. This is good, so far as it goes, but why should Tennessee lag behind Pennsylvania? At Harrisburg a bill has been introduced providing for the "certification" of newspaper men, or "journalists," as it courteously dubs them. There is to be a commission, consisting of seven newspaper men (uncertified, apparently), the Superintendent of Public Instruction, a Senator, and a Representative, who are to report upon the desirability of establishing a State Board of Journalism, which shall have the high prerogative of providing for the "education and certification of journalists." In order that the pearls discovered and polished by this commission may not go unset, it is further suggested that every newspaper shall be compelled to employ at least one certified journalist. All this is in the right direction, but let us not stop here. Who will be the first to introduce a bill providing for the education and certification of legislators?

Those who waited to see if the Parliamentary inquiry would bring out more facts in regard to the Marconi investments of English Ministers than did their suit against the Paris *Matin*, have really got no new evidence upon which to form a judgment. The Attorney-General, Sir Rufus Isaacs, has at all times hotly resented the charge that he acted upon official knowledge in buying Marconi shares, and there has been no proof whatever that he did. Indeed, the accusation of what would have been tantamount to corruption has been tacitly dropped. Not one of Sir Rufus's examiners ventured to press it. But it needed no examination to show that he had been guilty of a gross indiscretion. This was twofold; first, in purchasing the shares at all, though they were of the American, not the British, company; and, worst of all, in not having made from the beginning a clean breast of the whole transaction when the affair was first brought up in the House. By contenting himself then with a round denial of the charge that he had speculated in the shares of the British Marconi Company, at the moment entering into a contract with the Government, he necessarily gave to his subsequent disclosure of the full truth the appearance of

having something to conceal. This is what has made the unpleasant impression and given concern to the Cabinet. The affair is made all the more of a political handle, especially against Lloyd George, for the reason that, a few years ago, he himself took so high a tone about Tory Ministers going into similar financial enterprises.

A conference of the Tariff Reform League—the British protectionist organization—was held in London recently, to consider the situation created by the change of front of the Unionist party on the subject of "food taxes." It was evidently an unhappy gathering, but it exhibited a spirit of dogged resistance to the new policy. Perhaps the most ominous thing about the conference, as bearing on the future of the protectionist movement, was precisely this manifestation of bitterness of feeling. It shows that those who really care for protectionism recognize the significance of what has happened, and are convinced that the whole propaganda is in great danger of collapse. The one possible substantial basis for a protectionist policy in England is in its appeal to the agricultural interest, on selfish grounds, and to the country's desire to maintain or restore its agricultural development, on patriotic grounds. The conference accordingly adopted the following resolution, proposed by Mr. Maxse:

> That the rank and file of the Tariff Reform League adhere to the full policy of tariff reform as advocated by their leaders since 1903, and would regard any departure from it as equally disastrous to the cause of tariff reform and to the interests of the Unionist party.

The German Chancellor's speech to the Reichstag was like all latter-day defences of militarism—a confession of bankruptcy of statesmanship and a counsel of fear. What was the reason for such a tremendous burden on the wealth, prosperity, and industry of the empire as is contemplated in the new army proposals? Why, there is a war party in France; of course, the Chancellor said, it is only a fragment of the French nation, the bulk of which desires peace—but there it is. So, because of the French militarists, another hundred thousand of German citizens are to be taken from productive industry. Then, on the other side, there is the danger of Pan-Slavism. Germany's relations with Russia, the Chancellor added, were very friendly—oh, yes, quite friendly—and he is sure that the Czar is well-disposed. But the recent events in the Balkans have strengthened the hands of Russia and of the Pan-Slavist agitators, and so Germany must add to her present great army. From this, as well as the Montenegrin situation, it would again appear that war too often decides nothing. The Near Eastern situation was supposed to be settled; in place of it are fresh tension and fresh jealousies; Sir Edward Grey says that a general European conflagration was barely averted by the recent agreement of the Powers. In its place there is a vast increase in the military burdens which make a long armed peace more disastrous than a war. And no statesman sees a way out.

Does little Montenegro stand alone in her splendid defiance of the Powers, or has she the support of the other members of the Balkan alliance? The situation is curiously complicated. On the one hand, there are the Servian troops fighting side by side with the Montenegrins at Scutari. A recent report speaks of King Nicholas surrendering the command of the joint armies in Albania to the Servian commander-in-chief. On the other hand, there is the reply of the Bulgarian Government to the terms of peace suggested by the Powers. It is by no means a conciliatory answer, yet one of the two propositions which the Bulgarian Government does accept is that the boundaries of the new Albania shall be laid out in accordance with the decision of the Powers. Inasmuch as the Powers, meaning thereby Austria on one side and Russia on the other, have agreed that Scutari must go to Albania and not to Montenegro, the Bulgarian note would appear to surrender the very point in behalf of which Montenegro, with Servia's active assistance, has ventured to defy the orders of Europe. One possible explanation is that the continuance of hostilities against Scutari will be used by the Balkan allies to force the acceptance of the rest of their peace programme. When that is done, Montenegro may be persuaded to yield on the question of Scutari and receive compensation elsewhere.

Radical elements in China will view the apparent failure of the six-Power loan with something more than equanimity. It is not that the leaders of Young China count upon loans from other foreign sources. They maintain rather that the Government need not go abroad for financial relief. The *China Republican* of Shanghai, in an editorial dated three weeks before President Wilson's repudiation of the six-Power policy, comments on the official announcement from Peking that the Government is considering the possibility of an internal loan of $200,000,000. The scheme of a patriotic loan was formulated by the National Assembly at Peking several months ago, but failed to commend itself to the Yuan Shi-Kai Administration. The *Republican* is inclined to doubt whether the opportunity to float such a domestic loan has not passed. It has no doubt that the venture would have been successful if undertaken when it was first broached in the representative Assembly. It is only the most ardent patriotism, however, that will regard the Chinese Government as in a position to dispense with outside assistance. During the patriotic upheaval following the Russo-Japanese War there was a great deal heard in the south of China about the feasibility of building railways with native capital. The merchants and the gentry were called upon to go into their pockets in order that no more valuable concessions might be farmed out to the foreigner. The results were not tangible.

Recognition of the new Chinese Republic may or may not be by joint action of the Powers, as Secretary Bryan has suggested, but at any rate this Government is to hesitate no longer. If the act of recognition is popular, it will be so for the best of reasons. To it both American traditions and existing American sympathies unmistakably point. We have not always been so extremely fastidious in the matter of welcoming a republican Government in the Old World. Even to the short-lived Spanish Republic of 1873, the Washington Government made haste to hold out a hand of greeting. By all customary tests the Republic in China is now entitled to be recognized as an established régime; and the Wilson Administration does well to take the lead in entering into friendly relations with it.

THE PRESIDENT AND LEGISLATION

President Wilson's much-bruited visit to the House of Representatives last Tuesday and the delivery of his message in person are not to be thought of as a devised sensation for a day. They must have related themselves in his intention to a general policy upon which he has maturely deliberated. He is not a man to do an unaccustomed thing merely in order to set tongues wagging. If he seems to ignore long precedent—though, of course, in the present instance he simply reverted to the precedent set by Washington and the first Adams—it is because he has distant as well as immediate objects in view. The step is only the first in a long series which he means to take. If his new departure impresses the imagination to-day, its main intent is to affect the course of legislation to-morrow and the day after. The plain inference is that the President's going to Congress at its opening was a symbolic act. He doubtless plans to go again; to be often in the President's room in the Capitol. Why? As an earnest of his desire and determination to coöperate actively with Congress in the enactment of laws.

If there is anything revolutionary in this, the country has at least been a long time prepared for it. For many years past there has been in the United States a distinct tendency to exalt the functions of the Executive. We have seen it in cities, where vigorous Mayors with large powers have had a great opportunity. We have seen it in the States, where one forthputting Governor after another has risen to win the confidence of the people and to dominate the Legislature. Above all, have we seen it at Washington. Our national system of government has three centres, any one of which may at a given time become, by the accidents of politics or by the exertion of a forcible personality, preponderating. At first, the Presidency bulked largest. Then the Supreme Court under John Marshall came to be, if not the most conspicuous, at any rate the most subtly influential and far-reaching organ of government. Congress had later its time of appearing to sit at the head of the table, Senators often seeming to dwarf the President. But for long the balance of power has been swinging to the Executive. He has more and more come, in addition to his other duties and powers, to occupy the position of a Prime Minister. He is the leader of his party. He succeeds or suffers by what Congress does or fails to do, and hence he has increasingly assumed responsibility for legislation. To be in close touch with Congress has come to seem a necessity to him. The usual method of bringing this about has been to get Congress to go to the President. Now the President goes to Congress.

Viewed in this way, the change introduced by President Wilson does not seem so startling. Intimate relations and a good understanding between Congress and the Executive are the main things sought by either plan; and his has the advantage of greater directness. But it seems clear that he is thinking of something more than that. He is giving the country early and due notice that he expects to work at Washington as he did at Trenton. As Governor of New Jersey, he held himself as free to address the Legislature as he did the people on the laws that were in need of passage. As President, he will do the same thing. He will have a legislative programme, and he will omit no legitimate effort to induce Congress to carry it into effect.

This is undeniably a bold undertaking. Even to conceive of it requires courage; to put it through will demand tireless activity and unbending resolution. Whether the end will crown the work no one can yet tell. If President Wilson succeeds by this method, he will have gone far towards justifying it; if he does not, his failure will be but the more accentuated and dismal. In his great experiment almost everything will depend upon the manner. Never can there have been a case where the tone will so clearly make the song. It is easy to think of a President making himself active in legislation in a way to be both offensive and alarming. He might be arbitrary and tyrannical. His course might be made to seem deliberately mapped out in order to degrade Congress and rob it of its Constitutional powers. A President putting himself at the head of the populace and going to the Capitol to terrorize Congress into submitting to his will would be a portent from which every sober-minded American would shrink.

But no such blustering or thundering will be done by President Wilson. To the enterprise upon which he is setting out he has given the air of a quiet and business-like putting together of the heads of the Executive and Congress. Both have the same interests at heart. Both are charged with obligations and responsibilities which are in some respects common. Why should they not freely meet and freely confer together as to how to get done the things that both wish done? The thing has all along been done tacitly or secretly. Why not go about it aboveboard and as a matter of course? But, withal, President Wilson must be fully aware that behind it all there lurks a great risk as well as a tempting possibility of achievement. The time is almost certain to come when there will be not only differences of opinion, but a clash of wills. That will be the true test of the power of the Executive. And that final ordeal must have been contemplated by an intellect so forward-looking as Woodrow Wilson's, and for it he must even now be girding himself.

A MINIMUM WAGE LAW FOR WOMEN

It was stated the other day in a New York paper that for the past six months an investigation into the question of a minimum wage for women, under the auspices of the State Factory Investigating Commission, had been going on. The nature of the investigation is thus described:

> The Factory Commission's investigators, some of them graduates of Vassar, not only worked behind the counters with the regular clerks, but lived with the most unfortunate of them, the poorest of them, in their dingy apartments; mixed with their friends after working hours; learned by practical experience how girls making $3, $4, and $5 a week exist; where and how they spend their leisure hours, and what effect small pay has on the morals of the working girls.
>
> These college girls have gone into the slums to get facts and proofs; they have visited the dance halls and the saloons.
>
> These investigators, making sacrifices to learn actual conditions, lived as did the women into whose existence they were so secretly peering.

Facts thus obtained, and reported with accuracy by conscientious and competent observers, are an important part of any inquiry into the minimum-wage question. But from the outset two considerations must be borne in mind by all who appreciate the gravity and the scope of the issue involved.

The first relates to the facts themselves. It requires no argument to prove

that a woman, paying her way among strangers, cannot live decently in New York on $3 or $4 a week. At what point this does become possible is a question very difficult to determine; and the answer depends not only upon what standard is assumed, but also upon the way in which the wages, whatever they are, are used. At a given wage, say $7, there are thousands of girls and women who contrive to live in some degree of comfort, and thousands of others whose surroundings are squalid and whose life is starved and unwholesome. Nor is it to be forgotten that what is terribly depressing and injurious to a person living in a way foreign to her habits, and greatly inferior to her usual mode of life, may have a wholly different character and effect with those who have been differently brought up. This consideration is important because, in the sympathetic appeal of harrowing tales of privation, even the distinctions which should be made if the statements of facts were taken at their face value are in danger of being forgotten. A case actually made out against the lowest wages to be found is likely to be confused with one made out against any wages lower than those that we all agree would be desirable. It is one thing to decree that starvation wages shall not be permitted; it is quite another to treat all unsatisfactory wages as starvation wages. If it be decided that there shall be a legally established minimum wage, the question whether that minimum shall be strictly a living wage or a wage higher than this, but regarded as necessary for social or other reasons, is not a mere question of detail, but a question of the highest moment, both theoretically and practically. We must keep our minds open on both questions, and we must not confuse the one with the other.

But of far graver importance is the second consideration. If, by a stroke of the pen, a satisfactory wage could be insured to the girls and women who work for a living, without the introduction of any disturbing consequences, approval of a minimum wage law would be almost unanimous. Few would object to such little enhancement of prices of commodities as would result. But we cannot arbitrarily change, in a serious degree, a single important element in a widespread economic situation without profoundly affecting others. Those advocates of the minimum wage who have given real and competent study to the question fully recognize this. Perhaps the foremost of these advocates in this country is Prof. H. R. Seager. In his opinion, a minimum wage law for women would have most far-reaching consequences, vitally affecting the position in life of thousands whom it would crowd out of industrial or commercial employment. Instead of ignoring these consequences, he welcomes them. A few sentences from his paper on the subject may give some idea of his attitude:

> The first effects of such a policy would be a more rigid selection of employees from the larger number of applicants for work and a reduction of the working force, since the higher average of ability would enable a smaller number to do the work formerly performed by a larger number. . . . The entry of more girls [girls unable to find employment in shops] with self-respect and a love for independence into domestic service should quicken the process, which is already under way, of freeing such employment of its servile characteristics and elevating it to the dignity of a skilled trade with regular hours and immunity from the petty impositions which have heretofore made it distasteful to ambitious working girls. . . .
>
> It is undoubtedly true that a determination in favor of minimum wage regulations does commit organized society to a more responsible attitude toward the whole labor problem than any American State has yet adopted. For one, I welcome this prospect, and believe that the more serious attention to the questions of unemployment and its remedies of industrial education and vocational guidance, and of provision for indigent widows and orphans, for the superannuated and for defectives, which it must entail, will prove only advantageous.

But no one can say how extensive this disturbance would be, and how perversely it might operate on the very class whom the measure is designed to benefit. A low minimum, indeed, one that would simply bar out the worst cases of hardship, might create only a very slight disturbance of conditions. But any law that greatly increased the pecuniary attractiveness of the shop or the factory might draw out from tens of thousands of homes girls who now find a balance of advantage in remaining at home, and might thus make harder than ever the lot of other thousands who are dependent on their work for their living. And it is a hazardous reliance, to suppose that the hardships which these would in the first instance endure might ultimately lead to so radical a reform in the conditions of domestic service as to make this an acceptable substitute for industrial or business employment. As for the removal of those minor props to independence of which so many women—and not widows only, by any means—avail themselves, and the substitution for them of a comprehensive pension system, this prospect, so welcome to Professor Seager, will be looked upon with grave misgivings by multitudes of persons no less humane than he in their desires. But we are not passing judgment on the question. We wish merely to give some intimation, at this incipient stage of the discussion, of the reach of the issues which the proposed policy opens up.

PRESS-THE-BUTTON GOVERNMENT.

Gov. Hodges of Kansas is not the first man in this country to suggest the abolition of our two-chamber Legislatures. Some of the Oregon newspapers have made the still more radical proposal to do away with the Legislature altogether, and hand the State over to the tender mercies of the initiative and referendum. What gives the Kansas idea its force is partly the fact that it is the official utterance of the head of a State Government, and especially the circumstance that it falls in so pat with an enlarging wave of political theory. While only a small minority of our cities and towns have adopted the commission form of government, a sufficient number have done so to constitute an argument in any municipality which is debating the question. One of the considerations most prominently urged by those who have just succeeded in persuading Raleigh to try the new form was the fact that two or three hundred other cities had already done so. Could the capital of the Old North State afford to wait for the new municipal dress until everybody else had put it on? One newspaper finds in this way solace for Dayton in its distress: "By teaching the advantage of commission government, these floods may soon repay to the cities concerned more than they cost." Now we have the next step. If commission government is good for a city, why not for a State? Fashions in government, as in every other department of human activity, are catching.

With all due respect to the Chief Executive of the Sunflower State, one is impelled to say that his reasons for advocating a single Legislative Assembly

of eight or sixteen members add nothing to the native attractiveness of the proposal. He is under the embarrassment, to begin with, of acknowledging that the session of the Kansas Legislature recently ended was very satisfactory. His own words are: "I desire to congratulate the members of both branches on the magnificent work which they have accomplished." He goes on to express his belief that they "have worked harder and accomplished more than any Legislature in recent years." Almost every pledge made to the people "has been fulfilled." What motive, then, is behind his suggestion to get rid of so excellent a body? Well, the Governor, it appears, is "convinced that this magnificent record is due rather to the efficient membership of this Legislature than to the system." And so, all aboard for a system that will produce magnificent results regardless of the character of those operating it. How Burke would have rejoiced to see this splendid development of political science!

The points mentioned seem enough to commend the single-chamber Legislative Assembly of eight or sixteen members. But Gov. Hodges has other things in its favor, equally conclusive. Everybody has felt, for instance, the aching void that is created by the adjournment of a Legislature. "It is," says our Kansan statesman, "as if the head of an important department of some other 'big business' should give only fifty days every two years to its management." Accordingly, our new Legislature must sit continuously. If an economic condition should change overnight, we shall be ready the next morning without the formality of a Governor's message calling an extra session. If any citizen thinks of a law that he imagines would look well on the statute-book, a special-delivery letter will get it before the Commission-Legislature in no time. Floods and panics will lose their terrors, if indeed they dare to happen at all, when prosperity can be restored by the pressing of a button. In a word, what Cerberus was to Hades our new kind of Legislature will be to Kansas. The "biennial exhibition of inefficiency" will be a thing of the past, and in its place we shall rejoice in the continuous performance of such a Government as never was on sea or land.

It is the word "efficiency" that gives us the key to the popularity of the whole commission idea. For the moment, the old debate over the respective merits of good government and representative government is loudest on the side of the former. A century of democracy has made us only too familiar with its defects. The machine simply won't run itself, and we are a little tired of having to take so much trouble to make it go. Why not hand the thing over to experts, whom we shall be able to control by the simple device of the recall? In answer, there is no need of denying that we have hitherto undervalued the man who knew how. Still less is it necessary to deny that the ideal is neither good government nor representative government, but representative government which is also good. It is altogether possible, too, that for many cities and towns the commission form will prove successful. But the fundamental error in much of the reasoning that is presented in its behalf is the error that appears so explicitly—and so ludicrously—in Gov. Hodges's statement that it was the members of the Kansas Legislature rather than the system that gave the State the excellent results upon which it is felicitating itself. Is it impossible for us to improve our governmental machinery without losing our heads and expecting that henceforth it, and not we, will be the main element in whatever it accomplishes? If so, the carrying of the amendment for the direct election of Senators will be a grievous disappointment. This putting of the cart before the horse was crisply exposed by William Penn in the preface to his "Frame of Government" for "Pennsilvania" two hundred and thirty years ago:

> Governments, like clocks, go from the motion men give them; and as governments are made and moved by men, so by them they are ruined, too. Wherefore governments rather depend upon men, than men upon governments. Let men be good, and the government cannot be bad; if it be ill, they will cure it. But, if men be bad, let the government be never so good, they will endeavor to warp and spoil it to their turn.
>
> I know some say, let us have good laws, and no matter for the men that execute them; but let them consider, that, though good laws do well, good men do better; for good laws may want good men, and be abolished or evaded by ill men; but good men will never want good laws, nor suffer ill ones.

TROTTING FORWARD.

Mayor Gaynor's war upon the cabarets and the dancing teas raises the question whether we are not on the eve of a great awakening in literature and the arts. Our æsthetic development has been retarded by the want of a leisure class. Visitors from abroad are appalled by the chronic absence of the American business man from five o'clock tea. That reproach would seem to be in fair way to be wiped out, when the hitherto tired business man begins to find time not only for afternoon tea, but for afternoon dancing. Formerly he hustled; now he trots. Or is it from some other source than the business world and the professional classes that the mid-day dancers of Broadway are drawn? It is difficult to go behind the returns. What is established is that a leisure class is being rapidly developed in New York. Nor are the other necessary conditions for a flourishing art-life wanting. No one who has spent an hour at a Broadway cabaret can doubt that we are splendidly casting off the shackles of academicism. The spirit of caste and convention is disappearing. Ideals are mingling in delightful promiscuity. A little bit of the overworld, a little bit of the underworld, a *soupçon* of the half-world—there you have the modern synthesis of New York as revealed in the neighborhood of Forty-second Street.

Unfortunately, the old habits are hard to lose. The ideal of leisure is far from receiving universal recognition. Broadway is still imperfectly typical of America or even of New York. It is rather disquieting that the class of social workers is growing almost as fast as the class of social idlers. Deaf to the demands of the higher culture, a great many young men and women, fresh from the colleges, are going in for settlement work. Instead of devoting themselves to the unfolding of their own personality, they go to work in the canneries. Instead of recognizing the truth that duty is an outworn theological dogma, and that life consists in the free and joyful play of the faculties, not overlooking the physical, they go in for such joy-destroying interests as safety legislation in the factories and a living wage for working girls. They are obsessed with the three great D's that make such poor conversation at dinner tables—Delinquents, Defectives, Dependents. The

sad truth must be faced. A very important section of the young manhood and womanbood of New York is still in the bonds of the old "slave morality." They are making it very difficult for the cabaret to inculcate that joy of life which is the basis of all great art.

But there is room for hope. Considering how very new is our cabaret civilization, it has accomplished wonders. In the special arts of music and the dance its innovations have been epoch-making. The cabaret singer has gone far beyond Richard Strauss in bridging the gulf between human voice expression and the sounds of the animal world. He has gone far beyond Debussy in the skill with which he has divested his flowing rhythm from the least suggestion of intellectual coherence. Listen to him, and one feels the stiff armor of our artificial sensations and modes of thought drop from his shoulders and experiences the fresh heart-throb of the primitive man lost at midnight in a menagerie. "Primitive" will scarce do justice to his dancing, which calls up simultaneously *Pithecanthropus erectus* and *dementia præcox*. The cabaret influence in standardizing dress ideals, cosmetics, and the vocabulary and humor of the day needs no extended comment. We see the effects on every hand, on Broadway and on Grand Street, in dowagers and débutantes. It is one of the greatest levelling processes known to history.

Like all revolutionary changes, the cabaret movement naturally arouses hostility among the reactionary elements in society. It is too much to expect, for instance, that Mr. Gaynor should easily adjust himself to the requirements of a new epoch and a new outlook upon life. It is even possible to sympathize with his position if, for instance, he should deplore the fact that too many good women, if thoughtless, nowadays array themselves like *demi-mondaines;* that too many girls daub their faces with powders and cosmetics and so destroy the freshness of youth, which is one of the few quickening things that not even a great city can destroy; that, in general, the old distinction between the years is abandoned, stout middle-age aping the graces of youth, youth striving for the cynical knowledge and privileges of old age. Yes, one can see Mr. Gaynor's point of view. But, after all, the question is whether we are prepared to go with the times or against them.

THE CASE OF JONES.

Every one knows that it is too early for Jones to be thinking about getting to the country. His turn will come after Smith's two weeks' outing in August. For Jones is not a commuter; besides, he refuses to call New York suburbs "country." He is scornful of Smith's forward crocuses on Long Island, insisting that more genuine signs of spring are to be found in Central Park; and when Smith announced that a dead tree on his place awaited the axe of some strong man, Jones calmly asked him if it was a young peach tree. Yet for three days last week Jones was not at the office, and when he returned from his "illness" showed a surprising color and talked a good deal about robins and bluebirds and bonfires.

For Jones, the bookkeeper, there was no other way to get what he had to have. Freedom from Saturday at two till Monday at nine made impracticable the journey of four hours which was necessary to land him at the little farm in the hills. During the winter months, as a substitute for exercise, he had increased his smoking, but it hadn't worked satisfactorily. Muscles which used to bulge lay flabby with fat. But now he was coming back into his own. With axe in hand he walked a bit shyly about the tree which the farmer designated. What if he should become too blown to finish the job that morning? It was not what others would think, it was his self-respect that hung in the balance. He extracted no overconfidence from the first few strokes, which went strong and true, knowing that the test would come later; but when, with only a few resting spells, he got to the heart of the tree, there came the exultation in his strength which he used to feel. He laid down the axe in high complacency and threw a stone at a shed, fearing to choose a smaller target. He wondered if he could leap a low fence near by, but decided to postpone the attempt until the next day. In the back of his mind there was also the resolve to put himself to the trial which above all others would tell him whether age was creeping on. He went back to the city well satisfied with his "field day."

Jones is a normal young man, who enjoys the country in the way of many of his fellows. We have emphasized the physical element in his experience, not because he is insensitive to the pleasant smell of burning brush, to timid notes of early birds, or to the light on the hills. But for many city men appreciation of such things comes usually after the young animal within them has had liberty. It is their mediator between the noise of the town and rural silence. Few city dwellers can approach nature directly. In its presence one becomes self-conscious, if lacking a chance for concentration on something else, or a few accustomed distractions. Consider the amateur fisherman. What he notes of the beauty about him creeps in almost unawares, as mind and body healthily relax and expand. Neither he nor Jones would be averse to hearing a locomotive in the valley or to knowing that there was a post office at the foot of the hill. They have no desire entirely to efface the city; in fact, by feeling somewhat in touch with it they enjoy the country more. They are in search of bodily reinforcement which shall help them to outlast the other fellow. If they gain anything in excess of that, so much the better. But they would be apt to describe that excess, even to themselves, in terms of voracious appetite, physical prowess, and sound sleep.

This is quite the reverse of the poets' —many poets'—method. The elation got from exercising the body amid green fields and pure air, if mentioned at all, is subordinated, in their accounts, to easing the soul and thrilling one's sense of beauty. Perhaps that is the reason for Jones's embarrassment at poetical descriptions of rural scenery. Such details, like religion, he would say, should be felt but not talked about, and certainly not consciously sought after. He belongs to no Back to Nature Club.

There is something to be said for Jones's attitude. Nature is like a word or a face: if scrutinized at length, it becomes strangely unfamiliar. We know what insane fancies the German Romanticists read into nature, largely, we may suppose, because they knew not Jones's glee over turning a handspring. The painters, as a rule, have been wiser than the poets. They have recognized the steadying influence of a cow in the

landscape—not a poetized cow, just the usual variety, having her prosaic troubles with flies. To come nearer home than the little farm in the hills, the commuter at his garden plot is a pretty genuine lover of nature. Pottering over his roses and tulips, studying the blight on his hedge, and worrying for fear his tomatoes are not doing as well as his neighbor's, he becomes very friendly with nature. Few people play golf for the sake of the views, yet somehow the views mingle in their recollections of the game. But Jones is neither a gardener nor a golfer, and is very simple. In his crude fashion he requires the "elbow room" of open country, so he says. Why otherwise he should seek green fields for his antics, at the risk of losing his job, rather than a playground, he would find it difficult to explain.

WORDSWORTH AT BLOIS.

Wordsworth, in the "Prelude," gives only a few and for the most part vague statements of fact in regard to his long sojourn in France. His correspondence and that of his friends gives little information about it. Leaving England at the impressionable age of twenty-one, he remained in France for a year, or even longer, when the Revolution was in full career, and came home a convert to its principles. He was at Blois, as is well known, in the spring and summer of 1792, having crossed the Channel on or shortly after November 23 of the preceding year, and stayed, no one knows exactly how long, in Paris and at Orléans. He was already imbued with the doctrines of Rousseau, and was inclined, for this reason and because of his experiences on a former visit to France, to sympathize with the Revolution.

Either at Orléans or at Blois he was disgusted, as he tells us in the "Prelude," with the aristocratic pretensions of a group of royalists into whose company he fell, and at the latter place he formed an intimate attachment to a young republican officer of the Thirty-second Regiment of the line, Capt. Michel Beaupuy, a descendant of Montaigne. MM. Bussière and Legouis, in their monograph, "Le Général Michel Beaupuy," have thrown much light on the history and character of this devoted Revolutionist, whom Wordsworth ranked with the heroes of ancient Greece for patriotism and wisdom. They do not tell us, however, at what time and under what circumstances Wordsworth made his acquaintance. I do not flatter myself that I have fully solved the mystery, but I think I have discovered where and when the poet and the soldier could have met.

On making inquiries, last summer, I encountered some reluctance on the part of persons living at Blois to admit that their ancestors played a part in the Revolution. Blois is now a quiet town, *bien pensant* and conservative. But in the library at the Château I found two manuscript volumes containing the minutes of a Revolutionary club, Les Amis de la Constitution, and other manuscript volumes containing the registers of the Municipal Council, which illuminate the history of the town in 1792, and incidentally Wordsworth's life there. This information I was able to supplement with another manuscript in the archives of the department of Loir et Cher, which contains a list of the members of the club, with their ages and occupations. I received the impression that, so far as Blois at least was concerned, the Revolution was spontaneous, open for the most part in its workings, and generous in its aims. It is easier now for me to understand Wordsworth's persistent faith in it, even through the Terror.

The Society of the Friends of the Constitution met at first in the Abbey of St. Laumer, and afterwards in the Church of the Jacobins, both having been, of course, secularized. It was affiliated with the Jacobin Club of Paris, and one of its chief objects was to be to the Municipal Council of Blois what the Paris club was to the Convention—a prod, or "blower." It served also for the spread and discussion of political news. It kept in touch with the Legislative Assembly, receiving its commissioners and executing some of its orders. It assisted in recruiting soldiers. It educated the townspeople in Revolutionary doctrine and gave direction to public opinion. And, more especially in '93, it fell in with the sinister fashion of denouncing enemies of the republic. One victim of its zeal was guillotined. The waves of fanaticism which swept over it from time to time were coincident with alarming news of invasion. On the whole, the Society, while animated with the most uncompromising zeal for democracy, equality, and the rights of man, preserved a moderate tone. It sided with the Girondins, and its hero at Paris was not Robespierre, but Brissot.

The most striking personality in Blois was the great constitutional bishop, Grégoire, one of the leaders of the clergy who went over to the *tiers état* at Versailles in 1789, and now one of the most prominent members of the Legislature. Grégoire, the son of poor peasants, and a man no less democratic in conduct than in principles, lived with becoming simplicity, occupying only a single room on the third floor of the episcopal palace. Although only about forty years old when he entered upon his complex duties at Blois, he had already played an important rôle in Paris, where, both in the Jacobin Club and in the National Assembly, he had maintained that extreme democratic views were not incompatible with rational Christianity. Owing in some measure to Grégoire's influence, the work of the Society at Blois was largely educational. Month after month, sessions were held every evening, with singing of patriotic songs, recitation of patriotic poems, debates on abstruse questions, speeches by members, and the reading of addresses from Paris and other cities. Under certain limitations, the public were admitted to the regular meetings. There was a ladies' gallery, and music by "nos sœurs" is frequently mentioned. On Sundays and fête-days special educational or religious exercises were held. Speeches that had been much relished on ordinary days were repeated on these grand occasions.

It was with a thrill of gratified expectation that I read, in the register of the Amis de la Constitution, the following minute: "Session of February 3, year 4th of liberty. A member asked for a hearing and proposed two Englishmen for membership, requesting that, as foreigners and not naturalized, they should not be required to take the oath. The matter having been discussed, it was decided that they should not be received, but that, nevertheless, they might attend the sessions." On the same day, "Our brothers of the Thirty-second Regiment took the oath collectively, after the formula had been read."

I have little doubt that Wordsworth was one of the two Englishmen. Beaupuy was certainly one of "our brothers of the Thirty-second Regiment." There are frequent references to this body in the minute-book, sometimes under its old royalist name, "Bassigny." Only a detachment was at Blois, including Beaupuy's company. The rest, and I believe the larger part, of the regiment was at Tours. New members of the Society did not always take the oath immediately after their election, and I think it was Beaupuy of whom it is recorded, on January 22, 1792: "One of our brothers of the Thirty-second Regiment read a most eloquent discourse on political distrust. He made us feel how dangerous it is when it exceeds the limits of that proper watchfulness which is the duty of all good citizens." His paper was followed by a discussion of the danger and the necessity of enthusiasm. The officer's name is badly written, as if the secretary was not sure how to spell the second syllable, but looks like "Beaupny" or "Beaupuis," the latter being the form Wordsworth uses in the "Prelude." The sentiments of which we thus catch a far-away echo

are precisely those which Beaupuy is known to have entertained. On January 29 it is recorded that "M. [name not plainly legible, but very much like 'Beaupuy'], officer of the Thirty-second Regiment, gave a second reading of his discourse on distrust, which was received with fresh plaudits."

Beaupuy's company, according to MM. Bussière and Legouis, had been transferred from Tours to Blois in August, 1791. He was stationed there until July 27, 1792, when he parted from his young English friend, now a zealous convert to that religion of humanity which he professed. In any attempt to estimate the living personal influences that determined Wordsworth's character, the name of Michel Beaupuy must come next after those of Dorothy Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

I have said that I have little doubt Wordsworth was one of the two Englishmen for whom application was made on February 3, 1792. In the minutes of the Society no other Englishmen are mentioned or referred to. Wordsworth himself, in his curiously disproportioned Autobiographical Memoranda, tells us that he lived at Blois for some time in 1792, and was there "when the King was dethroned," which was in August. He wrote from Blois to his friend, William Matthews, on May 17, expressing his interest in the fortunes of the Revolution and his anxiety lest its enemies might prevail against it. This is the only part of his correspondence during that year which has been preserved. After beginning to write of French affairs, he checks himself. "The truth is," he says, "that in London you have perhaps a better opportunity of being informed of the general concerns of France than in a petty provincial town in the heart of the kingdom itself. The annals of the department are all with which I have a better opportunity of being acquainted than you, provided you feel sufficient interest in informing yourself." The terms in which he refers, in the "Prelude," to his association with Beaupuy, their walks and excursions together, their long discussions, and his own gradual change, under Beaupuy's influence, from a mere friendly spectator of the Revolution to a grounded and well-informed defender of its principles, make it almost necessary to infer that he was at Blois six or seven months, rather than three. There could have been very few other Englishmen in the place, which at that time had a population of about eleven thousand. Joseph Jekyll, a young English traveller who resided there in 1775, found only one compatriot. And there was now an element of danger, which would tend to keep foreigners away from the interior of France. At no time in the eighteenth century, moreover, was there much at Blois to attract strangers. The larger cities, of Orléans above and Tours below, both offered superior charms.

George McLean Harper.

FRENCH BOOK NOTES.

Paris, March 26.

The Parisian yield of noteworthy books in the past year offers a few that fulfil Matthew Arnold's definition of literature as a criticism of life. It is the life of the nineteenth century in its heredity and formation, its authors and ideas.

"Chateaubriand" (Calmann-Lévy—350 pages, 3.50 francs), by Jules Lemaître, of the French Academy, has the alert, worldly, scholarly tone of the *conférences* in which the book was originally delivered. Such conferences are addressed to hearers who gladly learn, but who have an intelligent criticism of their own. Our author has brought this kind of literature to a high pitch of excellence, as he had already done for Fénelon, Racine, and Rousseau:

> [Chateaubriand] knew how to express with words more sensations than any one had done before him. He is the man who "renewed the French imagination" (Faguet). He is the father of romanticism and of well-nigh the whole literature of the nineteenth century. And he is the inventor of a new fashion of being sad. . . . In what concerns his glory, he has had unheard-of luck, all but equal to that of the Emperor. Among our great writers, he is the only one fully astride of two worlds, the only one who belonged to the old régime and the new, the only one who lived almost as much in one as in the other, the only one also who had travelled so much and seen so many aspects of the earth. He was born in 1768, ten years before the death of Voltaire and Rousseau. He died in 1848, when Taine and Renan were already writing. . . . Like the old France and the new, he experienced the harsh transition from one to the other. . . . He saw the Revolution and he saw the Empire. His genius received its finest shocks from reality. . . . He has bequeathed to us fashions of feeling in which we still take delight.

Note that our lecturer, in addition to his own sensitive competence, shows a nimble assimilation of the vast recent literature of erudition which has this epoch-making Chateaubriand for its object: Professor Bédier and the Abbé Bertin on the American journey with its delicious improbabilities; André Beaunier on his friendships with distinguished ladies, and Edouard Herriot on Madame Récamier; Victor Giraud on his particular religious and social bearings; penetrating political pages of Charles Maurras, the advancing prophet of Reaction; and Edmond Biré on the most perpetual of his works, "Mémoires d'outre-tombe."

The book of Chateaubriand which influenced Europe's literature at the time, as Napoleon did its social organization, may be little read now. It is a great excellence of Jules Lemaître that he exhibits such a work in its connections before and after:

> Everybody, after the great orgy of impiety, foolishness, cruelty, and destruction, bore within himself the "Génie du Christianisme," while waiting for a single one to write it out. . . . This book Chateaubriand had the luck to write. He all but invented lay religious speech—and his book began, if it did not engender, a series.

This has its English parallel in Sir Walter Scott's work, which, as Newman notes, prepared willing minds for the Oxford Movement. Unfortunately, our English criticism seldom takes the pains to peer from between book covers at the stream of ideas issuing forth and realized in life. Jules Lemaître's weakest, but to English readers novel and suggestive, chapter, Political Life, may be supplemented from a too little known English writer with views and a right to views, Henry Reeve, who was the friend of Tocqueville and long at the head of the *Edinburgh Review* and the foreign section of the London *Times* ("Royal and Republican France," Vol. II). The Comte d'Antioche has published recently the French Foreign Office documents relating to this activity of Chateaubriand in history-making.

The third volume of the "Histoire de la Littérature Française classique—1515-1830" (Delagrave—600 pages, 7.50 francs), by the regretted Ferdinand Brunetière, has been prepared for publication by devoted disciples; and it is good to know that the final volume will also be published. We have here all the qualities which won a predominant place for its author in the generation now passing—immense erudition, independence and vigor, and philosophic generalization. It is a lasting wonder that official France, in the name of science, should have denied to such a man who had already forced a way for himself in the University the crowning of his career in the Collège de France—a piece of Jacobinism in which Berthelot, the head of French science and a consistent antagonist of Brunetière's thought, refused to join. The present volume is limited to the eighteenth century; but, in accordance with the author's evolutionary method, it goes back to the weakening of the seventeenth-century spirit and the decadence of those who held by the "ancients," to Crébillon's tragedy and comedy from Regnard to Marivaux, to preaching Massillon and doubting Bayle and scientific Fontenelle, with the salon of Madame Lambert; and it goes on with the formation of the new spirit in the first period of the lives of Voltaire and Rousseau, with Montesquieu and the Abbé Prévost and Vauvenargues and the others. Next follows the new spirit

at its full in the Encyclopédie. Before the century ends we come to Beaumarchais, Delille, Condorcet, and the *idéologues* detested by Napoleon—and André Chénier, the isolated classic whose light was so long hidden.

"Le Marquis René de Girardin" (Perrin—265 pages, 3.50 francs), by André Martin-Decaen, is "the life of the last friend of Rousseau," composed from unpublished documents in the possession of his decendants. It was worth writing, this story of the eighteenth-century nobleman familiar with the courts of Europe, yet migrating in his prime from his trade of arms to the pleasures of the arts and rustic labors. Ermenonville was his creation, to content his theory of landscape gardening and bucolic philosophy; and there he provided a last shelter for the stormy-lived philosopher who had all his sympathies. There Rousseau died, leaving the Marquis the difficult heritage of his wife, Thérèse, and his glory and the pilgrims to his shrine. And all was sentiment and simplicity and return to Nature, as the marquise noted in her little green copybook. Benjamin Franklin came with the rest and varied the sentiment with electrical experiments. The Revolution followed, with all its disillusion. The friend of Rousseau as a *ci-devant* nobleman was imprisoned with his family; his property, with its landscapes loved by the dying philosopher, was sacked by the unappreciative villagers; and the fall of Robespierre alone averted the fate of the guillotine. The son admired Napoleon.

"Tableau de la Littérature Française au XIXe siècle" (Delaplane—550 pages, 3.50 francs) is an attractive and complete compendium for general readers by Fortunat Strowski, the French University professor, who is so favorably known for his great work on Pascal. It is written along the new lines of history in the University, not dogmatic like Brunetière and Taine, nor critical like Sainte-Beuve, but like Seignobos "objective" and anecdotic. It is all the more readable and contains a wonderful amount of good matter for its compass. It is easily the chief history of nineteenth-century literature in France, if only for the six finely printed, double-columned pages of its index of names. For a book dealing with so many particulars, it is excellently ordered. The first part reaches to romanticism, with chapters on the eighteenth-century inheritance; literature under the First Empire; traditionalist political philosophers (now brought back to repute by Paul Bourget and Young France); Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand. The second part deals with the romantic period, with the Restoration, and the influence of Goethe and German philosophy, and the English influence of Walter Scott and Byron; the passage from the pre-romanticism of Casimir Delavigne to the full-growth of Victor Hugo, Lamartine, and Vigny, with Alfred de Musset and Stendhal and Mérimée; and a separate chapter on the drama, history, and romance-writing. The third part takes up the Humanitarian and Positivist movement, Lamennais, George Sand, Balzac, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo again, and Michelet. The fourth is the triumph of Positive ideas under the Second Empire, with its devotion to moral problems in Alexandre Dumas *fils* (by a systematic aberration the father, romancer of the universe, is scarcely mentioned, perhaps as not belonging to professorial literature); Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Taine, Flaubert; impressionist and naturalist novels, Goncourts, Daudet, Zola, Maupassant; Parnassian poets from Théophile Gautier to Heredia, and Independents from Brizeux to François Coppée. The fifth part furnishes abundance of names and details from our contemporary period in the various branches of its superabundant literature.

"Moore en France" (H. Champion—180 pages, 8vo) is apparently a doctor's thesis at the University of Lyons. Its English author, Allen Burdett Thomas, has rendered good service to the history of literature by ferreting out the not inconsiderable influence of Thomas Moore's poems in the literary production of French romantics. Pontmartin said: "The youth of 1830 deserted Corneille and Racine to offer incense to insular gods, Shakespeare, Milton, Lord Byron, and Thomas Moore." The connection of Vigny's "Eloa" with Moore's "Loves of the Angels" is a distinct contribution, suspected by Sainte-Beuve, ignored by Brunetière. "Alfred Tennyson—son spiritualisme, sa personalité morale" (Geneva, Librairie Kündig—300 pages 8vo), by Louis Frédéric Choisy, also *docteur-ès-lettres*, will be of real help to all those who still find in Tennyson the most sympathetic expression of their doubts and hopes. In France, Tennyson may be said to have exercised no influence, although he is studied increasingly. Taine gave him a chapter, little kinder than the Olympian judgment of Emerson, and wound up by preferring Alfred de Musset. Montégut pronounced flatly the man a "dilettanto" and his poetry "fantasy." The second part of the present book is of chief interest—140 pages on Anglo-Saxon energy, dilettanteism, moral ideal, Christian religion, pessimism and doubt, the problem of immortality, pantheism, the god of love and intuition—all copiously illustrated from Tennyson in English and in French.

"Pages de Critique et de Doctrine" (Plon—2 vols., 340, 325 pages), by Paul Bourget, is a work of the author's latest and approved thought. For thirty years he has been uttering himself, in forty-five published volumes. The book is properly "miscellanies" with a teaching, such as Gladstone foresaw in Paul Bourget's "Disciple." Without the musical cynicism of Anatole France or the emphasis of Zola, and with the disadvantages of a writer seeking to penetrate deeply into his people's life, our author has fulfilled the hopes which Taine conceived of him from the first. He has become more and more a "philosopher" for the new generation. Maurice Barrès, who puzzled Taine, has become by virtue of more brilliant literature a light more immediately shining; but the intellectual reaction which is now sweeping away Young France goes back in large part to Paul Bourget. And this is the chief importance of a book like the present for a foreign public which catches up painfully with French thought. Six portraits conclude the book, the last being Melchior de Vogüé, who twenty-five years ago inspired French youth with a new spirit that was lost in the Dreyfus tempest:

> Truly, are we driven to this alternative—that we must conceive life either mechanically or mystically, that we must sacrifice either Science or Faith, logical deduction or belief? When we try to grasp mentally the movement accomplished by French thought during these twenty-five years, we recognize that all its effort, often obscure, sometimes misled, has consisted in a passionate search for a *via media* between these two extremes.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Although the organized movement against the use of alcoholic liquors is modern, there is a considerable body of literature of an earlier date mainly composed of denunciations of drunkenness and exhortations to more or less of moderation in the use of intoxicants. Such a work lies before me.

> A Treatise Against Drunkennesse. Described In its Nature, Kindes, Effects, and Causes, Especially that of Drinking of Healths, To which are added, two short Sermons Of S. Augustine's, De Tempore, Faithfully translated By Matthew Scrivener. Crimen Placuisse putavit. London: Printed for Charles Brown, Bookseller in Cambridge. 1685. 12°.

It seems a little odd that a Cambridge bookseller should go to London for a printer, but so it is.

The author is not a writer of great distinction, but some of his allegations and admissions are interesting in their relation to the social habits of the days of his "Sacred Majesty" James II. He is a man of some erudition and cites among other authors, great and small, Aristophanes, Godignus, Plutarch, Seneca, Chrysostom, Alexander ab Alexandro, Pliny, Acosta, Jerome, Chaucer, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Augustine, Faustus, Socinus, and "that excellent Poet Oppian." From the last-named he quotes, in a translation presumably of his own making, a reference to "that high-spirited Beast the

Panther as . . . described in a merry Meeting with his Fellows":

To the enraging Fountain they approach,
Lapping brown juice of Bacchus, and then each,
First like to them who in set Dances leade
Do skip; but soon hang down their heavy head,
Their Bodies softly rucking to the ground,
By force of Wine, are on each other found,
As when like aged Lads, upon whose chin,
The tender hairs like downe to shoot begin;
Dare one another, Feasting, Cups to take,
Glasse passing after Glasse, great mirth do make,
Till all is hush: and falling on each other
Their eyes grow dim, and their wits do smother;
Thus these fierce Beasts lying all on an heap,
Do to the hunter fall a prey most cheap.

In "An Advertisement" Scrivener anticipates objections to his daring to speak on this subject, by the "Short defence . . . that it is the undoubted Right, as well as duty, of every good subject to Arm, when the King takes the Field against the Common Enemy. Almighty God, therefore, having, amongst many other Divine Resolutions, and Heroicall Motions, put into the heart of our Dread Sovereign, to make war against the Beast (as the Scripture speaks, Revel. 19:19), or, rather, Beasts of Luxury and Drunkennesse, so far invading and wasting the Nation, as I accounted it safe under so great Protection, so likewise seasonable under so wise a Conduct, to shoot this my Bolt (as the Saying is) at them also; and that forseeing how apt many will be to make that saying compleat, by calling it A Fools, and soon shot." To what particular action of James II this refers may be a matter for conjecture.

"It is now," says Scrivener, "forty years or more since I cast mine eye on a Foreign Author, who to shew his Eloquence and Wit, hath published an Oration in the praise of Drunkenness, a Subject becoming the Wit and Genious of a Netherlander: wherein I know not that any of our Nation hath imitated him, though the press here hath of late days been too frank of Scandalous Pamphlets, but, I hope, shall never be suffered to produce such a Monster" (p. 10). To what book this is an allusion, I do not know, as it is much too early for the famous "Eloge de l'Yvresse" of Henri de Sallengre.

There is no doctrine of total abstinence from alcohol in Scrivener's book, and he gives up the attempt to define Drunkenness quantitatively. He mentions the saying, "To drink like a Lord," as making it "a piece of greatnesse to be really base." He quotes Plutarch's saying, "That it is not the abundance of Wine and Roast-meat which makes Men cheerful at Feasts, but a fair hope and persuasion that God is propitiously with them, and graciously accepts what is there and then performed," and adds, "I would to God such doctrines as this were more frequent in the mouths of Christians, and their mirth more exactly regulated by such considerations" (p. 39). He complains of the erotic and bacchanalian character of the poetry of his day (p. 44). "I know not," he says, "what peculiar daring spirit is infused with Wine and strong Drinks into the mind of the Drunkard, that he answers all such attempts of reducing him to Sobriety, with jests, scoffs, threatenings, ragings, and worse a great deal many times" (p. 57). He declares that some Sectaries were accustomed "under colour of the great pains they were to take, or had taken in Preaching, to drink Wine and take Tobacco, too (such Sots were some of these sober Men I could name, to their Palates) in the Vestry part of the Church" (p. 63). He has some remarks, too, on the question whether among the Conformists or the Nonconformists there were the greater number of drunkards, and frankly says, "For I do really believe there are more Drunkards professing Conformity to the Church than enmity to it" (p. 85). The effect on the estates of the gentry is thus described:

Yea, the very Woods, Fields, and Pastures, feel the effect of his Drunken humour: For after he hath lavished out that full Stock and Store which his Friends left him, he proceeds to seize upon the very Corps of his Estate, the Annual Revenue not sufficing him to maintain two homes; the one his own House, and the other the Tavern, if he be of the greater Rank; but if of the meaner, the Ale house: or perhaps he brings the Tavern home to his own House, which is worse, and breeds more disorder and confusion in a family, than the other; and so bottle after bottle, and sometimes dozen after dozen bottles are brought forth; so that the Butteries or Cellars expences equalizing many times, and sometimes exceeding the expences of the Kitchen: the Gentleman, as the Prodigal in the Gospel, begins to be in want and falls to borrowing,—and when his credit fails there, wooes his distressed Wife a second time for to release her Joynture, and never considers want and infamy is coming upon him, as an armed man, and upon his children: In the mean time the Timber Falls, and makes the Earth groan and tremble, as it were perceiving its own fate not to be far off; and that Ax is laid on to the Entail, to cut that off, too; and the Tenements mourn and hang their heads, droop, and ready to fall; the Woods and Groves are turned into Champion; And first goes one farm, and then another; and when there remains no more to secure the Prodigal, himself goes to the country-house of such persons, the Prison!

In discussing the causes of drunkenness, Scrivener lays stress upon the drinking of healths—a custom denounced by the Puritans. Our author objects to its heathen origin. He tells the story of "A Suffolk gentleman, the only hope of a flourishing Family," who, at the Norwich Summer Assizes of 1684, was urgently called upon to drink six healths in succession and refusing, was fatally stabbed—"the author of this tragedy suffering condign punishment according to law." In another place he says: "What a grand piece of Honor it is for Kings in a Just and Righteous Cause, or for Honorable and Virtuous Ladies to have that character of Honor done to them, which we have found lately done to the blessed memory (as they call it) of that Infamous Traitor Stephen Colledge; and is commonly done by the same Zealots for Healths to Queans of Lewd Life and Conversation" (p. 137). This is an allusion to the "Protestant Joyner," one of the believers in the sham "Popish Plot," and also one of its victims, who was executed as a traitor, August 31, 1681. His other claim to memory is that he invented the "Protestant Flail," of which the modern life-preserver may be said to be a descendant.

Scrivener was not alone in his dislike of health drinking. In 1684 there appeared "The Great Evil of Health Drinking," by an anonymous author who fully corroborates the testimony of Scrivener as to the danger of refusing to drink a health. "The old form," says this anonymous writer, "which became a proverb, *Aut bibe, aut abi*, 'Do as we do, or begone,' was safe and civil, in comparison with the forms of our young masters, who swear you shall drink, or swear they will run you through, they will see through you, they will pin you to the wall, or fasten you to the ground. These can sacrifice to your health, and send you to hell; damn themselves, and you, too. It is dangerous to drink, and it is deadly to refuse."

However far the civilized world may still be from the ideal state, there has been a striking progress in the direction of temperance since the scandalous days that followed the restoration of the Stuarts to the throne of the British Isles.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

WILL THE WORM EVER TURN?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: One of the beautiful things about our life in the United States at the moment is its great and increasing opportunities for the development of moral virtues. As a husband, as a father, as a consumer, as a business man while the tariff is changing, as a reader of the daily press, as a tax-payer, your ordinary citizen of the middle class has daily opportunity to grow in grace and to prepare himself, through tribulation and self-denial, for a better world; but I know of no other profession in which these possibilities are wider and more varied than they are in teaching.

One thing which, in my opinion, amounts to a genuine grievance is the tendency towards gratuitous and sometimes unsympathetic discussion of the teacher and his work. Men who have lifted themselves from the routine apply their new point of view to the criticism of teachers, and, naturally, with negative results. Since the views of such men have advertising value and are gladly published, instances are not hard to find. The president of the Carnegie Foundation, whose words are surely important as those of the reigning Czar of American colleges, has himself been a sinner in this direction. I quote certain words of his which, though not of recent utterance, are still characteristic of the spirit of his rule:

Any man who knows American colleges and universities is familiar with the common experience of many of the abler young men who come up through our institutions, spend a year or two abroad, equip themselves well for the work of research, and settle down into the position of an instructor or assistant professor in some institution, full of enthusiasm and ready to consecrate their lives to research work. Scientific men are human like other men. After a few years the investigator marries, the problem of family support becomes urgent, college pay is small, and, while it may pay current expenses, it offers no opportunity to lay up for the future. The candidate for research work looks about for means of turning the grindstone; and a man who has started with flying colors and a buoyant heart for a fine career in research ends by becoming a fair teacher and a patient drudge.—[President's Report, Inst. of Tech., December, 1903.

This sort of comment, with the criticism which it embodies or implies, is likely to be felt as having more of an official character than was intended: and we get it, not only from the Czar, but from most college presidents, and even from the deans! Thus the teacher finds his occupation be-

littled, and his ability called in question, in public print, by his own employers. The situation, I think, finds no parallel in commercial life. Imagine the manager of a department store who found his saleswomen unsatisfactory, and wrote about it to all the journals in which his house advertised. What happened to that man would be no more than he deserved. In business, such conditions are discussed in the manager's office or the board-room; and there, without undue publicity, remedies are devised. Any other course of action quickly strengthens the consciousness of opposing interests. The employee develops grievances. "They care nothing for you," he says, "except what they can get out of you"; and we find him grumbling because "they" reduce an allowance or delay a promotion. He makes much of his outside interests, advising his younger associates to take care of themselves, and not to put all their eggs in one basket; and all these things point to an attitude of mind that, more quickly than any other single cause, will destroy the earning power of a worker. Such is the lesson of business administration; and it should be applied in academic offices. Your college officer is a self-confessed man of affairs and of the world, a student, presumably, of scientific management. He, also, should learn to burn his own smoke.

The other suggestion which flows from the words of Dr. Pritchett quoted above is that promotion and increase of salary should depend upon accomplishment in research work as much as upon ability to teach. This points, I think, to a second grievance of teachers—and often of students as well. The principle has long been systematically applied in many of our larger universities; and has resulted in all but crowding out the teacher. As a consequence classrooms are too often entrusted to men who are impatient of detail, careless in presentation, full of their own mental processes, and unaware of those of their students. For skill in the analysis of coal-gas, or of an Anglo-Saxon root, one may be promoted to a determining voice in the council; but not as yet for skill in the analysis of character. Thus the true teacher, however adroit, doing a necessary work, though humble, and doing it well, is quite crushed with the importance of others. The eye has most emphatically said to the hand, I have no need of thee. This again has no parallel in business. An Italian may black boots well, and with honor, though he is not the inventor of shoe-polish. Our universities, too, have many boots to black. If the men who black them become in time "patient drudges," it is mainly the attitude of their employers that makes them so.

Administrative officers have frequently asserted in the public prints that too many teachers are teaching because they cannot do anything else. The obvious retort is that college administrative officers are administering colleges because they cannot administer anything else. So far as I know, this retort has never been made; and while the "patient drudge," encouraged by the preference of editors for well-known names, continues to let his superiors do all the talking, it probably never will be made.

At present, then, the teacher needs, like poor Queen Katharine, to add to all his other virtues "a great patience"; and he will continue to feel that need till our colleges elect to administrative positions men with common sense enough, and sufficient democracy of soul, to see that something may be done for the workmen, the unorganized labor, of our larger institutions. Scholarship and teaching ability are two separable and often separated faculties, the latter the more directly convertible into money. As a matter of mere business fairness, then, it would be wise to open a more useful and honorable academic career to the teacher, whose power lies chiefly in the direction of dealing with men.

A. T. Robinson.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology, April 4.

A QUESTION OF PUBLISHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have lost sixty cents. The amount is small, it is true, but I am one of the proverbial "thrifty" foreigners of American newspaper fame, and I hate to lose sixty cents. It would bring me *Punch* for one month, it would buy me twelve classics in the Reclam edition, and would provide me with most of Molière's masterpieces. This is the way in which I lost my money, and I wish to bring it before the high-tribunal of *Nation* readers to see whether I am right in complaining.

On Saturday, March 29, I bought a little book of less than 55 pages text, written by H. G. Wells and printed by Mr. Huebsch of somewhere on Fifth Avenue, New York. The name of the booklet was the "Discovery of the Future." On Sunday morning I bought the New York *Times*, and my first discovery of the future was the fact that virtually the whole of Mr. Wells's pamphlet (for which I had paid sixty cents) was printed on the front page of the Magazine Section of the paper. The *Times* informs us that Brother Huebsch has given it the permission to publish "the following abstract." Certainly this permission was used in a most liberal way, for omitting the peroration of Mr. Wells, the paper prints virtually everything else (for which I had just paid sixty cents). Now, it seems to me that somewhere there is something in this affair which is not quite as it ought to be. Apart from the loss of those sixty cents, I fail to see why the *Times* should first advertise Mr. Huebsch and then should take all the wind out of Mr. Huebsch's sails by printing said Huebsch's book among its many other valuable Sunday articles.

I do not understand this, and like my foreign brother Hashimuro Togo "I require for answer." Dr. H. W. Van Loon.

Washington, D. C., April 2.

THE COMPOSITE RIZAL.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of January 9, your reviewer of José Rizal's books pronounces him "a Filipino with no European blood." I fear this is another instance of writing learnedly at long range on Philippine subjects. By far the best work on all matters relating to Rizal has been done by an American member of the Philippine Academy, Mr. Austin Craig. Especially in respect to the Rizal genealogy his researches are the only ones worth mentioning, and in a pamphlet published in 1911 he prints a chart showing how composite a type Rizal was. His ancestry included indeed three Malay (Filipino) tribes (Tagalog, Pangasinan, and Ilokano), but his Spanish blood far exceeded the Ilokano and virtually equalled the Pangasinan, which will doubtless account for whatever truth may be found in the reviewer's further assertion that "the major theses of Rizal are distinctly pro-Spanish in every essential." The fact is, however, that his aspirations were towards Anglo-Saxon rather than Latin ideals. He visited England and the United States, and both by example and by precept advocated the study and use of that same English which our Government is foolishly charged with "forcing" upon the Filipinos, but which the rising generation is now engaged in acquiring with gratifying eagerness. Rizal, too, as early as 1889, in his "Filipinas dentro cien años," displayed rare foresight and familiarity with world movements by suggesting the idea that American sovereignty might one day be extended to this archipelago.

But to return to his ancestry; Mr. Craig has shown by a painstaking study of the sources, including the parish records at Calamba, Rizal's birthplace, that his Chinese blood exceeds all the rest. This fact, which was overlooked or concealed by all previous biographers, explains much, and upon its announcement the large Chinese community of Manila claimed and won, as long ago as 1909, a prominent place in the annual Rizal day parade. In fact, it would be quite as accurate to speak of Booker Washington and the other eminent colored Americans named in your editorial of the same issue as "Bantus with no non-African blood" as to call Rizal "a Filipino with no European blood."

Charles S. Lobingier,
Chancellor, Philippine Academy.

Manila, February 22.

[Accepting Judge Lobingier's correction regarding Rizal's strain of Spanish blood, I do not see how this detail in any way affects my view of the interest attaching to Rizal's novels as showing some of the intellectual possibilities of the Filipinos. As for the emphasis laid above on Rizal as a prophet of American rule, that is something entirely irrelevant to my review and to the two novels, which contain, in fact, no prophecy of American rule and no propaganda of Americanism. The thesis of these two books is pro-Spanish to the extent, and with the limitations, indicated in my review. To suggest, however, that the prophecy of 1889 had anything to do with pro-American sympathies is unfortunate, as shown, for instance, by the fact that Rizal published the document cited in Spain. As Mr. Derbyshire says, the travels in the United States "did not seem to make any distinct impression upon him." I credited Rizal with a general sympathy with Western ideals. The attempt to Anglicize him, to Americanize him, is a sample of the distortions that have always pursued the man. We have had

the Filipino patriot, and the Spanish tyrant. Now it is the turn of the American officeholder.—THE REVIEWER.]

SWIFT'S JOKE ON PARTRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In reading recently Tirso de Molina's "Los Tres Maridos Burlados," I was struck by the identity of the theme of the first "mockery" (*burla*) with Swift's famous jest on poor Partridge, the almanac-maker—that of soberly publishing the death and burial of a man who is in the full possession of his faculties. It is my conviction that the world does not willingly let die a good thing once well said. I have an impression, gathered from the Memoirs, that Swift read Spanish. Is Tirso de Molina his source? Why does not some student of comparative literature give other versions of the same jest?

CHARLES ST. CLAIR WADE.

Tufts College, April 2.

"WITCH MONEY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Prof. J. M. Hart, in his article on "The Adoration of the Magi" (*Nation*, March 13), comments upon the early transition of the "wise men" in popular belief from magi to magicians, and upon their special potency against epilepsy. It is a long descent from twelfth-century St. Elizabeth of Schönau, invoking for her ailments Melchior, Balthasar, and Caspar, to a Tuscan peasant of our own day; but a medal in my collection of Italian amulets seems to establish their kinship.

This wonder-working piece of brass displays on one side the three kings kneeling before the Holy Family; on the reverse are the words:

S 3 Reges
Gasp. Mel. Bald.
orate pro nobis
nunc et in hora
mortis nostrae
Amen

The medal was issued from a convent in 1908 to a young shepherdess who had led her flock for summer grazing to the Apennines. For a holiday she went to visit an aunt in a mountain village some forty kilometres from Florence. Ignorant of her kinswoman's possession of the Evil Eye, she could in no way account for her own sudden prostration with vertigo. Unable to stand or to eat, she was rescued from her unwonted plight through the wise counsel of neighbors. The aunt was a good woman, they all agreed, of generous heart and very pious; but so baneful was her glance that when she went to mass the priest might be sure of officiating for her alone. The remedy was simple—the wearing of a *medaglia delle streghe* (witch medal) obtainable from certain nuns in Prato. As the sufferer could not rise from her bed, a kindly woman lent her the necessary charm. It was none other than the medal described above.

The girl's recovery was immediate and so lasting that she tarried with her aunt in peace and comfort. In the autumn she was in Florence on her way to winter pasturage in the Maremma. Full of enthusiasm over her miraculous recovery, she had procured two medals from the sisters in Prato, and, being in radiant health, she was quite willing to exchange one piece of her "witch money" for coin of another sort.

R. W. BUELL.

Marietta, O., April 3.

Literature

HYNDMAN'S REMINISCENCES.

Further Reminiscences. By Henry Mayers Hyndman. New York: The Macmillan Co. $5 net.

Mr. Hyndman states that he was encouraged by the cordial welcome given to his earlier volume of autobiography (reviewed in the *Nation* of November 30, 1911) to complete his memoirs. We are glad that he has done so, because this new volume has great value. Not only is it written with the ease and frankness indispensable to good autobiography, but it shows us the leading British Socialist of his generation in the thick of the fight which Socialism has been waging for thirty years past. By reading it attentively, we get not merely the theories and ideals which Socialists profess: Mr. Hyndman shows us the motives which really inspire them and the deeds they actually do

Born to wealth; educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; one of the best cricketers of his time; a lover of adventure; versatile; full of British vigor and brusqueness, which did not, however, shut him out from contacts with persons high and low; a mining expert and investor in Australia and our West—Hyndman had lived half-a-dozen lives before he dedicated himself unreservedly to Socialism five and thirty years ago. Marx was his master, and Hyndman remains to-day an uncompromising Marxian. His reminiscences are nearly evenly divided between persons and events, with doctrines and criticisms sprinkled freely throughout the book.

He gives a sympathetic sketch of Michael Davitt, whom he ranks with Garibaldi for "sheer force of moral worth and nobility of character." Hyndman himself, being an Irish Land Leaguer, was behind the scenes, and he furnishes evidence to confirm his high estimate of Davitt. He also reports some characteristic doings of the Irish conspirators. His eulogy of Davitt is all the more magnanimous, because he believed that Davitt's views on Socialism and political economy were unsound and harmful.

To Lady Warwick, the only aristocratic woman in Europe who, disregarding her caste, her traditions, and her material interests, came out courageously for the cause, Mr. Hyndman pays a high tribute. He still retains enough of the inherited ideals of the past to write with chivalrous fervor of the beautiful Countess, whose career, he thinks, has just begun; and he defends her from the criticism of those who ask why she does not sell all and give to the poor, if she is really sincere in her desire for Socialism. That question, he says, applies "to all who are living upon rent, interest, or profit in any shape, and are taking no part in the actual direct work of producing and distributing wealth. But, as I have often pointed out, . . . surrender by one, under existing economic conditions, only means appropriation by another. The system of wage-earning and profit-taking is not to be broken down by mere personal sacrifice, no matter how noble such foregoing of wealth and position may appear from the old ascetic morality point of view."

The best of the personal sketches is devoted to Bernard Shaw, in whom Mr. Hyndman detects Heine's power of turning to you the seamy side of any subject which he has just presented from a pleasing point of view. He has several revealing anecdotes, much penetrating literary analysis, and a survey of Shaw and the Fabians, whom he regards as obstructionists and reactionaries. This is a chapter which all who are interested in the most discussed British writer of the day ought not to overlook. Mr. Hyndman concludes that Shaw is, first of all, a poseur; but that, although the mercurial Irishman deserted the Socialist cause, he is indirectly helping on the social revolution by exposing with mordant wit the paradoxes, evils, and shortcomings of the present régime. Mr. Hyndman devotes other chapters to Henry Labouchere, the quintessence of cynicism; to W. T. Stead, whom he underrates; to Walter Crane and Blatchford; to Eleanor Marx and her depraved lover, Edward Aveling; and to some of the Russian Revolutionists—including Stepniak, Lavrenius, and Azeff, whose claim to the title of most infamous of traitors seems indisputable.

Even more significant, however, is that part of the book in which Hyndman tells of the work which he has directed for nearly a generation, and criticises the evil conditions to which industrialism, as he charges, has brought England. In that, the richest of all lands, there are, according to him, thirteen million people in poverty, and of that number more than half regularly feel the pinch of hunger. Nowhere else does the hideous contrast between vast wealth and widespread misery flaunt itself so openly. The realization of the suffering and injustice has burned into Mr. Hyndman's soul. He shows a savage indignation towards the industrial system which has reduced so large a proportion of the modern world to the condition of hopeless helots; but he believes in education and progress through politics; if that fails, he would resort to violence.

We find no satisfactory statement from him of what will happen when thoroughgoing Socialism is established. His main concern is to destroy the ex-

lsting monster; reconstruction will take care of itself. When everybody has enough to eat and to wear—when the state and not a Gradgrind capitalist is the taskmaster—when the distinctions between rich and poor are blotted out—virtue, apparently, will flourish without effort. There will be no crime, because crime is simply disobedience to statutes which capitalists have framed to protect their own interests. There will be no sins—because sin is disobedience to an artificial moral law based on an obsolete supernaturalism. Just how the lazy are to be made to work, the grasping are to be transformed into the unselfish, and those who now are loyal only to their appetites will suddenly develop a consuming loyalty to the state, he does not explain. Like the extreme Abolitionists in 1861, he would probably say, "Emancipate, and let come what will."

The most repellent side of Mr. Hyndman's doctrines concerns the relations between the sexes. He never mentions marriage without sneering at it as a "bourgeois institution." Promiscuity, and even prostitution, have no rebuke from him, so long as they are voluntary. He speaks rather pityingly of his hero, Davitt, because "his inherited abhorrence of sexual laxity drew him into mistaken and injurious action towards Parnell." While this brutal frankness is more wholesome than a certain phase of English cant on the sexual question, it will not attract to Socialism those sane persons—and they are still in the majority—who recognize that the family must be the unit of any civilized society. Perhaps the following sentence gives the measure of Mr. Hyndman's insight and gospel better than many pages could: "Brahma, Buddha, Christ, Confucius, Mohammed, all the saints and prophets and martyrs who ever lived and died, have not affected the form of society so much as the invention and application of a single new engine of production."

The final value of Mr. Hyndman's book lies just here: it unfolds the ideals, opinions, prejudices of the chief English Socialist, who is much more than a narrow doctrinaire. He speaks out on all subjects. His judgments invariably refer to the Socialist cause. He detests the present Liberal Ministry; he regards Lloyd George as a trimmer and Keir Hardie as a backslider, but he apparently approves of William D. Haywood's policy of retaliation in Colorado and at Lawrence. And although Socialists generally affirm that their creed would abolish militarism, Mr. Hyndman makes an exception of Germany and preaches that England must increase her navy and organize a strong army against the German menace. Critics of American railways may be surprised to find him attributing the decline of British agriculture to the backwardness of British railway management. He goes so far as to urge the British directors to copy American methods, including those for the protection of employees and passengers.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jean-Christophe: Journey's End. (Love and Friendship; The Burning Bush; The New Dawn.) By Romain Rolland. Translated by Gilbert Cannan. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Now that the concluding portion of this long romance—in the French version it is issued in ten volumes—has appeared, your reviewer must concede a virtue which it was difficult to feel in the previous instalments. The central personage contrives in the end to stand out clear and distinct. Nor has the author altered his method. Here are the accustomed formlessness, the congeries of incidents growing out of no organic plot (each being manufactured to illustrate whatever phase of character is uppermost at the moment), the same garrulity and preachment. Yet the reader, if he has patience, will carry away the memory of a powerful personality. The first English volume followed the life of the great musician to be—said by some to be patterned on Beethoven—from birth in a small town on the Rhine to a period in young manhood when, owing to his participation in a political disturbance, he is obliged to flee from his country and goes to Paris. In the second volume he continues, in that city, to fight for his ideals, and succeeds after direst poverty in achieving fame. The final volume sees him disdainful of the petting Parisian society is eager to bestow and still living in meagre circumstances. Yet he enjoys a rich friendship, culminating in honest love, with a lady of quality—the Grazia of Volume I—besides less worthy, though for the moment sincere, affairs with two other women. He dies in middle life, glowing to the end with the thought of the splendid battle for righteousness which life holds out to the robust and brave. Loyalty to principle and to friend is his outstanding quality.

Although M. Rolland's method of construction is open to severe criticism, it is possible that no more rigid literary form would have contained all that he desired to say. For the work as it stands is a running comment on the main tendencies of music, literature, and politics during the past fifty years. "Jean-Christophe" has the looseness of the ancient epic romance, themes provided with personal names for the most part taking the place of people. Yet M. Rolland has gone deeply into the spiritual possibilities of the present age. If he seems at times to revive the spirit of German Romanticism, he will gain some indulgence from the fact that his hero pursues an emotional profession. We can think of no one so well equipped as M. Rolland to describe precisely the delicate shades of feeling which contribute to a musician's development; he has a rare gift of language and is a skilful psychologist. "Jean-Christophe," despite its great shortcomings as a novel, is a stirring attempt to present sincerely an important message to a material-minded generation.

'Twixt Land and Sea. By Joseph Conrad. New York: George H. Doran Co.

The title is explained by the sub-titles of the three tales here assembled. The first is "a harbour story," the second "an episode from the coast," and the third "a story of shallow waters." The leading figure in each of the stories is a trading skipper of the south seas, but a skipper in some sense out of his element. Ships provide the background for some of the scenes, but they are ships at a disadvantage, unheroic; becalmed, or at anchor, or the victim of flat mischance in fair weather. Even the sea is not the deep sea of Mr. Conrad's devotion, but a broken body of water surrounding various man-infested bodies of land, and subject to indignities. A sense of uneasy and not always seemly contact between land and sea, landman and seaman, is strong in the book.

The exotic flavor of these stories is not wholly due to their setting. Though this writer long ago chose English for his medium, his masters are not more English than Polish, but French. Even the details of his style, his sentence-structure, his rhythm, often recall the great French story writers. There are whole pages in the present volume which have the effect of a translation, a very beautiful and almost concealed translation, from the tongue of Gautier and Maupassant.

> Very soon I became entranced by this blue, pinnacled apparition, almost transparent against the light of the sky, a mere emanation, the astral body of an island risen to greet me from afar. And I wondered half seriously whether it was a good omen, whether what would meet me in that island would be as luckily exceptional as this beautiful, dreamlike vision so very few seamen have been privileged to behold.

What the island holds for the narrator, captain of a freighter, is an experience, under less idyllic conditions, such as one associates with the dreamy inconclusive art of Loti. It holds, immured in a tropical garden, a daughter of unhappy parentage and of the South; a creature fierce, silent, and morbidly beautiful. Without experience of man, she is quiveringly fearful of him, a savage in a dingy wrapper, a proud and sullen animal from whom anything may be expected. Under her strange spell the skipper, idle ashore, presently falls.

He is a man of breeding, and does not succumb without an effort; but he succumbs. No tragedy ensues: their single embrace is an embrace of parting. And the smile of fortune which is the indirect result of their fragmentary amour concerns a lucky deal in potatoes which fetches the skipper out of his hazard with a substantial profit. The odd fascination of the tale, like that of its companions, is due to Mr. Conrad's faculty of creating an atmosphere—the atmosphere of a strange enchantment, or a deadly fear, or an imminent catastrophe.

Crossriggs. By Mary and Jane Findlater. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

Penny Monypenny. The same.

Seven Scots Stories. By Jane Findlater.

These books belong to the class vulgarly known as "gumdrop literature"—old-fashioned, harmless distractions in which one may indulge *ad libitum* with no worse consequence than a slightly uncomfortable sensation of futility.

The seven short stories have the advantage of being built on the most elementary plan. They have a certain quaintness to commend them, due partly to the homespun quality of the style and partly to the extreme simplicity of the characters and situations. They tell of life in poor people's homes, and most of them are about children; for instance, the valiant "bairn-tender," and Mysie, whose pet lamb waxed fat with too much cosseting—and butted. One would expect them to please child readers by all the little homely, uninspired touches with which the local color is laid on, and by a slightly concealed abundance of moral plums to tempt the juvenile thumb. American readers will find some things to puzzle them in the experiences of a laddie who adventurously escorted his feeble old grandmother from the Hebrides to visit her son in the States. Although the "Flat-Iron-Sky-Scraper" had already been erected in New York, Uncle Charlie, near Memphis, Tennessee, was still living on the apparent edge of civilization, in a region of "settlers" and "clearings," populated largely by "descendants of the convicts who had been sent out to the plantations in old days," and visited by roving bands of Mexican horse-traders.

The novels are more sophisticated in tone, and deal with the family problems of Scotch gentle folk for whom life is complicated somewhat by social distinctions. The heroine of "Crossriggs" is the practical daughter of an amiable visionary and the maiden aunt of a fatherless brood of six. Her sole economic resource is a beautiful reading voice which she employs in a semi-professional way. To her household burdens are added amorous woes. Besides the exemplary married friend whom she loved and was loved by with virtuously repressed passion, there was also the very young admirer whom her displeasure drove to ill-advised marriage and subsequent suicide. No wonder poor Aunt Alex kept growing thinner and thinner, paler and more headachy, from chapter to chapter.

Penelope Monypenny is a much more presentable heroine, the delicately nurtured daughter of a charming young widowed mother. The great problems of this story are to provide a proper husband for pretty Penny and a proper heir for her two crusty bachelor uncles. Eventually it is all satisfactorily arranged through the introduction of a distant kinsman, who by name and by nature is exactly fitted for both rôles. But the ending, blessed by prudence, is procured at the expense of the most likable character of the book, Penny's cousin and early sweetheart, a young consumptive genius whom it is necessary to cast into outer darkness beyond the pale of respectability in order to clear the way for his more eligible successor.

The Street of the Flute-Player. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. New York: Duffield & Co.

By the help of a sufficient amount of "local color," the plot of a short story may easily be made to serve for a novel. If any one doubts this, let him read "The Street of the Flute-Player." The scene is Athens, near the close of the Peloponnesian War; but the writer is not even compelled to draw upon history to eke out his material. It is the time of the grape-harvest in 405 B. C.: yet we hear no echoes of Arginusæ or Ægospotami. Pure description takes the place, not of sense, perhaps, but of the story. The Acropolis, the Piræus, the Agora; street scenes, banquet scenes, sea scenes—these are the staple of the book. "By his capacity for reverie," the author tells us, "you may judge the work of any critic of art, or artist." If this is true, then Mr. Stacpoole deserves to rank very high; for at the most exciting moment of his plot he is capable of dropping the story to indulge in a long reverie about the merchant ship on which the scene is for the moment laid. Readers who like modern sentiment and sentimentality in a classical setting, and are not disturbed by inaccuracies, will probably find the book enjoyable. But even these, we fancy, will find a good deal to skip.

The Gloved Hand. By Burton E. Stevenson. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The author retains in this tale of mystery the central characters of his rather successful story, "The Boule Cabinet"—Lester, the middle-aged lawyer, and Godfrey, the reporter, who was formerly a member of the New York Detective Bureau. Since they are modelled after Dr. Watson and Sherlock Holmes, they furnish an acceptable means for keeping the line of reasoning leading to a solution of the plot fresh before the reader and for spurring him on to his own best efforts. Godfrey's dazzling inferences are always made from evidence presented to all, and never from secret information. There is a police captain, brave as a lion and, of course, quite as dull. In the present instance an old gentleman, living with his beautiful young daughter in a walled estate on the edge of the Bronx, has been murdered. Suspicion is cast on an Oriental and his man, who also dwell on the estate and whose religion the victim had espoused. But the bloody fingerprints of a law student, who is in love with the daughter against the father's wishes, seem to incriminate him hopelessly, especially since it is known that he had a secret meeting with the daughter on the grounds the night of the murder. Except at two points of the story the explanation of the crime is well concealed; let the reader be alert.

The Woman in Black. By E. C. Bentley. New York: The Century Co.

The author of this story is the chief editorial writer of the London *Telegraph* and presumably an Englishman; yet he can write the argot of Wall Street and Broadway with extraordinary vigor and accuracy—which for an Englishman is an almost unparalleled achievement. This accomplishment, of which Mr. Bentley may not be very proud, is a matter of some importance, since the plot of his book turns on the murder of a great despot of Wall Street who has married a British wife and is living in a quiet English country house, and one of whose secretaries is also from the financial shambles of New York.

It would be an ill service to the reader to indicate the nature of the plot. Sufficient to say that it is one of the very few good detective stories published in several years. It has its technical faults: the gentleman from Scotland Yard is rather superfluous from the beginning, and soon drops out altogether, and at one critical place the narrative gets a bit confused. But withal the plot and its unravelling are unusually clever, and the climax comes at the end with a good snap.

RAILWAY PROBLEMS.

Railroads: Rates and Regulation. By William Z. Ripley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

This volume on the public relations of railways is to be followed soon by a second on finance and corporate relations. In these two volumes Professor Ripley is presenting the most exhaus-

tive study of the railway problem in the United States that has yet appeared. By his intimate knowledge of the whole field of railway operation and by his attractive literary style, he has produced a book that is likely long to remain a standard authority on the subjects discussed. However, its six hundred and fifty pages are not for the novice. The reader must have some notion in advance of the fundamentals of the subject; otherwise he will become lost amidst the abundance of detail. For if there is one outstanding weakness in the book it is lack of clear generalization. Professor Ripley has in part anticipated this criticism in his preface and has insisted that, if the only scientific method of treatment is to formulate economic principles from concrete data, then the massing of illustrative material is inevitable. We would not quarrel with the method; we would simply say that, after patiently following the author through his detailed explanation of rate adjustments, we do not meet with any clean-cut statement which fixes in our minds the underlying principle. Doubtless we are making a serious demand upon the author's powers; perhaps an impracticable one. But if generalization is difficult for the author, it is doubly so for the reader.

After an excellent introductory chapter on the history of transportation in the United States, the book is devoted almost wholly to the problem of rates. Professor Ripley displays an unwavering loyalty to the Interstate Commerce Commission. He is a frank advocate of the regulation of rates and services by such methods, and looks with evident satisfaction upon the steadily increasing administrative powers of the Commission which are freeing it more and more from judicial interference. It would hardly be just to charge him with any pronounced partisanship in his attitude towards the settlement of problems involving the conflicting claims of shippers and carriers; on the contrary, his judgments on the whole are well-balanced and dispassionate. Yet, as he freely admits in his preface, his bias, if bias there be, favors the "dim inarticulate multitude" which is in need of effective advocates.

A brief summary of Professor Ripley's position on some of the controverted points of the railway problem may be noted. He does not advocate either the value-of-service or the cost-principle of rate-making to the exclusion of the other; both principles are of equal importance and the precedence of one or the other depends upon the conditions in each individual case. The important problems still to be settled are those involving transcontinental rates and the Southern basing point system. The latter he regards as a concomitant of industrial immaturity which should finally be rejected in favor of a system of rates graded more nearly in accordance with distance. He believes a uniform classification to be probably impracticable in a country of such diversified industry, but maintains that reform of classification practice is "the greatest need of the time in the transportation field." Pooling is vigorously advocated as the only way to prevent consolidation. Attempts to perpetuate competition by legislation defeat their own end. The vigorous attacks upon the railways for their lack of efficiency do not meet with much sympathy from the author. He clearly recognizes the limitations to the application to railways of principles that have proved so successful in manufacturing plants. In the matter of rates for the future he recognizes the burden of increased prices and wages under which railways are struggling, and lays down the general principle that a sufficient surplus earning power must be permitted to insure investment in railway securities. On the question of the rehabiliment of waterways, Professor Ripley takes the conservative position which is slowly making headway, that large expenditures should not be entered upon without thorough inquiry as to whether the results will be in any way commensurate with the cost, and repeats the warning often uttered that it is fallacious to overlook construction expenses paid for out of the Federal Treasury when estimating the cost of water transportation. His prediction concerning the effect of the Panama Canal is that the railways will probably prefer to surrender some of their competitive traffic in order to maintain charges on the major portion of their tonnage; but that in the long run the development in prosperity of the entire West as a result of the canal will materially enhance railway revenues.

In a book of such great detail it would be surprising were some inaccuracies not found. A few only of them will be noted here. It is implied that Gallatin's proposal in 1808 for an expenditure of $20,000,000 related only to highways, whereas canals and rivers were the major consideration. Peter Cooper's "Tom Thumb" made its trial trip from Baltimore, not from Philadelphia. The Camden & Amboy Railroad did not cover the entire distance from New York to Philadelphia. Dunkirk, New York, not Dunkirk, Ohio, was the terminus of the Erie in 1851. The Massachusetts Railroad Commission of 1869 was not the first Commission in the country, but was preceded by several others, beginning with 1844. The statement that a physical valuation was provided for in the Mann-Elkins act of 1910 is not borne out by an examination of the statute. The discussion of Judge Humphrey's "immunity bath" granted to the beef-packers in 1906 is inaccurate in stating that the decision was rendered by the Supreme Court, and in implying that the obstruction interposed to the use of evidence obtained in general governmental investigations still exists. The decision was rendered by a District Court and could not be appealed because the Government had no right of appeal in criminal cases. However, shortly thereafter statutes were passed removing the prohibition on appeal by the Government, and providing that immunity could be procured by witnesses only when testimony was given under oath in obedience to a subpœna. Again, it is difficult to harmonize the author's statement at the beginning of chapter vii that personal discrimination has been "practically eliminated since the enactment of the Elkins amendments," with the detailed discussion of the previous chapter, in which a definite impression is left on the mind of the reader that this form of discrimination still extensively prevails. Finally, reference should be made to Professor Ripley's frequently reiterated assertion that railway rates have sharply advanced since 1900. It would not be practicable here to enter upon a discussion of this highly intricate question. So unsatisfactory is the data upon which one must rely for a demonstration that even the author is forced to admit that one is almost at a loss to strike a fair balance between the advances and the reductions. It is sufficient to state that in our opinion the assertion has not been proved.

But all these points to which criticism has been directed are minor blemishes in a treatise of high merit. Leaving out of consideration books devoted to special phases of the problem, this is the most scholarly work that has appeared on American railways since Hadley's "Railroad Transportation" in 1885.

The English Scene in the Eighteenth Century. By E. S. Roscoe. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.75 net.

This book is attractive in appearance, it is embellished with twenty-four illustrations, and its preface invites serious consideration. Avowedly inspired by Sir Leslie Stephen's Ford lectures at Oxford, which were published under the title, "English Literature and Society in the Eighteenth Century," it does not profess to bring forward minute new facts, but "to systemize the materials which are already in existence; in other words, to form a clear and general view of the age." In the first part are presented three representative cities: London, the capital; Bath, the city of pleasure; Liverpool, the seaport. In the second are studied the "conspicuous groups": the nobility, the men of the industrial revolution, the new provin-

cial citizen, the woman of letters, the naval officer, the country clergy, the peasant. It is not irrelevant to our purpose to add that Sir Leslie Stephen approached the hazardous task of historical generalization as author of the monumental "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century," and that Mr. Roscoe has written lives of George Selwyn and of Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

Partly from complimentary deference to the political and legal historians who had preceded him on the Ford foundation, partly from his half-mocking native humility, the learned historian of eighteenth-century thought assigned to his own special interests a very lowly place, and for the nonce treated literature as rather responsive to social influence than socially influential. Mr. Roscoe, adopting without much reservation the economic view of progress, includes not merely literature, but politics as well, among the much overrated forces in social advancement. The one outstanding living fact for him in the eighteenth century is the development of the middle class in self-consciousness, wealth, and power, primarily through the application to industry and commerce of middle-class brains and inventions. Philosophy, art, and letters are but the dust thrown up by the whirling chariot wheels of the Captains of Industry. Aside from the industrial activity, eighteenth-century England seems to present itself to Mr. Roscoe's eyes as an operatic stage upon which troops of agreeable but unimportant actors have been drawn up in orderly lines for the drop of the curtain.

The vision of the eighteenth century which Mr. Roscoe offers to us is unquestionably general, and yet it is far from clear. It is his central thesis that in the eighteenth century a great middle class achieved for the first time solidarity and self-consciousness, yet he fails in his attempts to define the limits of that class and to segregate its characteristics. On page 146 the middle class is briefly characterized as "the Men of the Industrial Revolution." On page 149 the middle class is said to be "composed of persons nearly all of whom have an occupation for the purpose of earning a livelihood"; yet here are included not merely those engrossed by commerce, manufacture, and agriculture, but also lawyers, doctors, professors, and clergymen. Darkness thickens when on page 157 we are told that the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* "would scarcely have existed had there not been a middle class which read in them about the foibles and the weaknesses of those who belonged to their own section of society." To speak of these organs of wit and fashion and good breeding as indicative of the arrival of a new middle class still in the making is completely to confound the rising class of the Philistines or bourgeoisie with the ancient and exclusive classes of the gentlemen and the nobility to which Steele and Addison certainly addressed their efforts.

But let us grant, as Mr. Roscoe seems on page 149 to assume, that the middle class comprises virtually every one but the noble, the lower order of artisan, and the peasant. Then to declare that "most of the famous literary names of the eighteenth century belong to it," proves nothing, for the statement would be equally true of the seventeenth century or of the sixteenth. Furthermore, it might be added that this body of the people attained a fairly high degree of political self-consciousness under the Commonwealth. And certainly in the seventeenth century there existed already that *entente cordiale* and personal friendship between the English nobleman and the French aristocrat which Mr. Roscoe notes as a unique condition in international society which is only to be found during the eighteenth century. To assert that from the accession of William III to the death of George II "scarcely any one" but the peers "knew foreign languages at all" is a generalization too wild for discussion. Evidently, Mr. Roscoe has for the moment lost sight of the middle-class men who were writing and reading the Queen Anne periodicals, and has fixed his eye upon the men of the industrial revolution, who were engrossed all day by commerce and agriculture, and who made the "future of England." But the facts have to shift for themselves when one is presenting a general view. "The woman of London was"—now what can one say of the "woman of London" except that she was a woman? Mr. Roscoe does her up in half a dozen epithets as who should say, "The woman of New York is simple, chaste, and unassuming; she spends her day in seeing musical comedy and canning pickles."

By similar inductions we reach the grand generalization that the "man of the eighteenth century"—who persecuted Dissenters, adored Wesley, fought the Deists, rioted under Gordon, swore by Hume, adhered to Godwin, cultivated a taste for Pope and Ossian and Johnson and Blake, adopted the political faith of Lord North, and was hand-in-glove with "Junius," Wilkes, and Fox—that the "man of the eighteenth century," as we were saying, was prosperous, serene, and settled in religion, philosophy, morals, and taste. In our attempts to visualize the "beast," as the late William James would say, we have sometimes felt like Æneas in Hades embracing an evanishing phantom, and sometimes like Miltiades examining a photograph of the battlefield of Marathon. Somehow in its impressive migration across the eighteenth-century scene, the various red-blooded bickering multitude, moving with pace now loitering, now quickened to panic by explosions of passion and intellect, eludes the vague wide clutch of the generalizer's fingers.

Edinburgh and the Lothians. By Francis Watt. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. $3.50 net.

The Gateway of Scotland, or East Lothian, Lammermoor, and the Merse. By A. G. Bradley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $4 net.

These look like good examples of the glorified guide-books; but in truth they are much more. We may pass quickly in both cases from the inevitable colored illustrations, good as they are—twelve by Walter Dexter in Mr. Watt's book and eight with a wealth of line drawings by A. L. Collins in Mr. Bradley's—to the text which is the text and no mere supplement to the pictures.

Naturally, Mr. Watt's personality has less opportunity of asserting itself, so long at least as he is under the shadow of Edinburgh. Of the Edinburgh of history and tradition it is hard to say anything new. Full success can lie only in so telling the tales of the past as to evoke their ghosts in the city of the present. And that is well done here, with an abundance of detail, with imagination and force. For this is no gathering up of the ordinary old stories, the worn tags of touristry. There are many bits that will be new to most, and the linking through straggling modern names of that last great Edinburgh—the capital of eighteenth-century English literature—to the present decorous town of law and the three-per-cents is done with instinct by one who has himself, as an Edinburgh student, inherited the vanishing memories.

But away from the smoke of the city and out on the road to Queensberry and Linlithgow on the one hand, and, on the other, to Roslin, Hawthornden, the Lammer Law, and on to North Berwick and Dunbar, the figure of the wanderer appears, free of the countryside on his own feet. There are old stories still, but the quiet tracks of the Lammer Muirs and the fascination of Linlithgow, loch and palace, are of the present age. It is a pity, though, that the Edinburgh man could not remember to bring in Alexander Smith, the Glasgow poet of Ayrshire origin, whose "Dreamthorpe" Linlithgow was. Edinburgh cannot easily forgive him for writing on Glasgow a poem of sombre magnificence—the like of which neither Scott nor Robert Ferguson nor Stevenson has given to their own more romantic town. It is a curious illustration of the right of eminent domain over things Scottish which Edinburgh exerts in foreign minds, that when Lafcadio Hearn remembered Alex-

ander Smith's poem he remembered it as "Edinburgh," and not as "Glasgow."

Still more of the present and of a still wider experience and interest is Mr. Bradley's book. The "Ringwood" of sporting papers in the *Field* for more than thirty-five years—and "sporting" has a very different meaning in England; intimately acquainted with farming in the Lothians from his youth; equally in touch with American country conditions, in Virginia and in Ontario and the Northwest; an unwearied wanderer on the Welsh and Northumbrian Marches and with, in his own phrase, "a feel for a country"; a man with views of his own on the farming and laboring classes of the last two generations and on the fall in agricultural prices of the '80's; one who knows the traditions of one great period of emigration and is seeing very clearly and understandingly another in his own day; above all, a lover of field and fold, road, hillside, and stream, whose instincts lead him ever back to the soil out of which come all things and which conditions all things: he has given us here a book full of the fundamental institutes of life. Perforce he has to tell stories—formally he is writing a glorified guide-book—but his stories have far more basis both in local knowledge and in historical training than is usual, and he keeps ever turning from them to "the land." His desire is for a reader who is an "inquiring soul with an eye and a turn for rural economics and the things that make for the life of a country" (p. 147). Thus from Haddington and John Knox and Jane Welsh, he shies off over the Garleton Hills into land once marsh and now, perhaps, yielding thirty-five tons of turnips to the acre. That he passes from farming to golf, the land itself explains; "the ruthless austerity of East Lothian agriculture peters out into sandy commons and rolling dunes." But, besides that, he has a feeling for all sport if it is sufficiently of the people and of the open air, and leads round to the land. There is the delicious game of football in which the one goal was the hopper of the parish mill and the other the pulpit of the parish church; there is the team of Scottish curlers touring Canada, who, clerical members and all, kept up the convivial traditions of the game, and were "sent off" from Montreal by the local band to the tune of "We're nae that fou, we're nae that fou."

Yet there are bits, too, of fine historical imagination. Vivid phrases put Queen Mary clear out in the open, riding all day "as hard as nails," or show that sardonic humorist, Charles II, in the hands of Presbyterian divines, or Edward I as a foiled statesman. Any one who would linger on the East Coast route from Berwick north will find incitement and guidance here. And any one who would see through independent, keen eyes the eastern half of lowland Scotland, as it is and has been for the last forty years, will find ample suggestion here.

The Interpretation of Religious Experience. The Gifford Lectures for 1910-1912. By John Watson. Glasgow: Maclehose & Sons. Two volumes. $6 net.

Professor Watson, as all readers of his "Philosophical Basis of Religion" will remember, is one of those philosophers who are hampered by the habit of beginning strictly at the beginning. In his present work he has devoted an entire volume to the history of philosophy and theology from the earliest times to Hegel, before even starting to take a step of his own. And when at last we reach Vol. II—which is entitled "Constructive"—we find much more than half of it still expository and critical. In fact, the two volumes might very well have been entitled, "Refutation of all Philosophers Before and After Hegel."

For Professor Watson's book, so far as it is more than a history of philosophy, is a rather literal translation of Hegelianism into the language of the twentieth century. The familiar formulas and arguments appear with little change. The world is completely rational and completely intelligible, for otherwise knowledge would be completely impossible. From this fact we can draw certain unquestionable conclusions:

> The first and most obvious characteristic of a rational universe is that it must be an absolute unity. And this unity must be understood in the strictest possible sense. . . . It cannot be of the nature of an aggregate; its elements must be so adapted to one another as to be incapable of existing apart, so that to remove any single element would be to destroy the whole. . . . Moreover, a truly rational unity must be not only completely differentiated, but it must be absolutely perfect. The second main characteristic of a rational universe is its self-differentiation. . . . Lastly, a rational universe must be not only one and self-differentiating, but it must be a coherent system.

Each of the lower views of the world, such as realism (old and new), naturalism, subjectivism, personal idealism, and the rest, has its kernel of truth, but each is ultimately self-negating, and all are transcended by and taken up into the Absolute Philosophy, which alone accounts for everything that is and everything that can be. When this view is gained, mind and matter and all else are seen to be but manifestations of Spirit, which expresses itself in the inorganic, the organic, and the conscious, and thus includes all possible reality within an infinitely rich Unity which knows itself.

In the course of the leisurely presentation of the one true and the many false philosophies, the reader comes upon several excellent pieces of criticism—notably those directed against the new realism and against certain of Bergson's views. But the odd thing is that a warrior who sees so clearly as does Professor Watson the weak points in his enemy's armor should be so strangely blind to the many holes in his own. Surely none but a philosopher could have been so absent-minded! From beginning to end our author nobly ignores most of the recent attempts to show the impossibility of reconciling the facts of the universe with an Absolute whom men could call good. Towards the close, to be sure, the reader comes upon two lectures on the problem of Evil, and looks for an answer to the critics. The first of these lectures starts out promisingly, but before the discussion is fairly launched the historical sense, as usual, takes control, and the rest of the lecture is devoted to an exposition and critique of Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. The next lecture explains that moral goodness is a growth and that some moral evil is therefore necessary. The question of pain and suffering is not touched, nor is anything said to indicate that the author has an inkling of the real difficulties here involved for any spiritual monism. But such a noble disregard of purely empirical evil is doubtless the proper attitude for a rationalistic philosophy. As William James used to point out, the Hegelian view would be quite as demonstrable in a hell of torture as in a heaven of joy; it could prove any kind of universe, no matter how horrible we might feel it, to be "rational," "spiritual," and "perfect." Being independent of the merely empirical, the Absolute is "compatible with every relative danger."

To the true Hegelian, in this mad, sad century, Professor Watson's uncompromising volumes will doubtless be as rivers of water in a dry place and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But to the unregenerate its value will be chiefly historical, in the sense that it puts Hegelianism into modern terms and restates it in the light of some of the newer problems.

My Sudan Year. By E. S. Stevens. With 40 illustrations. New York: George H. Doran Co. $3.50 net.

There is no part of Africa in which the prospects of speedy development are so promising as the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. When the contemplated irrigation works are completed, a vast region will supply Europe with cereals, first-class cotton, rubber, and valuable wood. Even the hopeless swamp of the sudd, the thick tangle of floating water plants, 35,000 square miles in extent, is

to become productive. A method has been invented of converting these plants into briquettes, having nearly two-thirds the heating quality of coal, and the company which has been formed has received from the Government a concession for the manufacture of solid fuel. Upon a vessel chartered by this company for the purpose of choosing a site for a factory Miss Stevens made the trip up the Nile of which she gives an interesting account in "My Sudan Year."

The start was made from Khartum, of which she says, "There is an indescribable feeling that the town is a camp, that its life is as artificial as the life of a city of tents." One of the incidents of her stay there was the march past Lord Kitchener of some Sudanese regiments in which were hundreds of dervishes who fought against him thirteen years before, one of the officers being a son of the Khalifa. Another son was in Gordon College, "a fine, intelligent youth," together with "two of the Mahdi's grandsons, each aged about nineteen." A girls' school which she visited had "close on two hundred pupils. There is no distinction of class, race, or religion in the school, the teaching is non-sectarian, and every little girl, whether black, brown, or white, is welcomed and instructed in the simplest elements of education—reading, writing, arithmetic, history, and English. English, however, is only taught in the upper classes, the majority of children learn in the vernacular." A significant fact recorded is that it is one of the healthiest cities in the world, "thanks to untiring vigilance" on the part of the sanitary authorities. The death-rate as recorded in the Report for 1910 was seven per thousand.

Miss Stevens's account of the upper Nile and the sudd region has many vivid touches, notably descriptions of things which do not interest a man or are likely to escape his notice. Much information is given in regard to the natives. So we have songs, ghost stories, folk-lore, and many experiences in governing. One tale relates how an old man came to an Englishman and accused another native of stealing his cattle; he had brought along his son as a witness. The accused was then summoned and asked what he had to say for himself. "The old man arose. 'Is this justice!' he cried. 'Come away, my son. This man listens to both sides!'" A curious sort of baptism was observed among the Nubas. A child of two weeks is brought to the chief, "who kills a chicken and, dipping it into a bowl of water, sprinkles the child and its relatives with it. Then he takes the child into his Arro's house, or hut, spits on it, and pronounces a name over it which has been chosen by its parents."

The southernmost point reached was the experiment station of the Suddite Company. Here the papyrus is cut by hand; it is then transported to Khartum, where it enters upon the final processes. Eventually, she was told, the work of cutting was to be done by saws run under water by motors, and a reduction factory was to be built near by. Though the hippopotamus and the crocodile abound throughout the sudd, as well as big game on the river banks, yet the vivid impression left is that "neither beast nor man had real dominion here, for this is the kingdom of the birds. The trees were white with snowy-plumaged herons; water-fowls of all kinds were busy fishing, and other bright-feathered birds filled the air and showed no fear of man." The forty illustrations, which are reproductions of photographs, are well chosen. The book has no index or map.

Notes

"The Cambridge History of India," in six volumes, of which Vol. I will be published by Macmillan during the present year, will follow the plan adopted in "The Cambridge Modern History."

It is expected that the revised edition of Funk & Wagnalls's "New Unabridged Standard Dictionary" will be ready in the summer.

The Century Co. is to issue in the immediate future a series of books on the social evil, prepared under the auspices of the Bureau of Social Hygiene. The first volume of the series, "Commercialized Prostitution in New York City," by George J. Kneeland, will appear in May. It will be followed in the summer by "Prostitution in Western Europe," by Abraham Flexner.

The following titles are in Holt's spring list: Julien Benda's "L'Ordination," translated by Gilbert Cannan; "Commercial Credit," by J. E. Hagerty; "The World Soul," by Fielding Hall, and "Marxism vs. Socialism," by V. G. Simkhovitch.

Henry Holt & Co. will also bring out the American editions of "The Dust of the Road," a picture of actors' lives by Miss Marjorie Patterson, and a translation of Rupin's "The Jews of the World," for which an introduction has been written by Dr. Joseph Jacobs.

Mr. Maurice Hewlett's forthcoming book, "The Love of Proserpine" (Scribner), is said by his publishers to be largely autobiographical.

The same house has in hand "The Life and Letters of John Paul Jones," by Mrs. Reginald de Koven, and "The Life and Letters of General Meade."

Two novels are in preparation by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard—"A Midsummer Wooing," by Mary E. Stone Bassett, and Mrs. Grace Duffie Boylan's "The Supplanter."

Among recent and forthcoming publications of the University of Chicago Press are the following: "Papers and Proceedings of the Seventh Annual Meeting of the American Sociological Society"; "My Life," by August Bebel; "London in English Literature," by Percy Holmes Boynton; "The Respective Standpoints of Psychology and Logic," by Matilda Castro; "Francesco Petrarca and the Revolution of Cola di Rienzo," by Mario Emilio Cosenza; "Lexigraphical Study of the Legal and Governmental Terms Common to the Macedonian Greek Inscriptions and the New Testament," by William D. Ferguson; "Social Programmes of the West," by Charles Richard Henderson; "Christology of the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Harris Lachlan MacNeill; Twelfth Yearbook of the National Society for the Study of Education—Part I, "The Supervision of City Schools"; Part II, "The Supervision of Rural Schools"; "The Proceedings of the Baptist Congress, 1912"; "The Duab of Turkestan," by W. Rickmar Rickmers; Fifth Yearbook of the Superintendents and Principals' Association of Northern Illinois, and "The Life and Letters of Lard Hardwicke," by M. Philip Chesney Yorke.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce: "Out of the Blue," a novel, by R. Gorell Barnes; in the American Citizen series, "Organized Democracy: An Introduction to the Study of American Politics," by Frederick A. Cleveland; "Sermon Notes of John Henry Cardinal Newman"; "The Story of the King's Highway," being a new volume in the series English Local Government from the Revolution to the Municipal Corporations Act, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb, and "Royal Spades Auction Bridge," by "Bascule."

Bobbs-Merrill has a long list of fiction for this season. It includes: "War," a romance of the Civil War, by John Luther Long; "John O' Jamestown," by the late Vaughan Kester; "The Impossible Boy," by Nina Wilcox Putnam; "The Daughter of Brahma," by I. A. R. Wylie; "The Lovers of Skye," by Frank Waller Allen; "A Step on the Stair," a story of life after death, by Octave Thanet; "The Case of Jennie Brice," by Mary Roberts Rinehart; "Seven Keys to Baldpate," by Earl Derr Biggers; "Andrew the Glad," by Maria Thompson Davies; "The Melting of Molly," the same, and "The Valiants of Virginia," by Hallie Erminie Rives.

Among the books which Dutton is now bringing out are: "The Fear of Living," by Henry Bordeaux, translated from the seventy-fourth French edition by Ruth Helen Davis; "The Philosophy of Ruskin," by André Chevrillon, translated by Andrew Boyle, and "Prayers, Ancient and Modern," by William Angus Knight.

The Revell Co. has in its list of announcements: "The Immigrant: An Asset and a Liability," by Frederic J. Haskin; "Letters of Father and Son, During a College Course," by John Douglas Adam; "The Modern Call of Missions," by Rev. James S. Dennis, D.D., and "Doc Williams: A Tale of the Middle West," by Charles Lerrigo.

J. B. Lippincott Co. is bringing out this season: "The Road of Living Men," by Will Levington Comfort; "The Maxwell Mystery," by Carolyn Wells; "A Turkish Woman's European Impressions," by Zeyneb Hanoum, edited by Grace Ellison, and "The Passing of the Turkish Empire in Europe," by Capt. E. Granville Baker.

Henry Bordeaux's "Footsteps Beneath the Snow" has been translated by Louise Sey-

mour Houghton, and in this form will be issued by Duffield.

Humfrey Jordan's romance, "Patchwork Comedy," is promised this week by Putnams.

In "My Past," announced by Putnams, the Countess Marie Larisch, niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, is said to present the true story of the tragic death of Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria.

Mr. W. H. Woodward has discovered in Rome a second copy of the contemporary account of the events upon which Browning founded "The Ring and the Book." It is said to date from the close of the seventeenth century.

The new Universal Library, issued in this country by E. P. Dutton & Company, offers a volume of Jeffrey's "Essays on English Poets and Poetry" from the *Edinburgh Review*. Here, among others, will be found the famous essay on Wordsworth, beginning: "This will never do!" Those who have heard Jeffrey reviled for this phrase and have never really read him, will be amazed at the amount of sound criticism this volume contains.

Those interested in the game of "Coon-Can" will find a useful little book on it, under that title, by W. Dalton. It is published by Lippincott. Another volume on the same subject comes to us from Frederick A. Stokes Co., with the title, "Coon-can: A Game of Cards Also Called 'Rum.'" This second book is by the well-known authority, R. F. Foster.

That a certain amount of amateurishness is not incompatible with poetic charm is clear from a reading of Mr. Frederic Crowninshield's "Villa Mirafiore" (Houghton Mifflin). To a perfect mastery of the technique or rhetoric of his art Mr. Crowninshield seems never quite to have attained. Weak lines and inversions abound in his verse; and in particular an obvious trick of stringing clauses together to fill out his metrical framework imparts a dragging, hesitant effect even to his favorite form of composition, the sonnet. On the whole, however, these imperfections serve to add an air of artlessness to his performance and to enforce the impression of a happy disposition and character.

In spite of the fact that many of the poet's themes are commonplace, his distinctive quality is taste, as his distinctive mood is that of reminiscence. At its best his verse is picturesque rather than sensuous, reflective rather than passionate—having the quality of a painter whose mind is nourished with historical associations. At the same time his poetry is neither of the study nor of the cloister. With his interest divided between America and Italy he is concerned for his time. As an artist he regrets the modernization of Rome, while as a citizen he rejoices in its liberations. For his own country he is not without his alarms. And perhaps his best work is that in which he is aroused by his fears for its future:

When wintry winds prevail and skies are dim,
I dream of them, who leaving home and ease
Embarked upon the savagest of seas
To praise their God—perhaps the friends of him
Who sang of Paradise and Seraphim,
And faltering Man. Oh! what to such as these
Were barren wolds, or swirling blasts that freeze,
Or white-locked shores, or forests swart and grim?
How different were they who braved not cold,
But equatorial heat and fever-flame,
To clutch the unoffending Incas' gold—
Conquistadors, so called, a gory name!
And we? Are we yet of our fathers' mould?
Or do we share the lustful Spaniard's shame?

One hesitates to speak with anything but respect of labor so serious, so industrious, and, on the whole, so serviceable, as that of Miss Helen Archibald Clarke in the interest of Browning and Shakespeare. We should all study patience in the presence of one who has spent a happy lifetime with Browning. We have striven to be patient in making our way through Miss Clarke's centenary volume, "Browning and his Century" (Doubleday, Page), but we have not been happy, and we have discovered the reason why. The thought of Browning, says Miss Clarke, "has always seemed so naturally akin to my own that it has never seemed to me obscure." To employ a vigorous colloquialism, we have felt ourselves "outclassed." The following sentence, for example, is doubtless to a properly constituted mind entirely perspicuous: "These rare qualities of constancy, exaltation, and aspiration, in love sublimating *it* into a spiritual emotion, *which* was evidently the distinctive mark of Browning's personality on the emotional side, *furnishes* the *keynote* by which his *presentation* or solution of the social problems involved in the relations of men and women is always to be *gauged*."

In our simpler mind the question rises: Is this Browningese, or is it English? If English, what are the antecedents of "it" and "which"? What is the subject of "furnishes"? How can a "presentation" be "gauged" by a "keynote"? And what does it all mean? We acknowledge our incompetency to answer these questions. There are lucid intervals in the work. There is much suggestive and even shrewd and wholesome comment upon Browning and his contemporaries. The design of exhibiting the poet in relation to the main philosophical, political, social, and artistic movement of the age is commendable. But to issue a book abounding in typographical errors, grammatical solecisms, warring metaphors, and incondite sentences profiteth nothing.

Herbert H. Gowen, lecturer on Oriental history at the University of Washington, has published, with Sherman, French & Co., the first part of "An Outline History of China," embracing the period from the earliest times to the Manchu conquest. This little book of 182 pages, with a chronological table, a short bibliography of works recommended by the compiler, an index, and a few illustrations, will be found useful by readers who have not the time for a more detailed work. It fills a gap in the series of works to be read by students of Oriental history generally.

A singularly pure and perfect piece of orthodox Hegelianism of the Right Wing is Prof. H. S. Macran's "Hegel's Doctrine of Formal Logic" (Clarendon Press). An American student of philosophy, taking up the book unwarned, would be likely to suppose it a product of St. Louis in the 1870's, so uncorrupted is its orthodoxy and so little touched by recent developments even within Hegelian circles. Even in his attempt to show how other philosophers represent merely included and transcended "moments" in the Hegelian Logic, the author mentions no one more recent than Comte and Spencer. The book, in fact, emanates from Dublin, and is the work of the professor of moral philosophy in the University there; taken in conjunction with some other recent publications, it betrays the fact that the Irish capital is one of the spots where piety towards Kant and Hegel—now sadly diminished in most of its former centres in the English-speaking world—is still ardently cultivated. The volume contains a general account of the Hegelian system, which is an unusually clear, agreeable, and brief essay in Hegel-exposition; and a translation of the first section of the third book of the Greater Logic.

"In the Shadow of the Bush" (Doran), by P. Amaury Talbot, of the Nigerian Political Service, is a remarkable contribution to our knowledge and appreciation of an African race, the Ekoi of Southern Nigeria. They were a little-known people, most of whom were untouched by white influence, when the author came among them as district commissioner in 1907. His official duties consisted in going from village to village to settle disputes, to punish crimes, and to develop the resources of the country. In some things the savages set a noble example to the rest of the world. Quarrelling, for instance, "is forbidden in a house where there are little children. The latter, so it is said, love sweet words, kind looks, and gentle voices, and if these are not to be found in the family into which they have reincarnated, they will close their eyes and forsake the earth, till a chance offers to return amid less quarrelsome surroundings." The author observed only one case of harshness to a child. They are a thoroughly sober people. They have a love of beauty which shows itself in "their surprising knowledge of flowers, and their delight in the form and color of these, and even in the texture of leaves." The waterpots are moulded into beautiful shapes, and they have "many-handled, strangely graceful jars." Though there is undeniable crudeness in the wall paintings, some of their designs "show a sureness of drawing which few white people could equal." Mr. Talbot also studied carefully the fauna and flora of the region, and in the appendices has given some of the results of his researches. Out of 2,000 varieties of the flora collected, the British Museum authorities have found about 150 new genera and species, as well as many new and rare Nigerian mammals. He adds a short grammar of the language, vocabularies of six tribes, and many of the script signs with interpretations. There is a map of the district, made from his surveys, together with 123 illustrations, some showing scenes of remarkable beauty, and an excellent index.

The most striking merits of Seton Gordon's "The Charm of the Hills" (Cassell) are the unusual beauty of the binding and the excellence of the eighty-five illustrations, including a Rembrandt photogravure frontispiece of The Eagle Scanning his Corrie, that is nothing short of remarkable. The text, composed of brief articles contributed to *Country Life*, the *Scotsman*, and other British periodicals, relates to the author's wanderings in the Highlands (particularly the Cairngorm hills) in every season of the year—wanderings not without occasional unromantic "tyre troubles." In-

dulging, as he does, three hobbies at once—photography, ornithology, and the search for fine landscapes—Mr. Gordon might be expected to overflow with enthusiasm. Instead, he is gifted, in Lowell's phrase, with "an honest incapacity of imagination" that succeeds curiously well, at times, in conveying to the reader the peace of the Scotch mountains under an August sun and their inarticulate mystery when they lie silent in the light of the moon. For the most part, however, the book is an awkward and excessively sober description of scenery in the guide-book style—"Here, midway between Cairntoul and Braeriach, an extensive view of the Garbhchoire is obtained," etc., etc.—always from the point of view of the majestic "we." When the author turns, as he does at intervals, to a particular wild creature, as in "The Red Grouse," "The Nesting of the Dotterel," "A Night with the Golden Eagle," he writes somewhat less clumsily, and contrives to tell a great deal in small space. Whoever desires, without recourse to the usual books of travel, to know more of the corries and burns and the deer and golden eagles and ptarmigan of the Highlands will find profit, and even a degree of pleasure, in the well-packed little chapters that, so to speak, illustrate the photographs of Mr. Gordon's book.

"United Italy" (Doran), by F. M. Underwood, aims at furnishing a straightforward account of the history and condition from the unification of 1860 down to the present. It is quite the best popular book on this subject in English. Mr. Underwood has taken pains to inform himself; he has judgment, and he is fair. Though he may lack at times either the historian's larger grasp or the biographer's power of vivid portrayal, he possesses throughout the compensating virtue of telling plain facts in plain language. His brief criticisms of contemporary authors and artists, not less than political leaders, will be welcome to English readers. Particularly moderate is his chronicle of the relations of Church and State, including the recent phenomenon of Modernism. A chapter entitled Italian Progress in Figures demonstrates the material foundations on which the present nation rests. But his general point of view, and his comment on typical men and events, are as important as his statistics. His book will correct many misapprehensions for Americans who have not been to Italy; it ought to be read by all those who visit Italy for the first time. Some twenty illustrations, mostly portraits of celebrities, add to its attraction.

If "The Secret of the Pacific: A discussion of the origin of the early civilizations of America, the Toltecs, Aztecs, Mayas, Incas, and their predecessors; and of the possibilities of Asiatic influence thereon" (Scribner), by C. Reginald Enock, had been written after years of patient research, it would have been decidedly worth while. For Mr. Enock has travelled extensively, both in North and South America, and his style is readable, even though at times it rises to the point of being "hifalutin." Beginning with a rambling journalistic conspectus of the origin of man, he continues his pleasant way, skipping from place to place down the Pacific Coast, touching lightly on the cliff-dwellers, drawing somewhat heavily on Bancroft, and throwing in incidents of his own life as a mining engineer. He delights in suggesting vague theories and in throwing out dark hints that we may not be far wrong in thinking of Mexico as being actually related to Egypt. The most widely divergent views have been caught in Mr. Enock's net, and are pinned up before the puzzled reader, who is left without any means of knowing the truth. And the worst of it is, if the reader has any preconceived ideas, it will not be difficult for him to confirm them here. Mr. Enock has but little respect for the vast stores of information in the larger libraries. His flippancy in this matter might be pardoned if he gave any sign of being familiar with the works of Max Uhle, Saville, Bandelier, and others. But the frequent references in his footnotes to his own books and to articles in the latest edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica are only too significant. An attempt to give the general reader even a cursory account of the early civilizations of America without making any reference to, or apparently having any knowledge of, the work of the George C. Heye expeditions to Ecuador, of the Philadelphia expedition to Pachacamac, and of Professor Bandelier's work in the vicinity of Lake Titicaca, is almost ludicrous.

The volume simply serves to emphasize the fact that we are only on the threshold of the scientific study of American archæology. No subject has been more abused by amateurs. In fact, too many of the professionals seem to regard "collections" of pots and artifacts as the principal object of their explorations. Many of them have not yet grasped the significance of the related fact that, whereas a few years ago we were contented in biological science to know that a butterfly or a beetle came from Brazil or Colombia, to-day we want to know a great deal more—its exact location geographically; its habitat locally, and the conditions of its existence; the elevation where it was found; the time of year, etc. In archæology our ideas and our collections are still in that primitive stage where we are contented if we know from what country a specimen comes. The very fact that reputable publishers are willing to bring out a loose-jointed, hastily written ethnological compilation of this kind, by an author who can write of Central America and her ruins without even referring to Maudsley's charming "Glimpse of Guatemala," or to the important publications of the Peabody Museum of Harvard University, shows the present condition of this subject.

It is a pleasant pilgrimage to wander with André Maurel through the "Little Cities of Italy" (Putnam), this being the title of two volumes of essays, translated from the French by Helen Gerard, the second of which now appears. M. Maurel has all the genius of his race in elegant scholarship—an intuitive faculty for sympathetic interpretation of the past and the gift of felicitous and illuminating phrasing. Some of the crystalline quality of the original is naturally lost in the translation, although in the main that is well and carefully done. We must, however, raise a protest against such inelegancies as are contained in the following sentence: "Anyway, they made it imposing and noble, in order, perhaps, to the better mask its superfluity." The mutilation of infinitives seems to afford the translator particular satisfaction. Starting from Milan (which can hardly be called a "little city"), M. Maurel works his way gradually to Rome, visiting on his route some two-score of cities, recording his impressions of each, reviewing their histories with that charming, intimate touch that few but French writers seem able to achieve, and appreciating with the acumen of a trained critic as well as with the enthusiasm of a genuine lover of art the treasures that they contain. As typical examples of the charm and individuality of M. Maurel's style we would single out for particular notice the delightful chapters on Bologna and Perugia.

"Wellington's Army, 1809-1814" (Longmans), by C. W. C. Oman, is an interesting and valuable by-product of the well-known author's researches in connection with his great formal "History of the Peninsular War." He collected a mass of notes of most miscellaneous information, which finds no proper place in a general military narrative, but which affords excellent material for a cross-section picture of the Peninsular Army itself—its daily life, manners, composition, organization, and leaders. Professor Oman's chapters range all the way from a discussion of Wellington's character and methods to the influence of singing Methodists, the court-martialling and flogging of delinquents, and the doings of the curious and polyglot horde of camp-followers which trailed at the heels of the army. The historical investigator will find most valuable his critical chapter on the sources of information and the bibliography of Peninsular autobiographies, letters, and diaries, in an appendix. The military critic will delight in the chapters on tactics, and on the organization of the army as a whole and in its parts. The ordinary reader will enjoy the sharply drawn characterizations, not only of Wellington himself, but of the generals who fought with him from the Tagus to the Pyrenees—Hill, Beresford, Graham, Picton, and Craufurd. Some illustrations of men and uniforms, and an appendix by C. T. Atkinson, giving statistics and locations of British regiments from 1809 to 1814, add to the usefulness of the book.

In point of style and successful imitation of the spirit of the original, Prof. A. M. Harmon's translation of Lucian, the first volume of which is now published (Macmillan), is about the best thing that has yet appeared in the Loeb Library. For his text Professor Harmon is taking that of Nilén so far as available, and for the rest that of Jacobitz, with a certain number of conjectural emendations of his own. In his version he has occasionally gone a little too far in trying to mimic the sprightliness of the original, but for the most part he has caught Lucian's tone admirably. The two most important pieces in the present volume are "The Wisdom of Nigrinus" and "A True Story." The latter is one of the sources of the Rabelaisian literature; the former is one of the documents to show how the Platonic contrast between the flesh and the spirit, the visible and the invisible worlds, became emotional and morbid in the hands of the Orientals who took up the tradition of Greek philosophy, leading some to a sterile aloofness from the world and others to a nauseous hypocrisy.

One's impression on opening Mrs. Wil-

liam O'Brien's "Unseen Friends" (Longmans), and glancing at the opening paragraphs of the introduction, is that it is the work of a pious and amiable, but qualntly limited beginner in the art of essay-writing. One lays it down with the feeling that the first impression may have been true, but does not matter. Mrs. O'Brien has evidently never troubled herself about style. Her syntax is often involved or merely shiftless. She has an odd vocabulary, including such favorite words as "domesticated" in the sense of "fond of home life." Ellen Nussey, Charlotte Brontë's friend, was "a good, upright, domesticated girl," for example. The kink of Erin is not absent from her speech. Miss Branwell, Charlotte's aunt, "was, like her brother-in-law, a good, upright woman." But, having smiled at one or two of these slips, the reader will find himself taking them for granted, as he so readily takes for granted and ignores his good neighbor's diction, or his good wife's spelling. Such trifles are, after all, no real bar to pleasant companionship; and Mrs. O'Brien is very companionable. Her book is a work of love and thereby lovable. She is a devout Catholic. Ten of her fifteen papers have to do with favorite unofficial saints of her faith; women, often of humble origin, who, in one way or another, gained distinction in their religious world. A number of them are founders of minor orders and sisterhoods. The story of their lives is traced with affectionate detail, and the personality of each of them is clearly suggested. The other papers will be of more interest to the general reader, in so far as the character of her theme affects the chronicler's distinctive appeal. The essays on Jean Ingelow, Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Oliphant, and (above all) Charlotte Brontë are charming in their way.

We record with regret the death on Friday at Dublin of Edward Dowden, since 1867 professor of English literature in the university of that city. He was born at Cork in 1843, and was educated at Queen's College, Cork, and Trinity College, Dublin. At Trinity he won the vice-chancellor's prize in English verse and prose, the first senior moderatorship in ethics and logic, and became president of the Philosophical Society. In 1878 Professor Dowden received the Cunningham gold medal of the Royal Irish Academy for his writings on literature, especially in the field of Shakespearean criticism. In 1888 he succeeded Max Müller as president of the English Goethe Society. In the next decade he was a lecturer at Oxford and Cambridge. Although he is remembered best for his work on Shakespeare (whose name he insisted on spelling with the strict economy characteristic of his own countrymen), his interests embraced the wide range which was customary with scholars of the previous generation. Besides "Shakspere: His Mind and Art," the "Shakspere Primer," and his editions of the Sonnets and individual Shakespearean plays, he wrote "Studies in Literature," "Southey," "Life of Shelley," "Transcript and Studies," "New Studies in Literature," "The French Revolution and English Literature," "A History of French Literature," "Puritan and Anglican," "Robert Browning," "Michel de Montaigne," "Essays: Modern and Elizabethan," and edited the works of several modern poets, and in 1876 published a volume of poems. If Professor Dowden's judgment was not always discriminating, this defect was manifestly derived from a great love of literature, which, especially in the case of Shakespeare, easily passed to reverence. As time goes on, his scholarly achievement may be overshadowed by the memory of his character and of his attitude towards literature, which was always highly human. To workers in his fields, even to those not personally known to him, he showed almost an affectionate good will. The present writer recalls his concern, on one occasion, over a clerk in a meagre Government position who was trying to support a family of several children and to carry on Shakespearean investigations besides.

Christof Eberhard Nestle, D.D., professor at Maulbronn, Württemberg, is dead, aged sixty-one. He was born at Stuttgart. For several years he was professor at Ulm, for a time lectured at Tübingen, and since 1898 had been connected with the Evangelical Theological Seminary. He was the author of a number of works on Biblical topics.

Science

THE SCIENCE OF MAN.

Genetics: An Introduction to the Study of Heredity. By Herbert Eugene Walter. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. By Hugo Münsterberg. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The Science of Human Behavior. By Maurice Parmelee. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

Viewed together, these three volumes present an instructive epitome of the demands now being made to put human life into the harness of science. "Eugenics" is Professor Walter's motive; "efficiency" is Professor Münsterberg's, while Professor Parmelee outlines a complete science of man.

"Genetics," by Professor Walter, of Brown University, is an attempt "to summarize for the intelligent but uninitiated reader some of the more recent phases of the question of heredity"; and to the uninitiated reviewer, to whom a huge and scattered mass of literature renders the field virtually inaccessible, the attempt seems successful, though he finds the interpretation of the "seventy-two figures and diagrams" often a strain upon his intelligence. The critical reader may wonder how much metaphysics is involved in the distinction of germ-plasm and body-plasm and in the Mendelian dominant and recessive characters, or how a desirable human "character," such as honesty, industry, or æsthetic taste, would be defined for purposes of practical eugenics. In any case, the book fulfils a timely purpose. The bearing of heredity upon human conservation is shown in the last three chapters. Here we have the inevitable Jukes family, and the more recently discovered Kallikaks, confronted with the several hundred illustrious descendants of Jonathan Edwards. Unhappily, as Mr. Walter is candid enough to tell us, the grandmother of Jonathan Edwards was an adulteress and the sister of two murderers. This is not necessarily fatal to eugenics, but it suggests that we pause for thought.

"Except in the case of man himself, hardly any one is so ignorant as to allow his worst animals to breed." Mr. Walter quotes this linguistic monstrosity from Darwin. Now, so far as eugenics aims only at the elimination of the feeble-minded, we cannot question the force of its argument. But the proposal to turn all human society into a barnyard commonly forgets that in such a case man is the only animal who knows that he is being bred. This completely alters both the technique of the problem and its ethics. Domestic animals are mated for purposes not their own. Ignorant of the Mendelian laws, they have probably no ideas to offer. Nature may have her purposes with regard to ourselves, but for an animal able to make his own choice of mate, they are without authority. Our mere self-consciousness with regard to the reproductive process shifts the centre of value from a biological to a human point of view, in which the higher culture is marked precisely by the demand that the greatest deference be paid to those most immediately concerned. This is one of the points at which the science of man fails to grasp the meaning of humanity. Mr. Walter feels this dimly when he hesitates to say who are to be the judges. The real question would be, For whose ends are we to be bred? Some of the arguments against race-suicide would suggest that the purpose of eugenics may be to furnish a plentiful supply of contented manual labor.

When Professor Münsterberg forsakes the eternal values for the temporal, he is always interesting, perhaps because he brings into his subject a certain breeziness, due to a wide contact with men, and because he deals with the things that we all like to talk about. This is the case in "Psychology and Industrial Efficiency." Which of us does not enjoy talking "shop"? Yet, though the purpose of the book, for which he has consulted several hundred of the larger companies, is to demonstrate the need of a scientific (laboratory) psychologist in every business enterprise, it may be a question how far the discussion rises above the plane of genial common-sense. The first part of the book presents three illustrations, from the telephone, steamship, and electric railway service, to show the method of determining the best possible man for a

given work. The second part takes up the best possible work for a given man and reviews the attempts made to offer vocational guidance, to procure economy of movement with minimum fatigue, and to solve the problem of monotony. In the third part, under "the best possible effect," Münsterberg discusses the psychology of buying and selling and of advertising. His solution of the crucial problem of monotony seems a little too easy, though we may admit that an apparently meaningless task may have finer points for those who have to perform it and that some men are more fitted for monotony than others. Any one who has attempted to define his own attitude towards monotony must seriously doubt the possibility of measuring the taste for monotony in the psychological laboratory.

A typical illustration of the psychological method is the test of efficiency for steamship officers. Warned by naval experience, Münsterberg makes no attempt to reproduce the concrete situation by models of boats, or the like. Instead of this he confronts the person to be examined with a similar mental problem (as he conceives it) of grasping the character of a complex and unexpected situation quickly and correctly:

> I work with 24 cards of the size of playing cards. On the upper half of every one of these cards we have 4 rows of 12 capital letters, namely, A, E, O, and U in irregular repetition. On 4 cards, one of these vowels appears 21 times and each of the three others 9 times; on 8 cards, one appears 18 times and every one of the three others 10 times; on 8 cards, one appears 15 times and each of the others 11 times; and finally, on 4 cards one vowel appears 16 times, each of the three others 8 times, and besides them 8 different consonants are mixed in. The person to be tested has to distribute these 24 cards as quickly as possible in 4 piles, in such a way that in the first pile are placed all cards in which the letter A is most frequent, in the second those in which the letter E predominates, and so on.

Of course, the man who performs the task with the greatest speed and the fewest errors is the best man to steer his ship clear of an iceberg. We leave the test to the judgment of the reader, merely suggesting that, while the card test is not irrelevant, an important element has been omitted. For the main difficulty is that "there are ship officers who know the requirements excellently, but who are almost paralyzed when dangerous conditions suddenly threaten." What is omitted from the laboratory test is the element of danger.

Yet, granting the validity of the test, we must still wonder what there is here to distinguish science from commonsense; for Münsterberg himself calls attention to results obtained by the common business man (*e. g.*, p. 209) which seem hardly to differ in quality from his own. This wonder is soon extended to the whole subject of laboratory psychology. Reviewing five decades of experimental psychology, Münsterberg tells us that "an exceedingly large mass of facts has been gathered" and "the fundamental laws of the ideas and of the attention, of the memory and of the will, of the feeling and of the emotions, have been elaborated." We fear that if a malicious skeptic should ask, What facts? and what laws? Münsterberg would be in trouble. There are no psychological laws to match the Newtonian laws of motion, or the chemical law of multiple proportions, not to mention many minor laws, such as those governing the relations of volume, temperature, and pressure. The so-called Weber law is nearly a tradition. The law, or laws, of association—can any one state them without fear of denial? As for facts, we are all familiar with X-rays, with radium, with Hertzian waves; and countless parents have blessed the name of Pasteur. Even Mendelism, with all its dubiousness, stands for discovery. It contradicts our expectations to learn that, when booted and clean-shanked poultry are paired, these characters, though mixed in the second generation, are segregated in the third. The psychological laboratory is choked with facts, but so far as the facts are psychological they seem to be singularly lacking in the quality of discovery. Perhaps a typical case is that offered by Münsterberg himself in his book, "On the Witness Stand." Every schoolmaster knows that when a boy hesitates in answering a critical question he is probably concealing something. Münsterberg harnesses the boy to a chronoscope and measures in thousandths of a second his association-time; by which he learns that after suspicious words his time is longer. How much longer makes little difference, since no further facts are to be obtained by any process of addition or multiplication. Science and common-sense have then reached the same result, only science states its result in *ein bischen längeren Worten.*

A generation ago the experimentalists announced that the day of the "arm-chair" psychology had passed. Since that time a malicious observer might have noted a growing fondness among the shirt-sleeve psychologists (so to speak) for the reflective luxury of the arm-chair. Wundt, the organizer of the science—after Fechner, the founder—has devoted his later years to the production of monumental works on logic, ethics, metaphysics, and anthropology; his son is the learned author of a three-volume work on Greek ethics. Among the founders of laboratories in America, James quickly forsook the Harvard laboratory for a more radical empiricism. Cattell, of Columbia, is distinguished as an editor. Stanley Hall appears to have deserted the chronoscope for the pedagogical *questionnaire.* Münsterberg himself has wandered far from the laboratory, though he has written three or four volumes on applied psychology. Yet even here he appears to be (like the others) an organizer of investigation rather than an investigator; and in the present volume he is the organizer of a new science, to be known as economic psychology. More significant, perhaps, is the fact that the analytic, or general, psychology, which a generation ago was contemptuously abandoned to the philosophers, has of late years been jealously reclaimed. Doubtless the laboratory has had a good influence, though mainly a terrorizing influence, in forcing psychologists to be concrete; but, in the matter of facts and laws, it seems that the *science* of psychology is still a good deal made up of scientific attitude and scientific point of view.

The meaning of this attitude and point of view is very clearly and consistently revealed in "The Science of Human Behavior," by Prof. Maurice Parmelee, of the University of Missouri. With this, however, we have said the most that is to be said of the book. It is a well-written and fairly unified compendium of the chemical, anatomical, physiological, psychological, and anthropological investigations bearing upon human behavior, based upon a wide but not always well-proportioned knowledge of the literature; but we cannot see that the author has succeeded noticeably in his attempt to "make the conceptions more precise"—certainly not in the field of psychology. Significant of the whole point of view is the place assigned to consciousness. Step by step we follow the evolution of behavior from the amœba to man to see what will happen when behavior becomes self-conscious. But nothing happens. Mr. Parmelee stumbles over the meaning of the word "epiphænomenon," and then proceeds, unwittingly, it should almost seem, to make an epiphænomenon of consciousness. According to him, it seems all human behavior is determined exclusively by physical forces, and consciousness of behavior makes no difference in behavior. The so-called "power of mind over matter" is only a case where "a small amount of molecular or molar force releases a large amount of molecular or molar force."

Here Mr. Parmelee is true to the point of view implied in the science of human life. And at this point is revealed the ground of the antagonism between this science, or sciences, and the point of view of culture and the humanities. Münsterberg states the issue squarely when he says, in criticism of "the contributions from men of affairs," that "the way in which the management is accustomed to look on their

men is the practical way of ordinary life, in which we try to understand our neighbor by entering into the meaning of his mental functions and by seeking to grasp what his aim is. But such an interpretation of the other man's mind is not psychological analysis." Precisely. True "psychological analysis" ignores all personal experience of mentality. The science of psychology is, then, the finished result of what we may call the conspiracy of naturalism, in which each investigator has bound himself by a strange oath to obtain all his knowledge from observation of the actions of his fellows—"as a naturalist studies the chemical elements or the stars" (Münsterberg)—and never under any circumstances to conceive them in the light of his own experience of his living. Even the psychologist's "mental states" or "objects of consciousness" are only so many hypothetical entities read in from without. Now, it is just this rejected point of view which characterizes literary culture and the humanities. The *literæ humaniores* may be said to constitute a study of human life from the standpoint of the clearer and more vivid consciousness—always a self-consciousness—of living. In the light of this contrast we may easily understand why these would-be sciences of man, such as psychology, pedagogy, and sociology, have a tendency to excite the scorn and repugnance of all who are interested in culture. And perhaps we may understand why the party of culture is somewhat skeptical. For what is to be expected from a science of humanity which ignores all that is most distinctive of man?

Longmans, Green & Co. have nearly ready "A First Course in Algebra," by Frederick C. Kent.

"The Genus Iris," by William Rickatson Dykes, is in preparation by the University of Chicago Press.

Science books in Holt's list include: "The Living Plant," by William F. Ganong; "Science from an Easy Chair," by Sir E. Ray Lankester, and "The Child, its Care, Diet, and Common Ills," by Dr. E. Mather Sill.

The following are the science books announced by Lippincott for this season: "Private Duty Nursing," by Katharine De Witt; "When to Send for the Doctor and What to Do Before he Comes," by Dr. F. E. Lippert; "Practical Locomotive Operating," by Clarence Roberts; "Evolution of the Internal Combustion Engine," by Edward Butler; "A Text Book of Mathematics and Mechanics," by Charles A. A. Capito; "A Nurse's Handbook of Obstetrics," new edition, by Dr. J. B. Cooke; "Accessory Sinuses of the Nose," by Dr. Rose Hale Skillern; "Diseases of the Heart and Aorta," by Dr. Arthur D. Hirschfelder, new edition; "Applied Anatomy," by Dr. Gwilym G. Davis, new edition.

George F. Chambers's "Astronomy" is in the press of the D. Van Nostrand Co., together with the following works on chemistry: "Cellulose Acetate," by Edward C. Worden; a new revised edition of Prof. W. W. Scott's "Qualitative Chemical Analysis"; "Solvents, Oils, Gums, Waxes and Various Substances," by Frederick S. Hyde, and the third revised edition of "Van Nostrand's Chemical Annual," edited by Prof. John C. Olsen.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for February contains an account of the volcanic eruption of Mount Katmai in Alaska last June, "one of the most violent of historic times," by Geo. C. Martin, of the Geological Survey. He directed the researches made by the National Geographic Society, and he gives, with many striking reproductions of photographs, vivid details, especially of the extent of the ashes, in one place nearly five feet deep. The destruction of bird, animal, and fish life was very great, the most serious injury being "the possibly permanent destruction of the spawning grounds" of the salmon. Another effect of the eruption, according to C. G. Abbot, director of the Astrophysical Observatory, was the diminution of heat "in the north temperate zone by about 10 per cent. during the summer of 1912." Much useful information is to be found in Frederic Moore's "changing map in the Balkans." A leading Bulgarian statesman told him that his people had little ambition to hold Constantinople, which "has caused the ruin and downfall of every empire that has possessed it." An illustrated description of the "countries of the Caribbean," by W. J. Showalter, is accompanied by a large map on which are shown the distances of the many steamship routes in nautical miles.

Annales de Géographie for March is wholly devoted to a series of nine articles on different places in this country visited by the scientific excursion last autumn organized by the American Geographical Society and led by Prof. W. M. Davis, of Harvard. The first is on the canals of New York, "apropos of a particularly interesting episode of the contest of the railroads with the canals." Then follows an account of Duluth and the development of the iron mines in that region. The other articles are on Yellowstone Park, the lava plateaux of Washington, the northwestern American ports, Crater Lake and Meteor Crater, Utah, and the region of Phœnix and the Roosevelt barrage. There are 20 reproductions of photographs and 12 maps.

The masterful summary, in William T. Hornaday's "Our Vanishing Wild Life" (Scribner), of the destruction of wild life now going on, has appeared just at the critical moment. It was barely published when the weight of its logic and facts did much to help the Lacy bill to pass, whereby all migrating birds are protected. By a large array of statistics, Dr. Hornaday has shown how necessary it is that a beginning be made at once to conserve the wild creatures which are left to us. Hardly a page is without a moral drawn from past experience. We read of the scoffed-at bill proposed in 1857 to protect the passenger pigeon, and on the same page is a photograph of the single survivor of this species; we read of the fearful ravages wrought by introduced noxious birds and animals in islands, and of the birds which mankind has completely blotted out. Much space is given to others which are on the verge of extinction. The difficult problem of latitude and races is discussed in full; how the Southern negro profits gastronomically by the protection of birds which nest in the North, and the parallel case of the avivorous Italians in south Europe. The old tragedy of the albatrosses of Laysan is vividly told, and it is predicted that the unprotected big game of East Africa will possibly last fifteen years at the present rate of slaughter. Ten years ago the annual loss to American crops due to insects was estimated at nearly $800,000,000, and yet we go on indiscriminately shooting the birds which alone can remedy this. When one reads of the seeds of one hundred and twenty-nine species of noxious weeds which are eaten by the bob-white and is informed that a single bird will eat as many as fourteen hundred beggar ticks and thirty thousand seeds of the rabbit's-foot clover, one begins to understand the value of birds to mankind.

Some of the most important and wide-reaching sections of the book are the chapters devoted to the consideration of the game-laws of the various States; they are true, well-balanced discussions. The final chapters deal with the most vital side of the whole question, the game refuges and preserves of the world, both public and private. It is to these, after all is said and done, that we must look for final protection of wild life. Whatever advantage is gained in the passing of laws, there must always be a constant fight to keep them from being repealed; but a tract of land, a mountain, a lake, or an island, set apart and watched by a resident warden, is a perpetual haven for the persecuted. Such refuges are increasing in America, and in this and many other ways Dr. Hornaday shows that our citizens are awakening to the need of conservation. Our bison have increased from thirteen hundred in 1888 to nearly three thousand in 1912. The egret was on the point of extermination in the Southern States, whereas on one preserve in Louisiana twenty thousand pairs of egrets and other herons are now breeding in safety. Our gulls and terns have been snatched from extermination and are increasing; ducks and shore birds are still in the balance. The cumulative value of a book of this character is beyond estimate. There are certainly few parts of the civilized world where its uncontrovertible arguments will not do good. The paper and type are excellent, the illustrations are original and lucid, and there is a thorough index.

Three maps, representing ocean depths for the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans, with their far southern extensions, have lately been issued by the Institut für Meereskunde of the University of Berlin. They are the work of Dr. Max Groll, cartographer to the Institute, and are drawn to a central scale of 1:40,000,000, on specially prepared projections, according to Lambert's scheme of preserving true areas, while moderately distorting form. Authentic soundings are given in their proper location, except that in the better-known parts of the Atlantic and along all the coasts not all soundings can be individually represented. The lands are uniformly tinted in ochre; the shallow waters down to 200 metres along continental borders have a lighter tint of the same color; then fol-

low increasingly strong shades of blue for every 1,000 metres down to 6,000; after which the greater depths are brought out vividly in purple, pink, and red, the last color representing depths below 8,000 metres. The absence of soundings over vast areas in the Pacific, as well as in the southern Atlantic and Indian Oceans, suggests that the simple distribution of depths there indicated is subject to extensive changes with further exploration. Several lines of soundings from San Francisco to the Fiji Islands demand many more irregularities in the bottom contours than are drawn in the unsounded areas. The general fact here revealed that will excite most surprise certainly is that the maximum depths of the oceans are not found near the middle of their basins, but in virtually all cases near continental borders or along the margin of island chains. Thus the deepest part of the Atlantic is a small area north of Porto Rico; in the Pacific in several interrupted troughs bordering Japan and other island chains from the Aleutians to the Philippines and beyond to New Caledonia, and in a series of depressions following an island chain northeast of New Zealand; in the Indian Ocean, alongside of Java. It would be an admirable thing if subsequent editions of these handy charts could be issued every five or ten years, so that one might keep pace at a glance with the progress of oceanographic investigation.

Prof. Adolph Slaby, electrical expert, is dead in Berlin, in his sixty-fourth year. He was at one time a co-worker with Marconi in experiments in wireless telegraphy, and on his discoveries the German system of wireless has been based. As early as 1901 Professor Slaby predicted that "the problem of direct production of electricity from coal will be solved," and that it "will be possible to apply the principle to submarine cables in such a way as to send hundreds and even thousands of messages simultaneously on the same wire."

Drama

The Foundations of a National Drama. By Henry Arthur Jones. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2.50 net.

There are few living men who know more about the theatre, before or behind the curtain, than Henry Arthur Jones, and he has never hidden the light of his knowledge under a bushel. In this volume he has collected twenty of the lectures or reviews on different dramatic topics, printed or delivered by him on one side of the Atlantic or the other, during the last fifteen years. Many of them he has revised and expanded, but, in their latest shape, they throw no new light upon his opinions, all of which are well known. The whole body of intelligent observers is of one mind with him when he deplores the undeniable facts of the existing theatrical degeneracy, the dearth of reasonably good plays, the rapid extinction of competent actors, the lamentable preponderance of the trivial, the nonsensical, or the unclean in our so-called entertainments; or when he insists upon the urgent necessity of establishing some solid relationship between literature and the drama, if the latter is to assume its legitimate position of dignity and influence. Nor will many thinking persons be inclined to disagree with him in his doubts as to whether the promoters of the projected British National Theatre—of which he has always been an ardent advocate—are going just the right way to work. The ignominious failure of the ambitious New Theatre plan in this city has taught him that something more than money is necessary to establish an institution of that kind. But he does not seem to have discerned the most salient moral of that fiasco, that an efficient company is the first and chief requisite of an artistic theatre. He is as sure as ever, apparently, that the future of the theatre is dependent upon national or municipal aid, and, of course, he cites the Théâtre Français, as do many other theatrical pundits, as proof positive of his contention, forgetting how small a part that Temple of Tradition plays to-day in French drama compared with its significance of fifty or a hundred years ago.

The fact is that, while Mr. Jones has been writing along the lines of his favorite theories, there have been developments in the literary and theatrical world which threaten to upset some of them, even if they justify others. The freshest and most suggestive chapter in his book is also the shortest. It deals with the recent dramatic movements, not only in London, but in many of the largest provincial centres in England, which, if they prosper—as there now seems every likelihood of their doing—promise to do all that the national theatre enthusiasts are still only talking about. These are the repertory theatres, of which a dozen or so have been started in large cities, and even populous suburbs, during the last year or two. They are not only furnishing opportunities for the literary play, but for those schools of acting—the only real schools of acting possible—whose destruction by the commercial system is responsible for the virtual disappearance of genuine actors—all-round artists, not specialists—from the stage. For many years London and New York managers needing young actors possessing some of the requirements of literary drama—manners, speech, and gesture, for instance—have depended mainly upon the now famous company of F. R. Benson, the only organization in the whole of Great Britain capable of conducting fitly a Shakespearean festival at Stratford. The spontaneous upspringing of these new stock companies is the most hopeful phenomenon that has occurred in the British theatrical world for decades. They and Mr. Benson, perhaps, may be able to contribute between them the trained artists of which the National Theatre, when it has been built and endowed, will be very badly in want. As for municipal theatres—if local authorities have anything to do with their direction—those who look for valuable artistic, literary, or dramatic results from them must be uncommonly sanguine.

We may expect shortly from the press of E. P. Dutton "Towards the New Theatre," by E. Gordon Craig.

Duffield's series, Plays of To-day and To-morrow, will soon include Dr. Vollmoeller's "Turandot, Princess of China," an adaptation from the work of Carlo Gozzi.

"On Ten Further Plays of Shakespeare," is the title of a book by Stopford A. Brooke, announced by Holt.

Students of Shakespeare will be interested to learn that "Cymbeline," the eighteenth volume in the New Variorum edition, is now in the press. The work was completed before Dr. Furness died. It will be published in the early summer by Lippincott. The "Julius Cæsar," as previously announced, will be issued in the spring.

"The Story of Nell Gwyn" (Small, Maynard), by Cecil Chesterton, is a very attractive little volume. It owes a good deal of its charm to the excellent reproduction of no less than seventeen of the acknowledged portraits of the famous orange girl and actress, by Sir Peter Lely, S. Harding, Wessing, Cooper, Verrhell, Dod, Gascar, and others; but the letter-press is admirable, also. Of course, Mr. Chesterton makes no pretence of having anything new to tell about his heroine, but he has sifted all the old sources of information pretty thoroughly and furnishes a sprightly and compact biography in which nothing is extenuated and naught set down in malice. Without any sentimental special pleading on her behalf, he can argue plausibly that she had substantial human virtues in which several of her more cultivated rivals were notoriously deficient. Of her cleverness and fascination the mere fact that she so long maintained her ascendency in the affections of the susceptible Charles is abundant proof. If she had not had good qualities of head and heart, she could never have risen from the gutter from which she originally sprang. Mr. Chesterton is less successful in his attempt to effect even a partial rehabilitation of her royal lover. It is somewhat late in the day to claim political genius and patriotic fervor for this witty, shifty, and unscrupulous voluptuary. But he has written a capital life of Nelly.

"The Greatest Wish," by E. Temple Thurston, which has just been produced in the Garrick Theatre, in London, is a simple tale of a foundling adopted by a tender-hearted priest and his peppery but kindly housekeeper. When, owing to a misconception, her sailor lover fails to keep an appointment, she concludes that he is false and decides to enter a convent. But just before she is to take the vows the sailor returns and she marries him instead, while the old priest discovers that the Mother of the Convent used to be his sweetheart in the days of their youth. The story revolves around the priest, in whom Arthur Bour-

chler is said to find a most congenial character. The Mother Superior is played by Maud Milton, well known here as a former member of Sir Henry Irving's companies.

"The Happy Island," which Sir Herbert Tree has just produced in His Majesty's Theatre, London, seems to be a disappointment. It is an adaptation, by James Bernard Fagan, from the Hungarian of Melchior Lengyel, and tells how an adventurer, after behaving very badly at home, undertakes to impose himself as a god upon unsuspecting Pacific islanders—in order to induce them to work a radium mine for his benefit. Ultimately he comes to believe in the faith which he has invented for them, and is killed while defending them and the mine against his original employer.

Miss Wish Wynne appears to have won the chief success at the Kingsway Theatre, in "The Great Adventure" of Arnold Bennett.

Music

Music Lovers' Cyclopedia. Edited by Rupert Hughes. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50.

The Violinist's Dictionary. By Frederic Barclay Emery. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

A Practical Guide to the Modern Orchestra. By James Lyon. New York: The Macmillan Co. 35 cents net.

Rupert Hughes's "Music Lovers' Cyclopedia," originally published in 1903, is now issued in one volume and brought down to date by the addition of several thousand biographic sketches. It remains, although even now it has only 960 pages, in some respects the most comprehensive and useful of all musical works of reference, including features to be found neither in Riemann's 1,600 pages nor in the five volumes of Grove. The most important of these is the detailed plots of operas—sixty of them. Among those added to the new edition are "Thaïs," "The Bartered Bride," "Salome," "Elektra," "Königskinder," "Madama Butterfly," "Tosca," "La Fanciulla del West," "Pelléas et Mélisande," "Manon," "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," and "Parsifal," which at the time when this encyclopædia was first issued was still a Bayreuth monopoly, but which now belongs to the world. The space devoted by the editor to two of Wolf-Ferrari's operas is likely to prove wasted, as these operas seem to have had only ephemeral success. It may be said of all these condensed opera plots that they are far superior to those found in most of the books specially devoted to this subject. The story is always told as it is unfolded on the stage by exits and entrances, and the principal musical numbers are named as they appear in the score.

The most distinctive merit of this volume lies in the elimination of superfluous knowledge. While the list of biographic notices is rather larger than that of any other similar book, space is saved by keeping those of minor musicians as brief as possible. Liberal room is thus provided for about a hundred of the greatest composers. For the difficult task of summing up their characteristics in a few pages the editor obtained the coöperation of eighteen of the most prominent American and English critics, each of whom writes on the topics he is most familiar with. Some of them also contribute articles on special subjects, such as National Schools of Music, Great Instrumentalists and Singers, Acoustics, Counterpoint, Form, Folk-Song, Modern Harmony in Practice, Opera, Oratorio, etc. The editor himself gives his views on Grace, Notation, Organ, and Pianoforte. With a modesty rare in a musician, he omits his own name from his list, but he, too, is a composer, and his books on "American Composers" and "Love Affairs of Great Musicians" reveal him as an interesting as well as a scholarly writer. The encyclopædia, it should be added, includes also an excellent dictionary of musical terms, an explanation of the construction of music for the uninitiated, a number of charts—one of them, for instance, showing at a glance the principal dance rhythms of various countries—and a key to the pronunciation of musical terms in sixteen languages.

Probably no other British publisher has so large a number of books on musical topics as W. Reeves. The list takes up 48 pages of the latest addition, "The Violinist's Dictionary," which is republished in this country by the Scribners. Inasmuch as the reference works of Grove, Riemann, Elson, and many others include the terms violinists are expected to know, it seemed hardly worth while to prepare one for their special use. The editor is surely mistaken in saying that "comparatively few terms used exclusively by violinists are found in any one musical dictionary devoted to general terms." Most of the important terms are included in the books just referred to. There are others, however, which can only be found in Mr. Emery's volume. He has evidently taken pains in gathering from violin pieces all the technical terms and directions for expression occurring in the concertos, sonatas, short pieces, and technical exercises of composers of various countries. Nothing has been included that applies to piano or vocal music unless it is of direct value to the violinist. The result is a little volume useful chiefly for violin players who do not care to buy the larger dictionaries. The only flaw we have noticed is that the V. S. printed so often at the foot of a page is not properly explained. It stands for *volti subito*, turn over quickly, but while the S is explained in its place, there is no explanation of the V.

For concert-goers who wish to know something about the violin and the other orchestral instruments they hear at concerts there is a goodly list of books. The shortest of them is James Lyon's. He describes the compass and the general characteristics of thirty different instruments, from the placid flute to the noisy drums and gongs. It would have been well to include pictures of at least the less familiar of these, such as the bass clarinet, the xylophone, and the celesta. In some cases the author adds a footnote referring to compositions in which the use of an instrument is happily illustrated. In many text-books on the orchestra there are a number of citations from full scores; but as most of the great compositions can now be bought in miniature scores for a trifle, Mr. Lyon wisely chose simply to refer to the page on which a given quotation is to be found.

The United German Singing Societies are preparing for a music festival to be given at the Hippodrome on Sunday, April 27, to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of Richard Wagner. Mme. Schumann-Heink will be a soloist. Thirty German societies of New York city are now included in this organization, which held its first festival in 1852, and the last in 1909. More than 6,000 singers took active part. For years the United German Singing Societies have participated in public celebrations, and ever since 1903, by the arrangement with the Department of Public Parks, a free concert has been given every summer at the Mall, in Central Park.

Nikisch and Campanini will be the principal conductors of the Covent Garden opera season, which will begin on April 21 and end July 28. The repertory is unusually interesting. The opening performance will be "Tannhäuser," which will be followed by the first cycle of "Der Ring des Nibelungen" and the miscellaneous French and Italian repertory. The second cycle of the "Ring" will begin in April. And, as announced in the prospectus: "in celebration of the centenary of Wagner's birth (May, 1913), the management has arranged to include, besides the 'Ring,' 'Tristan and Isolde,' 'Der Fliegende Holländer,' 'Tannhäuser,' and 'Lohengrin.'" Other works to be heard will include a revival of Humperdinck's "Königskinder," Wolterhausen's "Oberst Chabert," "La Du Barry," a new work by the young Italian composer, Ezio Camussi, and, possibly, Charpentier's "Julien," written as a sequel to "Louise." A special performance of "Samson et Dalila" will be given some time in the first week in June, forming part of the Jubilee Festival in honor of the seventy-fifth anniversary of Camille Saint-Saëns's entry upon his musical career. The composer himself will be present. Among the singers engaged are Melba, Mignon Nevada, Destinn, Louise Perard-Petzl, Mrs. Saltzmann Stevens, Amy Evans, Maude Fay, Carmen Melis. The contraltos are Kirkby Lunn, Dilys Jones, Alys Mutch, Marian Beeley, Madame Bérat,

Edith Clegg, Kathleen Howard, Elvira Levcroni, and Miss Schaefer. The tenors, besides Caruso, include Heinrich Hensei, John McCormack, Hermann Jadlowker, Peter Cornelius, Hans Bechstein, Paul Franz, Giovanni Martinelli. Among the basses and baritones are Sammarco, Van Rooy, Gilly, August Kiess, Armand Crabbé, Gustave Huberdeau, and Scotti.

A bold experiment has just been attempted at the Imperial Opera House of Vienna by the production of Franz Schreker's so-called opera, "The Musical Instrument and the Princess," which may readily be classed among the most abstruse and difficult musical works ever performed. Apart from the months of study and preparation it has required and the technical problems it has set in the matter of mounting, it proved to be so tantalizing for the listeners who attempted to grasp its significance that even the abstrusest intentions of all other modern composers seemed translucent by comparison. In place of a plot or even the outlines of a story, there are shown symbolical figures and episodes, the philosophical mystery of whose fashioning is left to the imagination. How far the poet-composer's intentions go, neither what is seen nor what is heard on the stage suffices to disclose. It is supposed that Schreker's ambition was to use his musical illustration as the explanatory key to his bizarre intentions, but the score, which is on the lines of the most modern impressionistic music, does not get beyond occasional indications of a keen, though ill-balanced, appreciation for queer tone effects, and for that ill-used quality of *Stimmung* (feeling) that is employed nowadays so often to replace inspiration. The impression the new work created was one of wonderment, and an inability to cope with the grotesque eccentricity of ill-directed talent. As a *tour de force* showing what the present régime at the Opera House, under Director Gregor, can accomplish the evening meant a triumph for all concerned. It was regarded as a splendid effort in a forlorn cause.

Felix Weingartner in the last of his Vienna Philharmonics stood sponsor to a new piano concerto by Alfred von Abter, that met with a rousing reception and justified his departure from the rule of admitting no soloist at one of these concerts. The composer played his work himself, which was as wholesome, melodious, and pleasing as though it had been written long before the days of "interesting" music had been thought of.

John Thomas, one of the most eminent musicians Great Britain has produced, died in London on March 19 at the advanced age of eighty-seven. On the death of J. B. Chatterton, in 1872, he was appointed harpist to Queen Victoria, and when King Edward succeeded to the throne, the royal harpist was retained. He was born at Bridgend, South Wales, in 1826. He played the piccolo when only four, and when eleven, won a harp at an Eisteddfod. In 1861, at the Aberdare Eisteddfod, the title of Pencerdd Gwalia (chief of the Welsh minstrels) was conferred on him. In 1862 he published a valuable collection of Welsh melodies, and began a series of Welsh concerts in London. His fame as a harpist spread, and he made several successful tours on the Continent. For four decades, there was hardly an Eisteddfod of importance at which he did not appear as performer or adjudicator, and he collected a large sum, with which, in 1883, he endowed a permanent scholarship for Wales at the Royal Academy of Music in London. His compositions include a large amount of harp music. His most famous pupil was the late John Cheshire.

Art

Old-Fashioned Gardening. By Grace Tabor. Illustrated. New York: McBride, Nast & Co. $2 net.

It is easy to write generalities and sentimentalities about old-fashioned gardens. We are willing to believe that almost anything romantic might have happened in the traditionally "good" old times. But Miss Tabor has set herself a more difficult task: to determine definitely what an old-fashioned garden really was, in appearance, in use, in ideal—a most elusive thing to put into words. The gardens themselves have nearly all disappeared or changed (the very flowers have new forms and new names), and the records of their former state are few and scattered, mere hints and clues in the writings of men of an age when clearing the wilderness or fighting the Indians or saving one's soul was a matter of more immediate moment than enjoying a garden.

For the sake of definiteness, even at the cost of an arbitrary determination, Miss Tabor fixes the nearer limit of "old-fashioned" times at one hundred years ago. The further limit, as far as we Americans are concerned, is naturally the first permanent settlement of this continent by Europeans. This gives a period of some 175 years within which to trace the development of the old-fashioned garden.

As the colonists from the Old World differed in their traditions and ideas, so did their gardens differ. We can reconstruct, partly from the meagre records, partly from what we know must have been the genius of each people, five types of garden which sprang up in the New World: the careless, riotous, sun-filled, walled gardens of the Spaniards in the semi-tropics; the larger, formal, dignified, fenced, and box-bordered gardens of the gentlemen adventurers; the little, tight, trim, four-square gardens of the New Amsterdam housewives; the austere Puritan gardens, pleasant in spite of their owners, as useful plants will have beautiful flowers; and the gardens of Catholic and Quaker along what came to be the dividing line between the North and South, a type of less evident ancestry.

When we come to consider what made the spirit of these gardens, we meet a further difficulty. It is little easier to explain just what is the charm of a garden than to put into words the personal charm of a friend. But—describing what is capable of description—we can at least say this: the old-fashioned garden was enclosed, it was useful, it was a necessary part of a complete scheme. As to the design of the garden itself, Miss Tabor says:

> Simplicity first, as a corner-stone; then convenience; then such a degree of easy formality of symmetry or order as may perhaps be reduced to the old-fashioned term "seemliness"; then a play of dignified individual fancy, according to individual taste: these are the components of the Old-Fashioned Garden.

When a man has just conquered a part of the wilderness, his garden, the piece of land on which he most fully puts his own stamp, will surely be enclosed, both for the practical reason of the safety of the plants dependent on his care, and for the satisfactory feeling that here at least there shall be no hint of the untamed forces with which he has struggled in the outside world. The country household of the olden time was a self-supporting unit. There were no shops to supply the deficiencies in the family larder. What a man raised and stored up in the summer, that and no more did he eat in the winter. And the flower gardens bore their share in the general economy, producing fruits, or at least medicinal and savory herbs.

Here perhaps lies the secret of success, when success is possible, in making an old-fashioned garden in modern times. Such a garden, even if historically correct in form and flower, will not look particularly different from any other well-designed garden. Only when the development of the whole estate is harmonious with it, only when house and grounds, roads and trees and fences, form with the garden one consistent whole, is there much hope of the old honest, simple charm returning. And we should see, therefore, that when we build a certain style of "old-fashioned" house—colonial, Georgian, "mission," or whatever it may be—that we are pledging ourselves to the garden that properly accompanies the house, if we are to have a garden at all.

Miss Tabor's book gives excellent lists of flowers, one of the flowers of the earlier period, another of those coming in at a comparatively later date. There are lists also of the flowers of the five sorts of gardens: Spanish, Cavalier, Puritan, Dutch, and border-line. There are a short index and a bibliography.

Thomas Graham Jackson is publishing through the University of Chicago Press "Byzantine and Romanesque Architecture."

A translation of Eugène Fromentin's "The Masters of Past Time" is in preparation by Andrew Boyle for E. P. Dutton & Co.

"British Pictures and Their Painters" (Macmillan), an anecdotal guide to the

British section of the National Gallery, by E. V. Lucas, is a deftly compiled manual of pocket size, with a few illustrations. It is distinctly what the more intelligent tourist wants, and it provides that extraneous human interest without which any extended study of the British school must be onerous to the art lover.

Five years ago W. H. James Weale published his great work, "Hubert and Jan Van Eyck," in a fine and expensive quarto. Students will welcome the popular edition, which is now offered by the John Lane Company at $4. This is rather a new edition than a reprint, for, under the editorship of Maurice W. Brockwell in collaboration with the author, considerable rearrangements of the text have been made. These, with some condensation of documentary and bibliographical features, have brought the well-illustrated volume within octavo compass. Originally, Mr. Weale relegated to a secondary list all works not demonstrably by the Van Eycks. This arrangement, while logical, had the disadvantage of associating many negligible school pieces with those of evident authenticity. Mr. Brockwell has made his first list of twenty-four paintings out of uncontested paintings, subdividing them as they suggest the hand of Hubert, Jan, or of both brothers. To these is added a list of thirty-two pictures of doubtful authenticity, a brief record of lost works known through copies or literary sources, and finally a remarkable list of ninety-five works which in the last three centuries have been sold at auction under ascription to the Van Eycks. The index is far fuller than that of the original edition. Evidently, this new edition, which has the considerable advantage of being light in the hand, contains many improvements. Perhaps one should not object to Mr. Brockwell's severely eclectic handling of bibliographical notices. Yet, if merely for the record, the yagaries of the late Henri Bouchot might have been mentioned. Mr. Jaccaci's discovery that the Turin St. Francis has two right feet should have had due credit. Among the doubtful pieces should have been included a small Crucifixion in the Johnson collection, which is probably by the same hand as the Berlin Crucifixion, which certain critics have ascribed to Hubert. There are thirty-two plates of good execution and a few text illustrations. Generally, Mr. Brockwell's editorial judgment has been excellent, and through his pains a standard work assumes a more convenient and useful form.

Finance

MR. MORGAN AND THE FINANCIAL MARKETS.

People who imagined—and there were many of them—that news of Mr. Morgan's death would be the occasion of some sort of catastrophe in the financial markets, were ignorant, both of the manner in which sudden complications from such events are always guarded against in Wall Street, and of the extent to which Mr. Morgan, for the past two years, had withdrawn from active participation in affairs. As a matter of fact, the Stock Exchange itself, after a moment of hesitation when the news arrived last week, presently began to bid up the market, and a substantial rise ensued. For this there were other reasons—brighter skies abroad, absence of financial trouble at Berlin's much-dreaded "quarter-day settlement," and a decided waning of apprehension over our domestic politics. Yet possibly, in the mental state of a market, the fact that the ceasing of so powerful a force in American finance had failed to create misgiving, was of itself no inconsiderable influence on financial sentiment.

The longer effect of the disappearance of this massive figure in finance must probably be judged in a negative rather than a positive way. It may be said of Mr. Morgan's career, as it was said of Mr. Harriman's at his death three years ago, that it belongs in reality to a financial epoch already closed. Another Morgan could not do in the future of American finance what Morgan himself did in its past; fundamental conditions have changed too completely for that. Therefore, in all probability, the final departure from the scene of this great financier, means chiefly that the financial leadership of the future must not only be in the hands of other men, but must, in the nature of things, be in the hands of men acting on other lines.

Mr. Morgan's was one of those personalities about which legend accumulates with the lapse of time; it had, one may say, the exceptional hold on the imagination which comes to men of large achievement who have embodied in themselves and their exploits the history of a memorable period. Like all great public characters, he had many sides, and like all Wall Street celebrities, his actual way of thinking on financial affairs was not always understood, even by Wall Street. There were many curious sidelights on this point of view, even before the Pujo Committee testimony of last December.

The news that President McKinley had been shot, and that, if he died, Vice-President Roosevelt would succeed him, reached Wall Street late Friday afternoon, September 6, 1901. The huge promotions and amalgamations were still under way; their authors and participants had believed that McKinley would not interfere with the giant combinations of capital, and they knew how uncertain a quantity in that regard Mr. Roosevelt was. Mr. Morgan had remained in his office that day after all of his partners had gone, and was just about to leave for his private yacht with a box of cigars under one arm carelessly wrapped in wrinkled brown paper, when the dispatch was handed to him. Half an hour later, when the full details were brought him, Mr. Morgan was still in his desk chair, his square-topped hat on the back of his head and the box of cigars still under his arm—bending forward and silently tracing with his cane the patterns on the rug at his feet. One would like to know exactly what visions of future probabilities were passing through his mind.

Mr. Morgan was not a man of interviews; but, on the other hand, when he spoke publicly or was quoted for publication, his comments were for that reason more pointed and characteristic than the perfunctory remarks of financial authorities on "the outlook." On the witness-stand in March, 1902, he was asked why he organized the $400,000,000 Northern Securities holding company, and the similar huge combinations. His answer was:

> The capital of the Northern Securities Company is very large. I don't believe any one can ever get control of it. . . . J. P. Morgan & Co. might be dissolved. I might die, and we wanted the road to go on prospering on the old lines. It was our idea to organize a holding company with a capital so large that no rival corporation could purchase a controlling interest in it.

This answer overlooked, in a striking way, both the fact that the logical end of that process was a general holding company for everything in a given trade—which the public would certainly never endure—and the facts that somebody must originally control the big holding company, that such controlling interest might misuse its power, and yet that, by Mr. Morgan's own argument, neither it nor its successors could ever be dislodged.

In 1903, when Mr. Schwab's unlucky lapse of judgment at Monte Carlo brought a demand which proved to be irresistible for his retirement from the Steel Trust presidency, Mr. Morgan's comment was highly characteristic. It was that he should like to paraphrase Lincoln's remark to the Congressmen who demanded Grant's retirement from the Western command because of his alleged use of liquor. What he referred to was, of course, Lincoln's expression of the wish to send a barrel of the same whiskey to his other generals. Mr. Morgan left the point of the analogy open.

It was in March, 1903, that Wall Street suddenly began to talk, with something like consternation, of the danger overhanging the new industrial securities held by "underwriting syndicates" and still undistributed to the general public. Mr. Morgan was then induced to give an interview of which the salient parts were these:

> It may be true, as some of the captious critics declare, that at the present moment there are in the market many "undigested securities." But ought not the character of these securities to be taken into consideration? . . . To my mind and in my judgment, these new securities are essentially sound and stable, and those who have them are in no wise alarmed because of

their holdings. . . . You will find that in due time this phase of the difficulty—growing out of these new securities—will disappear.

This judgment may possibly be regarded as confirmed by the longer future, after an intervening season of agonized forced liquidation. But it missed the whole point of the then existing situation, which was a quite inevitable sequel to the rapid succession of enormous promoting operations which Mr. Morgan himself had fathered. In the eight or nine months after the interview there was certainly acute alarm, and signs of outright panic, which were justified by the failure of the $100,000,000 Consolidated Lake Superior, the humiliating bankruptcy of the United States Shipbuilding, and the collapse of values bringing the common stock of the United States Steel to 8⅜, with a shrinkage in its market valuation from $279,000,000 to $50,100,000, and the passing of dividends during three successive years.

The exact part played by Mr. Morgan in the panic of 1907 has been a matter of much discussion. His services to the preservation of general credit are admitted to have been of the highest value—mainly because of his personal influence over other financiers in the hour of emergency. He was certainly instrumental in bringing the panic-stricken bank presidents to their senses, when they were refusing to lend to the Stock Exchange on October 24, and he bore down every timid counsel which would have let the Lincoln Trust Company and the Trust Company of America go by the board.

Yet it is not evident to what extent he saw things with actual clearness when the storm was at its worst, and there is some reason for believing that he himself failed to understand, not only what causes such a panic, but what stops it. Judge Gary, in the Stanley Committee hearing, quoted Mr. Morgan as saying, in November, 1907, of the plan for the Steel Corporation to purchase the Tennessee Coal: "If it does not buy the stock, or unless it or some one else furnishes relief at this particular time, there is not any man on earth who can say what the result will be in the financial circles of this country." As a matter of fact, the Steel Trust did buy the Tennessee Coal; yet the *Financial Chronicle*, in its review of the very week in which that operation was effected, wrote that "the most important development of the week has been the gold movement and its effect on the bank situation, at home and abroad," and in that review it did not even mention the Tennessee Coal. Now the $30,000,000 purchase of European gold for import occurred in the week before Judge Gary's interview of November 3 with Mr. Morgan, and the Stock Exchange, by a violent recovery of four successive days, had recognized that relief from the strain which at first had seemed to threaten general insolvency was already on the way.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Lyman. Letters to Unknown Friends. Doubleday, Page.

Altsheler, J. A. The Texan Scouts. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

Aristarchus of Samos: A History of Greek Astronomy to Aristarchus, Together with Aristarchus's Treatise on the Sizes and Distances of the Sun and Moon. New Greek text, with translation and notes by Thomas Heath. Frowde.

Askew, A. and C. Barbara. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.

Bacon, J. D. The Strange Cases of Dr. Stanchon. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Bacon. Opera hactenus inedita Rogeri Baconi—Fasc. IV. Frowde.

Bancroft, J. H. The Posture of School Children. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Barbour, R. H. The Junior Trophy. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

Bates, E. L., and Charlesworth, F. Practical Geometry and Graphics. (Second edition); Practical Mathematics (second edition). Van Nostrand. $2 net; $1.50 net.

Bebel, August. My Life. University of Chicago Press. (Baker & Taylor, agts.)

Book of Wisdom. Introduction and Notes, edited by A. T. S. Goodrick. Macmillan. $2 net.

Bordeaux, Henry. The Fear of Living. English version by R. H. Davis. Dutton. $1.35 net.

Brawley, B. G. A Short History of the American Negro. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Britannica Year-Book, 1913. Encyclopædia Britannica Co. $2.25.

Burnam, J. M. Recipes from Codex Matritensis. University of Cincinnati Press. 50 cents.

Conger, S. P. Old China and Young America. Chicago: Browne & Co. 75 cents net.

Cruttwell, Maud. Fire and Frost. Lane. $1.25 net.

Dadourian, H. M. Analytical Mechanics. Van Nostrand. $3 net.

Deamer, Dulcie. The Suttee of Safa: A Hindoo Romance. Dillingham. $1.25 net.

Demetrios, George. When I Was a Boy in Greece. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. 60 cents net.

Demosthenes On the Crown. Edited, with notes, by M. W. Humphreys. American Book Co. $1.25.

De Weese, T. A. The Bend in the Road and How a Man of the City Found It. Harper. $1 net.

Dobson, Austin. Collected Poems. Ninth edition. Dutton. $2 net.

Douglas, A. M. The Red House Children at Grafton. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Driver, S. R. Notes on the Hebrew Text and the Topography of the Books of Samuel. Second edition. Frowde.

Durning-Lawrence, E. The Shakespeare Myth. Sturgis & Walton. 10 cents.

Eggleston, Edward. The Ultimate Solution of the American Negro Problem. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Elder, R. D. The Sojourner. Harper. $1.30 net.

Faguet, Emile. Balzac. Paris: Hachette et Cie.

Freud, Sigmund. The Interpretation of Dreams. Translation of Third Edition by A. A. Brill. Macmillan. $4 net.

Gibbs, George. The Silent Battle. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

Gilson, R. R. The Legend of Jerry Ladd. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Goodrich, J. K. Our Neighbors: The Japanese. Chicago: Browne & Co. $1.25 net.

Grinnell, Joseph. The Species of the Mammalian Genus Sorex of West-Central California. University of California Press.

Haig, Elizabeth. The Floral Symbolism of the Great Masters. Dutton. $2 net.

Handbook of Municipal Accounting. (Metz Fund Handbooks of City Business.) D. Appleton. $2 net.

Hart, E. G. The Dream Girl. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.

Hinckley, H. B. Thersites: A Dramatic Fragment. Northampton, Mass.: The Nonotuck Press.

Hobhouse, L. T. Development and Purpose; The Labour Movement. Macmillan. $4 net; $1 net.

Hoyt, W. F. Manual of Qualitative Analysis. Macmillan.

Hubbard, F. G. Education and Leisure. Reprint from Modern Language Association of America.

Hudson, O. F., and Bengough, G. D. Iron and Steel. Van Nostrand. $2 net.

Hughes, Rupert. The Amiable Crimes of Dirk Memling. D. Appleton. $1.25 net.

International Studio Year-Book of Decorative Art—1913. Lane. $2.50 net.

Jenkinson, J. W. Vertebrate Embryology. Frowde.

Joannès, J. S. The Song Garland: A Collection of One-, Two-, and Three-Part Songs. Macmillan. $1.10 net.

Johnston, (Sir) Harry. Common Sense in Foreign Policy. Dutton. $1.25 net.

Kester, Vaughan. John O' Jamestown. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.

Knox, Joseph. Physico-Chemical Calculations. Van Nostrand. $1 net.

Lange, D. The Silver Island of the Chippewa. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Le Bon, Gustave. The Psychology of Revolution. Trans. by B. Miall. Putnam.

Lecklider, J. T. Poems. Boston: Badger.

Lesage's Gil Blas of Santillane. Trans. by Tobias Smollett. Introduction by W. M. Fullerton. Dutton. $2.

Lewis, A. H. Faro Nell and Her Friends. Dillingham.

Lindsay, Maud. A Story Garden for Little Children. Illus. by F. L. Young. Boston: Lothrop, Lee & Shepard. $1 net.

Long, J. L. War, or What Happens When One Loves One's Enemy. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.

Mack, Adelaide. Magnetic Paris. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.75 net.

Mark the Deacon. The Life of Porphyry, Bishop of Gaza. Trans., with notes, by G. F. Hill. Frowde.

Marx, Karl. The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. Trans. by D. de Leon. Third edition. Chicago: Kerr & Co. 50 cents.

Masefield, John. The Daffodil Fields. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Mathews, F. A. My Lady Peggy Leaves Town. Moffat, Yard. $1.30 net.

Mathews, Shailer. The Making of To-morrow. Eaton & Mains. $1 net.

Maurice, Frederick. A Record of His Work and Opinions, edited by his son. Longmans. $3 net.

Mayne, E. C. Byron. 2 vols. Scribner.

Meier, W. H. D. School and Home Gardens. Boston: Ginn. 80 cents.

Mitchell, C. F. Building Construction and Drawing. Eighth edition, revised; Building Construction (Advanced Course). Seventh edition, revised, enlarged. Van Nostrand. $1.50 net; $2.50 net.

O'Connor, Mrs. T. P. Little Thank You. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Oppenheim, L. The Panama Canal Conflict. Putnam.

Oxford, A. W. English Cookery Books to the Year 1850. Frowde.

Palmer, R. A Little Tour in India. Longmans. $2.50 net.

Perry, Lawrence. Holton of the Navy. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.

Philip, Alexander. The Dynamic Foundation of Knowledge. Dutton. $2 net.

Poole, R. L. A Lecture on the History of the University Archives. (Delivered in the Ashmolean Museum, May, 1912.) Frowde.

Pouget, Emile. Sabotage. Chicago: Kerr. 50 cents.

Redman, J. L. Isles in Summer Seas (Bermuda). Dillingham. $1.50 net.

Report of the State Board of Agriculture of Kansas for 1911 and 1912. Vol. XXIII. Topeka.

Rhodius, Apollonius. The Argonautica, edited by G. W. Mooney. Longmans. $4.50 net.

Romanos, Mesonero. Selections, edited by G. T. Northup. Holt.

Schelling, F. E. The English Lyric. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Scorer, A. G. The Entomologist's Log-Book. Dutton. $3 net.
Seligman, E. R. A. Essays in Taxation. Eighth edition, revised. Macmillan. $4 net.
Shakespeare's Pericles. Edited by C. A. Smith; Titus Andronicus. Edited by E. E. Stoll. Macmillan. 35 cents net.
Shepherd, W. R. Atlas of Ancient History. Holt.
Simpson, J. Y. The Spiritual Interpretation of Nature. Doran. $1.50 net.
Smith, G. B. Social Idealism and the Changing Theology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Social Centre, The. Edited by E. J. Ward. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Spielmann, Mrs. M. H. Littledom Castle, and Other Tales. Dutton. Illustrated. $1 net.
Standing, P. C. Guerilla Leaders of the World. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.75 net.
Stirling, A. M. W. The Letterbag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope. 2 vols. Lane. $10 net.
Strayer, G. D., and Thorndike, E. L. Educational Administration. Macmillan.
Taber, Susan. Unexpected Affinities. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Taylor, H. O. Ancient Ideals. 2 vols. Second edition. Macmillan. $5 net.
Taylor, Herbert. Reminiscences, Letters, and Journals (1775-1839). Longmans. $5 net.
Taylor, Joshua. The Art of Golf. Outing Pub. Co.
The Diamond-Sutra (Chin-Kang-Ching). Trans. from the Chinese, with notes, by William Gemmell. Dutton. $1 net.
The Odd Farmhouse. By the Odd Farmwife. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Thompson, D. W. On Aristotle as a Biologist. (Herbert Spencer Lecture, February, 1913.) Frowde.
Tod's Annals of Rajasthan: Annals of Mewar, abridged and edited by C. H. Payne. Dutton. $1.25 net.
Trites, W. B. Barbara Gwynne. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Trites, W. B. John Cave. Duffield. $1.25 net.
Van Cleve, C. M. Principles of Double-Entry Bookkeeping. James Kempster Printing Co.
Van Loon, H. W. The Fall of the Dutch Republic. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Vega, Lope de. La Moza de Cántaro. Edited, with notes, by Madison Stathers. Holt.
Watson, William. The Muse in Exile. Lane. $1.25 net.
Wilding, A. F. On the (Tennis) Court and Off. Doubleday, Page.
Wilson, A. E. Devota. New edition, and Biographical Reminiscences, by T. C. De Leon. Dillingham.
Wilson, Woodrow. Mere Literature: Three Essays. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Zimmer, G. F. Popular Dictionary of Botanical Names and Terms. Dutton. $1 net.

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(January to May)

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Stanley Washburn's NOGI. The author knew the General well. Illustrated ..... *net* $1.00

H. Lichtenberger's GERMANY and Its Evolution in Modern Times.....*net* 2.50

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J. E. Hagerty's COMMERCIAL CREDIT (May). Probable price.....*net* 1.50

Ralph Stock's CONFESSIONS OF A TENDERFOOT (May). Probably, *net* 3.00

Philosophy and Religion.

Le Roy's THE NEW PHILOSOPHY OF HENRI BERGSON .....*net* 1.25

Fielding Hall's THE WORLD SOUL, by the author of "Inward Light," etc. (May). Probably .....*net* 3.00

J. Estlin Carpenter's COMPARATIVE RELIGION (Home University Library) ..... *net* .50

Nature and Health.

Wm. F. Ganong's THE LIVING PLANT (Am. Nature Series). Ill'd. Probably ..... *net* 3.50

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E. Mather Sill's THE CHILD, Its Care, Diet, and Common Ills. Illustrated. (April 19th). Probably .....*net* 1.25

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G. K. Chesterton's VICTORIAN AGE IN LITERATURE.

J. G. Robertson's GERMAN LITERATURE.

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G. Binney Dibdee's THE NEWSPAPER.

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Stopford A. Brooke: ON TEN FURTHER PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE. (April.) Probably.....*net* 2.25

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1913.

The Week

The Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was introduced in the House on Monday. It is in the same form that President Taft vetoed. That is to say, in appropriating $300,000 for the special use of the Department of Justice in prosecuting violations of the Anti-Trust law, the proviso is inserted that "no part of this sum shall be spent in the prosecution of any organization or individual for entering into any combination or agreement having in view the increasing of wages, shortening of hours, or bettering the condition of labor." A similar exemption is accorded organizations of farmers. Now, the Anti-Trust law itself is universal in its language. It says "every person." It denounces as criminal "every combination" to restrain trade or commerce. And it lays the binding duty upon the Attorney-General and all Federal District Attorneys to prosecute *all* violations of the Anti-Trust law. But all this is to be changed. Where the law reads "every person," the addition is to be made "unless he be a workingman or farmer." The statute now arrays the whole power of the United States against certain practices, and commands the officers of the law to prevent them; but hereafter misdemeanants are to go scot-free if they happen to work in a shop or on a farm.

This attempt President Taft met and broke with his veto. No official statement of President Wilson's intentions has been made, but the Washington dispatches assert with great positiveness that he will not refuse to sign the bill if passed again in the same form as before. If the President does agree to exempt laboring men from the equal operation of the laws, he will, in our opinion, make an enormous mistake. This we say not only on the general principle that no excepted class ought to be tolerated, but because of the peculiar claims just now put forth in the name of organized labor. It is not merely to the Anti-Trust law that it professes to be superior. The laws against violence, even those against murder, labor-union agents, in various parts of the country, have been defying, and acting as if they were never intended to compel the obedience of workingmen. The time is eminently one that calls for the firmest denial of all these pretensions. And there is no better way of beginning than by permitting no exception to the law which forbids every kind of oppressive combination and conspiracy, labor or otherwise.

Only one threatened foreign complication has as yet had to be faced by President Wilson, and in his attitude towards this he has shown the cardinal diplomatic quality—patience. It would have been easy to blow into a flame the smouldering trouble over the proposed California law denying the right of Japanese to lease land in that State. A provocative line, with resulting excitement, could have been taken in either one of two ways. There could have been a loud remonstrance addressed to California. She might have been told that she was violating a treaty of the United States, and warned that she must at once cease imperilling our international relations. Or, on the other hand, there might have been a lot of tall talk about Americans making their own laws to suit themselves, with intimations that if Japan wanted to come on she would find us ready to give her rather better than she sent. But the actual course of the Administration in the matter has been both wise and quieting.

The President has not sought trouble with either California or Japan. He has assumed that a sovereign State ought not to be interfered with in advance of actually passing an act in derogation of a national treaty, and has pointed out that, in case the legislation proves to be of this sort, there is no call for coercion by the general Government, but only for annulment through the Federal courts. And President Wilson has also turned to Japan to ask what is the status of *her* alien laws. If, as he is reported to have discovered, Americans are not permitted to own land in Japan, though entitled to do so under the treaty, the force of the Japanese protest against the action contemplated by the California Legislature is broken.

At the dinner of the National Democratic Club in New York city on Saturday night, the Vice-President of the United States seized what he doubtless regarded as a favorable opportunity for giving the wealthy men of the commercial capital of the country a needed lesson and warning. What the lesson was, we confess we find it hard to make out. If Mr. Marshall imagined he was saying something that would be new to his auditors when he declared that there is a great deal of discontent in the country—that socialistic notions are making headway, that the vast magnitude of many private fortunes is one of the causes of popular unrest—he is either not himself a reader of the newspapers, or is under the impression that the men he was addressing are so busy with their private affairs that they haven't time to look at so much as the headlines of the daily press. We can hardly suppose either of these things; and, as he gave not the slightest indication of what he thought the rich men had better do about the matter—except that they had better not be getting so rich—we are driven to the conclusion that the talk contained nothing of any consequence in the way of instruction or guidance.

Whether it is true or not that "we need a national Department of Public Works, whose executive head should be a member of the President's Cabinet," as Mr. Isham Randolph declared in an address before the National Drainage Congress at St. Louis last week, it is certainly true that the problem of river floods is a national problem, and that it is incumbent on the nation to take measures which shall stop the recurrence of such disasters and dangers as we have been witnessing this year. A commission to study the subject ought to be created at the earliest possible moment. A bill for that purpose would doubtless be passed promptly by Congress, and receive the President's approval. In a dispatch to the St. Louis meeting, he spoke of the "imperative and immediate necessity for a comprehensive and sys-

tematic plan for drainage and flood control." It is stated that among those at the meeting the proposal of a Department of Public Works threw into the background the idea of the appointment of a commission. But the creation of a new department of the Federal Government ought to be a matter for careful deliberation, whereas the inquiry into the ways and means of flood prevention should be set on foot without hesitation or delay.

As a practical question of legislation, it is not necessary to take seriously the bill introduced in the United States Senate by Mr. Chilton, of West Virginia, prescribing a minimum wage of $9 a week for all women and girls employed in work which goes into interstate commerce. But it may serve as a peg on which to hang a moral of wide application. The idea of the bill is in keeping with that of the Beveridge child-labor bill, which attained considerable prominence some years ago, and it is one that is almost sure to come up from time to time. Quite apart from the merits of the minimum-wage proposal in itself—or, in the other case, of the child-labor proposal in itself—the vital objection lies against such a bill that it implies an almost unlimited right of coercion of the States by the Federal Government. If the interstate commerce power may properly be used for the purpose of forbidding child labor in the various States, or for the purpose of compelling the payment in all of them of wages of a certain magnitude, it may with equal reason be used for the purpose of compelling total abstinence, or Sunday closing, or anything else that Congress may regard as socially desirable. It is possible that such uses of the interstate commerce are within the competence of Congress, so far as the letter of the Constitution is concerned; but they evidently run counter to its spirit, and to the fundamental character of our whole political system.

The Navy League plainly got cold comfort out of the remarks of the Secretary of State and Congressman Fitzgerald at its annual banquet. Mr. Bryan remarked significantly that, while the League was working for battleships, he should be working to make battleships unnecessary. Truly, no finer opportunity ever confronted a statesman than is now Mr. Bryan's. With a possible agreement between Great Britain and Germany in the matter of armaments, it is just the hour for Mr. Bryan to assure both nations of our sympathy with Mr. Churchill's practical proposal that all the great navies should suspend construction for a year. As for Congressman Fitzgerald, he was unassailable in his contention that the fault of the big-navy, and for that matter big-army, men is their uncertainty when it comes to facts. Never do estimates hold good. Mr. Fitzgerald told of a case of a General Staff request for an $800,000 appropriation which soon grew into $8,000,000. He could have given instance after instance to prove that the army and navy jingo is never satisfied. In 1886, for instance, the Endicott Fortifications Board assured us that for a couple of hundred millions we could protect the coast without a fleet. Now we learn that, after investing far greater sums, we also need at least forty-five Dreadnoughts and an army of 250,000 men to protect our harbors alone.

To refer to a measure just passed by the Ohio Legislature as providing for mothers' or widows' pensions is to sacrifice accuracy to conciseness. Motherhood has not been "endowed." As in New Jersey and one or two other places, the State is merely giving some assistance to needy children and older persons while allowing them to remain at home, instead of following the more usual procedure of putting them into an institution. The "pensions" are not to be spent at the free will of those who receive them, as an old soldier may spend his, but under strict regulation by the courts. They are payments for certain purposes rather than pensions. For such an arrangement there is much to be said. Where a mother has the strength and the capacity to take care of her children, but cannot do so if she must employ her time away from home in earning their bread, it is surely wiser to give her the money that will enable her to make useful citizens out of her children, than to turn them over to professional caretakers, however worthy the latter may be. Nor will there be objection to such payments to indigent widows without children as will keep soul and body together, if the whole matter is carefully supervised. Preservation of the home is worth all it may cost in this way. But let us not carelessly talk as if a new and large section of society were about to be pensioned for life.

There was only one speech against the bill, and Mr. Matt, of Bedford, replied that the bill was so simple it needed no explanation.

The bill referred to went through the Pennsylvania House of Representatives by a vote of 166 to 7. What an excellent measure that must be, which arouses only one speech against it, and needs no explanation! Some of our readers may be a bit surprised to learn that the bill appropriated $1,500,000 for pensions for soldiers, sailors, and marines who served in the Civil War from Pennsylvania. Are not these men, they may ask, sufficiently provided for by Congress? Did not that patriotic body add no one knows just how many millions to the pension budget last year? We can only reply that it is impossible to overpay those who fought for their country. New York defeated such a bill not long ago, but shall Pennsylvania, with the field of Gettysburg within her borders, forget her noble sons? Not while they and theirs have votes to give, and there are legislators who want them.

Not a passenger was killed on any of the twenty-seven railways in Colorado last year. The 318 persons in the country who met their deaths while travelling by rail were distributed among the other forty-seven States. In Colorado, as elsewhere, most of those who were killed by trains were either trespassers or other persons who were neither passengers nor employees. The Pullman Company fared still better, being responsible for no deaths whatever, either of passengers or employees. In the entire country, one employee out of 330 especially exposed to accidents was killed, and one out of between eight and nine injured. In Colorado, these figures were 510 and between 25 and 26, respectively. No reason is suggested for Colorado's much greater exemption than her sister States in these respects. Throughout the country, the railways are making an effort to get laws enacted which shall tend to minimize the greatest single cause of loss of life, that resulting from trespassing. It is not tramps alone, or even chiefly, who suf-

fer in this way, but persons who find the railway track the most convenient path to their work.

We know something about how much fires cost us every year, but has any one ever calculated the loss to the nation from colds? It has been done for Great Britain, and the figures are arresting. During the eight weeks of March and April, reasons the statistician, probably every other person in the nation suffers from a cough or a cold, or both. All that remains is to find out what 23,000,000 colds cost. The expense of a cold varies, of course, with different individuals. The ten-dollar-a-week clerk who loses one day from his work, and has his efficiency lowered 10 per cent. for three days more, has cost somebody very nearly $2.50. A Cabinet Minister who is confined to his room for two days, and does a reduced amount of work for two days more, may have cost the country as much as $200. It must be remembered, too, that eighty colds in every hundred are colds in the head, and not very serious; the remaining twenty attack the throat or the chest, and often the head also. Two colds in every thousand lead to bronchitis, pneumonia, pleurisy, or something of the sort; and one in a thousand results in death or a considerable shortening of life. Taking all these factors into account, and not forgetting doctors' bills, we have the following statement:

Direct cost of 23,000,000 colds..	$28,750,000
Loss by absence from work....	15,625,000
Loss by lowered efficiency	12,000,000
Total loss	$56,375,000

Multiply this by four, since it represents the loss in March alone, and March is responsible for one-fourth of the colds; then double the result, since our population is twice that of the United Kingdom, and you have a total that deserves a place in the imposing tables of how much we spend on liquor, tobacco, jewelry, pensions, educations, and foreign missions.

The "hunger strike" works as well in this country as in England. Indeed, with the infusion of noise and prayer, it succeeds much more quickly here. Nor are its benefits limited to women. Two women and one man were arrested in Zion City, the sacred community founded by Dowie, for leading a march upon an ungodly electric plant, where men used tobacco. The three spent the day in jail without food or water, but with an abundance of disturbance. In their own words, they were holding a prayer-meeting. Their screams could be heard a block away. The gist of their petitions was that an earthquake might be sent to shake down the jail walls. The earthquake did not come, but their prayers were answered nevertheless. The chief of police, being a tender-hearted officer, was uneasy over the prospect of his charges going to bed hungry, and still more anxious over the effect that a continuance of the racket would have upon the slumbers of the other prisoners, who certainly had a right to a night's rest. He ultimately yielded, therefore, and opened the doors of the jail. The Zionists followed up this victory by obtaining an order restraining the officers from interfering with their public meetings. For the first time in three years, accordingly, they are praying on the street-corners in peace.

Rumors of an Anglo-German agreement with regard to naval armaments will not down. The latest hint comes from Berlin, where it is reported that, as soon as the Balkan War is over, the British Government intends to approach Germany with a proposal to suspend shipbuilding operations during the fiscal year 1914-15. This may be an indirect invitation from German quarters addressed to Winston Churchill. Or it may be a bit of playful irony on the part of the German press. But let the advocate of the strenuous naval life recall that such a suggestion to slacken up Dreadnought production for a year is not silly Utopianism. One may be convinced that war is the first law of nature and the first occupation of a gentleman, and yet admit the desirability of an occasional breathing spell. They were no mollycoddles in the early Middle Ages, but even the mediæval baron consented to lay aside his spear and sword for a few days and seek recuperation under a Truce of God.

The general strike which began in Belgium on Monday under Socialist leadership and with the sympathy of the Liberal party is not the kind of general strike of which we have heard so much of late in connection with the Syndicalist or I. W. W. movement. Syndicalism is a revolt against industrial agitation through politics. The Syndicalist argues that the conflict between labor and capital must be fought out on the industrial field, by means of boycotts, strikes, sabotage, and other methods of guerrilla warfare, until the time is ripe for the general strike—*le grand jour*—when the laborers of a nation will fold their arms and the control of industry will pass from the capitalists to the workers. In such a scheme there is no place for the Parliamentary palaverer. But this Belgian general strike has precisely a political aim. Its purpose is to force the Catholic majority, which has so long been in control of the Belgian Government, to concede manhood suffrage and do away with the absurd system of plural voting which enables a minority of the electorate to intrench itself in Parliament.

Of the two most notable experiments with the general strike in recent years, the one that had a political object in view succeeded; the one that was fought on economic grounds failed. The first strike was, of course, the general upheaval of the Russian people in October, 1905, when communal life was brought almost to a standstill by a strike of factory operatives, railway and telegraph workers, physicians, lawyers, judges, university and high-school students. After three days the Government yielded, and the Czar promulgated the Constitution of October 30, which in greatly modified form is still the basis of such political liberties as Russia may be said to enjoy. The second strike was that which broke out in Sweden in the summer of 1909. It developed out of disputes in the paper and iron industries. A lockout of 80,000 workers was followed by the proclamation of a general sympathetic strike which brought out no less than 285,000 men, out of an estimated industrial population of 460,000; a notable showing involving a higher percentage than the Belgian unions will probably be able to rally. But the railway workers refused to come out, and there was little response from the agricultural laborers. Civic life in Stockholm was paralyzed for several days, but the Security Brigade of volunteers succeeded in carrying through the essential public services and maintaining order. After five weeks the strike collapsed.

CONGRESS AND THE CABINET.

President Wilson's innovations regarding his relations with Congress and the new seating plan of the House of Representatives will probably give impetus to the movement to seat the Cabinet in House or Senate. If it is so easy for a tactful President to establish human and personal relations with Congress, why, it will be asked, should not the members of his Cabinet follow suit? Already they are entitled to seats on the floor of the Senate and House at times of ceremony. Why, then, should they not drop in regularly, and perhaps gradually begin to answer questions, even if the right to debate is for the present withheld? It all sounds so very simple, and suggests not only a saving of time but more of government in the open. Moreover, as Mr. Taft expressed himself in favor of the change just before leaving office, and it has been generally assumed that Mr. Wilson has favored this change ever since the appearance of his "Congressional Government," we are sure to hear a good deal more about it in the near future.

The rearrangement of the House of Representatives somehow naturally suggests a "front bench" for Ministers and one for the Opposition leaders. For decades this reform has been urged, and now at last the desks are out, and with them go many excuses for inattention to the speakers, such as letter-writing, newspaper-reading, etc. The seats will not be so comfortable, and since it will not be as easy to immerse one's self in correspondence or other distracting matters, it is quite likely that the actual numerical attendance of Congressmen may for a time fall off. But a legislator who is a "dinner-bell" empties the benches in London, Berlin, and Paris as well. On the other hand, when important matters are up, it is quite possible that the standards of debating and speaking will improve. Time alone will show just what the effect of this innovation will be. If a new atmosphere is created and genuine debating becomes not the exception but the daily order, the desirability of having Cabinet officers at hand is likely to become more apparent.

The best argument for it is the one of government in the open. It is not to be denied that the Cabinet members are frequently in touch with Congress through the committees, before which the President may also appear, if he so desires. But committee-room hearings are very different from what would happen if the Cabinet were to appear upon the floor. It is plain that there can never be obtained the same publicity for what goes on in committee-rooms that is even now accorded to events on the floor of Senate or House. Frequently, vitally important statements of policy made by the Secretaries to standing committees fail to attract the attention they deserve —usually, unless there is under consideration a matter of capital national importance. But it is the English custom of questioning Ministers which particularly appeals; ridiculous as some of the questions asked in the Commons are, as a whole they serve the useful purpose of smoking out the Government. Anybody who recalls how difficult it was to obtain facts about what was going on in the Philippines during the war there, must see the point. And to pass a resolution of inquiry often avails little. The Secretary inquired of may send back a batch of documents requiring endless labor to analyze, and sometimes confusing the issue; or he may decline all information on the ground that it is against public policy, when he would find it hard to show what the public policy was if he were compelled to explain on his feet under a cross-fire of criticism.

Mr. Wilson as Governor desired a close relationship between Executive and Legislature because he felt that the Governor was leader of his party and should have the right personally to advocate the passage of the legislation for the obtaining of which he asked the suffrages of the voters. The weak point in such a change is obviously the fact that the Governor of a State is by no means always the leader of a party which has a majority in the Legislature. Take Massachusetts, for example; it has the habit of simultaneously electing Democratic Governors and Republican Legislatures. This happens frequently elsewhere. The Governor, if he had the right to enter a legislative debate, would find himself, under these circumstances, merely the leader of the Opposition seeking to obtain for himself a majority by aid of outside opinion. Plainly, it is impossible to conceive of the English system of a responsible Ministry being exactly duplicated in this country, for the Governor is chosen for a fixed term, and cannot stand or fall with his legislative programme. It is an adaptation of the English plan to our own which we can at most hope for, if, little by little, this appears desirable.

But a closer relationship between the Executive and the Legislature, as between the Executive and the public, does seem desirable and probable. Mr. Hughes illustrated the power of the just Governor who in righteous causes appeals to the public. Mr. Wilson in New Jersey had intended to go regularly to the various county seats and meet the voters face to face. The support given him by the voters of the State rendered this unnecessary, and besides his Presidential candidacy intervened. He must ache to be back for a few weeks, and try once more the value of that direct personal appeal, now that his jury bill is defeated, just as he must have wished that he or Gov. Fielder could have entered the New Jersey Senate before the close of the session to advocate their bill on the floor and expose the influences which brought about its defeat. In the last analysis, the success of any *rapprochement* between Executive and Legislature will depend on the character, ability, and manners of the Executive. Where Mr. Wilson has succeeded another might make such moves appear ridiculous, or as the despotic attempt of an Executive to aggrandize himself at the expense of a coördinate branch of the government.

THE SEVENTEENTH AMENDMENT.

Close upon the heels of the income-tax amendment, the amendment providing for direct election of United States Senators has obtained its requisite quota of three-fourths of the States of the Union. It is less than ten months since the amendment was passed by Congress, and this rapidity in the process of confirmation disposes of the long-standing notion that the difficulties in altering the Federal Constitution are almost insuperable. The truth, as brought out in the history of the two amendments just ratified, is that changes in the Constitution can be made with reasonable promptness—indeed, it would hardly be too much to say with expedition—whenever there arrives that degree of general and fixed recognition

of its desirability upon which a change of the organic law ought to be based. Before this latest amendment could be adopted, it had to obtain the approval of two-thirds of the United States Senators, who were always supposed to cling with extraordinary tenacity to the existing method; and it had to obtain the assent of the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States to the abandonment of a function which was naturally valued as giving importance and prestige to membership in those bodies. Yet, as soon as the question had been thoroughly settled in the minds of the people at large, the personal preference either of Senators or of Legislaturemen ceased to play any part whatever.

Some men of high intellectual qualifications, but not of a type to win popular support, may be kept out by the new method, as well as men who have owed their seats to no qualifications at all except those connected with the pulling of wires and the management of political machines. But the benefit of the change that has been accomplished is not to be measured simply by an assessment of the personal qualifications of the Senators. To have got rid of a prolific source of intrigue and corruption is, in itself, an incalculable gain. And along with this will go benefits of the first order, both as regards the national Government and the State Governments. The six-year term of Senators has acted, and ought to act, as a balance-wheel in our governmental system; but the choice in the first instance should represent a real act of selection, upon public grounds, and not that hole-and-corner manœuvring which, in so many instances, it has become. Under the new régime, the Senate will command a kind and degree of respect which, a few years ago, it was evidently in imminent danger of losing. And elections to State Legislatures will be freed from a disturbing element that has gone far towards paralyzing all efforts to improve the quality of those bodies. With the election of United States Senators eliminated from the problem, it is not too much to hope that we shall, before long, acquire the habit of choosing members of our Legislatures on the basis of State issues and the personal merits of candidates, instead of following party labels and playing into the hands of machine politicians.

That the personal quality of the Senate will, however, in the long run, be improved is not too much to hope. No inference on this head can be made from the results that have been attained in a few sporadic cases of the application of a method similar to, or approximating toward, that of the outright direct election of Senators. To be one of the two men representing a State in the small and powerful upper branch of the Congress of the United States is intrinsically a great distinction and a great privilege. Whether party nominations be made by direct primaries—as they doubtless soon will be, in nearly all cases—or by conventions, the final decision will be made by the people at large, and parties will have this fact in mind from the outset. To suppose that, when this has become the established situation, the survival of the unfit will be anything but an occasional exception is to have very little confidence in democratic institutions.

The doctrine of the virtual unamendability of the Constitution has had, in these latter years, two salient consequences. For several years it was quite the fashion to decry respect for Constitutional restrictions as a slavish subserviency to the rule of the dead hand; the rights of the present generation, it was declared, could not be overridden by a lot of antiquated provisions which were set up by men of a past age, and which, not foreseeing this age of steam and electricity, they had made it virtually impossible to alter. The logical, and indeed the inevitable, outcome of this attitude, if it had prevailed, would have been the virtual nullification of the Constitution; and its failure to gain headway may be regarded as a proof that the country was by no means disposed to accept this as desirable. A later development was the agitation for the reversal of judicial decisions on Constitutional questions by popular vote. This proposal has always been bound up with a most curious confusion of thought. It was ostensibly directed at State Constitutions only; but everybody knows that the amendment of State Constitutions is a process of very great facility. The actual force behind it, whether perceived or not by the agitators in its favor, was the difficulty of amending the Federal Constitution; and the prompt incorporation into that instrument of two popular amendments can hardly fail to have a disastrous effect upon the propaganda. That we should have no written Constitution is a tenable position; that the courts should have no power to declare laws unconstitutional is a tenable position; but the notion that the Constitution of the United States should be easily changed from year to year, and the proposition that the courts' interpretation of it should be subject to annulment by a count of noses on election day, strike us as wholly devoid of sober political sense.

THE INCOME TAX.

It is natural that, in discussions of the pending tariff bill, public attention should thus far have been directed chiefly to changes in the import duties and their effect on trade conditions. This part of the problem is familiar; the questions arising from the income tax are not. For such a Federal tax we have only the two precedents of the Civil War levy, which, as a pure emergency tax, was not discussed on the broadest principles, and the proposals of 1894, which were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. The recent ratification by the States of a Constitutional amendment, framed to remove the obstacles which were encountered by the act of 1894, has sufficiently demonstrated the country's approval of the income tax in principle, and its incorporation in the Underwood bill had, therefore, been taken for granted. But the very fact that the situation is in many respects new makes it less easy to be certain at the start as to the real significance of the details of the bill.

The position taken by the authors of the pending measure, that citizens should contribute to the expenses of government in accordance with their several incomes, and not merely in proportion to their consumption of dutiable merchandise, appears to meet with general acceptance. There is, however, this criticism on the income tax as a source of public revenue, that the limitations on excessive taxation of that nature are never so clearly in evidence as in the case of customs or excise taxes. Excessive customs duties will shut out importations altogether, and thus reduce, instead of expanding, the public revenue. Excessive excise imposts will raise

prices directly and visibly to consumers, and will in many instances actually check production.

But a tax on incomes produces none of these visible results. If, at a certain point, it bears with undue hardship on certain classes of the community—if it brings about inequality; if it embarrasses the free movement of capital into industry—the connection between cause and effect will not be easy to determine for the community as a whole. We are not calling attention to any particular provisions of the bill in its present form, but are merely stating general facts which the history of income-tax legislation, especially in recent years, has brought to light in other countries than our own.

One thing which that experience has taught is the bearing of the income tax on public extravagance. For the reasons above set forth, it is possible for Governments to increase repeatedly the rate of such a tax, without being stopped by its sudden non-productiveness. Purely from the point of view of revenue, this is an advantage; but its danger, especially in an era of governmental extravagance, is that the framers of appropriation bills, the projectors of increased national armaments, the log-rollers, and the pension grabbers, may imagine themselves to have discovered the philosopher's stone. Until 1905, England's income tax rate never exceeded one shilling in the pound sterling, except in time of war or in the period of debt-redemption immediately after war. It has not been below that rate since 1905, and has in fact been increased during the more recent years, and the increase has gone hand in hand with England's extravagant and politically unfortunate "Dreadnought policy."

This consideration draws attention to the House committee's fiscal calculations. The sugar duties, which have been producing upwards of $50,000,000 annually, are to be at once reduced, and presently abolished, and this, with other reductions in the revenue through changes in the tariff, is to be more than compensated for by the $100,000,000 revenue roughly calculated from the income tax. The estimate may turn out to be correct; yet it points to dangerous possibilities if the appropriation committees are forthwith to untie the purse-strings.

The revenue plans of the McKinley bill of 1890 went to wreck through exactly this procedure of throwing over the surely productive sugar tax for other experimental taxes, in the face of increased appropriations. Of the Wilson law of 1894, the correctness of the original plan is debatable, inasmuch as the income-tax provisions were never put into effect, and inasmuch, also, as the Senate restored a portion of the sugar duties, which the House had voted to abolish altogether. The actual Treasury deficit, in the first full fiscal year after the Wilson bill, was $25,200,000; it would have been $56,000,000 had the sugar tax been abolished. But the estimate drawn up for the Senate by the Bureau of Statistics named $39,000,000 as the maximum annual yield of that year's income-tax provision—which contemplated a higher basic rate than does the pending bill.

We call these sufficiently well-known facts to mind in order to show that there are certain very possible snags ahead in this new legislation levying an income tax. Of the administrative provisions for the tax, there will be much more to say hereafter. The idea of "collecting at the source," through requiring employers and investment corporations to deduct from the salaries, wages, and interest coupons, payable by them, the amount due by the beneficiary for his income tax, is an ingenious plan for preventing evasion of the tax; but the administrative clause is crowded with technicalities, and will unquestionably cause great confusion. It can hardly be said to have been drawn in a way to clear up the actual requirements, either of employer or employee, corporation or investor. We imagine that this part of the pending measure will be the focus of much perplexed discussion, in and out of Congress, before its actual scope and meaning are made altogether clear.

POLICING A STATE.

The Buffalo street car strike called into service 3,000 militiamen, some of whom, after being fired upon, wounded a woman and a schoolboy. Auburn, too, in this State, has just had its strike and rioting, and there are still two companies on duty there. Every couple of months or so these scenes are repeated, witness Glens Falls, and as regularly there is complaint on the one side of a failure of the constituted local authorities to preserve order, and on the other of flagrant abuse of official power in the way of the denial of the Constitutional rights of free speech and assembly. It should seem as if the time were more than ever ripe for the establishment in New York of a State Constabulary on the lines of the Pennsylvania organization which has been so successful.

Primarily, such a body of trained men takes a place between the local authorities and the military. Pennsylvania used to work her militia harder than any other State. Strikes in the coal or steel districts frequently kept whole brigades under arms three months at a time, at a heavy expense to the State. In the seven years since the establishment of the Pennsylvania Constabulary, militiamen, if we remember correctly, have been ordered out for riot duty but once; on all occasions of disorder the Constabulary are called upon. Though numbering but 228 officers and men, they have successfully handled such dangerous outbreaks as those connected with the strikes at the Pressed Steel Car Company's works, at Chester, and in Philadelphia—not without cost to themselves, for they have lost seven killed and nineteen dangerously wounded, seven of the latter crippled for life—since first they took the field. At the time the militia appeared they were the sport of the crowds, for they had had no experience whatever in handling mobs. The Constabulary find rifles "inconvenient" in such work; they use only the long night-sticks that hang at their saddles, and so great is their reputation for knowing how to deal with riots that half-a-dozen men have frequently driven off thousands.

This force does not, of course, exist merely for emergency duty. In 1912, so writes their able superintendent, Major John C. Groome, in his annual report, his men, "by their quiet fearlessness, energy, and good judgment, have not only apprehended thousands of criminals and enforced law and order throughout the State, but have largely reduced the number of crimes, and in many localities prevented disorder and lawlessness." Their arrests in 1912 numbered 1,144 for eight different crimes—twenty-three for murder—and 80 per

cent. of those arrested were convicted. Obviously, they are increasing the respect for the law throughout Pennsylvania. Not only do they ride into remote districts where no police authority was visible before, but they provide machinery for bringing to justice offenders who formerly went scot-free because of incompetent or favor-seeking sheriffs, or the lack of coöperation between localities. Thus the Constabulary covered no less than 401,398 miles on patrol in 1912, visiting 2,370 towns or boroughs in sixty-six different counties, and they did this despite interruptions for special duty and the detective service they are constantly called upon to perform. All this was at a cost to the State of a trifle above $300,000.

To illustrate the detective work of his men, Major Groome cites several cases of coöperation with United States authorities, and captures made outside of the State. To pursue a platinum thief, one constable was sent to New York, New Jersey, and Massachusetts, eventually capturing the criminal in Maryland. Another offender was run down in Buffalo, and still others in Alabama and Virginia. Altogether, no less than 2,592 requests for assistance were received by the Constabulary from judges, sheriffs, chiefs of police, mayors, district attorneys, and other officials. This fact alone justifies the existence of the Constabulary, if it needed justification. Yet it is severely criticised by labor unions and their sympathizers, and by those who see wrong in the use of any force. The labor unions have thus far succeeded in preventing a much-needed increase of the constables. Not that they can allege that the State police have taken sides; they simply do not wish any efficient authority at hand when they think it time to strike. Last May the coal strike called out part of the Constabulary; less than 150 men kept order in five counties, where, prior to their appearance, the strikers were assaulting miners, pump-men, and engineers to their hearts' content. "After the first day," writes Major Groome, "there was no serious trouble, and the daily patrols from the fifteen sub-stations and the barracks at Pottsville and Wyoming were able to put down lawlessness and maintain order"—150 men upholding the law in five rural counties by day and night! Such is the value of special training for a given duty.

We have frequently dwelt upon the services of this body of police because it demonstrates that Americans can have police of a high order of efficiency and honesty if they choose to go to work the right way, and because we believe it to be one of the best antidotes for American disregard for law and authority.

A STUDY IN DEGENERACY.

By the New Jersey Department of Charities and Correction a remarkable report has just been submitted to Gov. Fielder. It embodies the studies of certain degenerate families, or strains, made during the past two years by Miss Elizabeth S. Kite. Fitted for the work by previous training and experience, and with a sufficient native endowment of tact and skill, she went to a section of Burlington County where degraded men and women lived in something like promiscuity, and little by little worked out the life-history of selected cases. The results are startling. It may be that this proof of inherited degeneracy, with its consequent burdens on the State, is not so overwhelming as it was in the famous case of the "Jukes" family years ago, but it is surely enough to arouse the deep interest of the philanthropic people and the authorities of New Jersey.

The work was done under the direct sanction of the State. An appropriation "for research" was given to the Department of Charities, for the express purpose of undertaking such inquiries as that of Miss Kite. The reason and justification for the State's investigating this matter is plain. In New Jersey, one in every 206 of the population is a ward of the State—either a prisoner for crime, or insane, or feeble-minded, or diseased. Burlington County has the highest proportion of these delinquents or dependents—one to every 155 of the population. This is one reason why the study was made there. It was believed—as the evidence fully confirmed—that mentally defective and vicious and criminal classes were in some places allowed to propagate their kind dangerously. A spot called "The Pines" was notorious. Decent people living near it were aware of the facts and called for help. Even from within the degenerate community itself an occasional appeal would come to the charity officials. "Can't yer do som'thin' with Beck and Ida?" It was to this region that Miss Kite went, and for two years explored conditions there. They are almost unspeakable; and it gives one a shock to find that they are possible in one of our oldest States. But what the report sharply emphasizes is the fact that the State cannot afford to neglect such an open sore. From it infection radiates. Not only so, but the pollution, even if confined, means steady additions to the imbeciles and insane and criminals for whom the State has to care.

The report gives fictitious names to the persons whose lives she investigated. Among these, two or three families—or, at least, fathers and mothers and children—stand out prominently. One of these is called "The Lackey Family." In it 292 individuals were charted up and down for three generations. It is a dark record. Out of the whole number only six are put down as entirely normal. As many as 174 were illegitimate. There were three outright imbeciles; while those whose history led to the almshouse and prison numbered scores. Another family is designated the "Dixon-Osborn"—names not the real ones. Here 199 individuals were recorded, and the facts are summarized as follows:

RECAPITULATION.

Individuals recorded.	Male.	Female.	Total.
Normal	10	3	13
Normality in?	2	2	4
Unknown	2	5	7
Normal and criminal	1	..	1
Degenerate	60	64	124
Degenerate and almshouse	3	3	6
Degenerate and criminal	15	5	20
Degenerate, almshouse, and criminal	1	1	2
Degenerate, illegitimate	6	9	15
Degenerate, illegitimate, and almshouse	..	2	2
Degenerate, illegitimate, and criminal	2	..	2
Illegitimate normally in?	1	..	1
Illegitimate died in infancy	1	..	1
Died in infancy	..	1	1
	104	95	199

It was the business of the agent of the Department of Charities and Correction only to ascertain and report the facts. The Commissioner, Mr. Joseph P. Byers, undertakes to set forth a part of their significance. First of all, the State must be informed. This is the object of publishing such a report, in itself so depressing. Until we know the sources of contamination, we cannot

intelligently go about the work of drying them up. Commissioner Byers remarks that the energy of the State has been mostly expended in quarantining, as it were, against these diseased classes of the population, instead of curing them. He would have such cases of plain degeneracy isolated, just as if they were infectious diseases. It may be that special laws will be necessary to bring such breeding of imbecility and criminality under restraint, but an enormous amount can be done by better enforcing the laws which we already have.

THE TEACHER'S QUANDARY.

"There was applause from the audience," so runs the report of the talk given the other day by the teacher of Helen Keller, "when Mrs. Macy said that after trying her own method in teaching she had finally followed the initiative of the child, never made her follow anything until she was weary of it, and that she believed that to be the proper way of educating children. 'I did not see then, and I do not see now, why a child should study something in which it is not interested. It is a waste of energy.'"

This view has been attracting a great deal of attention in recent years. One thing that has stimulated this interest is the remarkable stories that have come out from time to time about the achievements of a few individual children—particularly the son of Professor Wiener of Harvard and the son of Dr. Boris Sidis—who, educated by their parents upon a plan wholly different from that current in the schools, have shown extraordinary attainments at an early age. Professor Wiener has recently described in print the way in which he conducted the education of his children, collaterally with their attendance in the public schools. Like Mrs. Macy, he would have everything turn on the child's voluntary interest in his studies; his attitude on this point being perhaps clearly enough indicated by one incident in the school life of his son Norbert:

> He learned to read at a very early age. In many other respects, however, he was not as quick as plenty of children of the same age. I sent him to the public schools of this small town. Presently I was informed that he did not know the multiplication tables. I replied that he would know them fast enough when he was ready to apply them. For three mortal weeks I reasoned with this schoolmaster, and the only reply I could get from him was: "But your son doesn't know the multiplication tables." In despair I removed him from the school and set him to work at advanced mathematics: algebra, geometry, and trigonometry. He soon discovered the multiplication tables for himself.

In truth, however, opinions on the general question of educational method derived from individual experiences of this kind are entitled to extremely little weight. Professor Wiener protests that his boy is not unusually gifted, just as John Stuart Mill declared, in his autobiography, that he was a man of ordinary endowment, and that the apparently amazing things he had done in his early childhood and youth could be done generally under like teaching. But every teacher of mathematics knows the almost infinite differences among different pupils in their capacity for that study; and if every child that shies at the multiplication table, or finds in it no appeal to his sense of the useful or the beautiful, were to be allowed to postpone acquirement of it until he had been stimulated thereto by his interest in algebra, geometry, and trigonometry, that humble accomplishment would be missing in the repertory of a very respectable number of adults. Still less is the experience of Helen Keller a safe guide for dealing with the multitude; for, whatever may be the case with young Wiener, there can be no question whatever of the extraordinary character of Miss Keller's native gifts of mind and spirit, not to speak of the talent, skill, and devotion of her teacher. The few striking examples of success attained by the operation of the spontaneous interest of keen-minded children, guided by specially able and sympathetic teachers, are brought to public notice again and again; but of the great army of the commonplace, inert, unintellectual children, with whom the rank and file of teachers have constantly to labor, we hear nothing. "Why don't you select a course without mathematics in it?" asked a college professor of a faithful fellow who had failed again and again in calculus. "I like it about as much as anything," was the unexpected and unanswerable response.

Of the importance of making school work interesting to the child there cannot be too full a recognition. The waste and detriment that come from stupid and mechanical drudgery, where real intellectual life might be, is enormous. What we object to in the simple doctrine to which we have been referring is not its overestimating the value of mental interest, but its assumption either that this can be had for the asking or that in its absence nothing should be attempted. Conceivably all this might be true if an unlimited amount of individual attention were available for each child; though even then we believe the doctrine would have its limitations, for it is by no means certain that the discipline involved in mastering difficult, uncongenial tasks is without a great value of its own. But under the actual circumstances, the teacher must strike such balance as he can between the needs of those pupils whose interest is easily excited and of those whose intellectual curiosity is slight; of those to whom mastery of a subject comes with little difficulty, and those to whom it is a painful effort. The alert and able teacher will manage to make the subject interesting to many, while not neglecting to instil a fair knowledge of it into the minds of the others. And he will welcome any plan by which the waste attendant on this rough adjustment can be diminished. Some efforts in this direction are being made by school superintendents, and much more should be done. Rapid promotion for able students, more elasticity in the school routine, an increase of individual discretion on the part of the teachers, above all a higher standard of teaching ability, will help. But the problem will not be solved by the mere introduction of a new doctrine, or the mere adoption of a new attitude; for no one doctrine, and no one attitude, fits the complicated variety of young human beings for whose intellectual welfare the teacher is called on to care.

MISCELLANEOUS GERMAN BOOKS.

The new popular edition of Dr. Paul Schlenther's "Gerhart Hauptmann" (Berlin: S. Fischer) is such a thorough revision of the first edition, which dates back fifteen years, as to be virtually a new work. It is a valuable commentary on the development of Hauptmann during this last decade: it discreetly alludes to crises in his life which affected his work, confirms the impression that the poet's growth has reached a period of transition, and explains some of his recent failures. In the "Jungfern vom Bischofsberg," which

was hailed by his antagonists as evidence of his decline, he had intended to glorify the halcyon days of his youth spent at Hohenhaus, where the three sisters dwelt that were to become the wives of Georg, Carl, and Gerhart Hauptmann. Women of culture and character they were, and faithful aids of the two poets in their years of storm and stress. But the vein of pure comedy is not strong in Gerhart Hauptmann and the memory of that great happiness had somewhat faded. Thus Schlenther accounts for the weakness of the play which had all the elements of a dramatic success. "Gabriel Schillings Flucht" and "Ratten" were also probably too long delayed and, when at last written, left his workshop before they were ready. In Schlenther's opinion, "The Fool in Christ" seems to indicate the zenith of his powers in those last trying years.

Among the most attractive features of that excellent and now long suspended weekly conducted by the late Theodor Barth, *Die Nation*, were the contributions of Felix Poppenberg. This writer penetrated, as did no one else, the spirit of new authors, and his style had a rare personal flavor. Such qualities make the volume of his essays, entitled "Maskenzüge" (Berlin: Erich Reiss), one of the most interesting of recent publications. The first part is called "Menschlichkeiten." Out of the letters of Hans von Bülow the author has constructed a life-like picture, and has used the correspondence between Bismarck and his wife for a similar purpose. Of curious interest is the chapter entitled "Mein Fürst" and devoted to the famous eccentric, Pückler-Muskau. Poppenberg also pays tribute to Therese Huber, one of the first "advanced" women of Germany in the eighteenth century, and draws a peculiar parallel between her and the type embodied in George Moore's Evelyn Innes and Jakob Wassermann's Renate Fuchs. Some fifty pages are given to studies of several volumes of love letters which the "psychological" inquiry of our time has dragged forth from the past. Poppenberg's comments upon this epistolary literature abound in pungent thought. Caroline Schlegel and Rahel Varnhagen could hardly be better characterized than by his words: "Carolinen-Genialität steht gegenüber das theoretische Liebestalent der Rahel."

Karl Scheffler is a writer who challenges attention by his seriousness and simplicity. His "Gesammelte Essays" (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag) begin with "Die Moral der Qualität," which contains some remarkable statements. Scheffler finds in the nation that daily talks to itself about religion and morals, art and beauty, and tries to prove to itself what is beautiful, moral, or strong, a symptom of its uncertainty and poverty. He deplores the sophisticating power of foregone abstractions and the frantic attempts at producing new forms of culture:

> Die deutsche Nation besteht fast nur noch aus "Gebildeten." Und das ist eben der Grund ihrer Unproduktivität in allen Idealen. Denn die Herrschaft von Theorien und Begriffen bezeichnet stets einen Zustand des Stockens oder Versiegens der eigentlich schöpferischen Kräfte, einen Zustand der Schwäche. . . . Die einzige würdige Kulturpolitik ist die Selbsterziehung des Einzelnen zu reiner und gefühlsstarker Unterscheidungskraft.

For the second group of papers the editor of *Kunst und Künstler* stands sponsor. They deal with the grotesque, with ornament, with German architecture, with the picture-book, and the Christmas tree as works of art, with artists in social life and with those that died young. Scheffler produces a startling array of names to prove that the art of painting lends itself to early development and realization. The paper on "Nationalphrasen" contains this noteworthy passage:

> Je schwieriger der Sinn einer Zeit zu fassen ist, desto reicher geht die Saat der Nationalphrasen auf; je verwirrter ein Geschlecht ist, desto mehr versteckt es seine Unsicherheit hinter falschen Sicherheitsgedanken. Wir sehen die Phrase darum heute regieren und opponieren, befehlen, gehorchen und sich auflehnen, schwärmen und höhnen; sie hat Gastrecht im Lager der Konservativen, der Liberalen und der Sozialdemokraten, im Reichstag und in der Volksversammlung, im Theater und im Gerichtssaal. Nur in die Werkstatt dringt sie nicht, ins Kontor, nicht dahin, wo das wirtschaftliche Leben mit eisernem Zwang absolute Sachlichkeit und produktive Nüchternheit fordert.

The book closes with a paper on youth which is an earnest protest against that German education which trains the intellect at the expense of the body, removes the child further and further from contact with nature, and fosters opportunism. At first sight the rising generation raises hopes. The quantity of talent has enormously increased, but the quality is disappointing. It is "Nerventalent" and a product of greater susceptibility and irritability. Although it is combined with keenness of intellect, Scheffler misses in it the naïve creative element, the manly.

Hermann Bahr's facile pen is also represented by a volume of "Essays" (Insel-Verlag). These papers on an amazing variety of subjects bear traces of having been republished with little or no changes from a newspaper column. But Bahr is exceedingly well informed on everything pertaining to modern letters, music, and art. Nor does he confine himself to the German-speaking part of the European Continent; he deals with Goethe, the Goncourts, and Tolstoy, Klinger, Manet, and Zuloaga, Brahms, Wagner, and Strauss, Sven Hedin, and even Walt Whitman. He says of the last:

> Whitman is the first poet since Goethe who has given art a new motive. All other poets are contained in Goethe. But Whitman discovered a new human realm. He represents the thoughts and emotions and the new rhythm awakened in man when he steps from his isolation into the life of the community. He has discovered the democratic man for art.

In one of the essays he emphasizes the difference between the European and the American attitude towards nature, which makes of Thoreau a unique figure among the nature-writers in any language, and envies Americans for having so much earlier than the Europeans learned to live nature. Like Scheffler, Bahr is seriously concerned about the German conception of "Bildung." He denies that knowledge and learning solve the problem. He wants education to become a more vital element of life, one that will give us strength to do and to suffer:

> Dies ist Bildung; kein Besitz von Kenntnissen, sondern immer mit aufnehmender Seele bereit zu sein und sich aller Erscheinungen des Lebens zu bemächtigen.

He refers to Goethe, Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, and Paul de Lagarde in support of his opinion, and quotes the late Moritz von Egidy: "Kunst und Wissenschaft nicht mehr neben unserem Leben, unser Leben selbst." His own conception of the mission of education Bahr formulates thus: "Aus theoretischen ästhetische Menschen zu machen, das ist die Aufgabe der Zeit"; and in surveying the work of the German university he comes to these pessimistic conclusions:

> Ich bin im Innersten sehr mistrauisch, ob unser Universitätswesen überhaupt noch irgendeiner Zukunft fähig ist. Es wird heillos viel Kraft vertan, und man kann vor lauter Chinesentum kaum mehr atmen. Rettung ist nur durch die Studenten möglich. Aber nur dann, wenn sie sich entschliessen, ihren absonderlichen Hochmut aufzugeben und am Leben der Nation teilzunehmen. Ihre Zukunft ist beim Volk.

Peter Altenberg is an Austrian of quite different character and calibre. He incarnates the essence of that over-refined intellectuality and over-sensitive emotionalism by which young Austria has added a note of its own to modern German literature. The titles of his works suggest their contents and their quality, "Wie ich es sehe," "Was der Tag mir zuträgt," "Prodromos," "Märchen des Lebens," "Die Auswahl aus meinen Büchern," "Neues Altes," and "Semmering 1912" (Berlin: S. Fischer). They are all intensely personal. His vivisection of the soul produces astonishing results. A group of aphorisms is entitled "Noch nicht einmal Gedankensplitter," and the last part, "Noch nicht einmal Splitter von Gedanken.' This characterizes the hair-splitting analysis to which Altenberg subjects his own men-

tal process. If his "ideation" produces nothing but "splinters," his emotional life knows nothing but "nuances." Altenberg is a pathetic specimen of a world that has so long scorned direct contact with unspoilt nature that it has become completely estranged from the fundamentals of life.

A library of political and sociological literature is in process of publication by Eugen Diederichs of Jena; it contains a score of very timely works by scholars of eminence. One of the most recent of these publications is Gustav F. Steffen's book, "Die Grundlage der Soziologie." Contrary to the tendency of some modern writers to apply the standards of natural science to all the sciences, Steffen contends that sociology calls for a different treatment from that given to science of inorganic nature. He says in his introduction, in which he acknowledges his indebtedness to Bergson, Wundt, and the Viennese logician, Stöhr:

In der Biologie (oder Physiologie) hat es der Forscher mit einem Gemische des Lebendigen und des Leblosen zu tun. Die Soziologie aber hat zum Gegenstande reines Leben, d. h. nichts als menschliche Bewusstheit und die Wechselwirkungen zwischen den Gedanken, Gefühlen, Bestrebungen des einen Menschen und denen anderer Menschen. Deswegen wird diejenige Methodenfrage, welche schon in der Biologie auftaucht, erst in der Soziologie (und Psychologie) aktuell.

He divides his "system" of sociology into seven parts. The first is contained in his book, "Der Weg zu sozialer Erkenntniss," and the second in "Die Irrwege sozialer Erkenntniss," both published by Diederichs; the third deals with the position of sociology among the sciences, the fourth with the psychic fundamentals of social life; the fifth is called "Das Naturmilieu des sozialen Lebens"; the sixth deals with social groups, and the last with sociological laws.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

We have turned the pages of some thousands of sale catalogues, but seldom have we been so deeply impressed by the personal interest of the books and manuscripts described, as in our first eager going over of Sotheby's Catalogue of their sale of May 1 to May 8 next. This collection, sold by order of the executor of the late Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, comprises the intimate belongings, literary and artistic, of his parents, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

We are not among those who decry the sale of such material, though we may be thankful that the son did not himself in his own lifetime send his family treasures to the auction block. Nor are we one of those who regret that the collection was not given to a public institution. Public institutions are grand helps to culture; they are storehouses of the accumulated treasures of ages; but they have no hearts. These manuscripts and letters of the two Brownings—these books given to them by their friends, fellow torch-bearers of "life and love and light"—will, as they become scattered, give inspiration, or exaltation, or, at the least, a keen pleasure in possession, to many a future owner, some true and sincere admirers and lovers of the Brownings and their writings, others, perhaps, mere collectors of literary rarities.

The catalogue is in five parts, the first, paintings and engravings, containing among others a drawing by Rossetti, the Portrait of Tennyson Reading Maud, and several portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Browning; the second, the manuscripts and letters; the third, the books, and the last, the objects of use or ornament, comprising such personal relics as Mrs. Browning's writing case, as she left it on June 29, 1861; her table, upon which she is said to have written "Aurora Leigh" at Casa Guidi; and a reliquary containing a lock of Milton's hair.

The manuscripts and books interest us most. At the head of all is lot 166, the Love Letters, two hundred and eighty-four letters from Robert Browning and two hundred and eighty-seven from Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the only letters which ever passed between this pair, for after their marriage husband and wife were never for a day apart.

The manuscripts of most of Robert Browning's books are in the library of Balliol College, Oxford; one important volume, the collection of poems printed under the title of "Dramatis Personæ," is in the J. Pierpont Morgan library, and one is offered in this sale. This is Browning's last book, "Asolando," published on the day of his death, December 12, 1889, ninety-three pages of manuscript. An equally priceless manuscript is "A Last Word to E. B. B.," six pages, first printed with the title "One Word More" as the final poem in the collection "Men and Women," published in 1855.

There are other Robert Browning manuscripts in the sale, but they are scrappy in character. The poet, many years before his death, destroyed the manuscripts of many of his early writings.

But an unsuspected wealth of Mrs. Browning's manuscripts has been preserved, first in importance being the complete autograph manuscript of "Aurora Leigh," 410 pages, octavo. Of less bulk, but no less precious, are the forty-three "Sonnets from the Portuguese," the printer's copy used in the edition of 1850; also earlier drafts of twenty-seven of the Sonnets. Two manuscripts of "An Essay on Mind," both incomplete; manuscripts of "Prometheus Bound," "Casa Guidi Windows," and "Poems Before Congress" are other important lots. Besides these, there are numerous note books, some containing very early poems, and several parcels of odds and ends of manuscript. Robert Browning seems to have collected his wife's letters from their recipients, and here they are—between three and four hundred to Miss Mitford; two hundred and forty to Hugh Stuart Boyd, the blind scholar; fifty-five to Mrs. Jameson, and others. Many of these are unpublished.

Among letters to the Brownings are series by Carlyle, Landor, Ruskin, Swinburne, Tennyson, Rossetti, Leigh Hunt, Locker Lamson, Lord Lytton, B. W. Procter, and others, besides one letter from Dickens and two from Thackeray. Of the greatest literary interest is Rossetti's first letter to Browning, in which he tells him that, two or three months before, he had found at the British Museum a poem, published in 1833, entitled "Pauline: A Fragment of a Confession," which, not being able to procure from the publisher, he had transcribed entire. From its analogy in style to "Paracelsus," he surmised it to have been written by Browning.

The most valuable of the printed books is a copy, in the original boards with label, of this same "Pauline," Robert Browning's first book, but its proper companion, Mrs. Browning's first book, "The Battle of Marathon," of which fifty copies were printed in 1820, does not appear. There are several copies of some of her later books, and for the most part they are inscribed copies. Of "An Essay on Mind" (1826) there are the copy given by Miss Barrett to her mother, the copy given to her sister Arabel, and a third with autograph signature of Robert Browning. Of the "Poems Before Congress" (1860) there is the copy given by Mrs. Browning to Robert Browning, with interesting manuscript matter inserted, and another copy given by Robert Browning to their son. Several of Browning's own books are presentation copies to the son, whom they called "Pen" or "Penini."

The library contains a few old books picked up from time to time by Mr. or Mrs. Browning (one, as he has noted, bought by weight), mostly bearing the signature of one or the other; but the principal value lies in the nineteenth-century books, given to Mr. or Mrs. Browning by their several authors. These include books with inscriptions by Tennyson, Landor, Carlyle, Meredith, Ruskin, Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, Leigh Hunt, William Morris, and Thomas Hardy. Among Americans are presentation copies of books from Lowell, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Bret Harte.

Correspondence

THE NEW POETRY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In various current discussions of the work of the cubist and futurist painters it has been remarked that there are signs of similar efforts in the field of literary composition. Thoughtful observers are beginning to be conscious that in poetry, as in music, the principles of Futurism have come to be accepted in theory and attempted in practice by a significantly respectable number of persons, and that their effect upon the present and future of these arts cannot be left without consideration. In saying this I do not venture to assume any complete understanding of what the principles in question are. Judged by their fruits, however, they may be summed up under the several formulæ which students of literary history recognize in connection with the familiar types of the morbid hypertrophy of romanticism—for example, these: (1) the exaggeration of the importance of a personal emotion; (2) the abandonment of all standards of form, and (3) the suppression of all evidence that a particular com-

position is animated by any directing intelligence.

These remarks are suggested by a rather painful bit of recent evidence in the field of poetry. A year ago there appeared a new periodical, called *Poetry, a Magazine of Verse*, which was heralded as an organ which should at once prove that poetry still lives in these United States and help to make it live the more. It was said to be endowed; it was to pay all contributors; it was to emanate from Chicago—all these things suggested a fine hopeful vigor. A year has passed, and the magazine has seemed, on the whole, to maintain the hopes it excited; it has, at least, been able to present a considerable amount of new poetry from writers both known and unknown. But at the end of the twelvemonth the editor expresses some discouragement with the offerings that have come to view. The causes of this discouragement deserve attention. The young poets, it seems, are "pathetically ingenuous" in their attitude; they seem "as unaware of the twentieth century as if they had spent these recent years in an Elizabethan manor-house or a vine-clad Victorian cottage." And by this it is not meant that they are not alive to the current interests of the race, but that they write "in old forms which have been worn thin by five centuries," instead of forging new "chains for the English language," as if it had never before been subdued to poetry. Even Mr. Alfred Noyes tries to keep alive epic and ballad measures, and even Mr. Masefield swings into the stride of Byronic verse. The younger generation, we may infer, has not yet been made sufficiently immune to the stimuli of the poetry of the past. They cannot, to be sure, read Greek—there is no complaint of sapphics and hexameters, as there would have been in other days—but they do seem still to read their Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and to have lighted their fire from these poets, instead of viewing them as a builder of a modern casino ought to view "an Elizabethan manor-house or a vine-clad Victorian cottage."

In order that we may be in no doubt as to what the editor of *Poetry* welcomes, in contrast to these trite effusions, the same number gives more than half of its poetic pages to a collection of what may safely be called futurist verses. They open thus:

> Will people accept them? (*i. e.*, these songs);

they refer with elaborate indecorousness to the reporters, professors, and pretty ladies who will *not* accept them; they flaunt occasional indecencies which are at once harmless and inexcusable, because unconnected with passion; they are guiltless of form, as form is known to masters or students of the art of poetry—in short, they exhibit with wanton richness all the signs of what I have called the morbid hypertrophy of romanticism. That they are not without certain merits is not to the point just here.

I am firmly of the opinion that the morbid banalities of Futurism are better ignored than attacked, and should not think of addressing this letter either to the editor or the constituency of *Poetry*. But for those of us interested in the present state of the arts, and still in allegiance also to the old laws, it cannot fail to be a matter of concern that the younger generation, aspiring—as always—to do for us what others have done for other ages, should be nurtured in part upon the undoubtedly sincere nonsense of the editorial I have outlined, and probably insincere nonsense of the verses that form its background. There is a moral here, of some sort, for all who can exert any influence upon the young. As I have already hinted, I do not think it is to the effect that we should raise the cry against the false prophets and their art—"Tear them! Ho! fire-brands! Burn all!"—but rather that we should renew our energies in teaching the right principles on which all true art is founded, and so enable our children to test and throw aside the products of distorted imaginations, even if they are fascinatingly novel and full of color and noise.

I have one other humble aim in writing this letter. Being at present an eligible witness from the great Middle West whence the magazine *Poetry* arises, I wish to offer my testimony that hereabouts, as elsewhere, the old poetry is still what is wanted by the two kinds of readers that alone count in the long run; the great mass of the plain people, and the great mass of the truly cultivated—the readers and teachers of literature. When Mr. Noyes was lately here, his Elizabethan ballads and Victorian lyrics were received with really notable enthusiasm—not because he is a great poet (whether he is or no is not implied), but because he speaks the language, metrical, emotional, and ethical, of our race. If the contributor to *Poetry* were to appear among us, urging his songs to

> Dance and make people blush,

without the riot of advertising which preceded the paintings of the kindred school, his work would also attract two classes of admirers, but two classes which are fortunately small in number—the frankly lascivious and the devotees of *art nouveau*. "So hath it been, so be it," whether in the vicinity of Chicago or the antipodes.

RAYMOND MACDONALD ALDEN.

The University of Illinois, March 11.

EXCHANGE PROFESSORS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many subjects were offered for discussion at the interesting conference of college French professors, which was held recently in New York, and was honored by the presence of his Excellency the Ambassador of France to Washington, M. Jusserand, and by Prof. J. Bédier, of the Collège de France, a special delegate of the French Government for this occasion. One of these questions—that of exchange professors—is of general interest.

Prof. Hugh Smith, of the University of Wisconsin, gave an impressive picture of the conditions prevailing in some of the Western universities regarding the difficulty in arousing interest in certain subjects, when the university was left to its own resources; he mentioned the system of the exchange professorships as a means of coping with the difficulty.

After speaking of the foreign exchange professors—an idea familiar to us all—he suggested the idea of domestic exchange professors. This has been for a long time a pet idea of mine, and possibly for this reason the paper of Professor Smith appealed to me particularly.

Our students can hardly be said to get all the benefit possible from a foreign exchange professor. The question of language is always a difficulty, except for English scholars. Few Continental professors know English well enough to give the full measure of their attainments. And if they speak their own language, they are not understood by many. We need not deceive ourselves on this point; many go to lectures of foreigners to see, not to hear. Moreover, a professor from abroad can seldom have the necessary insight into the mind of the American student; whereas, evidently, a man who has taught in America and who knows the conditions, can bring about better results, even if he should not be as scholarly or as original as his European colleague.

Suppose, then, that instead of taking a foreign scholar, we take a professor of some other American university, let us say a Columbia man exchanging with a Wisconsin man, the chances are that there will be nothing but profit for the University, for the professor, and for the student.

For the college: A new man is always an inspiration. And he can be that without disturbing the equilibrium of a department; since only frequent changes in the regular staff would be harmful. If the visitor is better than the man he is exchanged for, he stimulates; if he is not so good, he acts none the less as a stimulant—indirectly—by allowing the people of the institution to realize their superiority, and prompting the desire to maintain the standard, and even to raise it higher.

For the professor: To face another set of students than those he is used to in his own classroom at home, has a most stimulating effect. Those of us who have done summer-school work have felt this keenly. Summer-school work is perhaps not to be encouraged because it only adds summer fatigue to winter fatigue. But the good effect without the ill could be derived from a system of exchange.

For the student: With the present arrangement of the college curriculum, it is difficult for our students to go from one institution to another, as they do in Europe, and thus to obtain the advantage of variety of teaching. By the occasional exchange professorships, a college would render the student the service of forcing him to change, and preventing him from limiting his experience of instructors. Even should the student still prefer the first professor, he would by comparison realize better why he likes him and not the other—a result by no means negligible. ALBERT SCHINZ.

Bryn Mawr College, April 12.

THE AMERICAN DISCOVERED.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Are we not safe, even in a popular scientific monthly, from the cocksureness of the generalizer who knows by the actions of two or three what *all* Americans do? Herr Henning, of Denver, has confided to the Berlin periodical, *Himmel und Erde*, that the "average" American has neither liking for nature and its beauties nor understanding of them. This he proves by stating that Americans prefer to go to Europe with well-filled purse, and play the

"noble." We do not care for our own country. The "considerable number" of tourists which the railways carry to our various natural sights are almost entirely from Europe. Not even do we take walks for scenic pleasure or geologic study. Our mountain clubs, merely for sport, do not compare in any instance with the European clubs, especially the Deutsch-Oesterreichischer Verein. We have "no popular scientific literature of any kind," and descriptions of travel are to be found "höchstens" (!) in a few of the better magazines which cater to a small public. Herr Henning sums this up as conclusive proof that we are not won over to nature, but prefer to give all our time to amassing dollars.

This is followed by a few paragraphs of personal experiences to show even more decidedly how black our ignorance is. While one is genially disposed to grant the ignorance, one cannot help feeling assured that in these particular instances the good professor has been the butt of an impertinent American waggishness. The American wears not only his learning lightly, but also his ignorance.

In answering his question, "Why does the American know so little of what is A B C to even the German yokel?" Herr Henning comes to the heart of the matter. Our "education!" *Ach weh!* It suffers the ignominy of quotation marks. We have no education—that is, what we have is "virtually the same all over the country" and is on the "lowest thinkable level." The cause is the total inefficiency of our teachers, women teachers, that is. This he proves by one example of incapacity of one teacher in Milwaukee. Teacher, textbook, and superintendent of public instruction are all political institutions, here today, gone to-morrow, never adequate to the situation. The superintendent, by the way, is "in most States a woman."

As for the high schools, they are "boys' and girls' clubs," serving merely for sports and flirting. Learning, if at all, is poor and secondary in importance. No pupil knows anything when graduated. Proof of this is seen from the description of Darwin by a young lady graduate. She called him a "traitor against Scotland in the time of Mary, Queen of Scots."

Darwin reminds him of modern philosophic conceptions. We haven't any! They are forbidden, it seems. The church, which we thought separated from the state, holds us in its grasp, and will not let us study science, especially geology.

Herr Henning now comes to his conclusion with the acknowledgment that though there are many, many flies, there is a little ointment after all. The United States Geological Survey is a "grossartige" institution, and six of our universities are commendable. The men in these institutions have studied at "real" universities here, or—more probably—have learned true science ("echte Wissenschaft") in a German university. Herr Henning calls upon us to oust the females ("Frauenspersonen") from their desks and replace them with educated men teachers, and then we may hope to raise our standard. Then light may come "ex-Oriente" over the Western mind. HARRIET ANDERSON.

New York, April 12.

LIVINGSTONE AND STANLEY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was struck, upon reading your appreciative article on Livingstone, by the concluding paragraph:

> Americans of a generation back got their most vivid knowledge of Livingstone through Henry M. Stanley. The remarkable influence which Livingstone exerted upon Stanley, in the time they were together, has not often been noted, although the latter freely confessed it. But the fact is that Stanley was thereafter a changed man. He had been simply a keen and somewhat jaunty newspaper correspondent, ready to face hardship and go anywhere in order to get a sensational bit of news. But it seemed as if virtue went out of Livingstone to Stanley; for thereafter he entered upon the phase of his life which, with all its unhappy mistakes, brought out his qualities and won him his place on the list of African explorers. It all dated from that historic meeting in Ujiji.

It is quite true that Livingstone left a lifelong impress on Henry M. Stanley, but if you will look back at your files of 1871 I think you will find that you expressed doubt of the whole story of Stanley's discovery of Livingstone, because the style of Livingstone's letters, which Stanley brought back with him from the heart of Africa, were so utterly different from Livingstone's previous writings as to stamp the whole story as a fiction. Livingstone had had no intercourse with the white man for years, had not spoken the English language, and his letters were interlarded with the newspaper slang which Stanley at that time used. JAMES DOUGLAS.

New York, April 2.

Literature

A LEADER OF MODERNISM.

Autobiography and Life of George Tyrrell. In Two Volumes, Arranged with Supplements, by M. D. Petre. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

The duplex authorship and nature of this book are shown by the wording of its title. It is both an "autobiography" and a "life," the second beginning where the first leaves off. The Autobiography, which fills the first volume, was written in 1901, when Father Tyrrell was forty years old, and covers the period from his birth to the death of his mother in 1884. The Life, which fills the (much larger) second volume, is written by Miss Petre, a woman who knew Father Tyrrell intimately, and who has, by a very generous use of his letters to friends and foes, made the latter part of the work as autobiographical as possible.

The Autobiography is a rather strange work. It was not intended for publication, and Tyrrell's purpose in writing it seems to have been to make clear to himself, if possible, how he came to be a Catholic and a Jesuit. The work gives one the impression that throughout the years recounted, and, in fact, even while writing the book, the author was puzzled with himself. And, whether this was the case or not, certainly the reader who tries to understand Tyrrell's drift from Protestantism into the Society of Jesus will be puzzled. But the puzzle itself makes the Autobiography a peculiarly interesting document. The details of Tyrrell's outer life during these first twenty-three years are dull enough, to be sure; the interest is altogether centred in the strange spiritual drift towards a goal which, he assures us again and again, frequently repelled him. Born and brought up in a strongly anti-Catholic atmosphere in Ireland, he was as a child almost lacking in any religious sense, and at ten ceased, as he says, to be even a "non-believer" and became an "unbeliever." According to his own account, he had few redeeming features even of an intellectual or moral sort—"untruthful, violent, irreligious, idle, and good for nothing except ineffectual tinkering." But at about fourteen two new influences came by the merest chance into his life, which eventually were seen to mark the beginnings of his one real interest. He happened, namely, to read Butler's "Analogy" and so to gain a new respect for religion, and he happened to drift into a high Anglican church in Dublin, apparently because it bore the euphonious name of "Grangegorman."

Grangegorman interested and pleased him from his first visit, why, he hardly knew, except that he "felt instinctively that the difference between an altar and a communion table was infinite." And when his mother criticised some features of the service he flew eagerly to its defence, and his liking for it grew as a consequence. "Thus," he writes, "my first interest was in the very fringe and extreme outskirts of Christianity, and from these I was gradually driven, by force and need of consistency, to the centre and core. The wish that the whole system might be true, the wish that I could pray and believe, was soon strong in me, and made me disposed to catch at any shadow of justification for belief." And though for years he still felt considerable repugnance at the "tawdriness" of the Irish Catholic churches, and was also quite unable to accept intellectually the Catholic doctrines, he determined at this early time to enter the service of the Church—and, if possible, of the Catholic Church—and to give his life to the cause of religion.

It was, apparently, the genuine desire to be of service, coupled with the "will to believe," that led him not only out of boyish "infidelity" into membership in the Anglican Church, but out of that into the Roman fold. For if, by any chance, the Catholic claims *were* true, then in its service would be found the greatest opportunity for usefulness. In 1879, under the influence of Father Dolling, Tyrrell left Ireland for a short visit

(as he thought) in London; though as it turned out he was never to revisit his native land. In London he saw both Anglo-Catholicism and Roman Catholicism at greater advantage, and here the wish-to-believe had its full sway with him. "I felt," he says, "it would be Rome or nothing. I knew dimly that I had not any real *faith* in Rome—only a great wish that I could believe."

The same desire for service and will-to-believe that led him into Catholicism took him over, at the same time, the whole distance into the Society of Jesus. It was characteristic of his big nature to do thoroughly whatever he did at all. He knew little about the Society, but to his boyish imagination there was a glorious halo of self-devotion around it; and his belief that Protestants had foully maligned it and that its one great aim was unstinted service in the cause of religion and the cause of truth settled the matter for him. In an impulsive moment he turned both Catholic and Jesuit.

No sooner was Tyrrell within the Society of Jesus than the inevitable process of disillusion began. On nearer acquaintance it turned out to be anything but what he had expected; and the last six chapters of the Autobiography form a rather sad account of the struggle of his still brave will-to-believe against the disappointing dearth of the spirit and of any sort of enthusiasm for the defence of truth, coupled with the "wooden and mechanical" exercises and uninspiring tone of the community, to which he could not fully blind himself.

The Autobiography ends in the midst of his struggle to make himself into a good Jesuit—a struggle carried on while teaching in Jesuit schools in Cyprus and Malta, and while studying at Manresa and Stonyhurst—and the Life takes up the tale in the same rather sad epoch.

The interest of most readers in this second volume will centre upon Tyrrell's continued efforts to be an orthodox Catholic and a good Jesuit, the gradual wearying of even his stout will-to-believe, his final rupture with the Society, and at last his break with Rome. The beginning of the end came at about the time he wrote his Autobiography—namely, in 1900, when his article on "A Perverted Devotion" (an attack upon the dogma of Eternal Punishment) was censured by the Jesuit authorities. Not only was his work condemned; but he was forced to publish what he calls "an absolutely fatuous and unmeaning" retraction of it, and was restricted both in his writing and in his work as a priest. For a time he endured these conditions, but before long he found that life in the Society of Jesus was for him unendurable, and he applied for a release, accompanying his request by several long letters to the General in which he expresses in no uncertain terms his feelings of disgust towards the Society which had been suppressed so long. The request was temporarily withdrawn before it was technically granted, but in 1906 he was suspended from the Society on account of a certain heretical and unsigned article of his which had come to the General's notice. Once out of the Society, he was in a rather anomalous position. No Bishop would receive him into his diocese. Hence, though a Catholic priest of good and regular standing, he could not *act* as a priest anywhere. And though for some time he made futile efforts to regain the "celebret," he seems to have felt really much happier out of the priesthood than would have been possible for him under the restrictions which an active priest is bound to observe. In fact, from now on to the end we find Tyrrell more and more the militant champion of truth, nothing loath for any encounter in its defence, and with the old desire to subject himself to authority quite gone. The wish-to-believe had played itself out.

In this militant mood Tyrrell could take but one attitude towards the Pope's Encyclical Letter "Pascendi" of September, 1907. In characteristically bold fashion he published an answer to the Pope in the *Times* and the *Giornale d'Italia*. And to this attitude of Tyrrell's the Vatican could make but one response, namely, to deprive him of the Sacraments—which it did in October, 1907. In spite of this virtual excommunication, however, and in spite of all the faults and weaknesses in the Catholic Church which he so plainly saw, he persisted in calling himself a Catholic to the very end. The Anglican Church, to be sure, had strong attractions for him in his later years—so strong that he seems at times to have considered seriously the step of returning to it. The fact is not without significance that when the end came, in July, 1909, the Church of his adoption refused to admit his body within her consecrated ground, and he was buried, by a Catholic abbé, in the hospitable soil of the Church of his baptism.

To write the life of such a man was no easy task, and Miss Petre has done her work well. In spite of her friendship for Tyrrell, she has in no place indulged in anything like panegyric. She has stated the facts of his spiritual history in almost coldly simple terms. And if the reader feels at the end (as he probably will) that he has been led into something warmer than mere admiration for George Tyrrell, it will be due to the genuine nobility and sweetness of his nature. His life was a strange one, exhibiting the struggle between two fundamental human tendencies, the will-to-believe and the love of truth. Had the former of these not enjoyed undisputed sway in his earlier years, George Tyrrell would never have entered the Catholic Church, and would have led a much happier and more peaceful life. But had he done so his unique service to the cause of liberal religion, and let us hope to the Catholic Church itself, would never have been performed.

CURRENT FICTION.

Deering of Deal. By Latta Griswold. New York: The Macmillan Co.

To the child of any age and of either sex a story of a boys' school makes perennial appeal. The prevailing note of this one justifies its sub-title, "The Spirit of the School." Possibly, few others have so emphasized this motive as tingeing not only the boys' work and play, but the morale and tradition of the school, and supplying a permanent court of appeal for boys and masters. If discipline seems a little brutal at times, a little lax at other times, the instances are superficial and not of the substance of the book. A fine manliness is the code on the whole, and the boys make interesting portraits. There are thrilling ball games, wonderful feats of swimming, adventurous visits to delightful pirate caves in the woods, with all the joys of cryptic cooking—a poor thing, but their own. There is hazing cleverly met and cruelty signally punished. There are the ups and downs of boy friendships, the purblind teacher, the hopeless boy. But Tony Deering and his little knot of friends are good and pleasant company, while the masters, for the most part, the prefects, and the fine old Head inspire even the casual reader with a fondness for Deal School. Mr. Griswold distinctly states that the school exists only in his imagination, though sharing certain topographical features with the school at Newport with which he is connected. In the atmosphere of sea and beach, river and wood lies not a small part of the charm of the story, nor the least of the influences on the spirit of the school. We may hope that it is the scapegoat proof-reader and not the author who continually lets "whom" take the place of a nominative; and writes of "exceptionable" privilege and "unctious" enjoyment.

Stella Maris. By W. J. Locke. New York: John Lane Co.

As most readers will already know, the heroine who gives her beautiful name to this book is a young girl who, owing to some weakness of the spine, passes her days lying on her back in a chamber whose windows look out over the ocean. Her life is a kind of fairy

dream to herself, and to her kinsfolk and friends she is the star of the sea, Stella Maris, a gleam from some fairy sky. The friends are two young men of London, one an idealistic actor, the other a burly writer for the press whose wife has been sent to jail for vicious cruelty, and who takes into his charge the victim of her mania, a homely orphan girl. Of course, Stella Maris is cured of her weakness, and becomes an object of more human devotion to the two young men. The plot therefrom develops logically, but not without some surprises and some melodrama.

Mr. Locke reaches a deeper tone in this story than he has ever done before. The whimsicality of his manner is in evidence, but there is a strain of strong feeling running beneath it all, passing through horror to tears. The book is a success; and yet, after it is laid down and the first swell of emotion has subsided, one begins to wonder whether there is not somewhere a false note in the appeal, something hollow in the fabric. Perhaps these questions are provoked by the author's style: it is clever, but with a certain petulance; it is on occasion poetical, but the effects have been obtained by cunning and do not rise from a quietly nourished imagination. A more serious artistic defect is the inability of Mr. Locke, as of most of our modern writers when earnest, to speak from a large and immediate sympathy with humanity. There is sympathy in abundance, but troubled and deflected by humanitarian philosophies and prejudices.

But, withal, the first impression of a novel in these days is the thing. And the charm of "Stella Maris," if somewhat equivocal to a slower judgment, is quick and entrancing to the impressionable reader.

Pilgrims of the Plains. By Kate A. Aplington. Chicago: F. G. Browne & Co.

The diary method of story-telling has gone out of fashion, but it has its advantages. It is especially appropriate to this tale of a journey over the Santa Fé trail in the forties; it gives a verisimilitude which could not easily be obtained in any other way. It also brings out unobtrusively the quaint and quiet charm of "Deya," the diarist-heroine, a delightfully old-fashioned girl. These are the two great merits of the book. There is not much plot, and the heroine is not remarkably successful in characterizing other people; but she gives a naïvely attractive account of herself, and her story of the caravan and its progress over the plains has a reality which recalls Parkman's narrative.

This is partly due to the author's mastery not only of local color, but of what we may call temporal color. In style and substance the book is steeped in the atmosphere and sentiment of mid-Continental and mid-century America. The dress, the manners, the language, the songs of that earlier time are all there; generally not forced upon the reader's notice, but part of the story. The author has been especially interested in the songs of the period, and has included the words and the music of many of them. In their diversity they suggest the widely variant elements of the people; they are English, Scotch, Irish, German, African, and Indian. There is an interesting version, with music, of "Lord Thomas and Fair Eleanor"; there is "Captain Kidd," and "Martin Halligan's Aunt," and "The Battle of Point Pleasant." We cannot resist the temptation to quote "Robin Tamson's Smiddy," with its admirable sneezing chorus:

Last Monday night at sax o'clock,
To Mirren Gibbs' I went, man,
To meet wi' some old cronies there,
It was my sole intent, man.
So down we sat wi' right good will,
Syne I pu'd out my sneeshin' mill.
And took a pinch wi' right good will,
O' Beggars' Brown, the best in town,
Then sent it round aboot the room
To gie ilk' ane a scent, man,
Yi-den-derry, Yi-den-derry,
Yi-den-derry, yaw, man!
Yi-den-derry, Yi-den-derry,
Yi-den-derry, yaw, man!

The Story of Stephen Compton. By J. E. Patterson. New York: George H. Doran Co.

It is surprising to see how few novelists are primarily interested in human life and character. The author of "Stephen Compton" regretfully admits in his preface that in a novel, "after all, the bulk of the matter must be a human story," but it is clear that he is chiefly interested in weightier affairs. He has written a rather odd mixture of old-fashioned Sunday-school book and sociological novel-with-a-purpose. We meet the old friends of our childhood; the two brothers—one a cripple, endowed with all the virtues, the other just as generously equipped with all the vices. The virtuous Stephen, though he is peculiarly attractive to women, on more than one occasion fairly out-Josephs Joseph. After a long struggle upward, during which he supports the worthless and vicious Amos, Stephen becomes Prime Minister, and puts through an extensive programme of reform legislation. His main idea seems to be the nationalization of land with its improvements. Amos, the wicked, comes to a suitably discreditable end. The *deus ex machina* by whose aid Stephen is enabled to realize his great ambition is an American multi-millionaire who for some unexplained reason is desirous of reforming England.

The style of the book is wordy, involved, and inaccurate. One sentence will serve as a sample: "Hence the two men went down together—while Mahafferty, now also at the Bar, journeyed to the north, on a political trip of his own—Bryanstone being gloomy and depressed, to fits of which he had been subjected recently." The volume can be recommended with confidence to teachers of rhetoric in search of horrible examples.

Poor Dear Margaret Kirby. By Kathleen Norris. New York: The Macmillan Co.

In "Mother" and "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne" this writer expressed a wholesome philosophy of unworldliness. She holds a brief for the old-fashioned woman, who prefers the ancient and blessed duties of wifehood and motherhood, and even of housewifery, to the ardors of social emulation. The excitements of bridge and the activities of the women's club fare equally ill at her hands. The fruitless and exhausting process of keeping up with one's neighbors is a particular object of her quiet ridicule. There is no sharpness in her satire, since it is based on pity rather than scorn. It is her task to show that all the really happy women in America are the contented wives and mothers and housekeepers who stick to their jobs and make the most of them. The bridge players and the social strivers, the women who follow "culture" or political privilege, are simply outsiders and unfortunates. This is all very reactionary, but it evidently appeals to a large constituency of readers. It is, we dare say, of a piece with the "return to the soil" motive in popular literature.

The short stories here collected were published in magazines, ranging from the *Atlantic Monthly* to the *Metropolitan*. Read together, with the two longer stories of the same character in mind, they pall a little. They are likely to remind the most devotedly domestic of readers that a vein of sentiment, however wholesome, must be worked with caution if it is not to run out in sentimentalism. Children are not at all hours creatures of delight. To the household toiler even the women's club may offer a refreshing change of drudgery. People are not always made happier by losing their money. But in hundreds of thousands of homes among our striving fellow-citizens, the doctrine of home no doubt needs preaching. And to give a sermon power over a miscellaneous audience requires iteration and a heightening of emphasis which the mere artist avoids. If these tales are tracts, they are tracts in the best sense, presented with skill, and inspired by real feeling.

GREEK METRIC.

The Verse of Greek Comedy. By John Williams White, Professor of Greek Emeritus in Harvard University. London: Macmillan & Co. 12s. net.

When Schmidt's "Leitfaden" was published (1869), Professor White welcomed the system offered in that work and in 1883 published a translation of it. Since that time he has published several works, including articles in journals, on the subject, and he has been for a number of years working on Aristophanes. He came, therefore, to the present undertaking exceptionally well equipped. The extent of the change that has taken place in his views can best be understood if one compares his translation of the "Leitfaden" (which he fully endorsed) with the book under review. It would be difficult to find any other two works on any one subject as diametrically opposed in thesis. This fact does not necessarily discredit the later work, which is an important contribution to the New Metric.

Professor White relies chiefly on the testimony of the ancients, and on their theory of the origin and history of the various verse-forms, filling gaps by means of a careful study of the extant poetry. The book is not adapted to the use of undergraduates; but for Greek scholars, whether they accept the author's views or not, the work is indispensable.

In the Introduction is given a brief history of the modern doctrine of ancient metres, beginning with Hermann. We should have expected some mention of Bentley, since he originated what Hermann afterwards named anacrusis, and discovered the synaphea of anapæstic systems. In the rest of the work every topic pertaining to comic verse is fully discussed, and in the treatment of the various metres virtually exhaustive statistics are given to illustrate all the phenomena about which any question might arise.

A brief comparison will show the difference between the author's former and his present views. In his earlier work the greatest importance is attached to "ictus" in the modern sense of "stress"; several pages are devoted specially to it, and in the treatment of every kind of foot and verse it plays an important part. Some ictuses are stronger than others, and one foot may have two or even three ictuses. But now the author denies that there ever was any ictus (stress) in ancient Greek music or poetry. That Schmidt's hair-splitting distinctions between ictuses of different strength rested on no foundation was obvious to many, nor is Professor White the first to deny that there was any stress at all. There is no mention of stress in extant ancient works, and it is true that if one reads any of the familiar metres, making long syllables really long and short syllables really short, the rhythm will take care of itself. The rhythmical sense being aroused, the reciter will observe the quantity more exactly than in reciting prose, and the feet will be unconsciously equalized. Still, it is difficult to believe that, when spondees replaced anapæsts, they were recited exactly as they were when they replaced dactyls, or that dactyls replacing anapæsts were exactly like true dactyls, or that a series of resolved trochees or iambs was recited simply as a series of short syllables. Professor White himself seems unconsciously to recognize stress when (p. 55) he says: "The penthemimeral and hephthemimeral pauses so divide the trimeter that the second rhythmical phrase always begins strongly with a thesis." What does "strongly" mean here?

In the author's earlier work all rhythms were "descending," those that begin with the arsis being "treated with anacrusis" or analogously; but in the book before us there is no anacrusis, or basis. We could wish that the author had been more explicit here. The anapæst he divides into arsis and thesis; but the *measure* is the dipody or monometer, which is likewise divided into arsis and thesis, and points, indicating the "down time," are placed over *both parts* of the second foot. But, surely, the thesis of the second foot, that is, its ictus in whatever sense we use the term, must agree with that of the dipody. Soldiers marching certainly planted their feet as the thesis of each anapæst began. Analogous difficulties arise in the case of other metres, especially iambics.

In the treatment of cæsura, the author seems to us to have insisted too strongly upon the necessity of a grammatical pause and upon considering such pauses as having rhythmical significance. Even in elegiac verse there is often no grammatical pause, but close connection, at the point where the verse is invariably divided. The fact that a late writer of unknown date says the cæsura in hexameters falls at the close of a "thought," need not concern us. We have the Iliad and the Odyssey, and can see for ourselves. To appeal to such an authority is like citing Aristotle to prove that comets are atmospheric phenomena connected with earthquakes.

Too much importance seems to be attached to Hephæstion. This author does not reveal any acquaintance with Aristoxenus, as he treats all the metres known to him and yet gives no hint of that "irrationality" which Aristoxenus fully explains. Some scholars, indeed, believe that irrationality is mentioned in the "Enchiridion," but they obviously misinterpret the passage in which it is supposed to be mentioned.

There are several other matters concerning which the views expressed seem open to question. Of this fact the author himself is aware, and not rarely indicates the tentative nature of his theories.

The book is well printed. We noted only two or three errors in the Greek examples and as many in the accompanying metrical schemes.

The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. With illustrations from sketches by the author. By John Muir. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

John Muir's account of his early years, printed serially in the *Atlantic Monthly*, has now been published in book form. It is a notable piece of autobiographic writing—the story of an unusually interesting boyhood and youth told with an energy and an eye for the diverting and significant that distinguish it at once from the slipshod garrulity of most books of the kind. One may open the volume at any page and be confident of striking either a passage of extraordinarily vivid description or an entertaining episode that closes with a curious solemnizing effect. As a literary artist, Mr. Muir sins at times through using loose constructions and phrases of doubtful reputation, and his galloping style on occasion quite runs away with him; but although the ruthless future may choose to forget the book on account of these weaknesses, the generous present will find them unimportant in comparison with the excellences.

The first fifty pages are devoted to the author's boyhood in Dunbar, beside the North Sea—the discipline of his simple life at home, under the eye and the switch of a sober, "all-Bible" father; his learning by heart the entire New Testament and three-fourths of the Old; his lessons in self-reliance through daily and more than daily fist fights; his precious holidays in the country, listening to the skylarks and running ten or twenty miles at a stretch; his early skill at climbing, manifested, on one occasion, by his perching astride of the dormer roof when his mother had left him sleeping like a gude bairn; and his instruction at school by the old-fashioned Scotch teachers. "We were simply driven pointblank against our books like soldiers against the enemy, and sternly ordered, 'Up and at 'em. Commit your lessons to memory.' If we failed in any part, however slight, we were whipped; for the grand, simple, all-sufficing Scotch discovery had been made that there was a close connection between the skin and the memory, and that irritating the skin excited the memory to any required degree."

At the age of eleven he accompanied the family "to the wonderful schoolless, bookless American wilderness"—"Oh, that glorious Wisconsin wilderness!

Everything new and pure in the very prime of the spring when Nature's pulses were beating highest and mysteriously keeping time with our own!" They settled a dozen miles from Portage, before a lily-rimmed pond which they named Fountain Lake, and here, by dint of an extraordinary energy even exceeding that characteristic of immigrants, had soon established a prosperous farm. Eight years later they moved to a larger tract of land in the neighborhood and the relentless labor began once more; "even when sick we were held to our task as long as we could stand." Yet these were the happiest of days. The chapters that form the bulk of the volume (A New World, Life on a Wisconsin Farm, A Paradise of Birds, Young Hunters, The Ploughboy) describe with a twofold enthusiasm, that of the impressionable boy and of the venerable man looking into the past, the joys of those early days in a strange land—the passionate response of his young heart to the beauty and fulness of life that confronted him at all seasons and all hours.

Having reached the age of fifteen or sixteen, the lad was visited by an ever-growing desire for knowledge. In spare minutes he studied mathematics, and read books borrowed of neighbors or purchased by his father. When the rest of the family had gone to bed, he lingered in the kitchen with a book and candle, endeavoring to read till the inevitable command issued from his father's room, and thought himself lucky in stealing "nearly ten minutes, magnificent golden blocks of time," two or three times in a whole winter. Finally he contrived to get permission to rise early, which he interpreted to mean one o'clock, so that he found himself master of five solid hours before the day's labor began. These hours he spent in inventing wooden machines—hygrometers, pyrometers, an "early-or-late-rising machine," a self-setting sawmill, a clock that indicated the day of the week and month and started fires. At the age of twenty-two he took the advice of a neighbor who proposed that he should display his inventions at the State Fair in Madison, as a means of admission to the wide world. Carrying "two clocks and a small thermometer made of a piece of old washboard, all three tied together" —a combination pronounced by one villager "a machine for taking the bones out of fish"—he boarded the locomotive of a train and soon found himself in Madison achieving a great renown at the fair. The sight of students in the little university town having keenly roused his appetite for education, he entered the University of Wisconsin, where, by means of money earned in the summers, he was able to spend four years in studying and in devising curious machines. The interruption in his education due to the emigration to America did not, in that day of solid achievement, prove to be a serious matter: "After an interruption of a dozen years, I began my Latin over again where I had left off; and, strange to say, most of it came back to me, especially the grammar which I had committed to memory at the Dunbar Grammar School."

The Mikado's Empire. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D. In two volumes. Twelfth edition, with eight supplementary chapters, including history to beginning of 1912. New York: Harper & Bros. $4 net.

The first appearance of this compendious work, in a single bulky volume, twenty-seven years ago, was welcomed by all who desired an interpretation of Japan. The writer had seen from the inside the marvellous reconstruction of a feudal state, which found itself called upon suddenly to adjust itself to modern requirements. For a time he lived in a daimio's castle in the interior, and then went up to the capital to serve on the faculty of the Imperial University. His close association with Dr. G. F. Verbeck, for some years Superintendent of Education at Tokio, was invaluable in giving him a statesmanlike view of the situation. Of Verbeck he makes a hero—"greatest in moral force of all the European foreigners who in any century came to Japan." Both believed in the Japanese, entertaining high ideas of what they were, and what they would surely accomplish. With some pardonable pride the author points to the fulfilment of the prognostications he made in the winter of 1903-4, just before the breaking out of the Russo-Japanese War: that no Russians would land in Japan except as prisoners; that a well-equipped army would be in the field across in Manchuria within one year; that Russia would meet disaster on the sea; and that the spirit of the Samurai would inspire the whole of the Japanese forces. The settled policy of the empire, from 1870 until the present, is rightly referred by Dr. Griffis to the momentous decision taken by a conclave of Japanese statesmen who met in Verbeck's house in July, 1870. Part of them were for trusting in the goodwill of the nations of Europe, and for devoting the whole of the national resources to education and internal improvements. It was the advice of their Superintendent of Education, a Protestant missionary, to nourish no such hopes. "War is the history of mankind. . . . I advise you to fortify your coasts, to raise a national army, and give all classes the opportunity to participate in patriotism."

It is odd to have to lay the responsibility of the military policy of the Japanese Government in great measure on the shoulders of an American pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church. The reviewer remembers an address delivered by Verbeck before a Japanese audience in Tokio, in which he recommended Christianity for the empire. "Who but Christian nations can build great warships?" was one appeal that excited the astonishment of a critical auditor. Dr. Griffis holds that the future of Japan lies in the direction of commerce and industry, that her leaders have always realized this, and that the military phase is only due to her belief that without military strength and prestige commercial and industrial expansion is impossible.

Dr. Griffis has sought to keep his work up to date by adding successive chapters from time to time, as new editions appear. The time has come, however, when this new material should be woven into a consistent whole, with a single point of view. Awkward inconsistencies crop out. For instance, in supplementary chapter iv (p. 622) he states that "Frenchmen reorganized the army," while "the Germans have directed the higher medical education of the country." At page 702 he tells us that one of the first acts of the victors of the Yalu was to "send a telegram of gratitude to Meckel." This pupil of Von Moltke was their German instructor, and the incident points to the change of policy in the early eighties, when the military system came to be modelled in all its details, even to the uniforms, upon German methods.

The particular value of Dr. Griffis's book ceases, indeed, with the period of the seventies, when he was actually on the spot. In his résumé of the years from 1880 to 1890 he fails to notice the monetary crisis of 1882, when the flat paper currency fell to 80 per cent. discount, and national bankruptcy seemed imminent. The crisis was ably met, and four years later specie payments were resumed. Nor has he anything to say of the world-tour taken by Ito and his associates at this very time, to investigate the constitutions and parliamentary working of foreign governments. The tour resulted in an attack of what was facetiously termed "German measles." The Imperial University in Tokio was reorganized in 1886—absorbing Verbeck's University—when half of the foreign professors were brought out from Germany; only one American, the professor of law, remaining. This is left unnoticed. He fails to describe the intense anti-foreign movement of 1889-91, when there was an insistent call for revision of the treaties. The *soshi*, or political bravo, then asserted himself, a term Dr. Griffis uses later, incidentally, and without adequate interpretation. The map, facing page 17, is now out of date.

He has nothing to say of Count Okuma in connection with the founding of Waseda University, nor of Fukuzawa's University, the Keiogijiku; and yet he refers to these men at some length, and also incidentally to "the universities of Tokio." This sin of omission is actually associated with blunders, when he speaks of "Dr. Divers, founder of the College of Engineering," at page 658, and at page 712 rightly credits Dr. Henry Dyer, author of "Dai Nippon: a Study in National Evolution," with its organization. Divers was the immediate successor of Dyer as its principal; it was merged in the greater University. There is also the misspelling of the names of Walter Dickson and H. W. Denison. The account of Yezo or Hokkaido, the northern island, is inadequate without mention of the coal mines of Poronai, which give their importance to the ports of Mororan and Otaru. There are three blunders in one line of page 653, which deals with the subject: "Hokodate (Hakodate), farther to the east (south), can hold a hundred (ocean-liners). Hotaru (Otaru) is the next port of importance."

But these blunders are few. More irritating, as detracting from the value of an admirable compendium, is the frequency of tawdry rhetoric, ill-balanced periods, and sentences that won't parse: *e g.* (p. 608), "Then, in a long course of war, the soldiers, finding nearly permanent employment, keep sword, spear, and armor; while the farmers clinging to hoe and hook, two classes are formed out of the masses of inhabitants beyond the court and beneath the nobles."

King Edward in His True Colours. By Edward Legge. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

The writer of this edifying book has sufficient discretion, taste, and skill with the brush to suffice him in his task of whitewashing a royal memory. Whatever can be effected by splashing with a thin material over a large surface is here effected. We begin with the assumption that King Edward, and more particularly Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, was a much underrated and even maligned person in his own day, and is still pictured by the world in false colors. The method is to rehearse the old charges—to build up, one by one, the ancient half-forgotten men of straw, and then to assault them in force. That the Prince was an idler, a spendthrift, a gambler, a person of common tastes and pleasures, is indignantly postulated and denied. For example, the writer rehearses in detail the circumstances of the Baccarat scandal—in detail, but, as always, without clearness. We get the impression that he is furiously indignant at a world capable of criticising a prince for the commission of a fault which cannot be denied. The odd workings of this commentator's mind may be indicated by a passage, from another chapter, alluding to this scandal:

> The "young man," as Bismarck always called William II, had taken it into his head to write a very impertinent letter to the Prince of Wales protesting against any one holding the position of a Colonel of Prussian Hussars embroiling himself in a gambling squabble, and playing with young men young enough to be his sons. The communication was very ill-advised on the part of the Kaiser, for, not only did it arouse the anger of his uncle, but it made Queen Victoria perfectly furious—the more so because she found it impossible to justify her son's association with "such people" as the defendants in the Tranby Croft case.

That the nephew's reprimand was ill-advised is clear enough; it was anything but impertinent, as Mr. Legge's own account of the incident sufficiently shows. The comment of the *Nation* at the time probably suggests as fair an apology as could or can be made for the Prince:

> Neither his education, nor his mental powers, nor his place in the British hierarchy offered him assistance in abandoning the life of "a man of pleasure" which the English political and social conditions imposed on him almost as soon as he reached his majority; in fact, the hereditary monarchy in England at present provides no serious pursuit for the heir to the throne.

That the Prince had from youth one grave and important study, in which he was sedulously coached, and for which he showed remarkable aptitude, is the chief serious contention of the present book. Here Mr. Legge takes violent issue with Sir Sidney Lee's memoir of King Edward in the Dictionary of National Biography. The judgment of the memoir that the King exercised no powerful diplomatic initiative, that he was not directly responsible for the successes in dealing with foreign Powers which marked his reign, becomes an object of staccato ridicule. Mr. Legge has more than the manner, and less than the logic, of a Scotch reviewer. The tributes to the King's diplomatic ability by such men as M. Poincaré, Comte d'Haussonville, and Professor Vambéry, here cited, are of interest. But which way are we of the twentieth century to look when we find our champion, after his prodigies of skill and valor, throwing up the sponge in this cheerful fashion?—

> But even if Edward VII were proved on oath to have been *"un esprit médiocre," "une grande capacité méconnue,"* "a statesman of the second class," a man who was "no reader of books," because "he could not concentrate his mind upon them," "a man who lacked the intelligent equipment of a thinker," a Prince who for years was not allowed to be initiated into State secrets because his mother feared he would divulge them "over country-house dinner-tables"; even if all these were sworn to on the Holy Book; even then, the millions who owe fealty to the British Crown and who have enshrined King Edward in their loyal hearts would say with the friend of the glorious Dead: "The legends woven by the People round their Sovereigns ought not to be destroyed."

Yet if there is anything (beyond the authority of the Dictionary of National Biography) which this book appears to be seeking to destroy, it is the body of legend woven by the people round Edward of Tranby Croft, of Paris, and of England!

The Mahā-vamsa, or Great Chronicle of Ceylon. Translated into English by Wilhelm Geiger, Ph.D., Professor of Indogermanic Philology at Erlangen University, assisted by Mabel Haynes Bode, Ph.D., Lecturer on Pali at University College. London: Pali Text Society; New York: Henry Frowde.

The Government of Ceylon could have selected no one to re-translate the Great Chronicle so well suited to the task as the eminent scholar who had just completed his edition of the text. It was indeed high time that a new translation should be made, since Turnour's translation dates back to 1837, and the Chronicle is of sufficient importance to be presented with an accuracy impossible to attain seventy years ago. Well-considered, too, was the resolution not to translate into verse the metrical original, but to keep to literal prose. As a work of literary excellence the Chronicle is negligible; as one of the few attempts of the Hindus (Ceylonese) to write history at all, it is worthy of an exact reproduction into English.

There has been no little discussion as to whether the Great Chronicle is really a trustworthy source of information. The facts appear to be these. About the close of the fourth century A. D. there existed a history of the island "from the beginning," that is, the history of the island as a settlement of Buddhists, the "beginning" reaching back to the sixth century in India. Originally it extended only to the arrival of the missionary who introduced Buddhism into Ceylon; but it was continued, as time went on, and a small Chronicle in Pali verse represents the first "clumsy redaction" of this history, afterwards extended and refined and known as the Mahāvamsa, which represents an intentional rearrangement of the small Chronicle, called the Dipa-vamsa. The date of the Great Chronicle would be about the sixth century A. D.

As to the real value of the present work for historical students, opinions differ. Granting that the local statements may be correct, have we any reason for supposing that statements in a Ceylonese chronicle six hundred years

after Christ are at all likely to illuminate the history of events six hundred years before Christ in India? Franke says no; Vincent Smith says it is very doubtful; Rhys Davids, however, declares that the Ceylon Chronicles are as trustworthy as the best of those of England or France, and Geiger, in his admirable introduction to the present work, shows that, after due allowance is made for the marvellous, the traditions recorded are supported in many instances by outside testimony, a fact which should, of course, serve to convert them into really historical material even when not so controlled. Thus the Ceylonese date of Buddha's death is 483 B. C., and apart from the Chronicle there are traces of a Ceylonese era dating from that year.

The Chronicle, apart from the history of the extension of the faith in Ceylon, which is its main content, is incidentally full of interesting and entertaining matter. As a history it starts with Buddha himself, gives an account of the Councils, the conversion of the world, the arrival in Ceylon of Mahinda (the miraculous way in which he arrived and propagated the religion being the subject of several cantos), and then recounts the story of wars and great deeds (the making of the relic-chamber, etc.), concluding with the history of groups of kings, arranged by dozens and disposed of somewhat summarily. As a store of general information, often given incidentally, it is perhaps even more valuable than as a formal history. Thus the contention that the Buddhists won their victories by wholly peaceful means receives a proper rebuff when it is told how a king slew thousands and was comforted with the thought, "They were heretics, to be esteemed as wild beasts." Another king cuts off the toes and noses of his victims (in India it is usually the ears and noses). One king thinks it would be amusing to pretend that his guard is king; so he instructs the court and soldiers to do all that the fellow commands, while he himself wanders disguised about the town. On his return the imitation king cries, "Seize this fellow; off with his head," and so one dynasty changes hands—or heads. Here, too, we learn that "gifts to the monks lengthen the giver's life," and much more that smacks of what is common in Hinduism, but is not often so plainly put in Buddhism. Here, too, the old Hindu Pantheon still keeps its grip on the imagination, if not on the faith of the people. The chief god is Brahman, and Indra and his angels are still apparently real, if subordinated to the new divinity of Buddha. The kings fight for glory of the doctrine and use deception to obtain holy ends, just as the sectarian Hindus did. The festivals, too, are quite in the old style; the feasting and dancing and music are thoroughly heretical in tone; even the decorated tree, once object of worship, is preserved and decked with ornaments, and offerings are made to it; much as the Christmas tree retains the flavor of its heathen origin. One example only can be given of the wit of this Great Chronicle: To test the wisdom of a man, the most wise one asked, "What name does this tree bear?" "This tree is called mango." "Is there another mango besides this?" "There are many mango-trees." "Are there other trees besides this mango and other mangoes?" "There are many trees, but those are trees that are not mangoes." "And are there, besides the other mangoes and those trees that are not mangoes, still other trees?" "Yes; there is this mango."

We have noticed only one error in the notes. On p. 144, Dhatarattha is given as the guardian of the East. It should be of the North.

Notes

Putnams publish this week "The Fringe of the Desert," a story by Rachel Swete Macnamara, and "Little Thank You," by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

Forthcoming books of John Lane Company include: "The Invincible Alliance," a volume of essays by Francis Grierson, and "Changing Russia," by Stephen Graham.

A combined German grammar and reader, "Deutsches Lern- und Lesebuch," by Prof. W. E. Mosher and Dr. Florence G. Jenney, is in the press of Heath.

In "The Book of Job," announced by Sherman, French & Company, Homer B. Sprague offers a new translation from the Hebrew, besides special studies of the work.

Upton Sinclair will publish shortly, through the John C. Winston Company, a new novel, entitled "Silvia." It deals with social problems.

John Stuart Thomson announces that his book, "China Revolutionized," will be out in a fortnight.

April 26 is the date set by Houghton Mifflin for the publication of the following titles: "Polly of Lady Gay Cottage," by Emma C. Dowd; "Gettysburg: Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath," by Elsie Singmaster; "Brass Faces," a mystery story by Charles McEvoy; "The Value of Organized Speculation," by Harrison H. Brace; "A Naval History of the American Revolution," by Gardner W. Allen; "Strange Stories from the Lodge of Leisures," translated from the Chinese by George Soulié; "The Youth of Henry VIII," by Frank Mumby; "The Kindergarten," by Susan Blow, Patty Hill, and Elizabeth Harrison; "College Life," essays by Le Baron Russell Briggs, Riverside Literature series; "Riverside Seventh Reader," edited by James H. Van Sickle and Wilhelmina Seegmiller; "Preparing for Citizenship: An Elementary Textbook in Civics," by William Backus Guitteau; "The Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller," by Fanny E. Coe; "New Ideals in Rural Schools," by George Herbert Betts, and "The Teaching of History," by Ernest C. Hartwell.

Winston Churchill's new novel, "The Inside of the Cup," will be ready in May. Macmillan is the publisher.

The same house has in hand "The Larger Aspects of Socialism," by William English Walling, and "With the Bulgarian Staff," by Noel Buxton.

With May begins a new English literary and artistic monthly, announced by Martin Secker. Middleton Murry will be the editor. On the literary side will be Gilbert Cannan, Frank Swinnerton, and Hugh Walpole; Albert Rothenstein will be art critic, and Edward J. Dent will attend to the music.

Prof. Arthur Livingston, of Columbia University, has in preparation for issue next year a translation of the Italian dialogues of Giordano Bruno, with selections from the Latin works.

In a letter to the London *Times*, Mr. Edmund Gosse contributes a note of some importance on Swinburne. It appears that for the past fifteen years critics of the poet, Mr. Gosse among them, have accepted as Swinburne's juvenilia a dozen pieces of verse contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* between March, 1849, and June, 1856, and signed "A. C. S." But these poems, it seems, are included in a volume of "Metrical Miscellanies" which has just turned up. It was printed for private circulation in 1854. "Curiously enough," says Mr. Gosse, "it was printed by Savill and Edwards, who printed some of Swinburne's early books. But we now know who the author was, and that he had nothing whatever to do with Algernon Charles Swinburne or with any of the Swinburne family."

A work on land forms, "Die erklärende Beschreibung der Landformen," by Prof. W. M. Davis, of Harvard, recently published in Leipzig, is the subject of the opening article in *Die Erde* for March 15. This is followed by an illustrated account by Prof. H. Pohlig of the famous mining district of Batopilas in Mexico.

The possibility of a war between Russia and Turkey for the possession of Armenia leads *Petermanns Mitteilungen* for February (just received) to furnish in its military department a strategic description of the frontier, with a valuable map, by the Prussian Gen. E. v. Hoffmeister. It is the result of personal observations made in 1910. Considering the preparations of the Russians, especially in the building of roads and establishing fortified posts, and the utter failure of the Turks to make similar defences, he is convinced that the Russian conquest is assured. Among the other subjects treated are the present condition of Antarctic research, as shown by the results of the last German and English expeditions, and the law which controls the concentration of population.

The "Annual Index" of the London *Times* for 1912, just issued, consists of 1,845 pages. Its value and usefulness as a chronicle of the leading events of the year cannot be overestimated. Fourteen pages, for instance, are devoted to aeronautic facts, thirty to the political, industrial, and financial history of this country, and thirty-six to the

Balkan War. The record of the literary output of the year fills twenty-six pages.

We are glad to see that Henry Osborn Taylor's "Ancient Ideals," first published in 1896, justifies a second edition (Macmillan), as it is always pleasant to learn that a book of earnest and wide-reaching scholarship can hold its place in the stream of current publications. We are bound to add, however, that it is scarcely creditable in an edition advertised as "revised" to allow words and book titles in foreign languages to flaunt such indifference to the accepted rules of spelling and accent.

Three of Woodrow Wilson's essays have been reissued in a volume of the Riverside Press series (Houghton Mifflin). The essays are "Mere Literature," first published in the *Atlantic* in 1893; "The Author Himself," which had already appeared in the same magazine; and "On an Author's Choice of Company," published in the *Century* in 1896. The edition is limited to 550 copies. The book is a tall, thin octavo, printed on handmade paper, and bound uncut in dark paper boards, with cloth back and gold title—a fittingly handsome form.

The experiences related in Samuel G. Blythe's "The Making of a Newspaper Man" (Altemus) have been paralleled in the lives of many another of the craft. Unlike the usual narrative of newspaper failures and successes, this one has to do almost entirely with non-metropolitan journalism. For the most part, it is entertaining. Like one kind of romance, it stops when, at the age of thirty-two, the author "arrives."

In "Symbol and Satire in the French Revolution" (Putnam), Mr. E. F. Henderson has put into more permanent form a part of the interesting material which he has given at various times in the form of illustrated lectures. It is a valuable contribution to the study of the Revolution because it contains one hundred and seventy-one well-selected and well-printed plates reproducing the curious cartoons and engravings of an epoch unusually rich in symbolism and satire. Mr. Henderson's illustrations are almost all new and fresh. He has not even borrowed illustrations from the excellent volumes of Armand Dayot. On the contrary, most of his material has been photographed from the original prints in Paris. Some three hundred pages of text serve both as an outline sketch of events in France from 1789 to 1795, and as a running commentary upon the illustrations, interpreting the subtle or significant points in the cartoons.

There is nothing particularly thrilling in "The Romance of the Rothschilds" (Putnam). Certainly there are no sensational revelations, such as rumor led us to expect, calculated to embarrass the present representatives of the family. The tale told by Ignatius Balla is for the most part a plain, straightforward narrative, and if the original German was marked by any particular graces of style these certainly do not appear in the translation. The story of the family is remarkable enough: Maier Amschel, a humble Jew, living in the Ghetto of Frankfort, a man without even a surname (the patronymic Rothschild probably originated from the "red shield" which distinguished Maier's house), gradually built up a banking business in connection with the court of Hesse, and on his death-bed sent forth his five sons to carry on his enterprises in five great cities of the world, Frankfort, London, Paris, Vienna, and Naples, enjoining them strictly to conduct their affairs in common, to remain faithful to their religion, and to marry within their own family. These injunctions have been obeyed, so far as has been possible, by successive Rothschilds for close on a century, and the result of their united efforts is a fortune that can hardly be estimated in figures. The author does justice to the financial integrity as well as to the financial acumen of the Rothschilds, which enabled them, especially during the first half of the nineteenth century, to play so important a part in the history of Europe. Among the anecdotes given is one version of the disputed story of Nathan Rothschild's operations after Waterloo, and in the chapter on James Rothschild, of the Paris branch, are included some racy quotations from Heine which make good reading. One instance, not an isolated one, of carelessness is at the bottom of page 242, where "English" should probably be read for "German."

The last volume, just published in Richmond, Va., of the "Journals of the House of Burgesses of Virginia," embraces the period from March 19, 1702-3, to January 31, 1711-12, almost the whole of the reign of Queen Anne. In the history of Virginia it includes the latter part of Gov. Nicholson's term, the term of Gov. Nott, and the first part of the term of Gov. Spotswood, one of the best and ablest Governors Virginia ever had. There were four sessions of the Assembly of 1702-3—1705, one session of that of 1705-6, and two sessions of that of 1710-12. It is to be hoped that, when the publication of these volumes is completed, some one will condense the work into one volume. Gov. Nicholson is said to have made himself personally disagreeable to many leading men of the Colony by his autocratic and violent manners; he had the ambition to unite all the English colonies in America under one Governor-General. Gov. Nott, who came next, was not sufficiently supported by his predecessor's followers, and though he was tactful, his term of office was very brief, and he died soon after retiring. Of Gov. Spotswood the editor says that he "was possessed in the highest degree of courage, ability, energy, and persistency, and was by these qualities enabled to accomplish, despite his irascible and dictatorial temper, in the twelve years of his administration, more for the lasting good of the Colony probably than is to be credited to the account of any other Chief Executive of colonial Virginia." Gov. Spotswood suggested a postal system for the Colony, which was later adopted, helped to decide boundary disputes, erected forts, provided for the education of the Indians, improved the jails, etc. The proceedings of the session are described in Spotswood's Letters, Vol. I, Collection of the Virginia Historical Society, which furnish a commentary on the "Journals of the House of Burgesses," and are very useful for illustrating them.

"A Curtail'd Memoir of Incidents and Occurrences in the Life of John Surman Carden," written by himself in 1850 and now printed for the first time, with notes by C. T. Atkinson (The Clarendon Press), is a vivid, though somewhat ungrammatical and strangely spelled, narrative of a vigorous but comparatively little known English Admiral. Born with Irish blood of a Gretna Green marriage, he began a career in the English navy at seventeen on the India station. He was keenly interested in all that went on around him, and alive to a naval man's opportunities for observing men and things in many lands; his comments on India and later upon Egypt, when he assisted at the removal of the remnants of Napoleon's ill-fated expedition, are not always absolutely accurate from the point of view of zoölogy and archæology, but are full of interest. Returning to England in 1793, he shared in Lord Howe's victory in the Battle of the First of June, of which he gives a narrative, simple but vivid with falling masts and flying pieces of human bodies. In the War of 1812, in command of the Macedonian, he valiantly gave chase to Decatur in the United States, but when he overhauled him, found to his sorrow that the American was a ship of 1,578 tons, 58 guns, and 478 men, as against his own vessel of only 1,080 tons, 46 guns, and 259 men. He made a gallant fight, but finally had to strike his flag to the superior force. This misfortune virtually closed his active career, though he lived for nearly half a century longer. His description of this battle brings out some points not noticed by Capt. Mahan or Col. Roosevelt, or by the naval historian James. Mr. Atkinson thinks that Mr. Roosevelt, relying on the untrustworthy narrative of Leech, who had served in the Macedonian and then deserted to the American service, is unjust in representing Carden as a "merciless disciplinarian," guilty of an "unsparing use of the lash." One noteworthy fact, often overlooked in connection with the War of 1812, is the large percentage of British men in American vessels who had been splendidly trained as British seamen. Carden states this as one of the causes of his defeat, and says many of the crew of the Macedonian were recognized as old messmates by the crew of the United States. One of the English crew even found his own brother among the crew of the enemy, but when urged by that brother to enter the American service, replied, according to the English tradition, "If you are a d——d rascal, that's no reason I should be one."

The State of Wisconsin has several agencies, all under the able management of Dr. Reuben G. Thwaites, through which historical investigation may be pursued. One of these, the Wisconsin History Commission, established in 1905, has just published two more volumes on the period of the Civil War. The "Civil War Messages and Proclamations of Wisconsin War Governors" contains only selected passages from the documents, and furnishes a valuable contemporary picture of the activities of the State Executive for the maintenance of the war. The second volume, "A Narrative of Service with the Third Wisconsin Infantry," is the narrative of the experiences of Major Julian Wisner Hinkley, of the Army of the Potomac, and later with the Army of the Cumberland. Historians may be somewhat suspicious about the trustworthiness of this account, for the History Commission has amalgamated the narrative from a manuscript diary, several contemporary letters, and a manuscript narrative

written by Major Hinkley several years after the war, without indicating the source of the particular statements, although the final form has been submitted to the ostensible author for his approval. The narrative in its modern form is readable, but the publication of the originals would have been more acceptable to historians.

From 1795 to 1912 is the period covered by Dr. Kemp P. Battle in his "History of the University of North Carolina," the second and final volume of which has just been published at Raleigh, N. C. Besides having prepared exhaustive reference lists for the alumni, he has told in the form of a series of short biographies almost the whole story of the "Old North State." A characteristic of the book is its continuous personal note. Probably no other North Carolinian has first-hand knowledge of so many fellow Tar Heels as Dr. Battle, of whom it is said that he remembers every student who attended the university while he was its president, and nearly all who have been there since he laid down the reins to become professor of history twenty years ago.

Smith's Bible Dictionary, in the original four volumes and in the later one-volume abridgment, was one of the best-known aids to Bible study a generation ago. "The International Bible Dictionary" (John C. Winston Company), edited by Rev. F. N. Peloubet, assisted by Alice D. Adams, is based upon Smith, and purports to embody "the most recent and accepted research." This claim is not justified. There are frequent references to archæological discoveries, many interesting reproductions of photographs of present scenes in Palestine and other lands mentioned in the Bible, but the established results of historical study of the Biblical documents are either ignored or dismissed as unimportant. As a work of reference, therefore, this dictionary is misleading, although as a repository of names of persons and places mentioned in the Bible, with full Scripture references, it will be found useful. The work is of convenient size, low in price, but the paper is heavy.

To the spirit tired to death of the "very latest" and the "most efficient," few things are more restful than a big tome with a Latin name. And when the volume is a brand new one dealing with the vocabulary of a great master of modern literature, and is, furthermore, a product of our finest American scholarship, restfulness is tempered with pleasurable excitement. Our tariff laws may have caused us much vexation, but they have at least, by their discrimination against books printed in English, procured for our eyes the delight of such a title-page as this: "Dantis Alagherii Operum Latinorum Concordantiæ. Curante Societate Dantea quæ est Cantabrigiæ in Nova Anglia ediderunt Eduardus Kennard Rand et Ernestus Hatch Wilkins quos adiuuit Alanus Campbell White." The handsome volume is issued "Oxonii e Prelo Clarendoniano," and, as intending purchasers may be glad to know, may be had "Londini et Novi Eboraci apud Henricum Frowde." A dedication to Charles Eliot Norton, in elegant elegiacs, is followed by a modest "Præfatio," in which the plan of the work is briefly expounded in connection with an enumeration of the very slight deviations from the Oxford text. For this Concordance, like its immediate predecessor, is based on Moore's "Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri," although the compilers have accepted Rajna's corrections in "De Vulgari Eloquentia," Shadwell's in the "Quæstio de Aqua et Terra," Albini's in the Eclogues, and, as far as that *libello* came under consideration at all, Barbi's revision of the "Vita Nuova." Boffito's tentative edition of the tenth Epistle has not been utilized, nor, it should seem, Bertoni's emendations in the third. For the Letters and the "Monarchia," then, Moore's text has been followed absolutely, barring four corrections made by Dr. Moore himself and a few changes in punctuation. A much fuller exposition of principles and methods is to be found in Vol. XXIX of the "Annual Report of the Dante Society."

The Concordance includes not only the Latin vocabulary of Dante's Latin works, but also the Italian words cited in these same writings, and the Latin words occurring in his Italian prose and verse. The Italian side-heads are printed in italics. The quotations are long enough to show how the word is used. In this volume there is, of course, no division of the page between prose and poetry, such as was found expedient in Professor Sheldon's. The arrangement is intelligently conceived and consistently followed, and the print is clear and correct. A creditably short list of "Corrigenda" occupies p. 577, at the end of the volume. In preparing this work, as well as the Concordance of the minor Italian writings, two unsurmountable difficulties had to be faced: the bad condition of much of the text, and the uncertain authenticity of several of the parts. The only thing to do was to keep to one established edition; and this course has been pursued in both cases. The present work may, indeed, contribute as good evidence as any yet brought to bear on the vexed problem of the genuineness of "De Aqua et Terra" and the tenth Epistle. A survey by Professor Rand in the above-mentioned "Report of the Dante Society" shows that the linguistic usage of these two treatises is closely akin to that of Dante's unquestioned Latin prose; it offers also some indication of the probable chronological sequence of his principal Latin compositions. This publication brings to a close the admirable series of Dante Concordances begun by Fay and continued by Sheldon and White. It adds a new and notable achievement to the already proud record of the American Dante Society, in which Norton was so long the central figure; and it will win for its authors the everlasting gratitude of all lovers of the "altissimo poeta." *Benedicti in æternum Eduardus Kennard Rand et Ernestus Hatch Wilkins nec non Alanus Campbell White!*

John Brooks Henderson, ex-United States Senator from Missouri, who drafted the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, abolishing slavery, died on Saturday in Washington. He was born in Pittsylvania County, Virginia, in 1826. One book bears his name, "State Banking and Railroad Laws," written early in his life.

Prof. John Westlake, for twenty years professor of international law in the University of Cambridge, is dead in London. He was born in Cornwall in 1828 and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. At one time he represented the Romford Division, Essex, in Parliament, and was a member of the International Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Professor Westlake's writings include: "A Treatise on Private International Law, or The Conflict of Laws," which went through several editions; "Chapters on the Principles of International Law," "International Law, Peace," and "International Law, War." He was decorated with the order of Commendatore of the Iron Crown, Italy, and with the Japanese Order of the Rising Sun.

Science

Starving America. By Alfred W. McCann. New York: George H. Doran. $1.50 net.

With the exception of Dr. Wiley, no one has done more valiant service than Mr. McCann in behalf of the cause of pure and wholesome food. For a time he worked with that great chemist and reformer at a task for which previous experience had fitted him. As advertising manager of a large food industry he had come into daily contact for five years with food inspectors, chemists connected with the national and State departments, manufacturers, importers, jobbers, and commission men, thus enjoying opportunities for glimpses behind the scenes such as come to few. His book is the outcome of this specialized knowledge of food conditions. What struck him particularly was the insufficient attention given to the mineral ingredients of our daily rations. Dieticians were dividing foods into four groups: carbohydrates, proteins, fats, and "ash." The division of "ash," he remarks, was always exasperatingly ignored when he tried to get information regarding it. It "apparently had little if any meaning for the dietician, and was not considered by him as significant or important." Gradually he learned that a diet of pure carbohydrates, pure proteins, and pure fat would not support life unless a sufficient amount of ash, that is, mineral salts, was also supplied.

"Starving America" is the result of his investigations and experiments along this line. According to the official figures, as many as 235,262 children under ten years of age died in the United States in 1910; this forces on him the conclusion that, "as a nation, we have been busier building tunnels, subways, railroads, skyscrapers, bridges, air-craft, and Atlantic liners, and living in luxury, than in developing healthy, normal bodies." The 270 pages of Mr. McCann's book are concerned mostly with the attempt to prove that this premature loss of life is due chiefly to the use of foods from which the mineral ingredients necessary to sustain health have been removed by ignorant or greedy manufacturers, with the result that in the midst of abundance, we are actually starving

—stunting bodies and minds and shortening life. Our Government wisely prohibits the exportation of our limited supply of phosphate rock, because a soil without phosphates produces scant or dwarfed crops. But the food manufacturers are allowed with impunity to remove any or all of the sixteen minerals our bodies need, in common with animals and with the farmer's soil. Wheat, barley, oats, rice, corn, are robbed by millers and breadmakers who "do not know the trail of wreckage which they have left in the wake of their mineral contempt." Barnyard fowl thrive if fed on rice alone, provided it be rice from which none of the mineral salts have been removed; but if fed on the polished and talcum-coated grain of commerce they die. Mr. McCann describes (pp. 69-75) experiments on men made in Oriental countries which proved that the disease called beri-beri is caused by eating demineralized rice. Yet such rice is the only kind on sale in our markets. Sometimes the veneer of glucose and talc is left off, in order that the rice may be sold as "unpolished"; but while this is an improvement, it is not what we need, for the minerals are still removed by the millers.

Physicians cannot supplement the lacking minerals in our cereal food by giving them as medicines. A rational diet of foods rich in organic compounds of phosphorus, such as peas, beans, wheat bran, barley polishings, and corn phytin (which is removed in milling), when added to the demineralized foodstuffs, would improve matters; but we usually throw away the liquid in which vegetables rich in minerals have been cooked, so that starvation is not averted. Our meats also are too often demineralized, and we throw away the bones or feed them to the animals, although we know that our dogs, if they get no bones, have decayed teeth and the rough coat of ill health.

Such is the principal message of Mr. McCann's book, delivered in a rambling way and without much literary art, and yet impressive by the weight of facts that bear out his reasoning. He also has pages on the treatment of experts and reformers, like Wiley and Cassidy, and on the adulterations which—in addition to the demineralizing—go on unchecked in spite of pure food laws, which seem to have been made in favor of manufacturers rather than consumers. No farmer who raises animals for market would dream of mixing with their feed coal tar dyes, benzoate of soda, sulphurous acid, and diverse other chemical preservatives which the law allows any one who chooses to put into food made for women and men, children and invalids.

It is interesting to note what remedy for this state of affairs the author suggests. Most of the conditions described in his book being unknown to our legislative bodies, he thinks it will be a long time before Congress can be educated to act as it should. In the meantime he declares that the reform work may be done in schools by teaching the boys and girls in the chemistry classes to analyze foods and to know the danger to health of eating those that are adulterated and denatured, following the method of Professor Allyn, of the Massachusetts State Normal School. In his preface, Mr. McCann expresses a doubt whether manufacturers can do much in the way of educating the public how to choose wisely in buying foods. In this he is mistaken. Some of the large manufacturers have been much helped by their advertisements declaring that they use no chemical preservatives and dyes. In a chapter entitled An Ideal Restaurant, our author himself cleverly points out ways by which caterers could help themselves by taking patrons into their confidence and disclaiming the use of various ingredients by which consumers are elsewhere deceived and injured.

An undertaking in the "Who's Who" field, which serves a useful purpose, is "Who's Who in Science" (Macmillan). Its scope is international and its tabulated information, over and above the biographical directory of scientific men, is compendious and convenient. The edition for 1913 is nearly twice as large as that for 1912, the new space being partly accounted for by the addition of a section on the scientific societies of the world, partly by the inclusion of psychology and geography among the sciences represented in the work, but doubtless mainly by greater completeness in the body of the book. With a view to supplying any omissions that may still remain, a "recommendation form" is given. The value of the book would be considerably increased if, in the case of the more eminent of those who, upon application for biographical data, fail to respond, the information desired were obtained otherwise; though apparently the failure to do so is attributable to an honorable motive, the desire not to appropriate matter obtained by the compilers of other works of reference. The result is that a large proportion of the greatest scientific men outside the English-speaking world are represented by only the briefest possible notice. The policy of translating into English the titles of all books and papers, and the names of all institutions, we regard as unfortunate. But the whole work has evidently been executed with care and conscientiousness.

Library catalogues as a rule are not read with great eagerness. They belong rather to the books which a certain German teacher of medicine, long since gone to the realms where disease is unknown, used to recommend to his students as potentially useful in the treatment of insomnia; his list also included city directories and works on philosophy. Be that as it may, the last volume of the "Index-Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, United States Army" (Vol. XVII of the Second Series) certainly contains some very interesting matter. It ranges from Suaheli, in eastern Africa, to Testut, a contemporary French anatomist of distinction, taking in Surgery, Syphilis, Teeth, Tapeworms, and many other topics. As an introduction we have a tabulation of the additions to the medical periodicals to be found in the library. Among them are the titles of forty journals which have come into existence since the publication of the previous volume of the catalogue; of these the number credited to Italy is ten, a most surprising development. The intelligent general reader who happens to long for special information may be glad to know that there is a journal of very recent origin on each of these subjects: Malaria, Radium, Tumors, Chemotherapy, Vaccine Therapy, Neuropathy, Pathopsychology, Social Diseases, School Child, School Hygiene.

Further on in the volume, ninety pages, above one-ninth of the entire book, are devoted to a most attractive list of "Texts illustrating the History of Medicine," which with a few changes were well worthy of republication as a separate booklet. It is not quite clear on what principle the selection has been made, but it seems to be the outcome of an effort to bring together for nine different "periods" (Pre-Hippocratic, Greek, and Græco-Roman, Byzantine, and so on to the Modern Period of the Nineteenth Century and beyond) the fundamental books and articles in periodicals which may be read in the library of the Surgeon-General in Washington. In most of the periods there is a further grouping according to certain general divisions of medicine. Modern editions of old writers and translations are mentioned only in a few cases. The arrangement is frequently somewhat confusing, and it is often necessary to hunt further than the abundant cross references suggest. These are of course matters about which uniformity is almost impossible, and some kind of abbreviated reduplication becomes unavoidable. Full as the list is, some titles are lacking which in importance are comparable with those that are given. Quite apart from these omissions, concerning which the vision of the specialists may be perverted, it is at least regrettable that the section on modern medical bibliography, which does contain the Index-Catalogue, does not include the Index Medicus, the new English catalogues, and those of the Concilium Bibliographicum at Zürich so far as they touch subjects included in these lists. Another omission is very striking, and to some may seem much more serious. We have not been able to hit upon any reference to the records of that system of hygiene which is among the oldest known. We are forced to the conclusion that the new administration should at once furnish the Surgeon-General's Library with a copy of the Bible or at least of the Old Testament.

No human invention has rendered greater service on the sea than radio-telegraphy; and recent progress has so extended its grasp that there are few ocean areas where a vessel with proper equipment is beyond the reach of wireless signal. With the first of July a system of international time distribution will be in force, which will greatly enhance the accuracy of navigation and put all sailors on a virtual equality with landsmen; for, instead of forecasting the weather from their own isolated ob-

servations, they will be able to make a far more accurate judgment by deduction from radio-telegraphic data. About ten wireless towers of long range come within the scope of international convention, of which the Eiffel tower was the first to transmit information of immediate use on sea. Each transmitting station will send out a general description of the air movements over a wide area, and with particular reference to wind velocities in storms of violence. Barometric pressure and the state of the sea also are within the scope of the compactly coded messages. Not less significant are the time signals which the Paris convention spent much effort in elaborating, with agreement as to hours of sending whereby there should be no interference. Virtually no hour of day or night will be without a signal whereby the ships' chronometers can be corrected with precision of a high order.

With the anniversary, April 15, of the loss of the Titanic, interest in the drift of ice in the North Atlantic is revived. The year has been fertile in suggestion as to reasons why the fatal berg was not earlier seen, but nothing has developed that would very much help a ship speeding through known ice-fields at twenty knots. Still, with the obvious improvement in naval architecture whereby every closed bulkhead becomes a compressed air caisson, capable of being entered and repaired in case of accident, it is contended that ships can now be built unsinkable in virtually every type of emergency. Ice has, indeed, made its appearance off the Banks, as shown on the April "Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic," just issued conjointly by the Hydrographic Office and the Weather Bureau of the Government. There are already icebergs and field ice to the east and southeast of Cape Race, though not so far south as to fall within the area of the shifted transatlantic lanes. Present indications place them, however, within the region of highly prevalent fogs, through which even the keenest lookout would be unavailing, unless there were marked reduction of speed.

One of the greatest zoölogical wonders of the world and also, alas! a vanished race, the passenger pigeon, is described in *Bird-Lore* for March-April. Much of the information given is drawn from old records dating back as early as 1672. The size of the flocks only fifty years ago is almost incredible. An observer in the Mississippi Valley saw during five hours huge migrating flocks at intervals of a few minutes, the whole amounting to some 600,000,000 birds. In swiftness of flight, a mile a minute, they outstripped every bird of their size. So complete has been their destruction, chiefly by man, that only one, a captive in Cincinnati, is known to exist. The school department shows an increasing interest in bird-study on the part of teachers and children. The Educational Leaflets describe the emperor goose and the crested auklet. Each of the articles is illustrated with reproductions of photographs, three in color.

Addison Brown, for twenty years Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York State, who died last week, aged eighty-three, had long been interested in astronomy and botany. His observations on the corona in the solar eclipse of 1878 were published by the Smithsonian Institution, as well as his address in 1891 before the New York Scientific Alliance on the "Need of Endowments for Scientific Research and Publication." He was a friend of Dr. Asa Gray, had long been a contributor to the collections and work of the botanical department at Harvard, and from 1890 to 1902 was president of the Torrey Botanical Club of New York. In the years 1896 to 1898, he published, in conjunction with Dr. N. L. Britton, Britton and Brown's "Illustrated Flora of the United States and Canada," in three volumes, with 4,200 cuts. He had completed a revision of this work just before his death. In 1902 he received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard, from which college he had graduated in 1852, a classmate of Joseph H. Choate.

Drama and Music

Irish Plays and Playwrights. By Cornelius Weygandt. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

All persons desiring to know something of the work of the so-called Celtic Renaissance will find this volume both useful and interesting. Mr. Weygandt possesses at least one excellent qualification for the task he has undertaken, an intimate acquaintance with the facts. He has not only been an enthusiastic student of the subject himself, but has been aided in his researches by many of the men and women active in the movement. The consequence is that his record of the origin and development of the Irish National Theatre Society—better known, perhaps, as the Abbey Theatre Company—is uncommonly full and precise. His critical comments are less trustworthy, because, with all their occasional acuteness in the comparison of literary or dramatic excellence, they are, as a rule, written in a vein of enthusiastic eulogy, altogether incompatible with judicious discrimination. Nearly all his geese are swans.

Of the Abbey Theatre itself, of course, he has not much to tell that is absolutely new, but his description of one of its earliest rehearsals, with half-a-dozen enthusiastic but totally inexperienced amateurs in the poorest and roughest of halls, furnishes an object-lesson to those who believe that an elaborate and learned organization is a necessary preliminary to the establishment of a national theatre. It is true that W. G. Fay and his associates, after they had made their start, did receive substantial aid from Miss Horniman for some years, but it is sufficiently plain that the enterprise succeeded mainly because of the zeal behind it and its direct racial appeal. That it has now assumed the form of a permanent and essentially national institution can scarcely be doubted, although the acting capacity of the company must be enlarged before it can discharge the highest functions of the artistic theatre. At present it is only in the realistic folk drama, and not always in that if a tragic note be called for, that the present players meet every artistic requirement. To imaginative situations they exhibit a strange insensibility. The suggestion—quoted by Mr. Weygandt from Mr. Yeats—that this seeming unresponsiveness to emotion is a sort of classic repose, the result of Mr. Fay's having seen Bernhardt and De Max in "Phèdre" at the Français, is fantastic. In any case, nothing could be more absurd than any attempt to apply the French rules of traditional classic gesture to the interpretation of Irish peasant drama or romance. The simple truth is that the Irish Players have been trained as yet in one style of acting only. In that they are remarkably efficient, and it is worth noting that from the first their instructors have been most insistent upon their faithful observance of the characteristic rhythm of peasant speech and upon a resolute avoidance of exaggeration. These are admirable rules in themselves, particularly when a special end is in view, but on the stage they are not of universal application.

Much of Mr. Weygandt's space is given to biographies of the Irish dramatists—Yeats, Synge, Martyn, Lady Gregory, and others of lesser note—with synopses of many of their plays. This review is well done, constituting a compact and convenient summary. The bulk of the work produced during the dozen years or so that the Abbey Theatre and its kindred societies have been in existence, is remarkable, and the quality of much of it most encouraging for the future, if not quite so precious in its entirety as Mr. Weygandt pronounces it to be. With his general estimate of the product of Yeats and Synge few readers will disagree. As might be expected, he professes a somewhat contemptuous opinion for those who fail to recognize in "The Playboy of the Western World" a perfect masterpiece, but the force of his argument is weakened by his admission that irony, grotesqueness, and extravagance are prominent characteristics of Synge's genius. These, of course, are just the features which invalidate the legitimacy of "The Playboy" even as satirical comedy. One of the most interesting, and most truly critical, chapters in the book is the last, on William Sharp, in which he refuses to entertain the notion of any dual personality in his case, arguing that his talent was essentially imitative, that his assumption of the alias of Fiona Macleod was—though he puts it somewhat less bluntly—a deliberate commercial trick, to attract attention to a style of composition in which he was proficient; and that while using it he constantly betrayed himself, to careful read-

ers, by writing from his own male point of view.

"Plays of Old Japan (The Nō)," by Dr. Marie Stopes, with a colored frontispiece and other illustrations from Japanese woodcuts, is announced by Heinemann, London. The plays were mostly written in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Included in the volume will be translations of four of the plays, made by the author and Prof. Joji Sakurai, of Tokio.

By arrangement with the heirs of Henry W. Longfellow and the publishers of Longfellow's "Evangeline," Arthur Hopkins announces that he will produce next season in New York a stage version of the poem. The dramatization, made by Thomas W. Broadhurst, has been approved by the Longfellow family, and will be interpreted by a cast of seventy-five persons, headed by Edna Goodrich. The scenes will portray four stages of Evangeline's life in Acadia and seven stages of her wanderings. Incidental music, both orchestral and choral, has been composed by William Furst.

Annie Russell's Old English Comedy Company, which has been visiting the principal Eastern cities since the end of its New York engagement, will close its first season in Montreal the first of June. Miss Russell has ambitious plans for next season. The first week in August her Comedy Company starts on a transcontinental tour, which will include the principal cities of the United States and Canada not visited this season. Returning East soon after the Christmas holidays, Miss Russell will prepare for her second New York engagement, when she will offer, besides "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Rivals," and "Much Ado About Nothing," several revivals, including Knowles's "The Love Chase" and Sheridan's "The School for Scandal."

Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie are to give a series of special matinée performances at the London Royalty Theatre. The first of these will occur on the 22d inst., when an original one-act play by Rudyard Kipling, called "The Harbor Watch," will be given, in connection with a posthumous comedy by St. John Hankin, called "Thompson," which has been finished by George Calderon. Of Kipling's piece little is known, but it is said to be thoroughly characteristic of its author, and to deal with soldiers and sailors.

The plans of Ethel Irving at the London Globe Theatre include a revival of Somerset Maugham's "Lady Frederick," and the production of a new English version of "La Tosca" as well as of "Years of Discretion."

The third number of the *Manchester Playgoer* opens with a lively paper on Mr. Gordon Craig and the Universe, by John Palmer, which is characterized by a vigor and common sense not always observable in the utterances of the professors of advanced theatrical ideas. There is truth, also, in an article on "The Dramatic Artist," by Philip Carr, who writes:

This intellectual invasion of the theatre is a healthy thing. It is bracing, it is cleansing, it has activity. One might say it has life, and from the side of the intelligence, it has life. But for all its cleverness, it misses out something which is a part of life, and that is, perhaps, why it does not attain to a complete expression in art. In its anxiety to avoid sentimentality, it leaves out sentiment, and sentiment is a part of life. In its anxiety to be novel, it forgets simplicity, and simplicity is not only the most vital thing in life, but the most eloquent and enduring thing in art.

H. B. Irving sends word to England that he has produced Stephen Phillips's poetic play, "The Sin of David," in Johannesburg with great success. He promises to present it in London next winter, during his engagement at the London Savoy.

"Playgoers" is the name of a one-act piece by Sir A. W. Pinero which has just been produced in the London St. James's Theatre. It tells of the experience of a philanthropic young married couple who tried to make their servants more contented with their lot by sending them to see plays of a thoughtful and inspiring character. The result is that they succeed only in offending every one of them, so that they all give notice except the odd man. The skit is said to be very amusing. Presumably it has a satirical import. Sir Arthur, in writing it, probably had in mind the troubles of a dramatist who is desirous of pleasing all his critics.

At Pozsony (Pressburg), the ancient capital of Hungary, a memorial service was held on the 15th of March in honor of the late Francis Korbay. Liszt's Mass was sung at the Cathedral, which was crowded to the doors. At the close of the Mass the Hungarian National Hymn was sung amid a scene of great emotion, most of the congregation being in tears.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra ends its thirty-second season in Boston on Saturday evening, May 3, and will begin the thirty-third season in Boston on Friday afternoon, October 10. In this season just drawing to a close it has given one hundred and nine concerts, with two additional concerts in aid of its pension fund. The season has been altogether the most prosperous the organization has ever had. The return of Dr. Muck has restored it to all its old-time brilliancy. The illness of Dr. Muck, which incapacitated him for several weeks, brought into prominence its new assistant conductor, Otto Urack, whose work met with most gratifying success. In the season of 1913-14, the Boston Symphony Orchestra will give one hundred and ten concerts.

Saint-Saëns, the oldest as well as the greatest of French composers and writers on musical topics, is out with a new oratorio and a new book. The oratorio is "The Promised Land," based on a libretto by Hermann Klein. It will have its first performance next September at a music festival in Gloucester, Eng. The book is entitled "Ecole Buissonnière" (Pierre Lafitte & Cie.), and is made up of articles which first appeared in the *Echo de Paris*. It includes sketches of Pauline Viardot, Delsarte, Rossini, Massenet, Meyerbeer, Offenbach; articles on diverse artistic and church questions, and scientific fantasias.

Least known of Liszt's works are those for the organ, yet Saint-Saëns goes so far as to call his fantasia on the choral from "Le Prophète" the most extraordinary composition in the literature of that instrument:

It lasts forty minutes, and the interest does not flag for a moment. As Mozart in his Fantaisie and Sonata in C minor anticipated the modern piano, Liszt writing this Fantaisie more than a half-century ago seems to have foreseen the instrument we now possess with its thousand resources.

When Verdi died he left a large sum for building a home for superannuated, indigent musicians. Once a year the inmates give a concert in memory of their benefactor. This year special pains were taken because it marked the Verdi centenary. There was a chorus of twenty-two former soloists, and arias from Verdi's operas were sung, one of them by a baritone of sixty-eight, another by a soprano of eighty-one. The critics were not invited.

When an opera is really successful in Paris it is likely to be given at least a hundred times the first season. How far Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" has been from such success is shown by the fact that it required eleven years to reach its hundredth repetition. Nevertheless, the event was celebrated by a supper at which Paul Dukas, Xavier Leroux, Jean Périer, and other prominent musicians were present, besides the composer and his wife.

It was expected that either Pohlig or Wetzler would be appointed as Paur's successor as conductor of the Royal Opera in Berlin; but the post has been given to Robert Langs, of Essen.

Dora Duty Jones died a day after the publication of her excellent book, "Lyric Diction." Her first book, "The Technique of Speech," has for its theme vowel resonance. She held that "resonance, being the only quality characteristic of the voice in both speaking and singing, is the only natural link between speech and song." Her method is based on her discovery "of a definite point of control in the muscular action of the tongue, from which the movements of that organ may be directed easily and naturally through the sense of touch." After teaching lyric diction in New York for some years, she went to Europe, teaching successively in Florence, Berlin, and London.

Art

NEW WORKS OF RAPHAEL'S.

ROME, April 4.

Commendatore Adolfo Venturi has just announced at the University of Rome a most important discovery, which sheds light on many unexplained phases of the early work of Raphael, and in particular on the character of his relations with Perugino.

Down to the middle of the nineteenth century, critics were accustomed to suppose that Raphael's education was derived altogether from Perugino. Giovanni Morelli, however, pointed out conclusively how much Raphael's forms reflected the influence of Timoteo della Vite. Lately, a third possible master has been found in Evangelista Pian di Meleto, mentioned in documents as the assistant of Raphael's father, Giovanni Santi. According to the document published by Magherini-Graziana, Evangelista painted in 1500-1501 the Coronation of S. Niccolà da Tolentino for the Church of S. Agostino, at Città di Cas-

tello, in collaboration with the youthful Raphael. Three known fragments of this ancona, an angel now in the gallery at Brescia, the Eternal Father, and the Virgin in the Naples Gallery, appear to be altogether the work of Raphael, and it is probable that the name of Evangelista Pian di Meleto may have been introduced into the document on account of Raphael's extreme youth. So poor an artist could hardly have done more than guide the first steps of the greater genius. The lasting influence which Raphael received from Urbino came from the favorite pupil of Francesco Francia, Timoteo della Vite, who had just returned to Urbino, young and successful, bringing with him the new and more developed forms of the Bolognese School.

At this period, the greatest painter of Umbria was Pietro Perugino. Raphael's father had already felt his influence, and Raphael must have become familiar at an early age with the great anconas of Sinigaglia and Fano, because at a later time he reproduced the motives of the predella of the Fano picture.

The Stanza dell' Udienza del Cambio in Perugia is generally believed to have been painted by Perugino in the year 1500, by reason of the date in the inscription under the master's own portrait. The two lunettes on the wall at the left of the entrance representing the Heroes of Antiquity, and the decoration of the vault, show Perugino's forms of this period; but there is much reason for supposing that the Transfiguration and Nativity on the back wall, and the Prophets and Sibyls on the right, were painted at a later date. The series of subjects represented on the various walls lack unity; for we have first two panels representing the Heroes of Antiquity, then the Transfiguration and Nativity, and finally the Sibyls and Prophets. Having treated the Heroes according to the request of the Corporation of the Cambio, Perugino, on continuing the work after a lapse of time, might naturally have returned to his more accustomed Biblical subjects. The figures themselves of the Transfiguration and Nativity are modelled with stronger chiaroscuro, exhibit more rounded types, and in every way suggest a later date than those of the first two panels. There is also evidence that the last payment for the Cambio frescoes was not made until 1507. Professor Venturi therefore believes that the entire series was not completed before 1506.

In the lunette on the right wall, representing the Prophets and Sibyls, the composition is as unlike as possible to the Heroes of Antiquity. In the former fresco the figures are arranged in a horizontal row, in which each figure is unrelated to its neighbor, and they repeat the overworked types of Perugino's earlier and grander compositions. On the other hand, in the Prophets and Sibyls we find a closely knit and balanced arrangement in which each figure plays its part in the total composition.

In comparing the figures of this panel with those of all the others, we find in the Prophets and Sibyls an overwhelming superiority in drawing, force of chiaroscuro, and power of expression. The noble Eternal Father has no parallel in the old men among the Heroes, and the dominating heads of the David and Solomon make the earlier forms of Perugino seem to be of pasteboard. On the other hand, the Sibyls reflect Leonardo and Timoteo della Vite. These nervous, sensitive heads and rhythmical bodies have nothing in common with the spiritless, oft-repeated types found in all Perugino's work of this period. The landscape, too, with its higher horizon and colder cliffs, bears little resemblance to those of Perugino, but rather recalls the landscapes of Timoteo della Vite and Giovanni Santi.

We find, then, in this fresco a genius much more profound than Perugino, and a painter who, while reflecting the forms of the Urbino School and Timoteo della Vite, and influenced by Leonardo, nevertheless seeks to bring to life the deeper feeling of the Perugino of the Sistine Chapel in forms of the beginning of the sixteenth century, and with a force which bears him to heights which Perugino never approached. In this fresh genius Professor Venturi has discovered the forms of the youthful Raphael. It is Raphael after he has painted the Sposalizio of the Brera, has worked in Florence, and has been inspired by Leonardo's Battle of Anghiari and Michelangelo's cartoons for the Signoria.

In the Uffizi is a drawing for the Moses of the Sala del Cambio also given to Perugino; and here again is a force of chiaroscuro and expression very unlike that master's. A comparison with the drawing for the Socrates, also in the Uffizi, will immediately show the superiority of the former.

In the earlier work of Perugino on the left wall of the Cambio, Professor Venturi finds another figure by Raphael —the charming Fortezza—the third in the series of personifications of the Virtues. She has the same fresh, youthful head which we see in the right-hand figure of the Vision of a Knight in the National Gallery; and we also find here the same forms as those of the recently discovered fragments of the Coronation of S. Niccolà da Tolentino, fresh from the influence of Timoteo and less Peruginesque than in the Sposalizio. We have no evidence except this head that Raphael was in Perugia in 1500, but we know that at this date he was absent from Urbino.

Another picture which Professor Venturi holds to be unquestionably a work of Raphael, and which still bears the name of Perugino, is the Ecce Homo, in the Galleria Vannucci in Perugia. This picture has always been difficult for the critics to explain, as it has, together with the strong chiaroscuro and developed forms of the beginning of the sixteenth century, the sincere devotion never found in Perugino's later works, and displays a knowledge of anatomy very unlike that exhibited in his other figures. This head is similar to Raphael's Christ on the Cross in the collection of Mr. Ludwig Mond of London.

STANLEY LOTHROP.

Henry R. Poore's new book, "The Conception of Art," is soon to be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

John Lane Company will issue in the near future a vellum *édition de luxe* of a volume of nearly a hundred miniatures by Charles Turrell, the English artist. The issue will be limited to one hundred copies at $100 a copy. Dr. A. C. Williamson will furnish an introduction.

It seems long ago that Gilchrist, in 1863, described Blake as "pictor ignotus"; today he has become a subject of study for normal college students. Many have written of him as author and artist—Ellis, Fuseli, Wicksteed, Ruskin, Chesterton, De Selincourt, Miss E. L. Cary—and his genius has been appreciated both rhapsodically and sanely. But it remained for Mr. Archibald G. B. Russell to devote a monograph to his engravings in black and white ("The Engravings of William Blake": Houghton Mifflin). Blake was an experimenter in various media; he painted in oil and in fresco, engraved on copper, etched metal for relief printing, did woodcuts of strength and richness, despite—or because of—their rude simplicity, tried lithography, and produced many color prints, which, as the late S. R. Koehler pointed out, were essentially monotypes. But he began with line engraving, learning his craft under Basire, and ended with it in his last great undertaking, the "Book of Job." In this work the somewhat heavy, undistinguished technique acquired under Basire had developed into a freedom of handling which caused Dante Gabriel Rossetti to pronounce the engravings in the "Job" and the "Ballads" of Hayley "the only good medium between etching and formal *line* that I ever met with." In his early work one feels some of the spirit of British book-illustration of the day—as exemplified in the drawings of Stothard, Westall, or Smirke. And later there was a reflection of the Fuselian pose. But these were insular traits which faded somewhat in time. The chief influences, as Mr. Russell points out, were Gothic architecture and Michael Angelo.

Blake understood and appreciated the essential nature and function of the engraved line; he collected prints, and admired and cherished the engravings of Dürer, Lucas van Leyden, Bonasone, and other masters of the art. Mr. Russell records his love of "precision of form," and cites his dictum that "engraving, by losing drawing, has lost all character and expression." This

segregation of his black-and-white line work, executed with the incisive precision and formality of the burin, from that based on the free use of color in printing, sets in a clear light a significant side of Blake's activity which has possibly been somewhat overlooked through preoccupation with his highly imaginative qualities.

The present carefully compiled and annotated catalogue, with its full information regarding variety of states and the whereabouts of original drawings and studies, will be indispensable to the Blake collector, who will be happy if he has in addition the excellent little catalogue of the Blake exhibition at the Grolier Club in 1905.

Finance

THE TARIFF BILL AND THE FINANCIAL FUTURE.

With the assembling of the Sixty-third Congress last week, and the presentation of the long-awaited tariff-reduction bill, an opportunity was at length provided to see how the financial markets would receive it. Their verdict, as expressed in the movement of prices, ought to have given some clue to the feeling in high financial circles regarding what the effect on trade, industry, and general prosperity is to be. But they have given no very positive intimation. When the bill was published, the Stock Exchange market hardly moved.

Apparently, it was waiting to see how business men would take the proposals for altered duties. From such quarters, the response was somewhat slow; in the end, however, while many protests and warnings were heard, the comment was characterized in an unexpected degree by composure and equanimity. This led to much interested discussion. One somewhat frequent remark was, that a stock market which advanced in last summer's political campaigning days, when Wall Street was betting 4 to 1 on Wilson, and which would not decline on the news of his election—though on both occasions the tariff-reduction policy was taken for granted—had no special reason for declining when the legislation was actually proposed.

The non-committal attitude of the markets presently revived a good deal of interesting reminiscence as to what the Stock Exchange did when other previous tariff revision bills were laid before Congress, and what the financial sequel to debate and vote was on those previous occasions. One such occasion was 1909, when the Payne-Aldrich bill was introduced in March. In April, one of the country's leading financiers predicted financial and industrial recovery, but only when the tariff discussion should be over. It was not over until August, but the trade revival and the boom on the Stock Exchange were vigorously under way by the end of May.

The Dingley bill of 1897 was introduced in March, and finally passed July 24. Trade and the markets had been hesitating, but a very rapid revival was in progress by the end of May, which grew to a boom before the year was over. That, to be sure, was a bill for a higher tariff; but if this fact was the real cause for the recovery, there was the McKinley Tariff bill of 1890, an ultra-protectionist measure, which had an altogether different sequel. That bill was introduced in January and enacted in July. The markets were extremely depressed while it was pending; they advanced sharply in the two months after its enactment, but thereafter lapsed into great disorder, with a Stock Exchange panic in November.

Here are confusing precedents enough. Perhaps, after all, the clue to them rests in something other than tariff debates. For instance, 1909 was a year in which after-panic depression had at length worn off; 1897 was a year in which, by midsummer, an extraordinary agricultural windfall came on a market, with prolonged economy and conservatism behind it; while the characteristic story of 1890 was one of overdone speculation on a basis of tight money. But all such considerations bear most pertinently on yet another tariff-revision year.

A very great part of such misgivings as have existed since last November, over the "tariff session's" probable effect on business, was undoubtedly based on recollections of 1894. That was the last real downward revision of the tariff, and history tells the story of disordered markets, severe trade depression, and a continuous deficit in the public revenue, during and immediately after its enactment. If that was the sequel to the last attempt at general downward revision of the tariff, why not a similar sequel now?

The Wilson bill was in many respects closely similar to the pending Underwood bill; but the circumstances under which it was introduced and passed bore very little resemblance to those which now exist, and this fact almost certainly explains the unexpected composure with which last week's announcements have been received in the business community. The tariff of 1894 was introduced six months after the crisis of the panic of 1893. Its provisions were first read by business men when they had begun to grasp the fact that the country's consuming power was paralyzed and the country itself largely insolvent.

This was not all. The debate proceeded in the face, first, of the demoralization of the Treasury's finances and the threatened collapse of the gold standard; secondly, of the bankruptcy of our largest railway corporations; thirdly, of a revolt of labor which led to the invasion by "Coxey's Army" on the one hand and to the seizure of Chicago's transportation facilities by the American Railway Union on the other; finally, of a disastrous failure of the country's corn crop. None of these spectacular events originated in any sense from the tariff controversy, but they greatly depressed and embittered the business public in its views regarding tariff revision.

Other circumstances aggravated this feeling. The debate on the Wilson bill was angry and prolonged. It began in December, 1893; the House passed the bill at the end of February; the Senate passed its own bill in July, and not until late in August did the two houses agree on the measure. In July a widely signed petition of bankers and merchants was presented to Congress, expressing desperate indifference over the character of the bill, but pleading for speedy enactment, so as to give the season's business plans a chance. For, during all these seven or eight months, American merchants and manufacturers were trying to dispose of the load of surplus stocks with which they had been caught in the panic of 1893, while Europe, where almost equally severe depression prevailed, was unloading its merchandise at a sacrifice on our markets.

Such was the story of 1894. It is a question to consider, just how much resemblance those surrounding circumstances bore to the present well-guarded Treasury, sound currency, prosperous corporations, and well-employed labor, with five years of industrial retrenchment behind us, home stocks of merchandise at low ebb, and European manufacturers at present wholly engaged in keeping abreast of the demands of their own home trade.

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The Week

It is difficult to speak without contempt of proposals to abrogate out of hand the treaty under which the United States acquired the right to build the Panama Canal. The only reason assigned is that we now find the treaty an obstacle to our doing what we solemnly agreed not to do. Therefore, tear it up! There are regular methods of superseding or modifying treaties We got rid of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty by negotiating the Hay-Pauncefote treaty to take its place. But no country that did not wish to advertise itself as faithless and shameless would undertake to serve notice that it did not any longer consider itself bound by a treaty into which it had freely entered, and which in the view of both law and morals is absolutely binding. The stark power to do this need not be questioned. We can, if we choose, declare the United States a pariah among the nations, and give warning that none of our international engagements are to be kept if we find it inconvenient. But a mad rush into infamy is inconceivable.

Washington dispatches state that some errors that have crept into the income-tax section of the Underwood bill are to be corrected, particularly the one by which proceeds of life-insurance policies were unintentionally subjected to the tax. But apart from any downright errors it may contain, the wording ot the section is of such extraordinary character that something ought to be done, and done soon, to give the public a fair chance to find out what it means. Everybody knows, of course, the general effect designed—that $4,000 shall be exempt, that the amount of income above $4,000 and under $20,000 shall be taxed 1 per cent., the amount above $20,000 and under $50,000 2 per cent., and so on. They also know, in a general way, that the Government intends, so far as possible, to collect "at the source" —on dividends through the corporation tax, on salaries through the officers of corporations paying them, etc. But the mechanism of the collection is a matter of no little importance, and yet to any ordinary reader devoting less than a solid week to the study of the bill it must remain a sacred mystery. The sentences in which the procedure is laid down have a beginning, but can hardly be said to have an end, for the most surprising turns are encountered when you think you have got through. Thus you read and read and read about the necessity of disclosing all your private affairs to the cashier of the corporation that employs you, under penalty of losing your exemption; and then all of a sudden, with only a comma to separate it, you find what looks like an escape from all this, but you are not quite sure that it is.

It is not easy to reconcile the President's action in regard to the Directorship of the Census with the elementary principles that should govern in the filling of such offices. The present Director, E. Dana Durand, was appointed in June, 1909. His experience before that time was as follows: Legislative librarian N. Y. State Library, 1895-7; assistant professor administration and finance, Leland Stanford University, 1898-9; secretary U. S. Industrial Commission, 1900-2; special expert U. S. Census Office, 1902; special examiner U. S. Bureau of Corporations, 1903-7; Deputy Commissioner of Corporations, 1907-9. The qualifications of Mr. W. J. Harris, as given in the press dispatches, are as follows: "William J. Harris is a business man of Atlanta, Ga., who had several years' experience in Washington as secretary to Senator Alexander S. Clay." We do not add the fact that Mr. Harris is chairman of the Democratic State Committee of Georgia, because that does not seem to us to constitute any part of the qualifications of a Director of the Census. If, as is generally believed, Mr. Durand is a thoroughly fit head of that great statistical organization, why not continue him in the post? And if he is not, why not substitute for him a man whose qualifications, including special training and experience, are unquestionable?

Vice-President Marshall apparently regards it as his special duty to tell the country what "men are saying" about social and economic conditions, but he seems to have great difficulty in understanding what men are saying about *him*. They are not objecting to him as a radical; there is no particular reason to suppose that he is a radical. What they object to is the spectacle of the Vice-President of the United States chattering about great questions in the manner of a corner-grocery Solomon, telling a lot of gaping yokels what wonderful or terrible things are going to happen if something or other doesn't happen to prevent. His talk about the people being two to one for this or that extreme measure directed against the rich is precisely on a par with the familiar campaign talk about how the election would go "if a vote were taken to-morrow"—the safest and about the most futile of all kinds of election prophecy. Mr. Marshall adds nothing to the country's stock of knowledge about either the law or the alleged state of public opinion; and as to the merits of any proposed remedy for the evils concerning which he rambles on, he does not profess to have an opinion.

A mistake in filling the Collectorship of the port of New York would be one of the most damaging that the Administration could make. This would be true under any circumstances, but it would be preëminently true at the present time, owing to the remarkable record made by Collector Loeb. The performance of whoever goes into that office will be watched with keen interest throughout the country, and will be compared with that which has been familiar during the past four years. It takes a man of splendid vigor, of fixed principles, and of unflinching firmness, to administer that office as it should be administered. Good intentions and mediocre ability will not suffice to cope with the pressure of a thousand kinds that is brought to bear in the custom-house. As for the appointment of any man whose character or affiliations would suggest a reintroduction of politics, that would be little less than a calamity. An appointment clearly meaning the opposite of all this would powerfully strengthen the hold of the Administration.

Is the entire sugar business of the United States now centred in Washington? One might think so who glanced at the Washington newspapers and noted the extraordinary amount of advertising of sugar which they have been printing. These advertisements are mostly in the nature of burning appeals to the public not to be deceived by what "they say," but to "get the facts." And then the facts are spread out in bewildering variety—and uncertainty. The inference is clear that the public really appealed to is, not the housewives of the District, but the Congress that is about to revise the sugar tariff. There are at least four sugar "bureaus" now established in Washington. They are variously known, and some of their titles are sounding. The one that we like best is the "Refiners' Congressional Advisory Headquarters." That suggests something at once friendly and businesslike. All this activity naturally costs money. Letters are sent out asking for funds; and a firm in receipt of one of these appeals forwards it to the *Nation*. It states: "We have hesitated about calling upon you, but as we are now overdrawn at the bank it is absolutely necessary that we have funds at once." It seems sad that any association should be reduced to such straits when its one aim is to "save the sugar industry."

The insurance rate on postmasterships must have fallen sharply after Postmaster-General Burleson's pacific announcement regarding Republicans who happened to be holding these offices. Especially must it have brought relief to the friends of Postmaster Murphy, of Augusta, Ga., and any others in his delicate position. Mr. Murphy used to be a Democrat. Nevertheless, when Mr. Burleson's predecessor was looking for a good Republican for the job, he was asked by citizens of Augusta to overlook politics, and appoint "Old Murph." Augusta was President Taft's "winter capital," and he yielded to the request. Mr. Murphy, in return, could do no less than throw over his inherited convictions, and vote for Taft last November. Here is where he got into trouble. Having voted against Wilson, how could he expect reappointment, even if he was still a Democrat at heart? For a time, it looked very much as if Mr. Murphy's natural gratitude to Mr. Taft had operated to injure him, but now, we suppose, all will be well. The hazards of politics are terrible.

For a Socialist, Mr. Victor Berger is much more kindly disposed to Democratic tariff revision than so many non-revolutionary citizens of Republican and Bull Moose affiliations. The latter foresee no beneficial effect on the cost of living. The former Socialist Congressman from Milwaukee admits that there will be some relief, perhaps as much as $4 per head of the population; nothing to get excited over. Mr. Berger's figures illustrate one difficulty that reform must always encounter. The muckraker's work is essentially dramatic; the reformer's work is nearly always commonplace. When it is a question of the predatory nature of the tariff one habitually writes that the nation is robbed, even at Mr. Berger's modest estimate, of $400,000,000 a year—a respectable sum. When the tariff interests are made to disgorge, they do it at the rate of $4 per inhabitant of the United States—a totally unimpressive sum. The exactions of a Gas Trust, at a dollar a thousand feet, are luridly described as running up into millions. But the saving to the people under eighty-cent gas is described as amounting to 16 cents per month per capita. Undoubtedly, the nickels and the quarter-dollars of the masses make up the million-dollar surpluses of the Trusts, but the friends of reform must learn to get their legitimate dramatic effects by not speaking in nickels. Four hundred million dollars a year saved to the country by tariff revision is the way to speak of it.

Jersey City is the second largest municipality in the country to adopt commission government, New Orleans having voted for it in September. It is also the fourth city of above 200,000 population to take this step, the others being New Orleans, St. Paul, and Denver. Yet Jersey City will actually have her new form of government before some of these other places, owing to the New Jersey law which provides for a special election within a month of the adoption of the commission idea. St. Paul, for instance, although it voted for commission government nearly a year ago, will not get it until next January. There were actually fewer votes for it in Jersey City than in 1911, when the plan was defeated, but the vote against it was almost cut in two. So we have the familiar story of 11,000 electors deciding the form of government for several times as many of their fellows. Ten cities of above 100,000 population now have commission government. The total number of such cities is well above 200, containing a total of more than 5,000,000 people.

Another Legislature has performed the impossible by putting progressive laws in the statute-book without the aid of Progressive members. All but two of the 138 Texas legislators are Democrats, and those two are Republicans. Yet the Dallas *Morning News* says: "In the matter of enacting social or ameliorating laws, we have had no Legislature that can rival the last one." It proceeds to give specifications, as follows:

> Among the laws of this class passed by the last session of the Legislature was the Suspended Sentence act, the Employees' Compensation act, the Wife Abandonment act, the act limiting the working hours of women, the act prescribing a more effective and humane manner of trying lunacy charges, the Married Women's Property Rights act, the act creating a State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection, the bill creating a training school for delinquent girls, the Indeterminate Sentence act, and the act making the previously enacted Juvenile Court law effective provisions of that law.

Despite the multiplying declarations of Progressives that the name of the party doing the work does not count, the stony silence of the Colonel upon this point must make everybody outside of Texas view the above record with grave misgivings.

It is not surprising that the terms of Mr. Morgan's will should have made a deep impression on the public. The document is so largely conceived as to give a fresh indication of his large and foresighted nature. Attention is rightly called, also, to the serene confidence which he reposed in those associated with him in business, and to the ample discretion which he conferred upon his executors. Certain of the charities to which he contributed in his life-time they are to continue to aid as long as they may think it "necessary." No precise disposal of Mr. Morgan's art collections is made by his will, yet their ultimate destination, as a treasure for the

use and instruction of the general public, is clearly indicated. We do not doubt that his heirs and executors will duly attend to this carrying out of his intentions, so perpetuating his memory. Mr. Morgan's will makes a striking confession of his implicit Christian faith, and those who knew most about the religious aspect of the man assert that this is merely of a piece with his constant attitude. But it is perhaps a little unwise for clergymen to seize upon this, in the way in which so many of them did in the pulpit last Sunday. Their praise could easily be perverted into an apparent belief that what the world most needs is to have an overwhelming demonstration that godliness is profitable. There are other Christian doctrines more in need of emphasis just now.

The death of John B. Henderson removes one of the few survivors of the fifty-six Senators who, in May, 1868, voted finally on the impeachment of President Andrew Johnson. Mr. Henderson was one of the nineteen who voted that the charges had not been sustained; Messrs. George Edmunds and William Sprague, two other survivors, were of the thirty-five who voted that they had. The popular feeling was so intense, and the lines were so sharply drawn in the Senate, that every one would have been able to forecast the result but for the uncertainty surrounding the position of Ross of Kansas. He had held his peace throughout the informal discussions incidental to the trial, but eventually voted with the minority. Had he gone the other way, he would have reduced the minority to eighteen and raised the majority to thirty-six, the two-thirds required by the Constitution. Benjamin Wade, of Ohio, would then have succeeded to the functions of the Presidency, and the subsequent history of the United States would nave been different. Ross's later career was full of vicissitudes: from time to time he emerged from obscurity, but the closing years of his life were passed in New Mexico, following his trade as a journeyman printer. Mr. Sprague has remained in absolute retirement on his Rhode Island estate so long as to create a widespread impression that he is dead. Mr. Edmunds is now a leading citizen of Pasadena, Cal. In spite of his eighty-five years, he takes the liveliest interest in all governmental affairs, contributes occasionally to the press, and—in some respects most wonderful of all his accomplishments—reads every issue of the *Congressional Record* as faithfully as he used to while it was still a daily chronicle of his own public activities.

How slow we have been in meeting the physical needs of the boys and girls whose mental development has been our chief interest, is shown by the report of a Minnesota inspector to the Bureau of Education at Washington. He found that four-fifths of the children in country schools drink tea and coffee; that two-fifths of them suffer from almost constant toothache; and that one-fifth have frequent headaches. "When I ask how many have a toothbrush," this inspector writes, "nearly all say they have, but when I ask, 'Did you use it this morning?' there is little response." Simple questions about the children's eyesight brought out the fact that one-fifth of them suffer from eye-strain. Another defect is indicated by the statement: "Four or five per cent. of the children simply do not hear what is going on, and are therefore put down as stupid when they are not." The commonest principles of hygiene are frequently neglected. In one school, the stove was keeping the temperature of the room at ninety degrees, while outdoors it was ten below zero. Plentifully fed, the children do not get the right kind of food. Fresh air is carefully excluded from the houses—a condition, by the way, that is held partly accountable for the loss of reputation for good health that the country has sustained in comparison with the city. Fortunately, much can be done to remedy these conditions by the teacher, without resort to elaborate medical methods. Nor should a great deal of legislation be necessary. A little enlightenment ought to be sufficient.

What the actual merit of Dr. Friedmann's treatment for tuberculosis may be, is a question just about as open as it was when he began his vicissitudinous career in this country. The only thing certain about it is that it is getting an enormous amount of diversified advertising without expense to its author. Senator Penrose was entirely right in saying, apropos of the motion of Mr. Hughes, of New Jersey, that the Senate was "going out of its way to give him advertisement." The New Jersey Senator had asked unanimous consent for the consideration of his bill to give the doctor the right to practice in the District of Columbia without examination; but objection was made by Senators Gallinger and Penrose. The proposal was peculiarly objectionable in view of the fact that the United States Government is making a scientific examination of the merits of the treatment, and that its investigators are extremely careful to give no indication of their judgment until their inquiry has been completed. It is difficult to keep track of the changes in Dr. Friedmann's programme, which have been numerous. But at no stage of the proceedings have his actions presented the outward appearance of a dignified professional attitude; and so long as the doctors have not come to a conclusion, laymen may well adhere to a position of skepticism and caution.

Peace in the Balkans is definitely in sight. The allied nations, with the exception of Montenegro, have accepted the terms of the latest note presented by the Powers, with reservations that will not militate against the signing of a treaty. Thus under rather undramatic circumstances an historic campaign is drawing to its close. Yet the material for continued strife is not wanting in the Balkan peninsula. Peace with Turkey is virtually attained. War among the Powers over the question of Albania has been definitely averted. But there remains the possibility of friction among the allies when the distribution of spoils is under way. Rumors of open conflict between Bulgarians and Serbs, and Bulgarians and Greeks, are rife. From Sofia come dispatches which seek to minimize the rôle played by Bulgaria's partners in the war. But though the disposition of Salonica and the apportionment of territory on the Serbo-Bulgarian line in Macedonia are very likely to bring about debate, the dispute can hardly go beyond that. The magnitude of the victory over Turkey has inflamed the ambitions of every one of the allies. But then the magnitude of the spoils is such that there ought to be enough for everybody —with a little grumbling.

TARIFF MONSTROSITIES.

In the process of threshing out the new tariff bill, the Democratic caucus reached Schedule K, and by a vote of 190 to 42 decided to put wool on the free list. This has many significant aspects. Two years ago the Democrats in the House could not screw their courage up to advocating free wool. Indeed, in the original form of the present bill a small duty was retained. Mr. Underwood has frankly stated this, and has also explained that President Wilson took the responsibility for removing the tax entirely. That this was a step in which the party is now ready to follow him, was shown by the overwhelming majority in the caucus. But the vote for free wool is only one of many signs that impatience and disgust with the old system of tariff taxation are growing on all sides. The greatest pressure now put upon the Democratic leaders in Congress is, not to make the rates higher than the bill proposes, but to make them lower. The free list has been much extended, but it is plain, from all that comes out, that it could be made even larger to the satisfaction of the rank and file of the party.

The country is still, unfortunately, in the midst of the tariff jungle. We have to begin by cutting a few openings. The whole noxious growth of a century cannot be cleared away in one year. It took English statesmen fifty years to get rid of all their tariff monstrosities, and we shall have to be long at the task. For a beginning, the Underwood bill is probably the best that can now be had. But no man who approaches its study from the standpoint of scientific taxation, or takes it up purely as a project of law, can fail to see that it staggers under a dead weight of inherited and inveterate evils. If we knew nothing of its antecedents, nothing of the enormous difficulties now in the way of drafting a customs law that shall be at once clear, just, and productive of revenue, we should say, on simple inspection, that the bill now before Congress was an object of amazement and even horror.

Take the brute mass of it. In the hands of every member of the House were placed two bulky documents. One was the bill itself—218 printed pages. With it went a Tariff Handbook, containing no less than 816 pages of texts, comparisons, statistics, indexes. And all this wilderness of detail in order to raise some $230,000,000 of revenue for carrying on the Government! Six or eight items alone, under a law capable of being written on one sheet of paper, raise $100,000,000 of customs revenue in England. Yet that country had in 1815 a tariff nearly as cumbrous and vicious as ours. It contained 1,400 items. With a meticulous ingenuity like that of our own tariff-makers, it sought to levy a special tax on every conceivable variety of human production. All this has been swept away in England, to the great advantage of her Treasury, and to the durable satisfaction of her people.

But Americans, even in their revised tariff, are caught in the old complexities and endless subdivisions of tariff legislation. Open the bulky volume that is called a law almost at random, and you find yourself in a Mandarin atmosphere. "Single yarns made of jute, not finer than five lea or number." "Cotton cloth, not bleached, dyed, colored, stained, painted, printed, or mercerized, containing yarn the highest number of which does not exceed number nine." Are such things suitable for a statute? Do they fit into any rational idea of taxation?

What the explanation is of this terrible mass of tariff legislation, everybody knows. It began as a tax and ended as governmental oversight of every branch and form of human industry. Little by little, every established canon of taxation was departed from. Step by step the notion of subsidy and favor crept in. Thus two things that do not belong together became hopelessly mixed up. If you are merely going to lay a tax, you can do it in a few and simple words, following Adam Smith's four rules. But if, while pretending to lay a tax, you are going to undertake a minute and fatherly supervision of the business of every man in the country, it is inevitable that you shall lose yourself in a myriad of phrases, and make your tariff bill look more like a dictionary than a law. The resultant confusion, waste, misunderstanding, bickering, litigation, complaint, tinkering, scheming, log-rolling, corruption, are frightful. As we have said, we think that the Underwood bill makes a brave beginning of clearing away the huge tangle. We do not assert that more could wisely be attempted at the present time. But let us not delude ourselves into imagining that we are more than emerging from the tariff morass. Many years will have to be devoted to the labor of draining and making habitable that Serbonian bog where armies whole have sunk.

MAKING OVER OUR SEA-LANGUAGE.

It is clear that the simple-spellers are not to have it all their own way, for here is a board of admirals at one fell swoop cutting out two of the commonest words in the seaman's vocabulary. For port and starboard, read left and right hereafter. Shades of Marryat and Fenimore Cooper, yes, and of John Paul Jones! So much of the romance of the sea went when the steam-kettle came in and the great square-rigged windjammer began to disappear that at least the language of the ocean might have been spared and left to undergo no more violent transformation than that wrought by the natural changes of time. But there are traitors in the seaman's own camp, it appears, and starboard and port are to go by the board—or, should we more properly say, "pass out of the left gangway"? After this, nothing is safe; front and rear will soon take the place of fore and aft; and the fore-and-after which graces our coasts, will she become the forward-and-rearer? There is much more about the terminology of our battleships that could be civilianized. Thus, if port and starboard must go, let the sponsons be called bay-windows and the turrets merry-go-rounds. "Go below, sir" will now read, "Walk downstairs," and piping an officer over the side will doubtless read "whistling an officer in (or out) of the left or right-hand door to the ship."

The object of the abolition of port and starboard is stated to be to simplify matters for the hosts of landsmen who man our floating machine-shops and gun-bearing vessels. Now, in the old days of sailing craft, it usually took a smart officer, with the aid of a rope's end, only about two watches to lick into the veriest landlubber the fact that starboard is right and port left, even if the recruit was as dull as the historic Irish lookout who, when asked what he made of an approaching red and a green light, said: "I tink it's a droog store, sirr." A man like this might find it hard to

know the difference between a patent-log and a range-finder, and he would surely find himself on the battleship Florida in a fog of the technical terms in which mechanical, electrical, and ballistic engineers rejoice, beside which port and starboard are mere a, b, c's. But if we must make navigation easy for the masses, why, reform always did love a shining mark.

But what fate is in store for the yachting reporter who undertakes to write his descriptions of the coming Lipton America's Cup contest in the new sea-lingo? Are we to learn that at 2:10 "Shamrock was close-hauled on the right tack," and then to be told that this was the *wrong* tack from the point of view of scientific seamanship? Worse than that may come. Shall we not read that "Shamrock came about to right at 10:12," with the explanation for the layman that she was then headed to the left, taking the wind over her right bow, beam, or quarter? If this does not mean confusion worse confounded, we know not whereof we write. And what is to become of the classics of our sea literature? Must we edit "Pinafore" like a play of Shakespeare and change the good old song from "larboard watch ahoy" to "left-h-a-a-and watch ahoy"? And the sea novels in which the romance or the tragedy always happened by the light of the moon in the port-watch—must we recall them now for fresh and revised editions? The bells, of course, will go next. It will no longer be eight bells and the watch below, but four o'clock and afternoon tea with patent clocks to strike the hours on the ship's bell like any tame grandfather's clock on the front stairs in the old home on the farm.

We are reconciled to the passing of the mizzentopgallant brace, the spanker brails, the cross-jack lifts, the spanker-gaff, and the monkey-gaff vangs. The parting with them was softened by the thought that we should have found it hard to define them offhand without a sly resort to that diagram of a full-rigged ship which graces almost every dictionary. We know, with resignation, too, that the ship's eyes have gone the way of the ship's husband and the ship's corporal, and that the day of the fo'castle and the quarterdeck is drawing to its close. But when you take away starboard and port you deprive thousands of landsmen and landswomen of the easiest way of showing how familiar they are with boats and the men that go down to the sea in ships. You rob us, Secretary Daniels, of two of our oldest verbal friends—friends of the never-to-be-forgotten days when one lay on the nursery floor and read of the Sea Rover and the Sea Lions and Midshipman Easy, and thrilled over such a tale as this:

> At 2 A. M., being in 4½ fathoms water with Bald Head Light bearing E. ½ N. and Bug Light N. E. ¾ N., saw a suspicious looking, very small, dim, bluish white water crossing our stern to westward. We soon made it out to belong to something that looked like a large whale with the water washing over either end of it. I supposed it to be the torpedo boat then on our starboard quarter and standing toward us. I started ahead on one bell to bring our starboard broadside gun to bear upon him, and fired as soon as possible; then started full speed ahead. He soon made his appearance upon our starboard quarter as before, and then I rang one bell. We soon brought him abeam, fired starboard gun again. In about twenty minutes found him again on our port quarter, turned the ship toward him until abeam and fired port broadside gun at him. . . .

Must this read hereafter: Fired our *right* gun on our *right* quarter? Heaven forbid! A Tarheel Secretary fresh from the smell of printer's ink may order what he pleases. Custom, time, romance, and the eternal fitness of things make against him. The navy that despises sails and knows but tools and turbines may say and do what it is told to do. But your true sailors, your real windjammers—yes, the tramp and the liner, who's a lady, too—upon these we count to stay the progress of these linguistic vandals who think that to shipwreck a custom of centuries they need but call it dead. The very spirits of the sea they have yet to reckon with.

BUSINESS AND WAR.

On this side of the water the interest taken in our blatant Navy League by battleship builders, organizers of Ship Trusts, and producers of nickel-steel, is well known. It has plenty of money, and maintains offices in Washington, where its recent banquet called forth such salutary anti-militaristic remarks by Congressman Fitzgerald and Secretary Bryan. But in Germany the Social-Democratic leader, Dr. Liebknecht, has been fortunate enough to throw a light upon the recent war-scare in that country and France which ought to rouse the utmost indignation wherever men are thinking seriously upon this curse of modern times—armed peace. Dr. Liebknecht and his party's organ, the *Vorwärts*, have proved that a great Essen firm which is competing with the Krupps for the business of supplying war material, had actually been maintaining an agent in Paris to induce the French press to attack Germany, and so to cause the German Government to place more orders for guns and munitions. By some piece of good fortune, the *Vorwärts* is in possession of the instructions given to the Paris agent to "leave no stone unturned" in persuading some widely read Paris newspaper to print a statement that France intended to double her orders for machine guns. Then the German company was to appear at the War Office in Berlin and cite the Paris article as a reason why a large order for machine guns should be given.

Could anything be baser? This is not merely a bit of sharp business practice: it is playing with fire of the most dangerous sort. For from this kind of article, with the ensuing competition, arises immediately a dangerous tension between the two countries. We have seen it all in this instance. The publication of this story of increased purchases of guns by France and similarly belligerent articles in the *Figaro* and other Paris newspapers was followed by the extension of the two years' compulsory service in France to three. Thereupon Germany answered with its tremendous war-levy and an increase of its standing army and navy to no less than 870,000 men. This in itself is enough to bring about a dangerous condition of affairs; and then happened the misadventure of the Zeppelin dirigible in France and the attacks on German citizens near the frontier. The fearful aspect of all this is that those who are playing this game are playing with human lives. Perhaps a half-million human beings would perish or be maimed should Germany and France fight again under modern conditions. And yet, for the sake of increasing its dividends, the Deutsche Munitions- und Waffenfabrik of Essen is ready to take the chances of precipitating such a frightful national catastrophe.

But this is not the only guilty company. The Krupps, too, have been revealed by Dr. Liebknecht as maintain-

ing a lobby in Berlin, agents with plenty of money to bribe officials and to subsidize the purchasable press to print articles attacking France and England and creating war-scares. No one knew that behind these articles which preached Pan-Germanism and the necessity of national defence was, as the *Morgenpost* puts it, "sheer lust of gold." More recently the War Minister has risen in the Reichstag to explain that the necessity for such a great increase in the army was not the French militarists or the alarmist articles in the French press, but the rearrangement of things in the Near East and the strengthening of Russian influence. Where do these Krupp revelations leave him? Either he was ignorant of what was going on, or he was helping to conceal the play to coin more money out of the taxpayers' fears which the Krupps were staging so cleverly and masking under talk of the new danger to Germany in the Balkans.

Altogether there is no sadder picture of the exploiting of the masses by special privilege than this presents. The lower classes are staggering under a frightful burden of taxation and are compelled to give two or three years out of their lives to the Government. Then the privilege which their money has fortified in Essen declares 30 per cent. a year in dividends made in creating, not weapons of industry, but weapons designed solely to slaughter human beings.

Well, these Berlin revelations will help a little; they certainly place the Government, now asking the Reichstag for vast new sacrifices of treasure and of economic power, on the defensive. They ought to open the eyes of many who have been blinded heretofore by the familiar cant and humbuggery of the imperialist—manifest destiny, race entity, preserving peace by arming for war, paying merely insurance on a nation's welfare, etc., etc. All these and other stereotyped phrases have befuddled the taxpayers. But the time is coming when the people will insist that their Prime Ministers and Presidents are hired primarily to insure peace by their conduct of national affairs, and will decline to dance further to the tune of the gun-making piper. There is really no adequate penalty for such offences against the peace of the nation as are now revealed in Germany; the press is speaking out at last, even the Conservative wing, and a few of the go-betweens will doubtless pay the penalty. But the makers of guns and powder will survive.

A FEDERATION OF NEGRO SCHOOLS.

The conference in New York city of the representatives of some forty Southern schools and associations concerned with negro education, which ended Friday, resulted in the formation of an association for mutual help. For years the smaller schools, which are offshoots of Hampton and Tuskegee and are more or less patterned after them, have been looking for leadership and aid to the larger schools, and particularly to the great funds for education which have been created by Mr. Rockefeller and others. So far, their hopes have not been realized, though the opportunity must have seemed tempting indeed. Last week's conference was called by the principals of six rural industrial schools for negroes in the South, who desire to wait no longer, but to see whether by organization and coöperation some betterment of the conditions under which they are struggling cannot be obtained.

These schools, it must be remembered, although private institutions, are born of a terrible necessity. Take that at Snow Hill, Alabama, for instance. It is situated in Wilcox County, in which there was expended in 1910 but $9,339.70 for the education of 10,758 negro children and $30,612.75 for that of 2,000 white children—ten times as much for one-fifth the number of white children. Per capita, these figures are but 32 cents for the negro child and $15.50 for the white. That is, if a negro child were to go to school for ten years, its whole education would have cost only three dollars and twenty cents! What a mockery of education this is appears plainly enough. Is it any wonder that brave spirits like Mr. Edwards have sought by private initiative to make up in some slight degree this shameless failure of the State? Naturally, he has had to turn to the North for aid; but he, like others, has found the usual round of begging more and more difficult with the passage of years. More and more of such praiseworthy beggars are in the field, and some who do not deserve praise as well. Usually they make the same rounds, interfering with one another and chilling their welcome from those who appreciate the need of the work but are appalled at the variety and the increasing number of the demands made upon them. As a result, there has been a growing conviction that the Northern gold mine was in danger of pinching out. Under the circumstances, it is not surprising that the conference was most interested in the discussion led by Mr. Clarence H. Kelsey as to whether there was not some way of coördinating the financial activities of the several schools, of devising new ways of support, and establishing a clearing house whose certificate of character, when bestowed on a school, would at least simplify the task of the would-be donor.

From this point of view alone the desirability of the new organization is obvious. If it could maintain an office in New York at which questions as to the standing and worth of the more than 200 schools of this character in the South could be answered, it would render a genuine public service. Equally desirable would be the establishing of pedagogical standards and of a rational and uniform system of accounting. It is the experience of all who have been in the work that there has been surprisingly little dishonesty as a whole. One fraudulent person, who was utterly unfit to be entrusted with the supervision of children, recently obtained a gift of $30,000 from the widow of one of our best-known statesmen. The money could hardly have been placed in worse hands. But, as we have said, this is exceptional; the chief waste has been through the misapplication of funds because of the ignorance of those in charge. It is a difficult thing to regulate the costs of such an enterprise and to ascertain exactly what the returns are. All the more desirable is it, therefore, that the leaders among them should voluntarily adopt the simplest possible system of bookkeeping, under proper supervision, so that a mere statement of adherence to it would certify the proper accounting of funds.

The standardizing of the course of study the conference found a more difficult problem, and naturally so. The curriculum that is suited to a school in the Mississippi Delta is not necessarily suitable for a school on the seaboard of South Carolina. What is good for a Tuskegee is not necessarily good for a

small school. But certain fundamentals there are for all these enterprises, and the necessity for proper coördination of book and manual training is obvious. Under the circumstances, therefore, the new association will have to feel its way slowly. We are firmly of the opinion, however, that a model curriculum, subject to local modifications, can be worked out as a guide for those whose aim is a thoroughly practical training in the three R's.

Still another result of the coming together of these men and women who are seeking to lead their people onward, will be a fresh discussion as to the best means of obtaining additional State and Federal aid. The *Nation* has not forgotten that a generation ago it led the opposition to the Blair bill, which would virtually have relieved the Southern States of all responsibility for education of this kind. It may well be, however, that the time has now come for a reëxamination of the question. Upon this the new Association, after it has found itself and recruited its numbers, may be able to speak in a way to illuminate the whole subject.

OLD GREECE IN THE NEW.

The spirit that animated the Balkan allies to take up arms against the Turk pervades the narrative of a Greek lad, recently settled in Boston, who has published his recollections of "When I Was a Boy in Greece" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). Of Greek parentage, George Demetrios grew up in Macedonia, not so far from Mount Olympus, where ancient traditions clashed with Turkish rule. The tale of oppression is not overdone. To a boy the memory of Turkish officials riding through the town, firing off revolvers, and of Greek youth being obliged to carry weapons in self-defence and on occasion going to deserted places for the fun of bombarding a hillside, can hardly be more terrible than picturesque and romantic. Yet the smouldering discontent is not concealed, especially in the patriotic songs handed down from the Greek war for independence in 1821 and cherished as priceless. But the author's greatest grievance shows amusingly in his distasteful recollection of a sop thrown to visiting Turks at the exercises on the occasion of his graduation from the gymnasium. He and another boy were compelled to enact a dramatic dialogue in Turkish, to prove that the language was not neglected. He left his country too soon to witness its recent triumph, but a letter from his sister, "bearing the Greek stamp" (published in this volume), gives a vivid picture of what was going on in any of a hundred villages towards the beginning of hostilities:

> And when the people of Naoussa saw them approaching [deputies of the Greek army], they all shouted "Hurrah!" and the band began to play. . . . People did not know what to do for joy. There was bread to be sent, but after that nobody seemed to sleep that night, the band playing, and the people following it here and there, shouting "Hurrah for liberty! Hurrah for King George! Hurrah for the Crown Prince! Hurrah for the Greek soldiers!".

Tersely but significantly the girl describes the change which has come over sights familiar to her brother: "You remember the little Church of St. James, occupied by the descendants of the Turkish hodja. They were driven out." His uncle, the country doctor, was captured, but escaped, etc.

The reader of Demetrios's artless narrative can hardly fail to be grateful that this particular region has at length won its liberty. The links with the past are still quaint and numerous. The great god Pan is dead, as well as the bright deities on Olympus. But many of the old legends live. On the first of March, we are told, the boys celebrate the return of spring, going about from house to house with a carved wooden swallow at the end of a stick, and singing the song that Sappho herself may have heard:

> She is here, she is here!
> The swallow that brings us the beautiful year;
> Wide open the door!
> We are children again, we are old no more.

The dead at burial still receive the piece of money, or *obol*, to pay Charon for ferrying them over the black river; and songs designed to placate that remorseless being go the rounds. Grown people, with the newer demands of Christianity, have learned to call him the Angel of Death, but for young folk his ancient name and origin are permitted to remain undisturbed. Fate, too, stalks through "the children's hour" after its manner in classical tragedy, and one of the stories to which our young author listened of a winter's night before the fire is not far removed from a version of "Œdipus." In the imagination of Greek boys, wood nymphs and nereids still cling to their ancient homes.

Legend has done much in Macedon to preserve the old flavor. But even the account given of the daily occupations of this simple community reads like a chapter from the Odyssey. M. D'Estournelles de Constant, in one of his visits in a Greek island village, found "the white oxen with short legs and powerful shoulders so familiar in antique bas-relief." Demetrios in his own village remembers "the gathering of the sheaves when dry and the loading of the donkeys, and we boys trotting by their side as they bore their fragrant burden to the stacks near the threshing floor, and the fun of riding them back to the fields for a fresh load. And then came the time for treading out the corn." The evening meal that followed was not such as King Alcinous served to Ulysses, but in the account given of it one is haunted with a sense of familiarity with its simple but established formality, the deference to elders and men of importance, and its leisurely charm. It has not the strangeness, for instance, felt by the Westerner for many an Oriental ceremony. Philip of Macedon brought Greece to terms, but Greece retaliated by imposing on that land a restful culture which the rule of the Turks has apparently not obliterated.

Americans will also be tempted to read into one episode of Demetrios's education something of the spirit which in ancient days sought wisdom from a goddess. When twelve years old he was anxious to become head of his class and to beat a boy of his own age. Shortly before the examination he went secretly to the little church to burn before the shrine of the Virgin an eight-cent candle, "which looked very big in comparison with the one-cent candles that the villagers usually burned." But there was another eight-cent candle already burning there—his rival's. He adds modestly, "We both passed our examination." Oddly, not until he went to the Boston Museum did he get a glimpse, through photographs and replicas, of the ancient works of art whose underlying legends he seems to know so well. That glimpse and subsequent experiments have made him decide to become a sculptor, as we learn from the friend who translated his narrative.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—I.

The Cambridge University Press has brought us no better gift these latter years than the complete works of Beaumont and Fletcher, "those renowned twins of poetry," exactly edited by the care of Arnold Glover and A. R. Waller.* No one now would style these volumes, as James Shirley styled the first folio edition, "without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced"; but they contain an inexhaustible body of entertainment, and, as Shirley said to the reader in that "tragical age where the theatre [had] been so much out-acted," so we may say to the reader in these duller times: "Congratulate thy own happiness, that, in this silence of the stage, thou hast a liberty to read these inimitable plays, to dwell and converse in these immortal groves, which were only showed our fathers in a conjuring glass, as suddenly removed as represented."

I.

The earlier Elizabethan tragedies had as a rule been based on a single master passion, which by its excess led both the persons possessed by it and their victims into acts of blood and madness. Comedy meanwhile had been largely a thing of adventure and amusement, an escape from fact and passion into a world of happier fancy, until, by introducing the master passion in the form of humors, Jonson changed fancy into satire and set comedy on a parallel with tragedy.

That was a change momentous alike for literature and philosophy; but about the same time another step, no less notable in its consequences, was taken by Beaumont and Fletcher. Hitherto tragedy and comedy, when united in the same play, had, for the most part, stood together as mere alternations from one *genre* to another. A more essential union of the two was prepared when our twin dramatists (if we may give them all the credit) altered the theme of tragedy from a single master passion to a number of loosely coördinated passions, thus relaxing the rigidity of the tragic structure and permitting the fancy to play more intimately through all the emotions. Such, in a general way, would seem to be the origin of the new form, which lay in germ in some of the earlier plays, but was developed in the first decade of the seventeenth century into the well-marked *genre* of the romantic drama.

The possible beauty of this new form of drama is familiar to all the world from "The Winter's Tale" and "Cymbeline," if not from the work of other writers; it is of a kind, indeed, to appeal with peculiar cogency to ears accustomed to modern romance. But with the faults inherent in the *genre* it is different. Ethically these are so involved in the obscure currents of the age that their real source and gravity are likely to be overlooked, and æsthetically we have become more or less blunted to them by long familiarity. Yet there has been no lack of protests against the sudden conversions of character and quick shiftings of motive which are the most striking manifestations of a deeply-lying corruption. There are still readers and spectators who, however they may be borne along by the magic of Shakespeare's style, are brave enough to admit that they are disconcerted by the inartistic abruptness of such changes in passion as those of Leontes in "The Winter's Tale"; and one critic at least, who wrote not so very long after the efflorescence of the romantic drama, was so bold or, if you will, so insolent, as to enlarge the censure of these faults into virulent abuse of the whole Elizabethan drama.

There is an offensive undertone of buffoonery in old Thomas Rymer's diatribe against "The Tragedies of the Last Age"; his taste was vitiated by an insensibility to things beautiful in themselves and by a hard pseudo-classic canon of decorum, but one is bound to admit that his criticism of "The Maid's Tragedy" (not to say of "Othello") finds the weak points of the play with diabolical shrewdness. "This may be *Romance*, but not *Nature*," he exclaims, after setting forth the irrelevance of the motives that Beaumont employs. And he is justified. Consider, for example, the speeches of a single actor in that tangle of lust and love, loyalty and effrontery. We first become acquainted with Evadne in a scene (II, i) characteristic of the age, when her ladies are disrobing her after her marriage to Amintor. Here she displays delicacy of feeling which might befit a Desdemona; yet immediately afterwards, to repulse her husband, she avows her lust, her engagement to the King, and her acceptance of Amintor merely as "one to father children":

Alas, Amintor, think'st thou I forbear
To sleep with thee, because I have put on
A maiden's strictness? Look upon these cheeks,
And thou shalt find the hot and rising blood
Unapt for such a vow. No; in this heart
There dwells as much desire and as much will
To put that wished act in practice as e'er yet
Was known to woman; and they have been shown
Both. But it was the folly of thy youth
To think this beauty, to what land soe'er
It shall be called, shall stoop to any second.
I do enjoy the best, and in that height
Have sworn to stand or die: you guess the man.

To the King himself (III, i) she admits only her calculating pride, declaring that she loves with her ambition, not with her eyes, and that if he were thrust from his throne she would forsake him for his supplanter. Later, though she has expressed a certain pity for Amintor (II, i), she is heard laughing with the King over the way they have cozened him. In the great scene (IV, i) in which her brother charges her disgrace upon her and demands the death of her paramour, there is perhaps justification for her deep repentance; certainly in the magnificent sweep of the emotions here portrayed the reader is not likely to feel anything false to nature, if such exists, even in her transition from abject self-abasement to a kind of self-pity:

Here I swear it,
And all you spirits of abused ladies
Help me in this performance.

But the same cannot be said of her words to the King when she prepares to murder him in his bed-chamber (V, ii). There is something in her "mere joy" in killing that jars with her previous mood of chastened grief, and when one considers her avowed reasons for deceiving Amintor, one has almost a feeling of revulsion at the tone of her accusation:

I am as foul as thou art, and can number
As many such hells here. I once was fair,
Once I was lovely; not a blowing rose
More chastely sweet, till thou, thou, thou, foul canker,
(Stir not) didst poison me.

Chaste and sweet—if the lady and the dramatist have forgotten her first confession to Amintor, the reader certainly has not. Nor can the reader quite stomach her next mood of sudden and overwhelming love for Amintor (IV, i), however deep her aversion to the King may have become. The simple fact is, here are but a succession of womanly passions, each indeed cunningly conceived and expressed, but giving us in the end nothing we can grasp as a whole and comprehend; no woman at all, unless mere random passionateness can be accounted such. And this sense of incoherence would be magnified if we should analyze Amintor and the other persons of the drama in the same way.

II.

Evadne is presumably the creation of Beaumont. For the typical work of Fletcher in this *genre* we may turn to "Valentinian." If there is anything in reputable literature more revolting to the ethical sense (as the Greeks conceived *ēthos*) than the conclusion of that play, I cannot now recall it. All through the first four acts we see Maximus and his friend Aecius acting as high-minded Romans. The Emperor Valentinian, a base, libidinous creature, lures the beautiful and chaste wife of Maximus to the court, and there rav-

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Ten volumes. The Cambridge University Press. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1905-12.

ishes her. Nothing could be nobler in the old heroic sense than the first scene of the third act, in which the two friends learn of her ruin and part from her as she goes out with the determination to purify her stain by death:

Lucina. Farewell for ever, Sir.
Maximus. That's a sad saying,
But such a one becomes ye well, Lucina.
And yet methinks we should not part so lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the sharp word of one farewell can scatter.
Kiss me: I find no Cæsar here; these lips
Taste not of ravisher in my opinion.
Was it not so?
Luc. O yes.
Max. I dare believe thee,
For thou wert ever truth itself, and sweetness;
Indeed she was, Aecius. . . .
Aecius. The farewells, then, of happy souls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever sung
The praises of a just and constant lady.
This sad day whilst I live, a soldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble self with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife to weep thy ruin.
Max. All that is chaste upon thy tomb shall flourish,
All living epitaphs be thine, time, story;
And what is left behind to piece our lives
Shall be no more abused with tales and trifles,
But full of thee, stand to eternity.

Shakespeare himself would barely have expressed a pure and steadfast love more finely, and there is nothing in these scenes to mar the effect. The one desire of Maximus now is revenge upon the Emperor. To this end he is obliged to break through his friendship for Aecius; and again the conflict between his affection and his deadly purpose is portrayed in the noblest manner. But what happens then? Aecius is tricked to his ruin, the Emperor is murdered, the saintly martyr is scarcely buried, and then, suddenly and without warning, we find Maximus (V, iii) a coarse plotter and traitor:

Maximus. Gods, what a sluice of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth, he's dead,
And I revenged; the empire's all afire,
And desolation everywhere inhabits.
And shall I live that am the author of it? . . .
You that but stept before me, on assurance
I would not leave your friendship unrewarded,
First smile upon the sacrifice I have sent ye,
Then see me coming boldly.—Stay, I am foolish,
Somewhat too sudden to mine own destruction;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be Cæsar? Yet no dying;
Why should not I catch at it? Fools and children
Have had that strength before me, and obtain'd it. . . .
If I rise,
My wife was ravish'd well!

I do not know, considering what has gone before, that there is a viler and more disheartening line than this last in the whole Elizabethan drama. And it gives the keynote of the huddled scenes that follow—the usurpation of the throne and the hideous wooing to that end of the widowed Empress. The only consolation in the thing is that the Empress poisons him for his villany.

I have dwelt at some length on these two plays of Beaumont and Fletcher respectively because they offer examples, though glaring ones indeed, of the sort of moral inconsistency that is characteristic not only of their plays, but of the whole drama of this later period. It may be possible occasionally by aid of a desperate casuistry to reconcile the contradictory passions of these plays, to explain the debasement of Maximus, for instance, as the crudely conceived result of vengeful desires working in a troubled soul; but the dramatist himself gives us no such ease, and one cannot read many of these plays without feeling that the fault lies deeper than any mere crudeness of literary procedure, and touches, in fact, the very conscience of the writers and of the people who encouraged them. The nature of the fault can be shown by comparing together three different ways in which the passion of love has been treated dramatically.

III.

We have seen that the principal step from the older tragedy to the romantic drama was taken when a number of passions were employed as motives instead of a single dominant passion; but to understand the gravity of that change we must look still further into the past: we must go from "The Maid's Tragedy" or "Valentinian" to such a play as "Romeo and Juliet," and from that to such a play as "Hippolytus."

Euripides has built up his plot on a manifestation of love as devastating and as morbid as any dramatist of the Renaissance could have desired. The action turns on the fatal relation of two persons, Hippolytus and Phædra, each intrinsically virtuous, but each carried away by excess of passion. Hippolytus has dedicated himself to an austere ideal of chastity. No doubt, the pure abstinence of his life is painted in glowing colors, but the real thought of the dramatist is conveyed in the words of the servants who rebuke Hippolytus for his exclusive devotion to Artemis and for his overweening contempt of mortal nature. In the same way Phædra is condemned and falls into the calamities of crime because she yields her soul to the excess of the opposite passion. So the chorus, when they have heard her unwilling confession of love for her step-son, cry out, "May no unmeasured love come to us!" and Phædra herself, after she has resolved on escape from shame by death, exclaims, "By bitter love I shall be beaten!"

Now, the bloody dénouement of the plot springs indeed from the clashing of these two passions of inhuman chastity and morbid love; but the real tragedy of the play, that which stirs our emotions, depends on no such external conflict, but on the inner drama of the two souls who are the prey of these passions. More particularly Phædra, the protagonist, does not appear as a mere personification of a passion, but is by many touches represented as a person existing apart from the passion that assails her. Deep in her bosom, lies the *aidós*, the sense of honor, modesty, reverence, the inner check whose office is to oppose a restraining force upon inroads of excessive or unlawful emotions, and which forms the elemental basis of that mysterious entity called character. To emphasize this distinction between character and passion and to bring out more clearly the field where the real tragic conflict takes place, Euripides has developed the old mythology of his people into a kind of allegory. Artemis and Aphrodite, as we see them here acting, are no longer the enlarged human persons we have known in the earlier poets, but have been transformed into symbols of the irrational, emotional powers that sway the human heart. In Artemis there is something of the superrational, so that submission to her sway is not portrayed as evil in itself, but as a thing perilous to those who in this earthly life would walk by a law which transcends the common measure of mortality. Aphrodite, on the contrary, stands as the embodiment of unrestrained and instinctive desire. The nurse, who represents a pure naturalism, may encourage Phædra to yield to the dæmonic power:

Cease your violent pride (*hybris*); for it is only such pride that bids you wish to be superior to the *dæmons*. Love boldly; so the god wills.

But the Queen looks higher, and knows that the integrity of her character depends on her power to withstand these dæmonic assaults. "My mind," she says, "has been broken by unholy loves, by a terrible disease from Aphrodite." And at the end Artemis declares that "Cypris, the crime-doer, has contrived these things." In a word, the play of "Hippolytus" is essentially moral, just because the tragic pity and horror are based on this distinction between passion and the inner citadel of character.

If we turn to "Romeo and Juliet" we shall find ourselves in an entirely different atmosphere. Shakespeare, too, has made love the theme of his drama, and he has painted it with a luxuriant beauty and a deep understanding such

as no other poet, perhaps, has ever equalled. There is no ill in that; but he has done an ill thing in bringing this fair passion wantonly, or ignorantly, to a tragic end, and has proved thereby that to this extent he stands on a lower moral level than his Greek predecessor. Nothing shows that he thought of this love between the two young hearts of Verona as criminal by reason of its own excess; rather in its very unreflecting intensity lies the seal of its charm and justification. Nor is there any breath of conflict in the bosoms of these brave lovers; rather they are all one passion, mere instruments to sound the sweetest cadences of innocent love. Why, then, the bloody and horrid conclusion? The quarrel of Capulet and Montague might well have been used to draw out the plot of the play, and by offering resistance to the course of true love might have added a deeper note to its blissful end; but to make this purely external circumstance the cause and source of tragedy is to pass from the realm of moral cause and effect into a region where emotion is accidental and bears no relation to character. Now "Romeo and Juliet" is typical of the early Elizabethan tragedy. In other plays the passion in itself is unlovely, and so may seem to belong more properly to tragedy than does Shakespeare's theme; but in almost all cases, and indeed with varying degrees, if the action is examined, it will be found to omit the essentially moral element, and to bring before us a personified passion rather than a character overcome by passion. I have taken one of Shakespeare's plays as an example, and rightly, I think; but it is also true that in his greater tragedies Shakespeare stands quite apart from his age, rising above it by the very strength in him of this moral sense which was so generally weak in his rivals. In "Macbeth" he belongs with Æschylus and Euripides, and the audience which was moved by the passion and woe of Agamemnon would have understood and applauded the evil doom of the Scottish king. Though romantic in detail and in complexity of form, and though, it must be admitted, sometimes barbarous in the handling, the greater plays of Shakespeare are in their substance profoundly classic.

IV.

In the earlier Elizabethan drama the employment, for the most part, of a single passion as the tragic motive, even where the sense of character was weak or wanting, lent a superficial consistency to the acts and words of the protagonist which gave to him at least the semblance of character. With the romantic drama, in which the action shifts unaccountably from one passion to another, even this illusive consistency is lost, and the play appears no longer as merely non-moral, but too often as completely wanton. The punishment came heavily and publicly. From the first there had been preachers of the Puritan stamp to denounce the "flexanimous enticements" of the stage, and with the growth of Puritanism and the degeneracy of the drama these denunciations became more violent and more voluminous, reaching their maximum of both in the huge and clamorous "Histriomastix" (1632) of William Prynne.

I doubt if anybody in this generation has been able to read through that leviathan of objurgation, and for imposing such a monster on the world Prynne well deserved to have his ears cropped and to be branded on the cheeks as Seditious Libeller: the punishment did the cause of righteousness no harm, and it wrung from a sour pedant one of the best puns ever made in England, when he interpreted the letters S. L. as *Stigmata Laudis*. In the vigorous language of the "Histriomastix" (p. 41) these plays, which we are criticising so mildly, "had their Alpha, and Omega; their beginning, and end: their birth, *and use from Hell;* being not only invented *by the Devill himselfe:* but likewise by his owne speciall command, and his greatest minions advice"—the devil, if I understand Mr. Prynne, being the Dionysus of the Athenians in whose honor plays were first performed and whose lewdness still presides over the stage. As for the comedies of his age, the Puritanical critic thought (p. 62) that "the stile, and matter of most popular, (especially Comical) Stage-Playes, is Amorous, Scurrilous, and Obscene"—and he might have proved his point without a page and a half of references to the Fathers. "The stile, and subject Matter of our Tragedies," he adds (p. 73), "are Bloody, and Tyrannical"—whereupon follows a list of all the passions, beginning with envy and ending with revenge, which formed the substance of the romantic drama. He comes closer to a philosophic criticism when he complains (p. 177) that "men in Theatres, are so farre from sinne-lamenting sorrow, that they even delight themselves with the representations of those wickednesses, which the originall Authors of them now deplore in Hell." After the charitable fashion of his tribe, Prynne saw only the evil and nothing of the good of what displeased him, and his palpable ignorance of the stage, together with his assurance that any page of Latin from one of the Fathers is a better argument than the actual comprehension of what he was writing about, almost deprives his book of value.

Nevertheless, Prynne does, in the last charge quoted, approach the real evil of the late Elizabethan drama. In saying that the audiences took delight in the representation of wickednesses without sin-lamenting sorrow, he has merely changed into what we may be pleased to call religious cant, the fundamental literary criticism that these plays deal with the expression and interaction of passions in themselves with little sense of character. For it must be observed that moral judgment and literary criticism here go hand in hand. There is no doubt much to condemn in Beaumont and Fletcher from the direct standpoint of public decency; but, on the other hand, they are full also of moral sentiments magnificently expressed. The real moral indictment under which they lie is rather the more central charge that in ignoring that element of our being which stands apart from the passions as a governing power, they loosed the bonds of conduct and left human nature as a mere bundle of irresponsible instincts.

That is the preacher's moral judgment, and the literary criticism is but the same thing in different words. There is much in these plays that offends any canon of taste, but, again, they are replete with passages and whole scenes of exquisite beauty and superlative wit; if any balance of this kind is drawn, they must be rated very high as literary productions. The real criticism comes when we begin to reflect, and, reflecting, feel the want of that profounder pleasure of the imagination which springs from the intimate marriage of the emotions and the understanding. We understand a thing as we see a principle of unity at work within or behind a changing group of phenomena. We understand human nature in the same manner: we may in a way respond in feeling to emotions, we understand only character. We respond deeply to the emotions of the "Hippolytus," and at the same time we understand the background, so to speak, of character upon which they are thrown. We feel as keenly the long emotional beauty of "Romeo and Juliet," and the impression of that pleasure remains clearly and firmly implanted in memory, though the deeper joy of the imagination has been lost from the play with the disappearance of character. Our heart is still touched by the exquisite painting of the emotions in "The Maid's Tragedy," but it must be admitted also that its incomprehensible tangle of the passions weakens to a certain extent the sympathetic echo of each within us, and in the end leaves an indistinct and blurred impression in memory. So clearly do intellectual comprehension and moral judgment flow together, and so at the last do the censures of the Puritan theologian, Prynne, and the Restoration critic, Rymer, though each is unjust and even foolish in its excess, clasp hands in a curious way and justify each other.

The discussion of the causes of this degeneracy I must leave for another week. P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The following errors and omissions occur in the Bibliography of John Gay which appears in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," Vol. IX, pp. 529-30.

Under "(1) Collected editions," subhead "Poems," the compiler cites the edition of 1727. To the best of my knowledge, such an edition does not even exist. The item was probably given on the authority of the British Museum Catalogue, but if the compiler had used the copy in the reading room of the Museum at any time within the last year and a half, he would have noted a pencilled correction by the cataloguer, and on calling for the book would have found the date to be 1737.

The next section, "(2) Poems published separately," subhead "Fables," gives the edition of "1736." The copy of the British Museum Catalogue in the reading room gives the date as follows: "MDCCXXXVI [or rather MDCCLXXVI?]." The latter date is far more likely to be correct, as is shown by internal evidence. Even granting that the date 1736 is correct, the compiler had evidently never examined a copy, for if he had done so, he would have found that it contained *both* series of the "Fables" and should have been placed under his next subheading, "Fables complete."

This subhead "Fables complete" has mention of Austin Dobson's 1882 edition of the "Fables," and it is described as having a "bibliography." As a matter of fact, it contains only a "Bibliographical *note*" concerning the first edition of each of the two series and the briefest mention of three other editions. It has, however, what the compiler has failed to note, a most valuable and stimulating memoir of Gay.

The following subhead is "Gay's Chair . . . with a sketch of his life from the manuscripts of *Butler*, J. . . ." Even a student of Gay might be excused for failing to recognize Gay's nephew Joseph *Butler* under that annoying misprint.

The noteworthy omissions in the section of Gay's "Poems published separately" are (1) "A panegyrical espistle to Thomas Snow," 1721; and (2) "Molly Mogg," [1727?]. Not noted here by the compiler are some ten other poems of Gay's which made their first appearance in other places before being gathered into any collected edition of his works, but a strict definition of the heading of this section might properly keep them out.

No mention is made of his prose contributions to the *Guardian*, and to Swift and Pope's "Miscellanies"; or of his five pamphlets, the most important of which is "The present state of wit," 1711. Of this, the late J. Churton Collins said, "It is written with skill and sprightliness, and certainly shows a very exact and extensive acquaintance with the journalistic world of those times."

The fourth and last section, that on "Biography and criticism," is notable chiefly for what it omits. None of the numerous contemporary pieces which relate entirely to Gay's "Achilles," the "Beggar's Opera," "Three hours after marriage," and the "What d'ye call it?" and which are indispensable to a correct understanding of them, are even hinted at. Nor does he mention that some one hundred of the letters to and from Gay are to be found in Arbuthnot's Works, ed. Aitken; Pope's Works, ed. Elwin and Courthope; Suffolk Letters; and Swift's Correspondence, ed. Ball. Needless to say, Gay's correspondence throws much valuable light on his own life.

Of the living editors or writers on Gay, he fails to note Aitken, Hansen, Plessow, Regel, and Wright. The omission of Aitken and Wright is especially to be regretted. For to G. A. Aitken, all Gay students are deeply indebted for his scholarly articles on Gay's life and works which appeared in the *Academy*, the *Athenæum*, and the *Westminster Review*. As to W. H. K. Wright, he is known to have edited one of the three best editions of Gay's "Fables," in which he has given us a valuable memoir based on the new material brought to light by the Gay bicentennial, and a very comprehensive "Chronological list of the various editions of Gay's Fables." This omission is the more strange as (if we except the Gay items in the British Museum Catalogue) it is the only printed bibliography of Gay or any of his works that is worthy of the name.

Of course, it is both impossible and inadvisable for such a work as the "Cambridge History of English Literature" to give a complete bibliography of Gay in the space at its command. Indeed, all that the editors claim to give is a "sufficient" bibliography, but I think these notes show what it does give is "sufficient" for neither the student nor the general reader of Gay.

ERNEST L. GAY.

Correspondence

EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was an intimate friend of the late Professor Dowden, of Trinity College, Dublin. He was all his life an extremely handsome man. When a student of T. C. D. his beauty had a certain girlish distinction and purity; his color changed quickly; his dark shy eyes had a way of suddenly brightening that was very attractive. He looked the poet and primarily was the poet. In any other age than that of Herbert Spencer and George Eliot, and in any country not wholly given to oratory, as was then the case with Ireland, Dowden would have written poetry, and left prose to others. He apologized to me by letter for not sending to me his great book on Shakespeare, just published, by saying it had become alien to him. These prose books were not his love children.

This silent and self-contained man allowed himself to become a speaker from political platforms. To see his distinguished figure among the politicians was to me a dreadful sight. G. B. Shaw thinks that men in their present unregenerate state are "worms"; an admirable creed for a politician and a satirist, and a reformer and socialist. To enter Dowden's house—even to meet him by chance on the roadside—was at a touch to recover one's crumbling self-esteem; I have talked with his friends on this subject, and we have all agreed that after meeting Edward Dowden peace would fall on the troubled spirit. But he was a recluse, about him always a magic circle difficult to pass; one hurried towards him and then hurried away with affection in the heart. He loved his friends but seemed to fear them; not by word or look would he repel any one, yet you fled and wondered why you did so. Was he like Michael Angelo, who loved his friends so much that he avoided them; lest, as he said, they might "filch him from himself"?

His brother John, the Bishop of Edinburgh, found his "peace" by going out into the world and warring with the enemies of the Church. We know that if we rub sticks together there will be flame, thus the Bishop got heat and light by mingling with his brethren. I've spent many weeks and months in his company and was often made the target for his wit. But if his raillery hurt it was cured by the laughter which followed so quickly—the victim's own laughter being the most heartfelt; for it was a liberating wit that seemed to let in the daylight and brighten the circumambient air. Besides, was he not a Dowden, with subtle care that no one's self-love should be rudely bruised?

It seems but yesterday that I was an anxious student in T. C. D., where the two Dowdens shone the brightest stars in the undergraduate sky. Have all our hopes been fulfilled? Edward Dowden has written prose classics. He has given us but one small volume of poetry, yet all his love went out to that slender book. He once told me that when he wrote poetry he did it secretly and could not do it otherwise. For in the Ireland that he knew, men did this kind of good deed by stealth. It is so no longer. Thanks to the Irish literary movement, modern Nationalist Ireland, from which he shrank and which shrank from him, is now a land of poets. The orators are out of commission.

T. C. D. teaches the great Protestant doctrine of getting on. T. C. D. also is the home of competitive examinations—its students can beat any student from any other college in the wide world. When a man reads a book for his own delight he receives an intellectual impression of which nine-tenths will be from the operations of his own mind—from the recollection of other books and from the conversation of his friends, and only one-tenth out of the book itself; when he reads for a competitive examination, there will be nothing in his mind except what comes out of the book. Such a course of study weakens the organs of original thought and vital creation. All through his college course, Edward Dowden headed all the competitions and at his final examination, competing for the medal for ethics and metaphysics, obtained higher marks than were ever given before or since. No intellect could come unscathed from such an ordeal. His victory was an undoing, and ever after his mental pulse went slowly. No, Trinity College, Dublin, is not a nursery for young poets. I would advise also that young poets should not follow the example of the doctors and marry early. The poet who would know all the secrets of his calling must make many pilgrimages to the shrine of beauty, or, like Jacob, take the long and painful pilgrimage, since not otherwise can he reach the heights of lyrical ardor. Dowden married early and henceforth had an eye too much for moral and abstract beauty; while towards sensuous beauty he was stony-hearted. George

Eliot, whose admirer he was, completed the mischief. This woman author, with her chilly east wind of science and agnosticism, was a wintry frost to all of us, in those faraway days. J. B. YEATS.

New York, April 19.

ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: An admirable article on the "Unity of Knowledge and the Curriculum" in the current *Educational Review* calls attention to what I believe to be one of the most important of the newer lines of college activity, namely, the direction of the student's course with the idea of more nearly adapting it to his abilities and aims. In the secondary schools we are constantly doing more in the matter of vocational guidance and in personal supervision of our boys and girls, interesting ourselves not only in their studies, but in their activities of every sort; and we find that the net results are more than sufficient to pay for the extra time and energy involved.

What knowledge I have of college conditions and the opinions of college students as they come back to visit us, leads me to believe that much work along similar lines can be done with good results by the colleges. This should involve, in my opinion, two features—first, a system of advisers who really advise; much progress has been made in this direction of late, and it is now fortunately no longer possible for an adviser to meet his students on the opening day of the freshman year and then forget their existence: secondly, a series of lectures such as Professor Smith advises, which will give the students a comprehensive view of the intellectual, social, and moral possibilities of a college course, introducing him to lines of thought of which he has hitherto not known the existence, opening possibilities in the line of future career, and awakening his interests along the greatest possible number of sides, which, after all, is the chief aim of a college course. At Reed College, in Portland, Ore., President Foster has included such a course in his curriculum and takes charge of it personally, although delegating some lectures to members of various departments. In it he attempts to tell the freshman "a lot of things of the kind of which you and I wish some one had told us when we went to college."

WALTER D. HEAD.

Haverhill, Mass., April 17.

EBERHARD NESTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your brief mention (April 10) of the death of Eberhard Nestle, following one I had already seen in the *Deutsche Literatur-Zeitung*, recalls to my mind my association with him in Tübingen forty-three years ago. He and I were members of a small group of young men who were studying Arabic with Dr. Merx, whose death occurred some few years since in Heidelberg. As there were not above eight in our company, we met in the professor's study and not in his lecture-room. Nestle was at that time a resident of the so-called Stift, where the candidates in Protestant theology have for centuries been housed. My rooms were only a few doors distant, and we often walked to our quarters together. The examinations through which young Württembergers are admitted as students in theology, while somewhat antiquated and pedantic, have aided many young men in gaining an education. Among Stiftler who in after years abandoned theology for other departments of scholarship were Hegel, D. F. Strauss, E. Zeller, together with not a few other men of almost equal note. The fact that Württemberg has probably produced a larger number of eminent scholars than any other part of Germany, or perhaps of the world, of equal size and population, is largely due to the inducements its Government holds out to choice young men to devote themselves to theology.

Young Nestle, though at that time hardly more than a boy, was much the best scholar in our coterie, not only in Hebrew, but also in Latin and Greek. He wrote some of his books in Latin. Dr. Merx used to assign to us two or three score of new words to learn by heart at a lesson. Partly, at least, for the reason that I had much other work on hand I could not do it. But I was much encouraged when in comparing notes one day with Nestle he told me that he could not do it either. Although rather slight of build, he had a voice so strong that it seemed as if it should belong to some person of larger physique. I was informed several years ago that Dr. Nestle had in some way incurred the displeasure or distrust of the appointing power, and for this reason never obtained the official recognition among his countrymen that his abilities merited. His first published work was "Israelitische Eigennamen nach ihrer religionsgeschichtlichen Bedeutung." It was a prize essay, and was issued in Haarlem while its author was a temporary resident of England. Among his works are a Syriac Grammar, which has been translated into English, as also his Introduction to the Greek New Testament. His "Novum Testamentum, Græce et Germanice," has gone through six editions, and his "Novum Testamentum, Græce et Latine," through two. His death while still almost in the prime of life is a distinct loss to scholarship. CHARLES W. SUPER.

Athens, O., April 15.

Literature

THE REVOLT AGAINST REASON.

Vital Lies, Studies of Some Recent Varieties of Obscurantism. By Vernon Lee. New York: John Lane Co. $3 net.

The late William James and the Modernist Father Tyrrell, Ernest Crawley, the anthropologist, and Georges Sorel, the philosophic advocate of Syndicalism, are the four new-style obscurantists upon whom Vernon Lee wreaks a relentless wit. The zest with which she harries her victims, the keenness of her destructive analysis, the pungency of her illustration, make this one of the most readable books on general philosophy written in our time. For its like in brilliant solidity one must go back to the theological tracts of Lessing. Indeed, Vernon Lee recalls in other respects the great German critic of the Enlightenment. Like him she is a skeptical rationalist, a foe of loose feeling and thinking, a scorner of loose rhetoric. On this score the four anti-rationalists who are the subject of her attention afford her most admirable material. Whatever the merit of their theories, the diction of William James and of Ernest Crawley seems expressly created to be ridiculed by Vernon Lee. At first blush one regrets that the ammunition so generously expended upon the four obscurantists could not have been reserved for the greatest of the tribe, Henri Bergson. Yet an anti-Bergsoniad, however desirable, would have been harder reading. Moreover, the fourfold division of Vernon Lee's counterblast makes for clearness quite as much as it does for picturesque effectiveness.

James, Tyrrell, Crawley, and Sorel are chosen as typical obscurantists, first because they all agree on the necessity of Vital Lies, next because that doctrine gains new and significant applications as it passes from champion to champion. It was William James who fished up the murex of pragmatic truth with which all subsequent anti-rational philosophies have been tinged. "Truth is what works," and, again, "Truth is agreeable leading," are his most characteristic definitions. Thus truth is neither, objectively, correspondence of opinion with facts, nor yet, psychologically, the endeavor to attain such agreement. Truth fades impressionistically into the will to please one's self, to get along, to be agreeably led. Such is the fundamental dye-stuff. Father Tyrrell, the excommunicated Modernist, had the high distinction of making only a minimum use of what threatened to become a universal ethic of expediency. Up to the point of his religious life, he remained a stickler for rational evidence. There he asserted the validity of a supra-rational religious sense which makes its own necessary affirmations. But these affirmations are to be tested solely by their mystical value, and need in no wise correspond with facts. Indeed, the issue of fact is held to be irrelevant and superfluous in the spiritual life. While a Pragmatist of the William James type seems in all concerns free to ignore outward fact and waive inward sincerity so long as no inconvenience results from such waiver, a Modernist of Father Tyrrell's stamp claims such liberty only in the field of religion. At bottom the position was not so unorthodox. The church has always held that without such mystical and supra-rational affirmation there can be no true religion. But the church has also held that that evidence is at every stage available—and worthless. It can convict the sinner of error, but cannot

produce a state of grace. Father Tyrrell merely adds to the Aquinate the pragmatic notion that admittedly ineffectual evidence should be ignored. In contrast with the Holy See, Vernon Lee treats Father Tyrrell most benevolently, and he deserved such consideration.

Towards Mr. Crawley, whose "Mystic Rose" and "Tree of Life" ground all our morality and religion in grossest magic practices, our author assumes an Olympian levity. Mr. Crawley is a devotee of the subconscious. Believers are subconsciously religious, and, oddly enough, know they are, but so are unbelievers subconsciously religious and don't know it. This blissful subconscious state has grown out of a conscious one. Because a cannibal once consciously thought it well to eat his friend or foe in order to absorb their strength, a good Catholic now takes comfort, whether consciously or subconsciously is not apparent, in eating the sacramental bread. Moreover, we must hold to the mystical element in religion lest dry reason overmaster us and humble folk begin to question the prerogatives of their betters. Such in brief is Mr. Crawley's argument and tendency. Concerning both we can only say that we share Vernon Lee's contempt of the subconscious as a universal loophole of escape. The stress that much modern thinking sets upon the automatic self merely indicates a temperament too slack to analyze obscurer mental processes, or too indolent to control them.

Georges Sorel has carried the Vital Lie, or, as he terms it, the *mythe social*, into the realm of politics and reduction to the absurd. Without certain dynamic illusions, which are essentially mythical and contrary to fact or probability, mankind would lack inducement to resolute collective action. The early Christians were in error as to the imminency of the Last Judgment, but without that stimulating social myth Christianity would never have conquered Europe. So the Syndicalists have shown a true sagacity in framing and believing the social myth of the general strike. It may or may not come off, but something certainly will; meanwhile the myth keeps class hatred in a lively and hopeful condition, and makes possible some sort of a future proletarian triumph.

Obviously, all these eschewals of evidence, analysis, and old-fashioned truth may be viewed in terms of Bergson's expansive *élan vital*. But he is shrewd enough to keep an ancillary reason in close attendance. Thus his Vital Impulse has a more ladylike look—as it were travelling with her maid—than James's Will to Believe, or Sorel's Social Myth. Changing the metaphor, Bergson's Vital Impulse seems to have the rare merit of being a gentleman who does seem heroic to his valet. We should be glad to see Vernon Lee pitched against this more worthy antagonist.

It is easy for her to show the fundamental vice of all these obscurantist exaltations of impulse into authority. The Vital Lie flourishes only on condition that it be taken for truth. The moment we have the philosopher honestly urging people to act on what he admits may be falsehood, because to do so is useful or comfortable, that moment vitality and following will depart from the lie. In short, mankind has always lived and died by what it took for truth. If St. Paul, in that wonderful chapter of Corinthians, had carefully explained that the resurrection was merely a useful and heartening social myth, the early Christians would hardly have faced the beasts of the circus. But M. Sorel expects his Syndicalists to die at the barricades for what he tells them in advance they will never attain. In short, consciously, unconsciously, or subconsciously—we desire to make all the humane allowances—the advocates of useful illusion and the lie vital are in the invidiously favored position of augurs, tongue to cheek, exquisitely rolling under enlightened tongue the salutary error to which meaner morals are happily prone.

In general, Vernon Lee's argument seems to us formidably cogent. It is the most drastic overhauling that the impressionistic philosophies have yet had. Here and there she makes the common slip of confusing the conceptions of fact and truth; but the force of her aggression is hardly impaired by such minor tactical solecisms. For the reader's pleasure a couple of extracts are given. One will hardly recognize the Vernon Lee of "Euphorion":

> As regards Pragmatism it does not furnish us with a Pluralistic Universe, but with a thinker who interrupts his thinking, an experimenter who breaks off his experiment, whenever it suits his feelings. Pragmatistic thought resembles the artist's thought, in so far as both not only build for the Heart's Desire, but also (as Omar Khayyam forgot to mention) break off and sweep away its own construction whenever the logical necessities, *i. e.*, the peculiarities independent of his wishes, begin to bore or annoy it.
>
> I have even caught myself wondering whether Human life has really ever required lies. But it has wanted certainties where certainty was unattainable, hopes and consolations where there was reason for neither. Above all, Human life has wanted rest for tired minds before they had got to a rational resting place, and freedom for busy ones to think of something else. So, when all is said and done, Vital Lies represent human weakness, human sloth, and human dulness, above all perhaps human impatience, which cuts down the tree to eat the fruits. In other words, it seems as if Vital Lies meant the need of the moment and the individual against the need of the race and of the future.

If Vernon Lee's analysis is right, the Vital Lie and Social Myth are essentially lethal and anti-social. Perhaps the recent obscurantist theories find their clearest condemnation when applied to history. Shall we regard human history as merely the substitution of one set of Vital Lies for another? Or do we see collective errors falsely believed to be vital gradually yielding to truths? Such is the issue in briefest words. History gives no doubtful answer, and, indeed, the distinguishing mark of the modern anti-rationalists has been their lack of the historic sense.

CURRENT FICTION.

New Leaf Mills. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Bros.

This is the Howells of "A Boy's Town," the Howells who was born and "raised" in Ohio, and whose memories of Middle Western types and conditions in the fifties have not been dimmed by time or absence. The period of the chronicle is precisely that of the writer's boyhood. The Mexican War is in the past, and the new Fugitive Slave law is a burning issue of discussion, especially in the borderland between North and South. The cause of Abolition is still a new cause, and its champions form an unpopular minority. To it, like the grandfather of the "Boy's Town" boy, belongs the Owen Powell of the story; like him, too, he is proprietor of a "book and drug store." Like the "Boy's" father, he is a Swedenborgian, and thereby further isolated from most of his fellow-townsmen; and like him he is a man of cheerful spirits as well as of serene faith. Among his children is a youth lightly but clearly sketched as "the Dreamer," whom it is not difficult to identify with the chronicler's memory of himself.

Owen Powell, the father, is a dreamer unconscious of his limitations. The failure of the book and drug business only paves the way, in his fancy, to success in a more congenial form of enterprise. He "sells out," to some small profit and with the proceeds and the vague promise of his brothers' coöperation, buys a back-country property, including grist-mill and saw-mill, which he pleasantly dreams of converting into a fortune-making paper manufactory, with "a settlement of communal proportions about it." . . . "Owen Powell believed that a responsive feeling would be awakened in the neighbors when they saw that the newcomers did not wish merely to make money for themselves, but to benefit all by improvements that would increase the price of land and give employment to their children." A chance phrase of one of the brothers gives the name, "New Leaf Mills," to the enterprise. The new leaf, such as it is, remains for Owen

and his little family to turn alone. The man and his wife have both spent their youth in the rough country. To him leaving the town is an escape, a return not only to nature, but to the romance of frontier life. To her it is a relapse, a reversion to conditions painfully outgrown.

It is, in fact, a log cabin in which they spend their first winter, Powell being tolerated and laughed at, and in some sense liked and respected, by the neighbors he means to benefit. A wooden house is projected and even "raised" with the aid of the neighborhood; but the Powells are not destined to take root: there are other new leaves for them to turn, and we leave Powell, at the end of the narrative, about to return, wistful, defeated, but not crestfallen, to town life, and the New Church bookshop which is faintly looked to as a restorer, or, rather, originator, of the family fortunes. The gentle irony of the whole story, or episode, culminates in the closing paragraph:

> Powell himself, while holding fast to the principles of justice in politics, now confined his assertion of them to aiding the escape of fugitive slaves from Kentucky, whom he enjoyed hiding in the basement of his store till he could forward them to some other underground station. He did not relinquish the ideal of the true state of things which he and his brothers had hoped to realize at New Leaf Mills, but he was inclined to regard the communistic form as defective. The communities of Robert Owen had everywhere failed as signally as that of New Leaf Mills, which, indeed, could scarcely be said to have passed the embryonic stage. But he argued, not so strenuously as he used to argue things, but as formally, that if some such higher conception of society could possess the entire state, a higher type of civilization would undoubtedly eventuate.

The Flirt. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

In Capitol City, "that smoky illuminant of our great central levels," Mr. Tarkington presents one of those Middle-Western "metropolises" which have so frequently afforded a setting in recent fiction. And again we find ourselves in contact with a past, with a city which has had time to shift its architectural enslavement from mansard and cupola to the gables and jig-saw decorations of "Queen Anne," and thence to more varied if not more sensible fashions: "The Goth, the Tudor, and the Tuscan had harried the upper reaches to a turmoil attaining its climax in a howl or two from the Spanish Moor." Manners have changed to match. It is in one of the mansard survivals, however, that Valentine Corliss, returning to Capitol City after many years abroad, finds a high product of civilization. Cora Madison is beautiful, low-voiced, perfectly dressed, a coquette to the manner born. Beneath the surface she is a quite vulgar and heartless person, but so she would have been in the Paris or Naples of Mr. Corliss's choice. She has jilted a number of her fellow-citizens, and is half-engaged to one of them at the moment; but she at once arranges her cards for the newcomer. Though he appears to be an easy victim, however, he is really an old hand, and the result of the contest is a drawn game. Offset against this sufficiently unpleasant and luckless pair are other two, whose story, in so far as it can be detached from that of the flirt and her rascal, is simple and romantic enough to have been conceived by the author of "Little Women." And there is a bad boy who is considerably more amusing and somewhat less incredible than his kind. The excellence of the story lies in its style rather than its matter.

Comrade Yetta. By Albert Edwards. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is the story of the growth of a strong and interesting character. For background it has the swarming life of the sweatshop region on the East Side; there are strikes and rumors of strikes, and much talk of Socialism and syndicalism. Yet the book is not a piece of "novelized" sociology. These things are included because they are part of the life of the characters; in a sense, they adorn the tale, but they only incidentally point a moral. Yetta Rayefsky is the daughter of a Russian Jewish immigrant, an educated man who keeps an unprosperous second-hand book shop. He dies when she is fifteen, and she goes to live in the family of a disreputable uncle, who soon sets her to work in a vestmaker's shop. Here she becomes the "speeder," whose duty it is to set the pace for the other workers. All her earnings are taken by her uncle and aunt. Her good looks expose her to the dangerous attentions of Harry Klein, a "cadet," or professional seducer, who easily persuades her in her innocence to become engaged to him. She is saved from him through the accident of her insisting that he go with her to the "skirt-finishers' ball" instead of to the dance-hall. At the ball, which is held to raise money for the striking skirt-finishers, she meets Mabel Train, a college graduate, who is secretary of the Woman's Trade-Union League, and Walter Longman, Mabel's persistently rejected lover. Through their help, and that of Isadore Braun, a young Socialist lawyer and newspaper writer, she becomes a leader among her former fellow-workers, and gains a sort of informal education. The story is unconventional and has a striking verisimilitude; it is as real as Mary Antin's autobiography, which may indeed have suggested it. The principal characters are vigorously drawn and sharply distinguished, and they are not disposed of in the tradltional way at the end.

General Mallock's Shadow. By W. B. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The question, "Can they really be as dull as they seem?" often suggests itself about people in stories as in real life. As to the story people, the question is relatively easy to answer. When we have finished the book we can often say with conviction: "Yes, they are, if possible, even duller than they seemed at first." This is true of the highly respectable group of English men and women whom we meet in "General Mallock's Shadow." And the reason is not far to seek. These people are dull because the author was not really interested in them. They are there to serve as padding: to eke out the short-story plot into a novel of respectable dimensions. An old general, disgraced twenty years before for alleged cowardice in surrendering a frontier post in India, and grown morbid through brooding over his wrongs, redeems his reputation and regains his self-respect by a desperately gallant defence of a quarry foreman who has taken refuge in his house from a mob of armed strikers. This situation gives the book its one good scene. The rest of the story is concerned with the love affairs of the General's daughters, which are considerably less exciting than those of Miss Austen's heroines, and are set forth without the help of the comic spirit.

THE NEW REGIME.

Republican France, 1870-1912: Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes, and Social Life. By Ernest Alfred Vizetelly. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $4 net.

Mr. Vizetelly is an Englishman, but he has had exceptional opportunities for writing of French history with sympathy and understanding; and he has, in fact, produced a fascinating book on France during the Third Republic. A young man pursuing his studies in France when the war broke out, he was in Paris during the siege, and afterwards resided there for many years as political correspondent for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Illustrated News*, and other London papers. His business and his ability brought him into close contact with many prominent men of the time; he became a familiar figure in the political salons; and he thus acquired a direct, personal knowledge of men and events which, supplemented and corrected by wide and careful reading, gives his book, with its vivid description of characters and its wealth of incidental detail, the value of a contemporary source—the value of memoirs written by an excellent observer who has no

record to justify, or cause to celebrate.

Interested, like Bachaumont, though in a less degree, in the "indiscretions of history," Mr. Vizetelly allows us to see the actors with the mask off. No book in English contains more excellent descriptions of the leading men and women of the time, who are revealed all the better for being sketched in various poses rather than painted in finished portraits. Here is the "little man," Thiers, shrewd, almost crafty, courageous, and patriotic, resolute bourgeois always; and Madame Thiers, bourgeois too, "wearing a little black lace cap, and usually gowned in black also," not altogether at ease as the first lady of the land, "going hither and thither, speaking to her guests with a kind of anxious solicitude." Here is Gambetta, with offensive table manners, with ill-fitting black coat worn all shiny, growing conservative and politic (for him), and losing his influence, as time passes. Here is the upright MacMahon, marching with military stride along the boulevard, with hands in pockets, smoking a cigar; and Monsieur le Président Grévy in the billiard-room of the Elysée palace, "playing for a 'hundred up' in his shirt sleeves, now against Lord Lyons, the British Ambassador, now against Le Royer, President of the Senate, or M. Andrieux, Prefect of Police." And a hundred other great folk, very human after all.

Yet the past is here, too. In this eager bourgeois world, the derelicts of the *ancien régime* take their place, standing apart. At the official receptions in the time of Thiers, "the most highly placed ladies," we are told, "preferred to congregate in the Gobelins drawing-room, forming a circle, as it were, around the Orléans princes, Paris, Nemours, and Joinville"; and there, too, was the "violet-robed Papal Nuncio, rarely, if ever, stirring from the ladies' circle"—of the world, but not in it, princes and women, with the priest in the midst, drawing their skirts about them. A striking picture, and significant of much French history in the nineteenth century. While the chief value of Mr. Vizetelly's book is in the wealth of concrete incident through which the age receives its form and pressure, the narrative also reveals to the discerning eye, though without bringing them into sharp relief, the persistent issues of French politics.

As a rule, Englishmen have not excelled in writing the history of France since 1789. They do not understand the kind of conservatism that is French, but only the kind that is English. The delusion persists, in America as well as in England, that the French people, having been infected with the doctrinaire spirit of the eighteenth century, have never quite recovered sanity in political affairs, and that as a consequence their history, through the nineteenth century, has been little more than a series of footless revolutions—"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

As a matter of fact, English institutions have probably changed as much since 1815 as have those of France since 1789. But it must be confessed that the two people conduct their revolutions after a different manner. Englishmen persuade themselves, indeed, that they are not revolutionary at all, because they do not barricade the streets, and because they rarely learn that a change has been effected in their institutions for a generation after it has occurred; aware at last that something has happened, they formulate an hypothesis that accords with the facts. Frenchmen, on the contrary, wrote the theory of their revolution before they began it, and then consciously set about to make the facts square, as nearly as might be, with the theory—"*La Révolution était faite lorsqu'elle éclata*," if one may apply the famous epigram of Chateaubriand in a somewhat different sense from what was originally intended.

Hence *la Révolution*, of which they speak in France, being an active or guiding principle rather than a concrete event, is always with them; and it may be as effective for conserving institutions as for overturning them. For a decade after 1789, the Revolution involved far-reaching changes in social arrangements; but by 1808 France was essentially what it has since remained —"a democratic society whose affairs are managed by a centralized administration." It is true that since 1808 the form of the government has been altered seven times. But these "revolutions" have been altogether superficial, touching, in respect to the changes which they effected, only the surface mechanism of political procedure, undertaken in defence of the essential principle of the Revolution, the principle of equality—undertaken precisely to maintain *la Révolution*.

To preserve the Revolution at home, whether under monarchy, empire, or republic, and abroad to tear up the treaties of 1815 and 1870—these are the motives which give consistency to French history in the nineteenth century. Mr. Vizetelly's grasp of French history as a whole is not very evident, and his discussion of the politics of the Third Republic is, besides, too informal and fragmentary to bring out these persistent issues as clearly as one might wish. Yet his knowledge of French character, and particularly his sympathy with the average middle-class sentiment, sometimes enable him, in the treatment of crucial events, to hit the mark with admirable precision.

Take, for example, the Tunis affair. By establishing a protectorate there in 1881, "France had virtually achieved her first conquest since the reverses of 1870." Jules Ferry, who accomplished this result, should have been immensely popular, one supposes. Not at all. "The minister was guilty of every crime, and it was necessary to depose him as soon as possible." The explanation Mr. Vizetelly finds in *la Revanche*, which "still predominated in France. The strength of France must not be frittered away in any rash colonial enterprises; it must remain entire, ever available, so as to contend with the great peril which might come, at any moment, from beyond the Vosges!" It was this sentiment, too, which contributed to prevent France, "despite the views of some of her ablest statesmen, from coöperating with Great Britain in the occupation of Egypt." Yet "England became hated for her action in that respect." This is perhaps the very key to French diplomacy in the nineteenth century: for the sake of *la Revanche*, France has conceded much to England; yet underneath the *entente cordiale* a jealous irritation remains because England, until recently not aware of the need of French aid, has made the most of these concessions.

In respect to domestic politics, the author is not at all distressed, as an Englishman is likely to be, by the apparent lack of distinct party alignments, or nonplussed by the frequent changes of Ministry, or too much disturbed by the evidence of explosive social forces which trivial events seem always about to release. If the significance of the Commune is not very well understood, at least the meteoric rise of Boulanger and his pathetic collapse, the Dreyfus affair, so inexplicable to the average Anglo-Saxon mind, appear to Mr. Vizetelly in the light neither of paradox nor of mystery. These manifestations, he seems to say, are always possible in France, but one need not despair of the Republic for all that. They are possible, indeed, because *la Révolution* remains always the vital issue: one has only, as MacMahon said, to set up the white flag—or, one might perhaps add, the red flag—against the tri-color, and "the Chassepots go off of their own accord." It should be said that Mr. Vizetelly has no liking for the red flag and little respect for the white: his point of view is from the middle ground, his sympathy is with the average conservative sentiment of the nation.

The Episodes of Vathek. By William Beckford. Translated by Sir Frank T. Marzials. With an introduction by Lewis Melville. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $5 net.

Beckford's *libellus* has had, in truth, a fate of its own—and a strange one. Written in impeccable and very characteristic French, it is virtually known to the world in an English version made by a pedantic and disloyal tutor. And now these supplemental Episodes, drawn

at last from the charter room of Hamilton Palace, appear in their original French in this book in small type as a kind of appendix, and are preceded by an English translation by no means remarkable. A perverse fate still follows Beckford, and he is never to be allowed to speak simply for himself.

And yet his Oriental tale stands in a class by itself and marked an epoch. It could not have come much earlier or any later. Just as the life of Beckford corresponds almost exactly with that of Silvestre de Sacy, who gave to Oriental studies in Europe an entirely new and scientific basis, so his story is among the last of the Oriental eighteenth-century unrealities, and yet shows in the choice of its hero and in much of its detail the beginnings of a search for reality through contact with the East. For Beckford had made Oriental studies; he had read Turkish poetry and had bought MSS. left by Wortley Montague—including an odd volume from the MS. of the Arabian Nights now in the Bodleian—from which he intended to publish translations, and did, in fact, publish one. Yet he was held, too, in the tradition of the past. That his collateral ancestor, Count Anthony Hamilton, wrote in French his parodies of the Oriental stories then current, probably dictated his choice of language. Beyond this and a touch of Gallic salt in expression—not always seemly—that influence did not go. Beckford took the East more seriously and did not write a parody, but an imitation: his horrors were meant to be real. And so, too, his remorse. The moralizing influence of the "Tales of the Genii" is heavy on the latter part of his story. There, also, the Gothic terrors of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" have overcome his levity and lifted his style to the stately glooms of the catastrophe. The flaming hearts were conveyed from "The Mogul Tales" and transformed in the conveyance from the absurd into perfect art. But the Hall of Eblis was his own, a memory of that at Fonthill, "simple, lofty, loud echoing," as it had blazed with lamps and fires for the three-day festival of his twenty-first birthday. And though his creation of Eblis owes much to such disparate influences as Milton and Jean Paul Bignon, it owes more—and its essence—to his own genius, anticipating the Byronic romanticism.

It is tolerably plain that the Episodes for "Vathek" were conceived at an early stage—there is a reference to them in a letter of January, 1783—and that Henley knew that they were to form a part of the story in his hands. But Beckford, on his side, owes two things to Henley's action. It is highly probable that he would never have published if his hand had not been forced. And, further, if by any chance he had finished his Episodes and published the whole, the effect would not have been comparable with that which the sole story of "Vathek" by itself affords. In their *genre* the Episodes are admirable; but only in certain respects is their *genre* that of "Vathek." The action of "Vathek" is simple and direct; its windings do not entangle the reader, for the road is clear. But in the Episodes there is need of a constant effort, only short of that required by Count Anthony Hamilton's fantasies. Beckford's imagination is still working, but under a strain. The vivid scenes, the sardonic flavor, the resource of picturesque detail, the use of character, are all there; but the youthful flash of inspiration which made "Vathek" that strangest of all compounds, an Oriental tale and a dramatic unity, is utterly lacking. He is driving himself to furnish three other unified actions, failing in the effort and sinking towards the level, so far as unity is concerned, of the stories he read in his childhood. And even if these added tales had been as direct and clear as "Vathek," the violent intrusion of them would have hopelessly blunted the effect. At the point where they would have come there could be no delay, nor might anything turn us from those figures which we had followed so long, and in whose fate there lies a real *katharsis* of pity and fear. But for Henley—unwitting what he did—that would have been ruined. Some feeling of this may have developed in Beckford himself, for when, in 1833, an opportunity for the inclusion of the Episodes in an edition of "Vathek" presented itself, he imposed such financial conditions on Bentley, the publisher, as were impossible. The reason could not have been that he felt unable to complete the third Episode, for he had already in the Paris edition of 1787 dropped entirely the fourth Episode (mentioned in the preceding Lausanne edition of the same year) and found a means, in the sudden breaking in of the catastrophe, to avoid the completion of even the third.

Mr. Melville's introduction is adequate, and all interested in the influence of the East on the West are in his debt for this edition.

The Doctrine of the Person of Jesus Christ. By H. R. Mackintosh. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50 net.

Jesus. By George Holley Gilbert. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

The Historic Jesus. By Charles Stanley Lester. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Christological controversies and the ecumenical councils are the traditional *pons asinorum* of students of theology. According to the orthodox dogmatics, the positive elements of the creeds of Nicæa and Chalcedon were implied, if not explicitly asserted, in the New Testament, but Satan stirred up the minds of certain bold and rebellious spirits to question and deny first one and then another of the tenets which culminate in the doctrine of the Trinity, and the entire series of councils was necessary for the putting down of the various heresies and the perfect definition of the truth. For the convenience of the theologue, Providence arranged the matter so that there was in each case one error, one heretic, one champion of orthodoxy, and finally, in the decision of the council, one element of the perfect Christian creed. The only difficulty in mastering the subject was to get the right heretic opposed to the right champion, and fix in the mind which council attended to Arius and where Nestorius and Eutychus met their several defeats. The master hand of Baur opened new possibilities in the treatment of this era of human thought, and the fresh handling of the subject by Adolf Harnack in his "History of Dogma" stimulated renewed interest. The influence of these scholars is manifest in a comparison of Professor Mackintosh's history of Christology with the older dogmatics. In the present volume one follows a real and vital movement in religious thought, made necessary by the problems and temper of the times, whose results are fair subjects of criticism.

In several important respects the views of popular orthodoxy concerning Christ find correction in the pages of Professor Mackintosh. He maintains that it is unnecessary that we should clothe our ideas respecting Jesus "in the formulas of conciliar theology." This is a departure from Luther and Calvin and from prevailing Protestant, as well as Catholic, belief. He does not hesitate to say that "the doctrine of two natures, in its traditional form, imports into the life of Christ an incredible and thoroughgoing dualism." "The doctrine of two natures," he insists, "if taken seriously, gives us two abstractions instead of one reality, two impotent halves in place of one living whole." The definition of the two natures in the Westminster Confession is distinctly repudiated. Notwithstanding the classic condemnation of the monotheletic heresy, Professor Mackintosh declares that "we cannot predicate of Him two consciousnesses or two wills: the New Testament indicates nothing of the kind, nor is it indeed congruous with an intelligible psychology." The popular notion, according to which Jesus was half-God and half-man, which of course was never the serious thought of the church, could not find more vigorous refutation than in these pages.

Nevertheless, Professor Mackintosh is orthodox, alike in his analysis of the New Testament material, in his history of Christological doctrine—the major

portion of his volume—and in his reconstructive doctrinal statement. He maintains earnestly the sinlessness of Jesus, arguing from general considerations to historic facts, like a true child of scholasticism. He does not stumble at the term Godhead applied to Jesus, and he maintains that "each new conception of Christ we form, only to dismantle and reshape it later on the score of inadequacy, gives place to one always more broad and deep and high." Like Herrmann, whose "Communion with God" he calls "a priceless volume," he is certain that in Jesus we are face to face with "a redeeming act of God."

This treatise will doubtless be hailed as a triumphant vindication of evangelical orthodoxy by a master of free inquiry, who accepts cordially modern principles of criticism and philosophy. That the work is able, fearless, and at many points suggestive cannot be denied, but it may also be predicted that its conclusions will not long stand. The fundamental defect is failure to reckon with the New Testament criticism of the last twenty-five years. "The Christ depicted in every part of the New Testament is *radically* the same Christ," the author urges.

The analysis of the synoptic narratives he dismisses as "nebulous." Various phases of opinion concerning Christ in the New Testament authors are recognized, but not radically distinct stages of opinion, including legend and myth.

That legend and myth must be reckoned with, such a study as that of Professor Gilbert makes manifest. He devotes nearly a third of his volume to analysis of the sources, and to distinguishing their relative historical value, and another third to treatment of the "legendary Jesus." It is impossible not to believe that these results in historical criticism will have an effect upon the doctrine of the person of Christ. To construe that doctrine without reference to such distinctions among the sources as Professor Gilbert makes clear is as fallacious as to attempt to portray the religion of early Israel without reference to the pentateuchal analysis, on the ground that the religious faith of the documents is "radically the same." Yet this is what Professor Mackintosh has done.

Mr. Lester's volume is an attempt to popularize the results of scientific inquiry with respect to the life and teachings of Jesus. He essays to answer the question, "What may we teach the boys?" in view of the work of higher criticism in the field of the gospels. The attempt is doubtless sincere, but the author does not show sufficient scholarship for his task. He has read the critics with too great credulity and has not always understood their meaning. He announces as established results views which are still under debate. One might assert on his authority that all interpolations in the preëxilic prophets are in Aramaic, that Jesus was of Indo-European stock, either Amorite or Greek, that the Semitic mind is incapable of monotheism. More serious even than such glaring distortions of fact is the author's want of appreciation of the historical significance and religious greatness of Jesus.

Notes

We may expect shortly from John Lane: "Memories," by Stephen Coleridge; "The Invincible Alliance," essays by Francis Grierson; "The Silence of Men," a novel by H. Provost Battersby, and Evelyn Brentwood's novel, "Henry Kempton."

Moffat, Yard & Co. announce "The New Morality, an Interpretation of Present Social and Economic Forces and Tendencies," by Edward Isaacson, and Mrs. Ethel Watts Mumford's "Out of the Ashes," a novel of New York life.

Among the books shortly to be published by Putnams are the following: "The Knave of Diamonds," a story by E. M. Dell; "The Southland of North America," by George Palmer Putnam; "The Friendly Enemy," by T. P. Cameron Wilson; "Zones of the Spirit," being a translation by Claud Field of Strindberg's latest work; "The Old-Fashioned Woman—Primitive Fancies about the Sex," by Elsie Clews Parsons, and "The Primitive Family as an Educational Agency," by Arthur James Todd.

Mr. Ralph Stock, son of the London bookseller, is about to issue "The Confessions of a Tenderfoot," which includes accounts of the Canadian Northwest, American lumber camps, etc. Holt is the publisher.

We are asked to announce that the second session of the Congrès Mondial des Associations Internationales, which meets once in three years, will be held at Ghent and Brussels, June 15-18, next. The purpose of the Congress is to establish permanent relations among the directors of large organizations having international bearings.

Persons possessing letters of the late Clara Barton are requested to send them to Mr. Stephen E. Barton, No. 85 Water Street, Boston, Mass., for use in connection with the preparation of the authorized biography of Miss Barton. All letters sent will be carefully handled, copied, and the originals will be promptly returned to the owners.

The Godkin Lectures at Harvard will be given this year by Mr. Herbert Croly, author of "The Promise of American Life." The five lectures, under the general title of "Democracy and Responsibility," will be as follows: April 23, New Tendencies in Democracy; April 25, The Old Democracy and the Constitution; April 28, The New Democracy and the Constitution; April 30, Direct versus Representative Government; May 2, The Mechanism of Popular Representation.

A long article by Prof. A. Schinz in the *Revue d'histoire littéraire* gives some interesting information in regard to Rousseau's "Contrat Social." As that work now stands, the body of it can, with a few minor changes, be adapted to either an atheistical or a religious view of the state. But the manuscript first draft of the treatise, which has been discovered at Geneva, contains an introductory chapter of purely "philosophical" tendency, arguing that society must be reorganized without religion. When, eight years after the date of this draft, the work was published, this chapter was dropped and a new chapter was added at the end, contending that a strong society cannot be established except on a religious foundation.

The Oxford Press issues a reprint of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns's Poems, dating from 1786, with an introduction and notes by M. S. Cleghorn. The service of these Oxford reprints, to which Mr. Frowde has given serious thought, can hardly be overstated. We regret, however, that the present edition, which has stiff paper and green boards, is not more securely bound.

So much has been written about Panama since the American canal builders began their work that it is almost impossible for any one to find new material and avoid repetition. Farnham Bishop has not attempted the impossible. In "Panama Past and Present" (Century), a compact volume, with a generous number of illustrations, he has treated the subject in a popular manner, making the old adventurers fight their way across the Isthmus and back, and telling the story of the Panama Railroad, the French fiasco, the uprising against Colombia, and the coming of the Americans, first to wipe out fever, then to dig. There are chapters on the remarkable sanitary work of Col. Gorgas, the building of the canal, the daily life of the men who are doing it, under the benevolent guidance of Uncle Sam, and an appreciation of Col. Goethals, who sits in his office every Sunday morning "to give justice to all who come and ask for it."

Of the making of books about golf there is no end. All champions have written them, or have been asked or have promised to write them, and in "The Art of Golf" (Outing Publishing Co.), by Joshua Taylor, we have the work of a brother of a champion—himself also a professional. About his book there is nothing distinctive, unless it be a homely directness of style in making plain his sound and approved views of the game. The one novelty of the volume is a chapter on the "Evolution of the Bunker." This is contributed by J. H. Taylor, formerly open champion, and traces the successive theories of golf hazards. He does not, however, bring out very clearly the modern idea of arranging bunkers and traps on diagonal lines, so as to give the short driver a chance, while retaining for long hitters their due advantage.

Strindberg did a greater service to the medical profession than to the general reader by keeping an accurate record of his hallucinations during those terrible years spent in Paris in the nineties of the last century, when his mind faltered and gave way. "The Inferno," as he called this diary, has now been published by Putnams in a translation by Claud Field. Because of the Swede's large personality and broad intelligence the picture of himself which is here presented may well inspire horror. As he wanders about the streets alone, people

stare at him, he fancies, and even go out of their way to inflict petty persecutions. He shuts himself up in his small hotel, and with an improvised furnace in his room attempts to transmute the baser metals into gold. It is a day in July and the additional heat of the fire almost prostrates him, and does indeed burn his hands and wrists so badly that he is obliged to go to a hospital. But even in his experiments he cannot lose himself. A mysterious person in the next room can be heard doing everything that he does, simultaneously. His most trying hours are those just after midnight. Often at two o'clock he wakes up, choked by an electric stream which he supposes to be manipulated by some enemy. The following is a typical experience:

> For three hours I lie awake with open eyes to which sleep refuses to come; then a feeling of uneasiness takes possession of me; I am exposed to an electric current which passes to and fro between the two adjoining rooms. The nervous tension increases, and, in spite of my resistance, I cannot remain in bed, so strong is my conviction: "They are murdering me; I will not let myself be murdered"

He changes his room for that night, being put directly under his foe. "I hear my enemy overhead get out of bed and place some heavy object in a box which he locks. He is concealing something then! Perhaps the electric machine." Having cast a gloom for the reader over the sunny Latin quarter, Strindberg removes to Sweden and then to Germany, experiencing a series of persecutions the ingenuity of which recalls the manner in which he has tortured stage characters of his own creation.

With its dedication to the Archbishop of Canterbury and its preface by the Bishop of Liverpool, "The Prayer Book Dictionary" (Longmans) may be said to have almost the *imprimatur* of the church. The volume, edited by George Harford, Morley Stevenson, and J. W. Tyrer, extends to something beyond eight hundred pages, and attempts to do for the Book of Common Prayer what various dictionaries of the sort do for the Bible. It is full enough and learned enough to be of use to the clergy, but it will also have great value for those who are in any degree interested in the Episcopal service. The sources of the Book and all things connected with the ritual are explained historically and dogmatically.

Six thousand letters of appeal, written to Mrs. E. H. Harriman by individuals, churches, hospitals, charitable agencies, universities, etc., from all parts of the world have been studied by the New York Bureau of Municipal Research; and one of its directors, William H. Allen, has put the results, along with some conclusions, into "Modern Philanthropy: A Study of Efficient Appealing and Giving" (Dodd, Mead). The volume is a presentation of the science of getting and bestowing aid. The reader will probably be amazed at the ingenuity of professional philanthropy-seekers, and more and more inclined to agree that there is great need of a system for setting "charity" to work where it is most needed. Dr. Allen's proposal is for nothing less than a nation-wide "clearing house" for appealers and givers, an institution which shall not, however, merely select the most deserving appeals and bring them to the attention of puzzled or indifferent millionaires or local governing bodies. What he has in mind is an institution that shall view the whole field, carry on a campaign of education that will train social workers and persons in general to discriminate between the case of a man needing examination for his sanity and one having an idea that should be realized, and, in a word, enlighten and direct the spirit of generosity. Much has already been accomplished in this direction, but it needs to be better coördinated, and much goes undone and even uninvestigated, perhaps unfelt.

"Penal Philosophy," by the late Gabriel Tarde, jurist and sociologist, translated by Rapelje Howell, is the fifth volume of the American Criminal Science series of translations (Little, Brown). In spite of the diffuseness which arose doubtless from the wealth of the author's learning, experience, and imagination, it is so far the most readable and interesting of the series, besides offering the most comprehensive treatment of the subject of crime. Tarde was an uncompromising opponent of the Lombrosists. In his view, crime is not an anthropological, but a sociological, fact. The criminal is not a madman, nor a savage, nor a degenerate, nor an epileptic. There is, indeed, a criminal type, with a special cast of features, but this is only a professional type, formed, like any other professional type, by the habits acquired in a special occupation. The theory of the book centres in the conception of responsibility. Tarde was too much a naturalist to accept the indeterminism demanded by the traditional retributory theory of punishment, yet too much of a lawyer to reject moral responsibility and treat punishment from a purely utilitarian standpoint, merely as a deterrent. His own theory is that responsibility is a matter of personal identity and social similarity, that is, of similarity within and among individuals. A mental aberration which renders a man irresponsible means that he has ceased to be his normal self; and, as between individuals, we hold an Englishman more clearly responsible for killing an Englishman than for killing a savage. Social similarity, again, is explained by the Tardean principle of imitation, according to which the dominant elements in society tend to transmit their character to the whole. Imitation also explains the origin of crime. In older times the lower classes imitated the higher, but to-day it is truer to say that the country imitates the city.

One can hardly deny that all this is very near to the point. But the formulation in terms of "similarity" and "imitation" is exceedingly crude. The social situation as depicted by Tarde reminds one strongly of the social situation inside of a paper bag where chocolate creams and cream mints are reposing together on a warm day. And when we read that arson is an imitation of the practice of feudal lords of burning their enemy's villages, and that counterfeiting is an imitation of a royal monopoly (334), we feel that imitation has gone mad. The criticism should be obvious. The difference between the relations of individuals in human society and the relations of objects in a paper bag lies in the fact that your human individuals are more or less conscious of themselves and of one another and capable, in the strictly proper sense of the term, of communication. The consequences of this relation are, however, highly complicated and very difficult to describe. It is much easier to set up in your imagination some sort of mechanical figure, or symbol, and then to develop the logic of the symbol rather than the thing symbolized. Fortunately, Tarde was too keen an observer to abide always by the logic of his conceptions. In the matter of imitation, we learn with some surprise that the model for imitation is apt to be "the person with most ideas of a civilizing kind" (329)—which is quite another matter. A man who dines in the evening because "all the best people" do it is clearly an imitator. A man who discovers in the custom a sensible and useful idea for his own use is exercising responsible judgment—but so far he is not an imitator. Again, no special responsibility towards another is imposed by the discovery that he wears the same size of collar as yourself, yet it seems true to say that, in most cases, an Englishman would be more closely bound by responsibility to a fellow-Englishman than to a savage. This, however, is less a matter of similarity than of mutual sympathy and understanding. Through the formation of an understanding a mutual obligation may be created between men of the most widely differing aims, but similarity binds nothing.

Messrs. Charles Eveleigh Woodruff and William Danks, two of the Cathedral Chapter, at Canterbury, have published a portly volume entitled "Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral" (Dutton). The successive stages in the construction of the building, the repairs and restorations, are interestingly described, with considerable attention to the history and internal economy of the priory of Christ Church. The authors have interpreted their subject broadly and have included such biographical and historical data as a true understanding of the history and environment of the building and of its clergy seemed to them to involve. While they have brought forward some fresh material (chiefly of very minor importance), and have adequately used some older material for the first time, the book is, on the whole, a retelling of the story already known to us from the treatises of Willis and the graphic pages of Dean Stanley. One is inclined to feel that for the general reader the volume ought to have been differently proportioned. Fifty pages on the daily life of a Benedictine monastery is too much space devoted to very familiar facts in a book which allots only some thirty pages to Becket's connection with the Cathedral, his murder, and his shrine. The event was clearly the most striking in the Cathedral's history; the shrine incontestably one of the most important in Western Europe during the Middle Ages; the resort of pilgrims one of the most characteristic sights during one-third of the Cathedral's life; the subject intimately connected with one of the enduring masterpieces of the world's literature—yet this great and fascinating topic receives only a meagre notice, and Chaucer is not so much as mentioned. We should also have liked a fuller description of so interesting a subject as the elaborate system of settling tanks and piping instituted in the twelfth century to provide the monks with pure water. Surely these features would

have been more valuable to the ordinary reader than the long technical specifications regarding the bells, the various organs, the subjects past and present of the stained-glass windows, the list of organists and of the books in the library. The numerous excellent illustrations do not illustrate really significant facts. They do not include an adequate ground plan of the Cathedral, the explanatory legends on the one given being so illegible as to render the plan worthless; nor a plan of the Cathedral and adjoining buildings in Becket's day; nor a series of clear plans tracing the gradual growth of the building; nor a map showing the location of the Cathedral in the town and its relation to the numerous buildings so frequently mentioned.

"Karanog, the Meroitic Inscriptions of Shablul and Karanog," by F. L. Griffith, reader in Egyptology in the University of Oxford, is something more than a publication of inscriptions. It forms an important chapter in the progress of the decipherment of a still largely unintelligible system of ancient writing which we term "Meroitic," after the Ethiopian capital city, Meroe, the centre of the southern civilization of the Nile far above Egypt. The progress of research in this little understood region, which has preserved to us the only ancient history of a dark race now in any measure surviving, has been reported from time to time in the pages of the *Nation*. The University of Pennsylvania expedition to northern Nubia has contributed essentially to our limited knowledge of history in this remote region. The results attained have been published by the University Museum in a series of eight volumes, of which the last two have already appeared, the one which has just now appeared being number six. In two cemeteries in Lower Nubia, a large mass of tombstones and other mortuary monuments were found by MacIver. These he turned over to Mr. Griffith, who since 1907 has been devoting himself to deciphering the writing. In the introduction to the volume, Mr. Griffith is able to give the phonetic equivalents of both of the Meroitic alphabets; that is, the hieroglyphic and the more rapid system which, though it may not be called cursive, is termed by Mr. Griffith "demotic." These results required more than four years of special study and they form a monument which will bring lasting credit and honor to their author. They will furnish the basis for future research in the history of this southernmost outpost of ancient civilization.

In spite of republican simplicity a laudable respect for ancestors generally characterizes Americans, and family genealogies and histories bulk large in their historical research. But few have had so magnificent an idea as Alexander W. Hidden, who in his "The Ottoman Dynasty" (New York: Nicholas W. Hidden) has used the whole House of Othman as a background for the life and exploits of his father, and has worked in among the illustrations of his book fourteen family portraits, including three of himself, and various family documents reproduced in fac-simile. Besides these records, duly entered as part of the story of Turkey, there is a connected history of the Osmanli sultans from the birth of the eponymous founder, Osman, in 1258, to November, 1912, and a series of running notes on Turkish religion, law, and customs. The notes are chiefly remarkable as a proof —if any were needed—that a man may live for forty years in the most intimate contact with a foreign people, and yet, for lack of specific studies, remain in ignorance of the bases of their faith and practice. The illustrations are generally good if not novel.

Mr. Askew, whose ideas on a good many interesting matters we get in "Cross Views" (John Lane), through the pen of Mr. Wilfrid Scarborough Jackson, though he professes himself to be one of the serious, is yet, in spite of his name, by no means a person of disagreeable mental angularities. Indeed, aside from a few little vagaries of style, such as the rather persistent treatment of *without* as a conjunction, and an occasional sentence that yields its meaning somewhat reluctantly, Mr. Askew proves himself to be a delightful companion in the sixteen essays that make up the volume. He is not, in fact, excessively serious, and he is certainly not cantankerous; but he is also never smart, flippant, or paradoxical—an achievement, surely, in these days when the essay and, more broadly, the literature of comment in general aims to be so diabolically clever. Possibly the discursiveness seems a trifle forced and overdone in "Also a Garden," and still more so in "A Wet Day"; but in both there are delicious things far more than sufficient to justify their being; and the fault is nowhere repeated. One of the best of the essays is "John Bull." The first three pages of this paper draw a picture of the Englishman as a figure markedly in contrast to all other Europeans. The picture is not meant to be flattering to the Englishman's vanity; but, if one may say it without offence, Mr. Askew is characteristically English in his inability wholly to conceal his pride in the distinguishing temperamental limitations and defects which he confesses for the Englishman. But the book is in the main admirably written and abounds in brilliant things. One would search long for anything better, for example, than the account given on pages 153-154 of "an excellent lady" known to Mr. Askew. This lady's intellectual quality is delightfully suggested by her favorite remark when very hard pressed: "You may be right, but I know you are not."

A readable series of articles contributed a few years ago to a Shanghai newspaper were published there in a volume called "Lights and Shadows of Chinese Life," by John Macgowan. The book now seeks a larger audience under the title of "Men and Manners of Modern China" (Dodd, Mead)—to the confusion of librarians whose painful task it is to beware of old books reappearing under new names. The author's residence of half a century among the Chinese has given him an appreciation of their virtues, their qualities of industry and obedience, their cheerfulness, and their faith in education. Their faults are relentlessly noted in every relation, but despite the provoking nature of many of these—notably their indifference to filth and untruthfulness—there remains an abiding impression of a race likable not only as individuals, but as a people. The changes that are transforming China to-day are widespread and profound, but the currents of common life which Mr. Macgowan describes are not greatly affected by them. Under the republic, for example, state schools are designed to supplant the old voluntary system, "where the Government took no steps for the education of the children of the nation. It must be understood, however, that China, taken as a whole, is still carrying on the system of education that has been in existence during the past ages. It will take long before men trained to teach the new educational methods can be obtained for the countless schools throughout the empire." One of the amenities of the old-fashioned teacher's life here portrayed has never hitherto been revealed to the Western world. A teacher, it appears, is engaged by the year by the group of parents who are desirous of having their boys taught. His reputation as a scholar can only be tested by men of his own class. Now and then a clever scamp who knows his Classics will come along and visit the school:

> If the schoolmaster be a strong man and a good scholar, he has nothing to fear. If, however, he be a man of only moderate abilities and inferior scholarship, he is sure to be fleeced. For example, one of these strollers enters a schoolhouse during the time that the recitations are going on. He sees at a glance that the teacher is a poor fellow and no match for him. He at once assumes a stern and displeased air and says, "You have no right to be the instructor of these boys, for you have not the learning that would qualify you to teach them. I propose to examine you to see if you are fit for your post, and if not, you shall at once vacate it, and I will take charge of the school." It may be confidently affirmed that no such free-and-easy action could take place in any other country except China. The result is characteristic. No exchange is effected, but the poor teacher has to buy off the scoundrel, who usually proceeds to spend his misbegotten gains in riotous living.

There is an amazing chapter in Mr. Macgowan's book on lynch law in China, which the author declares to be an open and recognized power by which the people take cognizance of wrongdoing except offences against the state. Theft seems to be the transgression chiefly capable of "arousing the very worst passions that lie smouldering in the heart of the Chinese," and a confirmed thief, if he continues to prey upon a community that has repeatedly caught him, will ultimately be lynched in open day without interference from the authorities. Some of Mr. Macgowan's stories of torture and death by Chinese mobs are horrible enough, but the reader is struck by the evident eagerness with which he must have hurried to the spot so as to become an eye-witness of the scenes described, as well as by his concluding reflection that "the system of lynch law is more effective in China than hanging is with us."

The supplement-volume of Meyer's "Konversations-Lexikon" for 1911-1912 is a little larger than the previous ones, and is more profusely illustrated, the pictures, plans, diagrams, and maps numbering 1,260. Among the maps is one of the German Empire in colors, showing where each of the nine political parties had the supremacy on December 12, 1912. There is an interesting and suggestive illustrated article showing how the health of the school children in Germany is cared for. Accompanying the article on meteorology are twelve portraits, of which two are of the late Mr. A. Lawrence Rotch and Prof. Cleveland Abbe, of our Weather Bureau.

In his recently published posthumous work on the antecedents of Goethe's "Faust" ("Faust, vom Ursprung bis zur Verklärung durch Goethe," Berlin: Verlag Karl Curtius), Oskar Schade discusses the ultimate sources and general relationship of the Faust legend and traces the two different lines of descent connecting Goethe's drama with the original Faust-book, published in 1587 in Frankfort-on-the-Main. The first of these follows the series of editions of the Faust-book, with their various modifications, down to the miserably printed chap-book which Goethe knew as a boy. The other branches off with the first dramatization of the popular book in Marlowe's "Faustus," which was carried by wandering troups of British actors to Germany, where it was appropriated and translated by German actors, and later adapted and garbled to suit the taste of various troups and audiences. In these corrupted forms the play enjoyed an era of remarkable popularity until the dramatic reformation of Gottsched, when it degenerated into a puppet play, in which form Goethe became acquainted with it. Schade claims for a previous publication of his (an edition of one of the versions of the puppet play) the honor of being the first to prove this second line of descent, though other writers had suggested its probability. Goethe himself was ignorant of the relationship. This work of Schade, who died some seven years ago, presents no new material and no new theory, but is a welcome addition to Faust literature because of its readable presentation of the accepted facts within a compass that will satisfy the student and interest the general reader.

Heinrich Schmidt's new "Goethe-Lexikon" (Leipzig: Alfred Kröner Verlag) is not what its title suggests, but a selection of quotations from Goethe's works, letters, diaries, and conversations, arranged in a quasi-alphabetical order. Each passage is cited, without comment, under the head of one of the words contained in it. In fact, this so-called lexicon is merely a book of quotations arranged conveniently for finding. But the references to sources give only titles of works, or names of persons to whom they are addressed, with the year, and will prove of little help to one wishing to know the context. To use the book as the compiler desires, however, the context is to be ignored. His design is to furnish isolated texts from Goethe upon which the seeker after philosophical help may profitably reflect. But the passages cited under each topic are so few and so superficially grouped that the pious reader will not gain much familiarity with the depths of Goethe's philosophy of life, in spite of the promises of the compiler's preface, which is as inflated as his title. And yet the maxims of the book do contain a world of wisdom, if only one knows their setting and true significance.

Recent volumes of the International Critical Commentary (Scribner) maintain the standard of the series in thorough scholarship and painstaking attention to all questions involved in text and interpretation. In the commentary on "The Epistles of St. Paul to the Thessalonians," Prof. James Everett Frame faces some knotty problems of eschatology, which he handles with ability. The text is submitted to minute analysis, and by translation and comment the meaning is made clear, but the validity of the conceptions involved is not discussed. The authenticity of both epistles is defended. Professor Frame's work was preceded shortly by a treatise on the same subject by the brilliant German critic, Von Dobschütz, but the American work does not suffer by comparison. Of more interest than the usual critical commentary to the non-critical student is the study of the "Johannine Epistles," by Rev. A. E. Brooke, Dean of King's College, Cambridge. The introductory matter on the aim and purpose of the letters is really a chapter in church history, with important bearing on the question of the rise of the episcopate. The explanation of the text is more free than in most volumes of the series, and paragraphs devoted to application and improvement of the text are not wanting. A third and concluding volume on the minor prophets embraces commentaries on Haggai and Zechariah by Prof. Hinckley G. Mitchell, of Tufts College, Malachi by Prof. John Merlin Powis Smith, of the University of Chicago, and Jonah by Prof. Julius A. Bewer, of Union Theological Seminary, New York city.

Many a bookish American will regret to learn of the death of Honoré Champion, a bookseller and publisher of the old school. On the Quai Voltaire and later on the Quai Malaquais he was long a well-known figure.

The death is reported from London of William St. Chad Boscawen, who had long been connected with the department of Oriental antiquities in the British Museum. His successful work, "The First of Empires," was devoted largely to elucidating cuneiform texts of Western Asia. He was born in 1854.

Science

THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

PHILADELPHIA, April 21.

The sessions of the annual general meeting of the Society were held this year in the three days ending April 19. The address of welcome was made by the president, Dr. W. W. Keen, who, with Vice-Presidents W. B. Scott, of Princeton, and E. C. Pickering, of Harvard, presided at the various sessions. The meeting was exceptional in the large number and high quality of the papers presented and in the wide range of subjects treated.

In an earnest paper on "The Treaty Obligations of the United States relating to the Panama Canal," Charlemagne Tower gave a brief history of the various treaties and agreements between the United States and Great Britain relating to any such canal if ever constructed; and he urged that the United States was in honor bound not to do or allow anything which should be in any way inconsistent with the terms of our treaties.

In a suggestive paper on "The Cause and Significance of Fever" Dr. V. C. Vaughn, of Ann Arbor, explained that fever is due to the digestion of proteins in the blood and in the tissues. Bacteria are living proteins. They get into the body and grow, converting the proteins of man's body into bacterial proteins. After a period of incubation the cells of the body pour out a ferment which digests and destroys the bacteria. In this process fever originates. In itself fever is beneficial. It is a manifestation of the attempt on the part of nature to destroy the invading organisms. However, nature may overdo the matter, and fever *per se* becomes dangerous when it goes too high.

Dr. M. P. Ravenel, of the University of Wisconsin, explained how perfectly typhoid fever can be controlled by vaccination. This practice was tried for the first time on a large scale during the Boer War. Since then it has undergone investigation by scientific boards in several countries. In the United States it was recommended by such a board in 1909. The results were so favorable that in 1911 it was made compulsory for all officers and enlisted men under forty-five years of age. The method is an extension of the well-known bacterial vaccination discovered by Pasteur. The practice has proved of great value in checking epidemics and in the cure of "typhoid carriers."

Dr. Charles D. Walcott, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, gave illustrations of a very remarkable and ancient fossil fauna discovered by him in the mountains of British Columbia 2,000 feet above Field, on the Canadian Pacific Railway. The fossils are most beautifully preserved and include such delicate forms as jelly fishes, fine marine shells, and a large variety of crustaceans. Altogether more than eighty genera of invertebrate fossils have been found in a bed not above five feet thick. They are all of marine origin and lived at a period when there were no vertebrates in existence, such as fishes, reptiles, and mammals.

In a paper entitled "Some Unsolved Problems in Radioactivity," William Duane, late of the Curie Radium Laboratory in Paris, after treating of some of the purely physical aspects of the subject referred at some length to the excellent results that have been obtained abroad in the treatment of small superficial cancers by means of the rays from such radioactive substances as radium and meso-thorium. A number of pictures were presented showing the cases both before and after treatment.

The Saturday afternoon session was devoted to a special symposium on "Wireless Telegraphy and Telephony," Dr. Lewis W. Austin, head of the United States Naval Radio-Telegraph Laboratory at Washington; Prof. G. W.

Pierce, of Harvard; Prof. M. I. Pupin, of Columbia, and Prof. A. G. Webster, of Clark, taking part. The last-named gave an account of his experiences as a member representing the United States at the International Radiotelegraphic Conference of London about a year ago, and described the work of the Conference in its essential features. It is expected that this Conference will meet in Washington four years from the present.

On Friday evening a reception was held at the hall of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, when Prof. G. G. MacCurdy, of Yale University, gave an illustrated lecture on "The Antiquity of Man in the Light of Recent Discoveries."

On Saturday evening the usual banquet at the Bellevue-Stratford was attended by above one hundred members and guests. The toast to "The Memory of Franklin" was responded to by his Excellency the French Ambassador, M. Jusserand; that to "Our Guests" by Prof. Arthur Schuster, F.A.S.; that to "Our Institutions of Learning" by Prof. A. G. Webster; and that to "The American Philosophical Society" by Mr. Hampton L. Carson.

Thus ended perhaps the most successful series of meetings ever held by "the oldest scientific society in America."

ARTHUR WILLIS GOODSPEED.

The following science books are announced by Dutton: "The Entomologist's Log Book," by Alfred Scorer; "A Dictionary of Botanical Names," by George F. Zimmer, and "The Guild of Garden Lovers," by Constance O'Brien.

Holt is bringing out this week Dr. E. Mather Sill's work, "The Child, Its Care, Diet and Common Ills."

Though not without certain scientific shortcomings, Mary Evans Francis has skilfully brought together in "The Book of Grasses" (Doubleday, Page) all the information that the intellectually inquisitive should need. The formidable nature of the ordinary technical treatment of grasses has been overcome by the substitution of plain English descriptions for each species. But the author has provided a check upon offhand and inaccurate determinations by including also a careful semi-technical description. There are pictures for many of the species, which aid materially in their determination, especially those showing dissections of the flowers. Excellent little illustrations accompanying an introduction on unfamiliar terms, make it relatively easy for any one to acquire knowledge of the parts of the flower—knowledge quite indispensable for the proper determination of grasses. The book gives a short account of the sedges and rushes, neither of which belong to the grass family, but are always popularly so termed. The fact that this is the first work that presents the commoner grasses in a non-technical and attractive manner is sure to make it deservedly popular. There are a number of features that the technical botanist might object to, but the work, on the whole, is admirably conceived and executed. For those interested especially in the grasses of particular locations, such as fields, meadows, sands and salt marshes, woodlands, etc., the author has prepared lists arranged in the order of flowering. A large number of illustrations of grasses *in situ* add to the usefulness of the book, and there are sixteen colored illustrations of the more important species. The color work is not up to the standard previously set by these publishers.

"Trees in Winter: Their Study, Planting, Care, and Identification" (Macmillan), by A. F. Blakeslee and C. D. Jarvis, is the fulfilment of a promise made by the authors, about a year ago, to issue in book form their very successful "New England Trees in Winter," which came out as part of Bulletin 69 of the Storrs Agricultural Experiment Station. They have added about 200 pages of introductory matter relating to the care and planting of trees, in which are considered, among other topics, the structure, life, growth, and propagation of trees. There are chapters on planting, care, injuries, diseases, and remedies. The introduction to the second part discusses such topics as habit, twigs, leaf-scars, buds, fruit, etc. Each of these, and several other aids in the determination of trees in winter, are discussed in detail, always from the point of view of the general reader and lumberman. A key to the genera and individual keys to each genus complete the introductory matter. It may be found that the keys will require more familiarity with such things than the average user of the work will have, but they are excellent and have been drawn with admirable fidelity. The body of this second part contains a detailed description of habit, bark, twigs, leaf-scars, buds, fruits, and wood, together with a discussion of the distribution and a comparison with other trees with which the one under discussion might be confused. Nearly all the native trees are so treated, as well as a number of wild species which are so widely cultivated that they attract as much attention as native kinds. For each species there is a splendid composite photograph showing general habit and character of bark and of the branches and twigs. Frequently, also, the fruits and nuts are shown. There is a comprehensive index and a glossary of botanical terms, which in the text have been avoided wherever consistent with accuracy. After the large crop of the "How to Know" books, and numberless compilations, the jaded tree-lover will turn with avidity to this excellent study, which for a certain thoroughness and freshness of handling is immeasurably in advance of any recent publication on the subject. Some discussion of the altitudinal preferences of the different species would have been welcome, but such a minor shortcoming in a book so generally excellent is of small moment.

In publishing his "Gardening Indoors and Under Glass" (McBride, Nast & Co.), Mr. F. F. Rockwell has put the gardening public under obligations. While it cannot supersede Mr. Rexford's "Indoor Gardening," which, on account of its enthusiasm and practical wisdom, should be on the shelves of every grower of house-plants, the new publication supplements and extends the older. The directions are thorough, taking the beginner from the growing of seedlings and cuttings, through the care of plants of a very wide variety, to the greenhouse or the frames, in order to prepare for outdoor culture. Mr. Rockwell occasionally has new methods (witness his flats and the scheme for watering and draining), and a blunt word of praise or blame where it is needed. The writing is simple and effective, having that conviction which arouses the reader to attempt the unknown, even leading him so far as to consider the possibility of a lean-to greenhouse.

In "A Farmer's Note-Book" (Badger), Mr. C. E. D. Phelps wanders from swimming to Socrates, from poetry to waterspouts, with glimpses at farm practices or events, whether past or present. The book is neither practical, keenly observant, nor deeply penetrative; its flavor is mild. Presumably called into print by the success of David Grayson, Mr. Phelps's book can compete with neither the philosophy nor the humanity of that stimulating writer.

John Mätter, the author of "Once" and "Three Farms" (Holt), is clever, imaginative, often witty, and always self-conscious. Like so many celebrants of the simple life, he does not know how to be simple, though he would very much like to know how. He pursues ingenuousness with a good deal of ingenuity. He calls us back to the farm, and makes his farmers talk like members of a coterie. He professes to own and read very few books, but his style is bookish in the extreme, determined to be literary at all costs. It may be that the doctrine of "back-to-the-farm" needs fresh adornment if it is to get a further hearing—or, rather, if it is to get beyond a hearing. Great numbers of city people now blandly admit that they would be better off in the country, that the real thing to do is to get close to the soil, to live the out-of-door life, to plough and hoe and—and whatever else it amounts to out there. Mr. David Grayson has not conducted his magazine adventures without an admiring audience, nor have the land agencies enounced the joys and the profits of farming to deaf ears. But most city people are pretty well satisfied to listen and assent, and we doubt whether elegant variations on the theme, like Mr. Mätter's, will really convince any citizen that it is time to take the train for Arcadia.

The first of the three farms with which fancy here plays begins and ends in fancy—a farm in the Riviera indolently dreamed of, and never really sought for. Our second is a quarter-section in Saskatchewan. Here a shack is built, twenty acres broken up, and a single crop of flax harvested; when we are transported, suddenly and without explanation, to our third, a family homestead in Indiana. As the farm and its responsibility belong to our father, and there is a resident farmer and wife to do the brunt of the work, we are in clover at last—free to enjoy what is enjoyable in farm life, and to avoid what is unpleasant. Books of this sort are well calculated to charm the city dweller, who takes his agriculture vicariously. The real farm-liver and farm-lover does not need to have the deep and solid satisfactions of his lot decked with an artificial glamour.

Lester Frank Ward, a member of many scientific societies in this country and Eu-

rope, and in 1903 president of the International Institute of Sociology, died Friday in Washington. He was born in Joliet, Ill., in 1841; served in the Civil War, and in 1869 graduated from Columbian (now George Washington) University. He carried on investigations in geology, botany, and sociology. A list of his writings follows: "Guide to Flora of Washington and Vicinity," "Dynamic Sociology," "Sketch of Palæobotany," "Synopsis of the Flora of the Laramie Group," "Types of the Laramie Flora," "Geographical Distribution of Fossil Plants," "Psychic Factors of Civilization," "Psychological Basis of Social Economics," "Political Ethics of Spencer," "Principles of Sociology," "Outlines of Sociology," "Sociology and Economics," and "Pure Sociology."

Drama and Music

The Play of To-day: Studies in Structure. By Elizabeth R. Hunt. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

This volume bears upon a fly leaf the endorsement of the board of directors of the Drama League of America, commending it as "one of the most valuable among recent publications on the subject"—that is, on structure in modern plays. But it is difficult to determine wherein the special value consists. Such traditional laws of dramatic composition as are quoted are not particularly instructive, while the illustrations are not always authoritative or the opinions founded upon them indisputably sound. But the writer exhibits a wide acquaintance with theatrical literature, chats pleasantly enough upon a large variety of topics, and supplies a number of hints which will be fresh to novices if not to experts.

Altogether too much space is devoted to the analyses—not badly done in themselves—of such plays as "The Servant in the House," "Disraeli," "The Earth," and "Lady Windermere's Fan"; and it is somewhat startling to find "The Admirable Crichton" and "What Every Woman Knows" selected as ideal specimens of dramatic literature, although no one would dream of disputing the freshness, the humor, the whimsicality, or the attractiveness of either of them. What the author has to say about the masterly constructive skill displayed by Ibsen in his social plays is perfectly true, but the notion that there is anything new in the art of giving absorbing dramatic interest to psychological analysis is fantastic. One would suppose that "Othello" and "Macbeth" had never been written. What Ibsen did was to show that absorbing, if not especially attractive or inspiring, drama could be made out of the psychological and physiological peculiarities of ordinary everyday folk, without the aid of romantic accessories. And it should be noted that, with all his naturalistic and professedly logical methods he could, for his purposes, ignore probability like any romanticist. Incidents in real life do not always occur in accordance with physiological or philosophical formulæ. The author has a perception of this truth when, in upholding the cause of realism, she says that "one reason why life in its verity is too much for any but the greatest dramatic artist, is because it is so full of exceptions and aberrations, and so illogical in its workings." Precisely. The fact is, although many modern critics are unwilling to admit it, that imagination, when it does not deal with the supernatural or the frankly impossible, often gets nearer to the essential truth of nature than does the conscientious realist. Elsewhere, on the same theme, the writer argues: "Apparently the old structural forms need not be wholly abandoned. The drama of mental states always has its fundamental 'story,' just as much as 'Ruy Blas' or 'Fedora.' Often where this story is extracted and set in order, it proves quite as entertaining as the mere narrative of many an old romantic tragedy." Of course it does. One story may be as good as another, but the story that contains the most powerful human appeal and the finer intellectual or literary quality is apt to be the better story of the two.

Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish for the Educational Players Mrs. Emma Sheridan Fry's "Educational Dramatics," which is described as a guide for amateur actors.

"Sardou and the Sardou Plays" (Lippincott), by Jerome A. Hart, appeals to readers on the edge of literature with a natural predilection for authors likewise on the edge. The plan has a naïveté that rises almost to originality. One hundred and twenty-nine pages of biography, of interest mainly anecdotic, are followed by two hundred and thirty-six pages of summaries of plots related solely for their worth as narratives. An appendix (not so called) enumerates Sardou productions in the United States. The thirty-seven abstracts of plots suggest the remark that such summaries, if more briefly, ably, and seriously done, might have a value, partly as guides to reading, partly as dispensations from it, in the case of prolific mediocrities of the Sardou and sub-Sardou types. The present author is too considerate of his public to be serious. As journey-work the book has points of respectability; some excellent works have been consulted and catalogued, French spelling and accentuation have been conserved, the author maintains a decency which belies the Parisian subject and setting, and substitutes for the journalist's factitious gusto that diligence in point of task and that apathy in respect of materials which mark the well drilled but phlegmatic stenographer. His indifference to his own performance is its one judicial quality; in such matters one prefers the stoic to the epicurean.

Six more volumes of the Tudor Shakespeare (Macmillan) have come to hand, all but completing this scholarly undertaking. They are: "Julius Cæsar," edited by Robert M. Lovett; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," edited by Fred P. Emery; "Cymbeline," edited by Will D. Howe; "Henry VI," Part iii, edited by Robert Adger Law; "Pericles," edited by C. Alphonso Smith, and "Titus Andronicus," edited by Elmer Edgar Stoll. A hard task fell to the last-named editor. In trying to steer a safe course among the many debatable theories connected with "Titus Andronicus" Mr. Stoll becomes a bit confusing, but not seriously so. He himself adds nothing new to the discussion. On previous occasions we have set forth the aims of this new edition, which is under the general editorship of Profs. W. A. Neilson and A. H. Thorndike, and will only repeat briefly that it has been prepared by the best American scholarship.

The speedy collapse of "The Happy Island" at His Majesty's Theatre, in London, compelled Sir Herbert Tree to make speedy revision of his plans. For the present he has revived "The School for Scandal," with Phyllis Neilson Terry, for the first time, as Lady Teazle. This young actress is having her full share of brilliant opportunities. Matheson Lang has been engaged for Charles, and Sir Herbert, of course, resumes the part of Sir Peter. This revival will be followed in due course by Somerset Maugham's English adaptation of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" and an English version of "L'Homme qui assassina," which had a success some time ago at the Théâtre Antoine in Paris. The piece is taken from the novel of Claude Farrère. In London it will be called "The Right to Kill."

Arthur Bourchier intends to revive Brieux's "The Arm of the Law" at the London Garrick.

"The Typhoon" seems to have met with a favorable reception at the Haymarket Theatre in London. The London *Times* says:

> Mr. Laurence Irving's Takeramo is an extraordinary *tour de force*. He appears more Japanese than the real Japanese who figure here and there in the east; not merely in make-up, but in every trick of speech and gait and gesture, in his persistent suppression of emotion, in the calm, almost saintly dignity of his demeanor.

James Bernard Fagan has to a great extent rewritten and remodelled his play "The Earth," providing it with a new and, as he thinks, highly dramatic ending. He is to experiment with it in the English provinces, and will play one of the principal parts himself. He has had considerable stage experience in the companies of F. R. Benson and Beerbohm Tree.

"Le Secret" of Henri Bernstein, the new play of which Madame Simono has just assumed the chief female part in Paris, appears to be an unrelieved study of feminine treachery. The heroine is a fascinating but malignant creature who cannot endure the spectacle of another's happiness. Therefore, she conspires against her dearest friend, first contriving to separate her from her lover, and afterward, when she has been married to another man, plotting to confront her with the discarded lover under conditions peculiarly disquieting to the husband. Seemingly, there is not a redeeming trait in the character. In the end she makes confession and is forgiven, her husband vowing that he worships her

in spite of everything. Doubtless the part offers varied histrionic opportunities to Madame Simone, but its value must be wholly theatrical.

Recent festivities in Leipzig celebrated the seven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the St. Thomas School. It was once under the control of the monastery. In 1531 the Protestant magistracy took over the school, which was then much enlarged and improved. Two centuries later, when Bach was the Cantor, an extra story was built. The fabric remained unaltered till about thirty years ago, when it became the central office of the military chaplains, and the school migrated to the suburbs. The statue which four ladies erected to their teacher, J. Adam Hiller, was taken down and built into a new door of St. Thomas's, which is now the Garrison Church. Bach's monument, put up by Mendelssohn, remains on the promenade; in the square, just outside the church, is the great statue of Bach, unveiled in 1908.

From Leipzig comes the news that Berlioz's fifty-year-old opera, "Beatrice and Benedict," has been produced there with great success in a version made by the present Philharmonic conductor, Josef Stransky, and Wilhelm Klefeld. The critics speak of this version as "very clever." It seems that there was need of a good deal of editing to make the opera presentable. The libretto, which is based on Shakespeare's "Much Ado About Nothing," had to be completely worked over, and Mr. Stransky not only transferred the musical numbers to more advantageous places, but interpolated airs from other juvenile works by Berlioz.

The German critics not only do not like Puccini's music in "The Girl of the Golden West," but the story itself strikes them as "a clumsy mixture of brutality and sentimentality." "How exalted in comparison is even the text of 'Tosca,'" exclaims Hugo Rasch in the *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*, after hearing the opera in Berlin. Puccini, he thinks, has been steadily going down hill, and the end of the last act represents low tide in his activity, while the action in this scene is "an insult to any even half-cultivated audience."

Art

THE INTERNATIONAL.

LONDON, April 7.

The exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers is again this spring a disappointment. For a while the Society could be counted upon to show all that was most active and most original and most interesting in the modern art, not only of England, but of the world. It represented every vital phase and movement. It organized the one independent exhibition in London, free of cliques and unshackled by modern conventions, a healthy antidote to the Academy. The tradition it sought to carry on was that not of any particular group, but of good work, wherever produced and wherever found, though it never shrank from honest experiment. I am amused, in the midst of the present excitement over what is called Post-Impressionism, to remember that at the International the artists looked upon as leaders by the Post-Impressionists were first seen in London—Cézanne, Van Gogh, Vuillard, Maurice Denis, Matisse, Flandrin, were all, at various times, exhibited there; but the moment of the "boom" not having arrived, their work created no sensation and remained unnoticed save by the few who knew and understood.

Of late years, however, after a number of brilliant and splendidly promising seasons, the foreign element has been gradually growing less and less, until now it has almost completely disappeared from the International, which the British members of the Society threaten to reduce to a mere annex of the Royal Academy and the New English Art Club. Even the hanging and arrangement have ceased to receive the attention that once made the exhibition, as a whole, the most dignified and beautiful held in London. Moreover, it is inevitable that this year there should be a certain feeling of staleness. The exhibition is given at the new Grosvenor Gallery, which opened last autumn for the first time, with a show of very much the same men, and which has just closed the yearly exhibition of the National Portrait Society, many of whose members belong also to the International. It is extraordinary that artists do not realize there is such a thing as showing too often and too consecutively. A good thing may be overdone. But when the public and the critics become indifferent, the artists seek the cause anywhere save in the monotony of the entertainment they provide. This year we have the Institute—though I must not be understood to include it among the good things—eliminating their press day because the critics have kept on saying the same unpleasant things about the same work they have found on the same walls in show after show. And we have again a society of Post-Impressionists, apparently realizing that Post-Impressionism may pall, challenging the public's curiosity by suppressing the names of the exhibitors, and thus turning the collection of their work into a prize puzzle.

The loss of the foreign element is serious for the International, taking away the chief reason for its existence. There have been years when the work of the president, Rodin, has dominated the exhibition; this year he is represented only by his well-known Young Girl between her Good and Evil Genius, lent by Edmund Davis. But, then, the Society, having chosen a sculptor for their president and having given sculptors the chief place in their titles, have made their headquarters in a gallery where it is impossible to exhibit any but the smallest pieces of sculpture, a fact which strikes the outsider as a curious contradiction. Otherwise few things of note come from France, and nothing from Spain. Professor Sauter and Joseph Pennell, who both spend much of their time in London, represent respectively Germany and America; and James Morrice, Canada. Belgium (save for an Alfred Stevens), Holland, Italy, Austria, Scandinavia might not exist as far as the International is concerned.

If the British exhibitors, having got rid of the foreigner, endeavored to show themselves at their best, there might be some excuse for this change of policy. But they do not. It looks as if men like Lavery, Arpen, Strang, and C. H. Shannon, who have been made Associates of the Royal Academy, were reserving their most important canvases for the show that opens next month at Burlington House. If they are not—one must give them the benefit of the doubt—they have but themselves to thank for the impression they make. Lavery sends no portraits, but instead three small paintings of the Alps in winter; one, The Monk, a clever piece of realism, the great snow-clad slopes dazzling the eye in paint as they would in nature; the other two curiously dwarfed by the little figures, scattered over the vast snowy stretches, which should give the scale; and none of the three suggesting the majesty and beauty of the mountains as successfully as the studies of the Matterhorn, from different points of view and under different atmospheric effects, by Professor Sauter. Many painters, from Turner to the Hudson River School, have painted mountains, but few with success, few with the right appreciation of the subtlety of their color and the dependence of their beauty and their grandeur upon light and atmosphere, and not upon detail. In these studies, as well as others he has already shown of similar subjects, Sauter has revealed such true understanding and sympathetic vision, that it is to be hoped his Alpine series is but at the beginning.

Strang, the vice-president of the International, has only one portrait—the Rev. W. Wilks, Secretary of the Royal Horticultural Society—a full-length seated figure, with a bunch of daffodils on a table to one side, a flat yellow background, and a curtain falling in stiff straight folds behind the flowers; the pose is hard and uncompromising, the modelling crude, the detail harsh and sharp—it is one of the pictures, no doubt, that Strang is said to be painting for posterity, and that might with advantage remain unseen until posterity claims them. Orpen also is content to send one painting, a variation of an old theme—the seashore, a tent, a figure,

strong sunlight making a pattern with the shadows where it falls—a clever study, but little more. And from C. H. Shannon there comes but a single canvas, The Amethyst Necklace, one of the lifeless nudes he has often painted, with the usual accessories, graceful in design, refined, but growing weaker, as every subject, when repeated, will if convention and not nature is relied upon for fresh inspiration. It is the same with men of another group—with Lambert, Nicholson, Kelly. I may be wrong, but I have come away with the conviction that they, too, are holding themselves in reserve, keeping back their most ambitious performances for other galleries.

Indeed, among them all, James Pryde alone seemed to me to have sent of his best. His Death Bed is by no means a great work of art. It shows a gray, quiet interior such as the Dutchmen loved to paint and painted infinitely better, lofty and spacious, with, almost filling it, a huge, high four-poster and purple curtains, the centre of the tragedy of death which Pryde turns into light comedy. The whole has a theatrical air. Not the title, not the agitation of the little figures, one at the foot of the bed, one at the door, can disguise the fact that the painter was not in the least moved by the subject—probably had not decided what that subject was until the painting was finished and a title needed—but found himself immensely amused with his scheme of gray and with his melodramatic composition for the sake of which he carried the four posts of the bed up to a height beyond domestic or constructive possibility.

The unmistakable evidence in paint that the painter has been interested in what he was doing, draws the eye irresistibly to Morrice's three little landscapes. They are not as distinguished as many he has before now sent to the International; the detail here and there tends almost to the grotesque in its simplification; the color is not so pure, but there can be no question of the painter's alert interest in his subjects and the pattern they suggested to him. All three of the pictures are at least full of that observation which is too frequently sacrificed by the modern painter to a successful formula. Formula, not nature, is felt, for instance, in the sombre landscapes of Peppercorn, so seldom do they vary in motive or color scheme, in the pastorals of E. A. Walton, with the same silvery trees under the same cloud-swept sky, or the work of Nicholson, whose small equestrian portrait of a woman this year, like many of his paintings, seems but the decorative balancing of spaces of flat color, far less appropriate to canvas than to the wood block. A formula may last the artist for the time, but it cannot last forever. Repetition takes the life from it sooner or later, sooner when the formula has but a weak foundation, as in the case of many of the men and women who now label themselves Post-Impressionists. There are one or two paintings of the kind in the International that would seem crude even if hung as posters on the hoardings. A first show of Post-Impressionists may give food for thought, as I see has been the case in New York. But a second, in my experience, is as flat and monotonous in one way as the Royal Academy is in another. Formula, under whatever guise, is a pitfall for the artist.

N. N.

On Drawing and Painting. By Denman Waldo Ross, Ph.D. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

Coming at a time when the interest of the art world is fixed upon an upheaval, Mr Ross's book must, by its dignity, seem tame. There is only one mild observation on the Post-Impressionists and Futurists: "To some of us, and among them I count myself, it is a warning."

The classical atmosphere of Mr. Ross's book is refreshing. The introduction is especially rich in wisdom and deserves to be read by every artist and art student in the country, as well as by the collector and amateur. Yet the book has been excluded from several art schools, because it is thought inadvisable to put a further tax on the student's mind. "The pupil," says Mr. Ross, "is told how very dangerous it is to use his intelligence. He may use his eyes, but must not use his mind. The teacher says, 'Don't think about your performance. Don't talk about it; and don't listen to any talking. Above all things, don't read any books. Go ahead and paint. Paint every day, and all day long. Keep at it, and take the consequences.'" And your reviewer can vouch for it that this is an accurate description of contemporary methods in London, Paris, New York, and Boston. In the next paragraph we find illuminating information about Degas, that god of the present-day careless draughtsmen, the shirkers, and short-cut artists. When Degas was asked to explain his art, which was supposed to be an expression of his instinctive impulses, an expression of "temperament and personality," he said: "No art was ever less spontaneous than mine; what I do is the result of reflection and the study of the great masters. Of inspiration, spontaneity, temperament—temperament is the word—I know nothing."

"Painting is a scientific practice," says Mr. Ross, and thus echoes the teachings of Da Vinci. "It is a way of doings things which must be understood and mastered." What was the deep science of the old masters has gradually become a hit-or-miss, happy-go-lucky form of painting. The modern portrait painter does not insist upon his sitter being each day in precisely the same position, he is satisfied if the pose is approximately the same. Even a master like John Sargent is strangely lax in respect to his model's position. To get the "movement," and "character," and "feeling" is apparently all that the artist of to-day is seeking. It is difficult to envisage that sedate age when handicraft was governed by the rule of thumb, and pride of workmanship went hand in hand with great achievement. Many artists of distinction are suffering from a lack of knowledge in the permanency of pigments, and still more from ignorance in their use. Pictures painted by them, charming in other respects, fail, let us say, in one muddy passage. This fault could not occur if sufficient study were given to Mr. Ross's color theory. The student will have to start from new premises, and with a different choice of painting equipment. He will realize, probably for the first time, that most of our art materials are inadequate or worthless, the colors apt to be coal-tar products and fugitive, the canvas for the most part uncertain, and the secret preparation which covers its surface oftimes deadly to the painting. The oils or mediums are prepared mechanically, and when a good quality is obtained the process is kept secret. One painter recently returning from Italy brought with him what he asserts to be "Tintoretto's vehicle," but instead of giving the recipe freely to his brother artists, he has placed it in the hands of a New York chemist, who prepares and sells it for a price far beyond the means of the majority of students.

Mr. Ross's theory of color will strike readers as unwieldy, just at first. There is a chart so formidable that one is tempted to give it all up or to be witty at its expense. Tones of color are conceived as being as many as the gradations of light. There can be an infinite number of tones between the highest light and the densest black. Colors not being equal in intensity, this scale is most interesting, as it shows the pigment colors placed in their spectroscopic order and their tonal variance. The scale is analogous to the musical scale and must be learned in the same way. From this we advance to drawing and painting, design, pure and applied; representation; modes of representation; representation in forms of design. Order and harmony are considered at length in the chapter on design.

One great principle given on page 125 strikes at the root of the evil now threatening our art schools. Under the heading Drawing from Nature, Mr. Ross fully explains the pictorial plane, and if this theory were adopted by the schools we should not have a room full of embryonic artists all making uniform drawings from a model placed in their

midst. No two persons can see an object the same size unless they are at the same distance from that object and happen to choose the same pictorial plane. Yet go into any art school and you will find all the sheets of charcoal paper filled; the head of the model crowding against the top, the feet exactly at the bottom, except in the case of the rank beginners who have not yet learned to "train the eye," and whose natural tendency is to draw things the size they see them. The instructors insist upon this method, which probably originated at the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

We cannot subscribe to all the statements in this book, for a great many of them depend upon personal taste, but it must be admitted that the precepts given are those of the old masters. Many of the rules are to be found in the Da Vinci notebooks, and many in the teachings of Dürer.

During the work of excavating the foundations of the new Ministry of the Interior in Rome, between the Vie Balbo, Agostino Depretis, and Venezia, a large ancient building has come to light, which is supposed to have been a bath, perhaps that mentioned in the Acta Sanctorum, under the name of Novatus. A marble statue of Venus has been found in the building.

"The Childhood of Art" (Putnam), by H. G. Spearing, treats the art of the cave-dwellers in France and Spain, of early Egypt and Mesopotamia, of Crete and Greece. There are nearly 500 illustrations, of which sixteen are colored. Mr. Spearing justifies his sub-title, "The Ascent of Man," by a resolute attempt to show that the flowering of primitive art depends on political freedom, while the sudden declines of art are one and all attributable to tyranny. In this worthy cause mere hypothesis does valiant service, and the author has prudently refrained from citing parallels in historic times. As a matter of fact, art seems to flourish whenever, with a demand for it, there is general wealth and security. These conditions may be produced either by a wise free state or a benevolent despotism. Oligarchical Venice, boss-ridden Florence, and free Sienna were all simultaneously art centres. About a third of this volume is given up to the art of the French and Spanish cave-dwellers, and there are numerous illustrations of those admirable sketches of animals which these prehistoric artists graved on bones or painted in their caves. Mr. Spearing's lucid review of this art is far the most interesting and valuable portion of his work. In fact, this is the only part of his book in which one feels surely in contact with the childhood of art. The earliest remains of pre-dynastic Egypt, of Chaldea, and Crete seem decadent as compared with the caveman's work. We have to do, not with the vigor of childhood, but with some awkward adolescent stage. Moreover, these later chapters treat fields that are quite familiar and already well covered by popular handbooks. If Mr. Spearing's book fails to make a unitary effect, it may still commend itself for its valuable review of neolithic art, for its abundant illustrations, and its generally cautious scholarship.

Finance

THE "RAILWAY RATE CASES."

Attorney-General McReynolds's intervention on Monday in the suits pending between certain State railway commissions on the one hand, and the railways or the Interstate Commerce Commission on the other, evoked wide comment on the markets, because of the light it cast on the problem of the railways and the Federal Government's relation thereto. It did not, however, represent any actual change in the status of the litigation. It attracts particular attention because the important "Minnesota rate case," which was decided against the State authorities by the United States Circuit Court two years ago and has been before the Supreme Court on appeal for more than a year, was supposed now to be in the way of immediate decision; also because last Monday's action of the Department of Justice emphasized the Administration's position in a Constitutional question of very great importance. But as a matter of fact, the position taken in the Attorney-General's brief is not new.

In the so-called "Shreveport case," the Interstate Commerce Commission ruled in favor of the railways on similar grounds in March last year. In that case the salient question was whether the Texas Railway Commission had the right to require such rates, on traffic between certain points within the State, as should amount to discrimination against traffic originating just across the border, and therefore subject to Federal regulation. The argument was more than usually interesting from the fact that the State Railway Commission of Louisiana was contending that the railways in question should not do what the State Railway Commission of Texas insisted on their doing.

The Interstate Commerce Commission divided 4 to 3 on its ruling, but the majority opinion squarely decided that the Federal Interstate Commerce act not only forbade discrimination as between two interstate hauls, but as between one interstate haul and another entirely within a State, and that such discrimination was involved in the Texas contention. The opinion continued:

> If one State may exercise its power of fixing rates so as to prefer its own communities, all States may do so. There would thus arise a commercial condition more absurd and unbearable than that which obtained prior to the Constitution.

This opinion was written by Commissioner Lane, now in President Wilson's Cabinet, and its reasoning was upheld in the brief of the Attorney-General when the case came before the Commerce Court.

In the more familiar "Minnesota rate case," the same principle came to issue in a somewhat different form. That case concerned the fixing of certain railway rates, within the State, so low as to involve reduction in the interstate rates to an alleged non-remunerative basis, if the arbitrary State law, and the Federal law against discrimination, were both to be observed. The Master in Chancery who first heard that case in 1911 decided that the State Commission's rates were for that reason invalid. Judge Sanborn, in the Circuit Court at St. Paul, confirmed that finding, and the case was appealed by the State of Minnesota to the United States Supreme Court, which has not yet passed upon it. The reason for the Attorney-General's request to be allowed participation as *amicus curiæ* is that, since the suit at St. Paul was between the railways and the State Railway Commission, the Federal authorities were not originally a party. But Mr. McReynolds now defines the position of the Federal Government by filing with the Supreme Court, in relation to the Minnesota case and others, the precise brief which he filed in the Texas litigation.

The brief thus filed sets forth that the real question at issue is whether a State may deliberately shut out interstate commerce by what the Attorney-General calls "adroit manipulation" of rates within that State. It contends that the Federal authority "extends to every act which substantially impedes or affects interstate commerce," that "the means by which such commerce is affected or impeded is immaterial," and that "a rate-fixing order by a State railroad commission, with the intent to discriminate and actually discriminating against interstate commerce in favor of intrastate commerce, is void *per se*."

In each of these contentions, the Attorney-General attacks the argument made last April before the Supreme Court in the "Minnesota rate case" by the Governors of Ohio, Missouri, and Nebraska. The Governors argued that the effect on interstate commerce of the State rate laws in question is "not only incidental and indirect, but also legitimate" under our dual form of government. If the lower rates within the States forced correspondingly lower interstate rates, then "interstate commerce will have been relieved of a burden instead of having one imposed upon it," and any other position would lead "to the logical conclusion that the laws of trade are higher than the Constitution."

Here, then, are the elements for a decision of epoch-making importance by the highest court, and the unexpected request of the Federal Government to be aligned against the above contention, in all the cases to which it would apply, gives a touch of dramatic interest. Not the least part of this arises from the

fact that the action formally disavows for the Wilson Administration the narrower view of the States' rights question. Its important bearing on the railway problem in particular is easily perceived. It brings squarely to issue the consideration which even people who favor drastic regulation of the railways have admitted to be a grievance of those enterprises—the existence of conflicting and mutually irreconcilable requirements, as to rates and service, in the Federal statutes and Interstate Commerce rulings on the one hand, and in the State laws and the State commissioners' requirements on the other.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Baker, Elizabeth. Chains: A Play. Boston: Luce. 75 cents net.
Barnes, R. G. Out of the Blue. Longmans. $1.35 net.
Barry, J. D. Intimations: A Collection of Brief Essays. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.50 net.
Baumgartner, Alexander. Goethe: Sein Leben und seine Werke. Dritte auflage. Vol. 1. St. Louis: B. Herder. $3.25 net.
Beecher, Eunice. The Law of a Household. Boston: Small, Maynard.
Boechting (Fritz). Ueber den amerikanischen Frauenkult. Jena: Diederichs.
Brentwood, Evelyn. Henry Kempton. Lane. $1.25 net.
Burchenal, Elizabeth. Dances of the People: A Second Volume of Folk Dances and Singing Games. Schirmer. $1.50 net.
China Year Book, 1913. Compiled by H. T. M. Bell and H. G. W. Woodhead. Dutton. $3 net.
Craig, E. G. Towards a New Theatre. Dutton. $6 net.
Curle, J. H. The Shadow-Show. Doran. $1.35 net.
Davis, W. W. The Civil War and Reconstruction in Florida. (Col. Univ. Studies.) Longmans.
Dillman, Willard. Monoscripts. Minneapolis: Edmund D. Brooks.
Forman, J. M. The Opening Door. Harper. $1.30 net.
Freeman, R. A. The Mystery of 31 New Inn. Phila.: Winston Co. $1.20 net.
Garvice, Charles. A Farm in Creamland: A Book of the Devon Countryside. Doran. $3 net.
Gillet, J. E. Molière en Angleterre, 1660-1670. Paris: Champion.
Grey, Zane. Desert Gold. Harper. $1.30 net.
Grierson, Francis. The Invincible Alliance and Other Essays. Lane. $1.50 net.
Guérard, A. L. French Prophets of Yesterday. D. Appleton.
Harden, Maximilian. Monarchs and Men. Phila.: Winston. $3 net.
Helps, E. A. Songs and Ballads of Greater Britain: A Compilation. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Henry, Arthur. Peter and the Fairies. Chicago: Brothers of the Book.
Hutton, Edward. Ravenna. Dutton. $3 net.
James's The Master of the House. Adapted from the play, by Edward Marshall. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Journals of the Continental Gongress. Vol. XXI, 1781. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Koven, Mrs. R. de. Life and Letters of John Paul Jones. 2 vols. Scribner. $5 net.
La Follette, R. M. Autobiography. Madison, Wis.: Robert M. La Follette Co. $1.50 net.
Mackereth, J. A. Ioläus: The Man That Was a Ghost. Longmans. 60 cents net.
McLaughlin, J. M., Hamblin, B. H., and Brick, H. A. New School Music Primer. Boston: Ginn. 22 cents.
Martin, E. S. Reflections of a Beginning Husband. Harper. $1.20 net.
Mayne, D. D., and Hatch, K. L. High School Agriculture. American Book Co. $1.
Mayne, Rutherford. The Drone: A Play. Boston: Luce. 75 cents net.
Mighels, P. V. Hearts of Grace. Desmond FitzGerald. $1.25 net.
Millikan, R. A., and Gale, H. G. A First Course in Physics. Revised edition. Boston: Ginn. $1.25.
Monkhouse, Allan. Mary Broome: A Play. Boston: Luce & Co. 75 cents net.
Mosher, W. E., and Jenney, F. G. Deutsches Lern- und Lesebuch. Boston: Heath. $1.25.
Page, T. N. The Land of the Spirit. Scribner. $1.20 net.
Payson, G. S. The Vital and Victorious Faith of Christ. Funk & Wagnalls. $1 net.
Reinach, Salomon. Sidonie ou le Français sans peine. Paris: Machette.
Robinson, Lennox. Patriots: A Play. Boston: Luce. 75 cents net.
Ryder, R. O. The Young Lady Across the Way. Illus. by H. J. Westerman. Boston: Luce & Co. 75 cents net.
San Francisco Relief Survey. Survey Associates, Inc. $3.50.
Scott, J. R. The Unforgiving Offender. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Shakespeare, A New Variorum Edition of. The Tragedie of Julius Cæsar, edited by H. H. Furness, Jr. Phila.: Lippincott.
Sharp, K. D. Summer in a Bog. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1.25 net.
Smith, E. R. Solid Geometry Developed by the Syllabus Method. American Book C 75 cents.
Solly, J. R. Selected Thoughts from the French—XV-XX Century—with English Translations. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Underhill, Evelyn. Immanence: A Book of Verses. Dutton. $1.25 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 1, 1913.

The Week

On another page we print a letter by a Columbia professor, about which we must say a few words. We have to note his strange blunder in saying that we had characterized as "faithless and shameless" "what was virtually the action of the last Congress and President Taft." Nothing of the kind. Those words we definitely applied to the proposal to abrogate the Hay-Pauncefote treaty out of hand. That is a wholly different thing from what Congress or Taft did, and a professor of psychology ought not to be blind to the distinction. Further on he blandly remarks that "the history of the negotiations preceding the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is unrevealed," and then proceeds to make his private guess what the treaty means. But "unrevealed"! Is he not aware that the whole correspondence has been published? Has he never read Secretary Hay's letter stating that it was necessary to make certain agreements and concessions in the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in order to "get rid" of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty?

We are more concerned, however, with Dr. Cattell's general position. This stands apart from his mistakes in fact and his ignorance of the record. He bluntly takes the view that treaties are not binding. "Every great nation has broken its treaties." "We should maintain our will to denounce a treaty at any time." "We should . . . explain in a kindly way . . . our purpose to maintain our right and power to act in every respect and on every occasion as we deem for the advantage of the nation"—this, wholly irrespective of what we have by treaty agreed to do. That all this is shockingly immoral, does not seem to have occurred to the Columbia professor. Certainly the cool disregard of treaty obligations which he advocates goes counter to the moral standards of even uneducated men in the street. On all sides, during the past few months, in the press, in the mouths of farmers and blacksmiths and brokers' clerks, we have been hearing something like this: "Well, it looks as if we had made a bad bargain in that Panama treaty, but there is nothing to do but to live up to it." It was left for the voice of philosophy to indicate the short and easy way of dealing with treaties: "All great nations have broken their treaties; why should we not break ours?"

In Florence, Dr. Cattell's doctrine of treaties was long ago anticipated. It is written in "Il Principe" that a ruler ought not to be bound by his promises when he finds an advantage in breaking them. But at that time Florence and Pisa and Siena and Genoa were watching for a good chance to stab one another in the back. Contempt for treaty obligations is conceivable in a barbarous age, but a jealous regard for international agreements is the very breath of life of the civilized world to-day. Upon treaties is based an important part of international law. The daily intercourse of nations depends upon the faithful observance of treaties. To make light of them, or to pretend that a Samson among nations ought to snap them as so many green withes hampering the play of his muscles, is about as demoralizing and dangerous a thing as a man or a country could attempt. Treaties are not, of course, sempiternal. They often provide for their own amendment or voiding. When they do not, there are regular ways of procuring their modification or abrogating. But while they stand, the nation's honor is tied up in them; and to suggest that we can calmly disown their obligation whenever the impulse seizes us, and still hold up our head among the nations, is very like suggesting that a merchant need not pay his notes or keep his contracts, yet may continue to pose as a good citizen and honest man.

The House has passed the Sundry Civil bill, virtually without opposition, although it contained the proviso exempting labor unions and farmers' organizations from the equal operation of the Anti-Trust law. There is no doubt that the bill will have smooth sailing through the Senate, and the expectation is general that President Wilson will sign it. But this he certainly cannot do in decency, without a full and public statement of his reasons, and of what he thinks the effect of the measure will be. This thing has not been done in a corner. President Taft vetoed the same bill on March 4, and did it in a message which showed with great cogency the mischievous and indefensible nature of such legislation. He pointed out the strong presumption that such an exemption, if enacted as a separate law, would be held unconstitutional. A similar statute was once enacted by Illinois, but was declared invalid by the Supreme Court on the ground that it violated the Constitutional guarantee of the equal protection of the laws. Mr. Taft also indicated with much force the elusive nature of the language used in the rider, which, though fair sounding, might easily be made to justify the most wicked and cruel acts by labor unions. There have been reports that the phraseology was to be changed in the present bill, so as to reserve to the Attorney-General the right to prosecute in his discretion. But in fact the clauses stand exactly in the words used before.

Secretary Bryan's trip to California is one of those steps which, if successful, we describe as masterly, but of which, if they fail, we say that any one could have seen that they were ill-advised. On its face, the President's sending Mr. Bryan to Sacramento is a confession that the pending California legislation threatens to embroil us with Japan. That at once lends an air of gravity to the Secretary's journey. It is disquieting that the Government should feel compelled to resort to such unusual methods in order to prevent a single State from bringing on an international crisis.

Just how menacing is this yellow peril which has driven the proud State of California so mad with apprehension that a solemn plea for moderation by the President of the United States falls seemingly on deaf ears? Are the waves of Mongolian invasion really beating about the foundations of white supremacy to an extent justifying the pitiful shrieks of the negro-baiting Senator from Mississippi? The New York

World, with a mere stickful of figures from official sources, lets loose a flood of common-sense upon what can be described only as a crazy situation. The Japanese in California to-day own a little less than 13,000 acres of land, one-tenth of one per cent. of the agricultural area of the State, and an increase since 1909 of something less than 2,000 acres. The Japanese lease 17,600 acres, a decrease since 1909 of 2,700 acres. In other words, Japanese agricultural activity in California is represented by less than one-third of one per cent. of the entire arable land of the State, and, counting ownership and leaseholds, they cultivate nearly a thousand acres less to-day than they did three years ago. But perhaps the figures of the census never quite reveal the true inwardness of the situation. Here, then, is a specific instance of how the fell hand of Oriental enterprise is grasping at the throat of a white man's California: "The entire strawberry district of Florin, Sacramento," says a California editor who cannot sleep for the yellow peril, "the entire strawberry district of Florin, Sacramento, is now in the hands of the Japanese."

No one will begrudge the Republicans what satisfaction they are able to extract from the disappointment of hungry Democrats in being held off from the pie counter. Representative Hamilton, of Michigan, amusingly commented the other day upon the effect of President Wilson's attitude towards the distribution of spoils. "Leaning down from the heights of altruism," he said, "the new President told his followers in a language that none of them understood that the nation was intending to use them for 'a large and definite purpose.' This gave general satisfaction until it was explained to them that it did not involve their employment in an official capacity." In other words, all the beauty of that "definite" faded. But the Administration can easily afford such fun-making at the expense of some of its supporters. The revolution that has taken place in this respect is seen in the statement of a Philadelphia Democrat to a Southern newspaper. "When I was younger," he confesses, "I would have criticised any Democratic Administration that allowed a Republican to remain in office. But I have broadened in recent years, and I believe that 90 per cent. of the Democrats have broadened. I can see now that the Civil Service law is a good thing. I do not pretend to know much about the tariff, but I thoroughly endorse President Wilson in his attitude toward the office-seekers." The thing for the jeering Michigan Republican to think about is the effect of the Democratic policy respecting appointments upon the spoils policy of the next Republican Administration —when there is one.

Let us not be tempted into assuming too hastily that the Progressive party is the party which preëminently believes in taking things out of politics. At first sight there is sufficient basis for such a definition. Speaking for the Progressive party the other day, Representative Kelly, of Pennsylvania, criticised the Underwood bill and demanded that we should "take the tariff out of politics and place it in the hands of an impartial tariff commission." Mr. Roosevelt himself is, of course, in favor of such a plan. While he was President he took the tariff so completely out of politics that no one would have imagined such a thing as a tariff problem was agitating the public mind. At one moment, to be sure, he was inclined to deal with the subject. But Mr. Cannon persuaded him to the contrary, and so Mr. Roosevelt took the tariff out of politics by taking it out of his Presidential message almost at the last moment. It was he, too, who took foreign affairs out of politics by settling the Panama Canal business on his own hook. As for taking the Trusts out of politics and putting them into the hands of an impartial handful of men dominated by the economic ideas of Mr. Perkins, that is a matter of record.

But, as we have intimated, it would be a mistake to assume that the Progressive creed consists entirely in taking things out of politics. It believes just as firmly in putting other things into politics. There is the Constitution, for instance. The old idea was that the Constitution stood outside of politics in the sense that it stood above party tactics and ambitions and embodied the ripened will of the whole people. Then there are the courts, which were formerly supposed to stand, almost by definition, outside of politics. Also there is the question of wages, which was regarded as an economic rather than a political problem. We look forward with interest to the perfect realization of Progressive principles when questions like the tariff, the Trusts, taxation, and money appropriations for the public services will be taken out of politics and placed in the hands of impartial committees and boards of practical men, while Congress busies itself with social justice, the encouragement of eugenics, the incorporation of academies of art and literature, and the regulation of baseball salaries; something being thus put into politics for everything that is taken out.

The wisdom of the world is about to receive an addition wholly without precedent. All that is necessary is for the House of Representatives to pass a resolution that has been submitted to it. And the cost will be a paltry three or four thousand dollars a year. The secret is revealed in the first paragraph of the resolution, which reads as follows:

> Whereas the very best thought and expression upon all the great questions pertaining to government and economics and to the widest range of subjects affecting human interests, garnered through the research and labor of the ablest and most profound men of the times, lies buried in the *Congressional Record* of the past, almost unavailable, inaccessible, and unfindable for lack of a subject index and general reference.

The resolution goes on to provide for the appointment of an additional clerk in the Speaker's office, who shall be the Subject Indexer of the *Record*, and shall begin his work—with the first Congress? By no means. Having done so long without the "unfindable" thought of the most profound men of our early days, we can do without it a little longer still. Our real danger is in the loss of the priceless gems that are even now falling from the lips of our ablest citizens. So the Indexer is to "begin" with the last Congress, and also to "proceed at once" with the present Congress. Ultimately, if he can get round to it, he is to go back to the beginning of the *Record*.

A proper taxicab system for New York city seems at last to be within sight. The commission appointed by Mayor Gaynor to study the question has drawn up an ordinance, which has been pre-

sented to the Board of Aldermen, and which embodies the same general purposes as those contemplated in the ordinance proposed by Alderman Courtlandt Nicoll. The fundamental feature is the abolition of the private stands, and the substitution for them of public stands the use of which is to be controlled by city regulations designed to serve in the best way the convenience of the public. The matter of rates is of less importance, but the ordinance fixes maximum rates which are distinctly less than those charged in many instances at the present time, though not less than those that are now regarded as reasonable. The ordinance provides that "any hackman may solicit employment by driving through any public street" in conformity with certain conditions, "and may pass and repass before any theatre, hall, hotel," etc.; which, together with the availability of the public stands to all duly licensed hackmen, should both greatly increase the accessibility of cab service to the public, and make the business of running cabs more economical. With these improvements introduced, and with a stringent enforcement of the rules prescribed in the ordinance relating to the qualifications of licensed drivers, the city will have made a forward step in one of the really important features of general metropolitan life.

Social historians are disputing about the year which really marks the centenary of the "top hat." It may be that one reason for the warmth displayed is that the top hat is going so rapidly. Thirty years ago you could not have thrown a brick in lower Broadway without hitting a "stove-pipe" hat. To-day you seldom see one during business hours, and any person wearing one is instinctively set down as being on his way to some ceremonial occasion. The silk hat has, indeed, become something like a wedding-garment. It is kept in reserve for use when needed as a mark, not so much of personal dignity, as of deference to opinion. Thus President Wilson and President Taft felt it incumbent on them to appear at the inauguration in a glistening "tile." But both sought speedily thereafter the relief of the soft hat or modest "bowler." The top hat may have a first centenary, if the authorities are able to agree upon the date, but it seems doubtful if it will be there to see its second.

Mr. Bryce's farewell to America—which all Americans hope will not be final—cannot but leave us all with a heightened admiration of the man and renewed thanks to him for all that he has done for this country. Throughout the six years that he has been Ambassador, he has displayed a friendliness and a tact without a flaw. While loyally serving his own Government, he has been on the best terms with ours; and has rightly interpreted his chief mission as being that of representing one people to the other. The keen interest which he has continued to take in all that makes for our national progress, and the helpfulness and reasoned optimism which have marked many of his addresses on our public affairs—as they marked his speech at the Pilgrims' dinner in his honor last Friday evening—have placed us repeatedly in his debt. People have listened to him gladly all over the country because they have believed him entirely sincere and eminently sagacious. No foreign country ever sent to us a more intelligent observer. His official dispatches, during the period of his being at the British Embassy at Washington, must of course long remain guarded in the archives; but when they finally come to be open to the historian, he will surely find them as instructive and perhaps as racy as those of the Venetian Ambassadors. In voluntarily retiring, Mr. Bryce lays down an office which, as far as the wishes of Americans are concerned, he might have continued to fill as long as he lives. Departing, he must be conscious of being borne away on a mighty volume of gratitude and godspeeds.

The Clerical majority in Belgium, by yielding on the principle of universal suffrage, has submitted to an extraordinary manifestation of the popular will whose meaning was all the more impressive because it was expressed with such complete self-restraint. Apart from the intrinsic justice of their demands, the Belgian workingmen, by their admirable example of determination and discipline, have demonstrated their fitness for an unrestricted franchise. Whether absolute equality will be conceded them even now remains to be seen. The arrangement contemplated is something in the nature of a compromise, and it is not to be supposed that the Clerical leaders will omit any chance to save as much as possible out of the wreck, in the course of the complicated negotiations that will now ensue. On the other hand, a step forward is assured. The general strike began on April 14. Just twenty years ago, on April 12, 1893, a great labor strike broke out upon the refusal of the Belgian Government to make changes in the utterly ridiculous franchise laws then in force. The strike lasted five days, and, unlike the present movement, was accompanied by violence. On April 17, 1893, the Government yielded, and ten days later the Senate passed a bill by which the body of the electorate was increased from 135,000 to an estimated 1,200,000. A proportionate victory to-day should bring the Socialist and Liberal parties pretty close to their objective.

The pressure which is brought to bear upon Montenegro with regard to the surrender of Scutari is enormous. No one can doubt that Europe is desirous of peace. During more than six months the Powers have labored to avoid the outbreak of a general conflict which at times seemed almost unavoidable. It is not to be supposed that now, just when permanent relief seems in sight, the fruits of painful negotiation will be allowed to go by the board without desperate effort to bring Nicholas I to see reason. Nor is that all. On the part of the Balkan allies there must be the keenest desire to avert a collision among the Powers. A general European war would mean the reopening of the issue which to-day seems so completely fought out between the allies and Turkey. Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece have made gains far beyond their expectations. A general war followed by a general European congress would throw the distribution of Turkish territory into outside hands, with inevitable loss for the Balkan nations. In case of victory for the Triple Alliance, Austria would realize her ancient ambitions in Macedonia. In case of victory for Russia and her allies, the Czar's concern for his fellow-Slavs in the Balkans would become quite secondary to his own plans with regard to Constantinople. As a business proposition, Bulgaria and Servia can afford to offer Montenegro compensation for Scutari.

THE INCOME TAX.

In opening the debate on the tariff bill, Mr. Underwood made but slight reference to the income tax, leaving that to Mr. Hull, of Tennessee, who drafted it. On Saturday, Mr. Hull presented the case for this tax, in a long speech, the full report of which has not yet appeared in the *Congressional Record*. So far as can be judged from the press reports of the speech, it will not be found to contain any satisfactory explanation of the curiously involved language and structure of the section; and a plain statement of the methods by which the tax is to be collected, a statement that intelligent persons would have no difficulty in following and no doubt in interpreting, remains an urgent desideratum. Nor is it possible to compliment Mr. Hull on the manner in which he has presented the underlying principles. There are cogent reasons for such a tax, and Mr. Hull has not overlooked them; but he has jumbled them up with arguments which either have little inherent weight or are presented in a manner quite unworthy of the occasion.

A fairly collected income tax is intrinsically one of the most just taxes that can be devised. In our country, the question of levying a Federal tax of this nature has always—apart from any issue of Constitutionality—been complicated by the objection, sincerely regarded by many as very serious, that this source of revenue should be reserved for the separate States. There can be little doubt, however, that public sentiment at this time strongly approves resort to an income tax as part of the machinery for raising the revenue required by the Federal Government. In the present instance, it is expressly resorted to for the purpose of making up the deficiency in that revenue caused by the abolition or reduction of tariff taxes. These latter, when they are in the nature of protectionist duties, impose upon the people a burden far in excess of the amount that they bring into the Treasury; and, if levied on the necessaries of life, even though not protective, they are borne by the masses in a ratio far greater than that which can in any way be regarded as measuring their equitable share in defraying the expenses of government. This is true also of the internal revenue taxes. An income tax, with small incomes exempted and with rates on very large incomes rising according to some duly considered scale, tends to distribute the cost of government in a way that fulfils the requirements of equity.

Both exemption, however, and the graded rate are fraught with danger. That the $4,000 exemption—which the present bill contains, as did the act of 1894—is much too high, we believe to be the sober opinion of competent thinkers. A tax, general in its nature, yet such as to exempt thirty-nine men out of forty, offers a standing temptation to indefinite exploitation, not to speak of indefinite extravagance. No other country has a limit at all comparable with this, even after allowing for the far higher scale of American incomes in general. The principle ought to be that those should be exempt who must exercise great frugality in providing themselves with the necessaries of a simple life, and that all others should pay something, even though it might be very little. The expense of collection is given as a justification for the high exemption, but we cannot regard this as much better than a pretext. The real reason is that the collection of a tax on all incomes above $2,000, say, would involve the risk of great unpopularity for the bill. The expense of collection would, of course, be a much larger percentage of the tax in the case of the lower incomes; but it would still yield a substantial sum, and it would be worth vastly more than it cost in preventing the formation of a dangerous habit—the habit, on the part of almost the entire population of the country, of regarding a small class as the sole bearers of the burden of any fresh governmental expenditure, they themselves being interested only in its benefits.

Like considerations apply to the graduation of rates. As we go up in the scale of incomes, the number of persons upon whom the advancing rates fall rapidly becomes smaller; and once we let go the simple rule of uniformity, there is no automatic check on the temptation to exact a greater and greater percentage. But in spite of this undeniable objection, the propriety of drawing from those who are in the enjoyment of great incomes a larger proportion of their superfluity than is demanded of the man of moderate resources commends itself too strongly to be denied. It does not embody any broad theory of "social justice," any doctrine that goes to the root of our economic institutions, any system the adoption of which would mean a radical change in the status of property rights; but it does appeal to the ordinary man's instinct of what those ought to do towards supporting the Government who are fortunate far above their fellows in their resources. The growth of wealth in this country, in the past few decades, has been enormous beyond all precedent. It is no hardship that the possessors of incomes above the requirements of the most comfortable—or, as it may be, the most luxurious—living should contribute one-fiftieth, or in the extreme cases one-twenty-fifth, of the excess to the public treasury. But it must be frankly confessed that—as we have said—the scheme opens the door to grave possibilities. With the rule of a uniform rate abandoned, there is absolutely no principle that can serve as a guide. Our only reliance against unreasonableness, indeed against the wildest excess, must be in the sound sense and right feeling of the American people. The time may come when the graduated income tax will put these to a severe test.

ABUSE OF PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGE.

The merits of the assault by Mr. Glover, the Washington banker, upon Representative Sims, of Tennessee, are to be aired by an official inquiry. Every one, including doubtless Mr. Glover himself, must deplore such a resort to physical violence. Mr. Sims's colleagues will probably manage to find some way of disciplining the technical offender. The incident will have its consolatory side if it brings sharply to public notice an abuse which has reached flagrant proportions in Congress.

The Constitutional provision absolving members of both houses from legal liability for their utterances had two good purposes in view: it was expected to give our lawmakers a sense of entire freedom in denouncing wrongdoing, and also to protect their constituents from being deprived of their services by arrests instigated by persons masking an unworthy design behind a pretended grievance. Parliamentary privilege of this sort is common to all constitutional governments; but nowhere was it in-

tended to license accusations founded on guesswork, or on the mere vagaries of a morbid imagination, and without any honest effort to get at the facts. In not a few cases, nevertheless, which will come readily to mind, not only has confirmatory evidence been lacking, but all the presumptions have been favorable to the innocence of the accused.

Malicious or reckless talkers in Congress have attributed every variety of self-seeking to men whose conduct appeared on the surface to be actuated by public spirit, with sacrifices of money, time, comfort, and health. Men of science have been equally convenient targets, for it is incomprehensible to certain minds that any one of normal capacity would devote himself to mature study or the discovery of the laws of physics, at a modest remuneration, unless a big graft of one kind or another were discernible in the offing. The late Spencer F. Baird, secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and organizer of the Federal Fish Commission, though a man of the most unselfish type, was an object of outrageous attacks from persons in Congress who were not worthy to polish his shoes. We had in this city, only a few days ago, an example of this sort of irresponsible slander, the victim being Professor Townsend, of the Aquarium. His disclaimer of the offences charged brought to the front a group of gentlemen of high standing in the community, who, after a careful investigation of their own, reported the complete collapse of the attempt to besmirch him.

Not all sufferers from unjust assaults by irresponsibles in Congress are so fortunate in finding prominent men to take up their cause in this aggressive fashion. Now and then one broods over his wrongs till his sense of them overcomes his discretion. The great majority, however, realizing that revenge is not rebuttal, hold their natural impulses in restraint, and for their vindication in the esteem of their neighbors trust the good name they have spent a lifetime in building up by honest dealing.

The abuse of parliamentary privilege is as abominable in principle as the abuse of the privilege extended, as a matter of public policy, to certain professions. If a lawyer or a physician or a minister violates his obligation to society by making his special immunity a cloak for malpractice or blackmail, he is no worse than the Congressman who, for the sake of partisan advantage, or to gratify a personal spite, or to acquire a bit of cheap notoriety, directs a battery of defamation at a reputation hitherto better than his own. He deserves the same ostracism as the professional man who betrays the faith of society; and he adds the vice of cowardice. His conduct would be bad enough if it went no further than to undermine public respect for the body to which he belongs—making a whole Congress suffer in the public mind for the misdeeds of a minority of the members. But it does go further, for it tends to introduce confusion into the moral standards of the people generally.

Ordinary citizens who have always regarded a neighbor as an upright man, but find him held up to obloquy by some loose-lipped speechmaker or writer of sensational reports in Congress, would cut that neighbor's acquaintance if they believed the charges against him. They do not; thereby signifying that they have not lost faith in him. Yet, as with the breath on a mirror, the clearing of the cloud does not necessarily efface the memory of it; and the repetition of this sort of thing at frequent intervals presently results in dulling the fine edge of sincere criticism. A public once trained to think that every man who does something out of the common is out hunting for undeserved credit or pecuniary gain, is in a most unwholesome state, and likely to become as sordid of motive and as coarse of fibre as it imagines its most conspicuous members to be. It is well known, also, to all who are familiar with history as made in Washington that some men in Congress who acquired a repute for success in pushing their measures through, actually built this fame upon their capacity for mud-slinging, their associates generally having so little stomach for that sort of warfare as to avoid antagonizing their schemes on the floor. It is a sardonic thought that the education of the public in this sort of thing should often come from men who are severely critical of the press for shortcomings! But newspapers have no privilege. They are legally liable for injuring a private reputation without justification. It is Congressmen who are the chartered libertines.

ANOTHER LABOR DISPUTE SETTLED.

It seems but a short time since the country was confronted with the possibility of serious trouble between the railway firemen and the railway companies. Both sides professed a desire to submit the dispute to arbitration, but the men insisted on having this effected as provided in the Erdman act, while the companies, with apparently equal firmness, objected to that method, which, they contended, virtually places the decision in the hands of a single man, the third arbitrator chosen by the two representing the contending parties. In yielding this point, the railways furnished a fresh instance of the growth of the general sentiment in favor of the settlement of labor disputes by reason, and not by wasteful and demoralizing trials of strength. The questions at issue have been settled, and settled promptly, by unanimous decision of the arbitrators. Every such event is welcome, not only in itself, but as a precedent sure to be powerful in its influence in the future. Good habits grow by use, quite as truly as bad ones; and the arbitration habit has evidently come to stay.

Though neither side got what it asked, probably both got just about what they expected. A substantial increase in pay has been awarded to the firemen, and a number of their demands in the matter of classification and methods have been granted; but these concessions have fallen far short of the demands of the men. The wage advance is estimated at between 10 and 12 per cent., and the award, it is calculated, will add about $4,000,000 to the annual expenses of the railways. The roads involved cover virtually all that part of the United States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio and the Potomac. The number of firemen employed by these roads in 1912 was about 31,000, and their wages in that year amounted to about $29,000,000. It may be noted that the increase in the expenses of these railways involved in the present settlement is approximately the same as that estimated to be entailed by the settlement of the engineers' strike last autumn, under an arbitration in which the decision turned on the judgment of five neutral arbitrators. Whether these incidents are to be followed by similar movements

affecting other departments of the railway service is a question for the future; but in any case the idea of a revision of railway rates to correspond to increased expenses, prominently put forward a couple of years ago and checked by the vigorous interposition of Attorney-General Wickersham, can hardly fail to be suggested afresh by these developments.

That the steady growth of the practice of arbitration on the one hand—arbitration taking on, through force of public opinion, something of the character of legal compulsion—and of governmental regulation of rates on the other, removes the conduct of our railway systems more and more from the status of ordinary private enterprise, is an obvious fact. Nothing, therefore, is more natural than the suggestion that government ownership is the logical solution of the whole problem; and to a large class of minds such a solution of any large social or economic problem is extremely attractive. Why bother with demanding this, and conceding that—why have recurring quarrels, based on no recognizable principle and settled by rule-of-thumb compromise—when an all-embracing governmental system could control the whole situation upon the basis of general laws? And what may be said about railways may be said also, with some modification, about the greatest of the industrial interests. But when we look below the surface, the matter assumes quite a different aspect. Indeed, it is precisely because these settlements are of a rule-of-thumb nature that they form a useful and consistent part of the working machinery of the existing order. In spite of all that has come and gone, the competitive and individualistic principle is still overwhelmingly dominant in our economic system; and the adjustments made by the Interstate Commerce Commission, the decisions of courts under the Anti-Trust law, the awards of arbitration boards, are all bottomed on the outstanding facts of the whole industrial and commercial activity of the country. In fields where, under present-day conditions, competition pure and simple is unworkable, the machinery of regulation steps in to produce results approximately the same as are produced by the action of competition in the general field.

The argument for government ownership of railways has, to be sure, a basis in something else, besides the plea that it is logical. Government ownership is a fact, a system in successful operation, in most of the countries of Continental Europe. But the circumstances of this country are, in two vital respects, so different from those that obtain in Europe as to deprive this argument of any weight beyond that of a slight presumption. In the first place, the interests affected by railway questions are incomparably more important, more diverse, and more pervasive in this country than in any other. And secondly, our political institutions, both in their virtues and in their defects, are such that to make railway rates, railway wages, and railway facilities and accommodations purely a matter of governmental determination would be an experiment to whose hazard nothing in European experience affords any parallel. The fact is, that we are getting on, both in the matter of railway regulation and of Trust control, in a way more satisfactory than seemed at all likely, even to the most sanguine, a few years ago. We shall continue along our present lines, it may now be confidently hoped, with greater and greater success. If the method is clumsy and illogical, it shares that quality with pretty much everything that man has thus far done in his progressive grapplings with the rough facts of economic life.

EAST SIDE AND UNDERWORLD.

"A startling story of life in New York's underworld"—thus a Western book reviewer characterizes one of the promising novels of the season. The book in question deals with the fortunes of a Jewish working girl, whose career is drawn against a background of industrial struggle. Her story is one of toilsome labor, of high ideals, of a love that triumphs over adversity. From a mere factory hand she rises to be a leader among her fellow-workers. We read much of garment strikes, of Syndicalists and Industrial Workers of the World, of social reconstruction, of many ideas, in short, which are the staple of present-day thought among people of intelligence and conscience. The end of the story leaves the heroine and her husband happy in their love and in the attempt to keep alive the poverty-stricken little Socialist newspaper through which they work for the emancipation of their class. This is the story, and these are the circumstances, manners, and general outlook upon life which appealed to the Western book reviewer as typical of New York's Underworld. It is notorious, of course, that one need only drop in at any thieves' kitchen on the Bowery or any opium joint in Chinatown to obtain the most illuminative comment on Syndicalism and the position of woman in industry.

One can hardly blame the ingenuous Westerner for his confused impressions of life in New York below Fourteenth Street. The publishers who printed the reviewer's impressions might possibly have known better. But for them, too, there is some excuse. So many of us are caught in the same chaos of physical, sociological, and moral geography. Three main currents in the day's news have joined in a merry whirlpool of bewilderment. New York's graft revelations, beginning with the murder of Herman Rosenthal, gave us the colorful term "underworld." From another direction we touched the underworld through the anti-vice crusades in Pittsburgh and Chicago. Vice, in turn, merged with the question of women's wages, a subject which will remain long at the front both on its own merits and as part of the general movement for wage readjustment throughout the country. The mere juxtaposition of these three questions in the newspaper columns week after week would have wrought a certain amount of confusion. But it was not left to chance. In a wild outbreak of faulty sentiment and faulty reasoning, the three were forcibly welded together, until graft, vice, and wages became, to many not over-careful readers and reasoners, localized in the same class of the population. The factory and the dive have become sub-departments of the underworld. There must be a great many good people who dimly visualize the East Side as populated by gamblers, gunmen, cadets, unfortunate women, and juvenile criminals and defectives.

And the confusion persists, and will persist for some time to come, in spite of the fact that the ridiculous state of affairs needs only to be pointed out to be acknowledged. It seems absurd to enter into a defence of the East Side at

this late day. For twenty years we have thought, and correctly thought, of the East Side as a place where, along with much poverty, much overwork, much congestion, much peril for the children and the young, there has been also much progress. The active intellectual life of the East Side, one would have been tempted to say only a year ago, had become a commonplace. As a matter of fact, the East Side to-day is better off physically and spiritually than it has ever been. Housing conditions, health, recreation, show an immense improvement. The economic situation is better than ever before. There is poverty, of course, but not so much as there was ten years ago. The standard of living leaves much to be desired, but, after all, it is only fair to compare it with the European standards and circumstances from which the great immigrant masses have sought refuge here. The East Side to-day supplements its consumption of English newspapers with a vernacular press that counts a circulation approaching the half-million mark. The busiest branches of the Public Library are mostly below Fourteenth Street.

Is it necessary to exaggerate in order truly to be socially minded? Is it essential to the continuance of honest effort for the improvement of life among the alien elements in this city to picture life on the East Side as dragging itself out in a drab atmosphere of crime, vice, and tuberculosis? If formerly there was a great deal of empty talk about the dignity of labor and the self-respect of the working class, have we improved matters by pitching together into one confused mass the shop-worker and the cadet, the factory-girl and the woman of the streets? Well-meaning social workers might pause to reflect on the ferocious slanders they are guilty of against a class whose interests they have at heart. Presumably it was a socially minded person who professed to quote an East Side mother as saying that if it was a choice between having her young daughter starve or go on the street, she would urge her to the latter course. The mind rejects the vile slander; rejects it because it is inconceivable, because it insults our very conception of motherhood. Tens of thousands of mothers in the tenement districts of New York slave for their children, hundreds of thousands of girls toil in the factories, in whom the monstrous ideas promulgated by loose-tongued agitators could only arouse stupefaction or utter abhorrence. We do the workers of this city no service by taking their lives of fairly normal happiness, based on the ancient duties and the ancient sanctities, and besmearing them with our patronizing decadentisms.

THEATRICAL AND LITERARY REVIVALS.

The more new theatres we get in New York, the more old plays are "revived." An uncommon number of such revivals has marked the theatrical season, last year and this. It is not simply the perennial Shakespeare, but Gilbert and Sullivan, and Pinero, and finally Lester Wallack. After "Rosedale," why should we not have "Hazel Kirke" next restored to the stage? It would give men of fifty a chance to experience again an old enthusiasm—or else to be bitterly disappointed at failing to feel the former thrill. But the movement is not confined to the drama. It is showing itself in literature also. Old novels are reprinted in newspaper supplements. Some of the magazines are regularly publishing again successful or favorite short stories of twenty-five or thirty years ago. Thus we seem to be reviving something or other all round. It might almost be said that, unless we are going back to playing or printing something that delighted a former generation, we are not *dans le mouvement.*

The obvious inference that current production is not what could be wished, is not denied by managers and publishers. They would not be dipping into the archaic if they had just what they desired of the modern. This is eminently true of the stage. Good new plays are rare and seem to be getting rarer. Despite the great prizes to be won by the playwright, the hour, notwithstanding the proverb, does not produce the man. The plight in the literary field is not so sad; yet there is a growing complaint that even in the province of the short story, where American writers have led the world, the quality is falling off. We may be sure that if magazine editors had an ample supply of telling present-day fiction, their fancy would not be lightly turning to the stories of yesteryear.

It remains true, no doubt, that there is a perfectly legitimate reason for these theatrical and literary revivals. Fashions change so rapidly that a reproduction from thirty years since has all the effect of a genuine novelty. If jokes have their cycle, and turn up as good as new after a generation, why should not dramas and stories? It may be, too, that there is a certain artfulness in the appeal which these purveyors are making to the praisers of a past age. You say that there are no such plays to be seen on the stage now as when you were a young man? Very well, we will put on some of your old plays. And we will watch your face while you are listening to "and so do his sisters and his cousins and his aunts." Will that convulse you with laughter as it did when you first heard it, a beardless youth? We trow not. In a similar way, it may be that the publishers have an eye upon the man who prides himself, whenever a new book comes out, on reading an old one again. They will give him an old one and see what he has to say then.

When every allowance is made, however, these forms of tribute to the past cannot be twisted into a compliment to the present. It is not a case of historical or antiquarian interest. Nor is there any pretence that we moderns are to get impulse and models from these revivals. There is no question of anything like the Pre-Raphaelite movement being involved. We hear no cry: "Back to the Elizabethans." The dramatists and novelists to whom we are sent back are sought out, not in the spirit of instruction, but merely in that of amusement. If people nowadays will not be entertained by what is written and acted especially for them, let us see how they will take to what their fathers found enjoyable. That pretty nearly tells the whole story.

We would not deny either the advantage or the graciousness of some of these revivals. Our time is not so noted for respect for an elder day that any manifestation of regard for the good work of those who came before us can be slighted. With all this feeling we sympathize. Yet we cannot afford to shut our eyes to the unpleasing significance of the fact, which stands confessed in all this, that our own dramatic and literary production shows signs of sterility. Each generation must have, with all due reverence for the ones that

preceded it, its own active and living schools of thought and standards of practice; otherwise it will certainly not pass on to the next age anything worthy to be "revived" as typical of this.

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.—II.

V.

To P. Aronstein, who has discussed the ethical aspect of Beaumont and Fletcher at considerable length (*Anglia*, Vol. XXXI, 1908), the reason of their degeneracy seems to lie in the narrowing of the drama from a national interest to the flattery of a courtly caste. Such a change no doubt had its effect, and as an offset to the diatribes of the earlier dramatists against the vulgarizing influence of the clamorous popular breath, it is well to remember such a passage as that of "Sejanus" (III, iii), in which Jonson states the corrupting atmosphere of the court:

> He that will thrive in state, he must neglect
> The trodden paths that truth and right respect;
> And prove new, wilder ways: for virtue there
> Is not that narrow thing she is elsewhere.

Something of wanton perversion in the Jacobean plays is no doubt due to the courtier's appetite for new and wilder ways, but such an explanation cannot be pressed too far; after all, it leaves out of account the fact that the seeds of corruption were already planted in the Elizabethan drama when most national in appeal, and it forgets the subtler causes which connect our English literature with the wider movement of the Renaissance.

If we are unable in the proper sense of the word to comprehend many of the persons that speak upon the stage of Beaumont and Fletcher, the same thing is true of the more typical men and women who were playing the actual drama of the age. I defy any one to say that he really understands that strange combination of passions which we call Henry VIII. I do not find that any historian, however patiently he may have studied the documents, has been able to make Mary Stuart stand before us as a comprehensible woman: analyze as we will, we cannot say that this act of hers was virtuous and this criminal, or that this act was expressive of her real nature and this act was forced from her by circumstances; for the reason that we cannot connect them with any central spring of conduct. We should not still be so uncertain of her part in the death of Darnley, if that event, whatever her responsibility or lack of responsibility, had left any definable impression upon any discoverable substance of character. And in like manner, if to a less degree, Mary's son, James I, indeed his whole court, with its Bacon, its Buckingham, its Lady Essex, has never been made comprehensible, and I doubt if it can ever be made to appear anything but a bewildering medley of passions.

There is no need of multiplying examples to show that England in this respect was merely representative of the age. It is futile to say that we can really comprehend Machiavelli's attempt to create a logical consistency of the passions with the element of morality, that is, of character, entirely omitted. We may be fascinated by that scamp artist, Benvenuto Cellini, but who will dare say that he stands forth clearly as a man, subject to censure or praise? Even more significant is a comparison of two supreme artists, Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci. Take the statue of Night in the Medici monument and consider its effect by the side of such a picture as the John the Baptist which Leonardo painted (in part at least) in his old age. However the image of Night may in a fashion overwhelm us with its superhuman majesty, it conveys to us a definite meaning which we can express in words, which, indeed, the sculptor himself has expressed in the noble quatrain written in reply to one who said the stone needed only to be roused from sleep to speak:

> Grateful to me is sleep, and more, alas,
> To be of stone while shame and fortune reign;
> To see not, nothing feel, I count for gain;
> Therefore awake me not, speak low, and pass.

On the contrary, the very fascination of the John the Baptist is its utter elusiveness: neither masculine nor feminine, neither content nor discontent with life, it stands smiling with the smile of the senses which have no relation to any definable cause and leave no effect in the heart, pointing skyward with its finger into no paradise of the soul, but into a world of pure music. And as the statue and the picture, so were the men themselves. Michelangelo, notwithstanding his genius, is a personality into whose life we can in a way enter; we know the causes of his profound discontent with the age in which he strove; we can connect his words with a central substance of character. But the more we read of Leonardo, and the more we contemplate his works, the less we really understand the man. In the Milanese court of Ludovico Sforza he moves amidst degradation and cruelty that would shock and dismay into silence any right-minded man of to-day; yet he moves, troubled, no doubt, æsthetically by the ugliness of sin, but morally undismayed, a servant of that bestial life and at the same time evoking the pure and transcendent beauty of The Last Supper.

Now, in this divergence between the two great artists of Italy Leonardo represents the pure spirit of the Renaissance, the same spirit which, lacking the Italian's feeling for refined, self-sufficient beauty, was at work in the English drama. And if we seek for the cause of this new appearance, we must find it, I think, after due reservations are made for the insoluble complexities of history, in the failure of the Catholic Church to supply any central law of character in place of its decaying discipline. The tendency of the Church through the Middle Ages had been, to a certain extent, to discredit reliance on a man's own inner control and to substitute in its place a rule of outer conformity. What other meaning can be given to the emphasis on belief in the Church as the source and revealer of truth and to the belittling of individual responsibility for discovering the truth in its secret hiding-place in the man's own soul? What else is the meaning of regeneration by baptism, of absolution through confession, and of spiritual edification by the eucharist? Greek philosophy as we see it in the drama of Euripides represents the human soul as standing naked and unassisted in the midst of great, buffeting, dæmonic powers, fighting for possession of itself, and happy or miserable in accordance with its ability to choose and control from among the infinite solicitations of the other world. On the contrary, the Middle Ages were to teach man that the conflict had once for all been fought and won and settled, and that henceforth salvation was to be obtained by accepting that decision and surrendering to the victor. I do not say that this was all of the Catholic religion: it had its great mystics who escaped through its meshes without rending them; its discipline made on the whole for right conduct, and, above all, nourished the imagination with infinite treasures of beauty and fed the emotions with celestial raptures. And doubtless there are other virtues to be reckoned to its account. Yet after all is said, it remains true, nevertheless, that when ecclesiastical authority was broken by skepticism and knowledge, the soul was left with all its riches of imagination and emotion, but with the principle of individual responsibility discredited and the fibre of self-government relaxed. The consequences may be seen in the Italy of the sixteenth century.

VI.

The age of the Renaissance was enormously complex. On the one hand, there were many forces at work to nourish the arts; the very release from discipline for a little while acted as a powerful stimulus on the sensuous faculties, and the disintegrating effects of that release were stayed in Italy by the recovery of a marvellous æsthetic tra-

dition. Elsewhere the Reformation was active in restoring, blindly and confusedly no doubt, the very sense of ethical responsibility which the Renaissance largely ignored. In a way, Michelangelo was quite as much the child of the former as of the latter; and so in France the great leaven of Jansenism produced a Pascal and a Racine. And nowhere was the complication of the currents more intricate than in England. In religion the contest soon passed from Catholicism and the Reformation to the compromise of Anglicanism and the extreme individualism of the Puritans. But in the drama, with which we are now concerned, the course was different. The theatre, for various reasons, remained almost purely under the influence of the Renaissance, while the Puritans attacked it with every weapon in their arsenal, and the Anglican Church abandoned it to its fate. Nor was there in England any æsthetic tradition to lend to the stage such unity of beautiful design or self-consistent emotion as took the place of moral unity in the work of a Leonardo. The result is that drama of the court which, besides its frequent actual indecency, is at heart so often non-moral and in the higher artistic sense incomprehensible.

Puritanism was not lovely; its attack on the stage was both brutal and indiscriminating; in every direction its spirit of excess wrought evils from which the English world is still suffering more profoundly than most of us are ready to admit. But it performed one great service for letters in bringing into relief the conception of character, and thus rendering literature again both moral and comprehensible. Possibly the Anglican Church and the temper of mind which produced that Church might have been sufficient in themselves to effect this restoration, and certainly the excesses of Puritanism often defeated its own aim; nevertheless, when we pass from Beaumont and Fletcher to Milton, and even to Bunyan, we are bound to acknowledge that something new and of inestimable value to art has come to the surface. We understand the hero of "The Pilgrim's Progress" as we can in no wise grasp the persons of "The Maid's Tragedy," and for the very reason that Christian has character, whereas the persons of the play have not. And when to this ethical quality, which satisfies the demands of the intelligence, there is added the immediate sense of beauty in itself which Milton enjoyed as a child of the Renaissance, we derive from art that high and full pleasure which is the best thing this world affords us, a prize beyond the computation of those who content themselves with feeling without understanding. Moreover, from Bunyan's and Milton's day almost to ours this feeling for character has been the prime possession of English literature, which makes it, despite deficiencies of external form and frequent poverty of thought, the equal of French literature, if not the superior: and this possession was the undeniable gift of the Puritan conscience.

I remember some years ago reading an article in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* wherein there was an attempt to show that the element of Puritanism in English letters was provincial and straitening in comparison with the moral freedom of modern Paris. The author of the essay I have forgotten, and indeed neither author nor article is of any importance, except as they expressed frankly a sentiment which is beginning to be widely accepted, and even preached, by English and American writers who feel a certain poverty in our present-day literature. As a matter of fact, the shoe is quite on the other foot: historically Puritan ethics, whatever its excess, is in the great tradition, but Parisian non-morality, like that of Beaumont and Fletcher, is the relic of a special age and movement. It may sound paradoxical at first, but it is true nevertheless, that Bunyan, with all his exasperating qualities, was nearer to the tradition of Greek tragedy than were the characteristic dramatists of James's court. The very allegory of "The Holy War," for instance, is not so far removed as one might suppose from the mythology of the "Hippolytus." Bunyan, no doubt, is led by his Puritanism to a sharp division between the powers of good and of evil which falsifies human nature in a way that the more wholesome Greek doctrine of the mean avoided; there is something strained and crabbed in his philosophy which may seem to have carried us across the world from the wisdom of Apollo, but at heart his portrayal of the human soul as a city besieged by devils springs from the same perception of the dualism of character and passion as that which guided Euripides in his treatment of Phædra and Aphrodite.

VII.

I have been dealing, let me admit, with only one aspect of the work of Beaumont and Fletcher, and in thus isolating the problem I desired to solve I may seem to have exaggerated its importance. To give a just criticism of this great mass of plays, to give even a complete notion of their moral qualities, many exceptions would have to be made and many other things accounted for. It would be necessary, for example, to give due weight to such a character as Evanthe in "A Wife for a Month," who, from every point of view, ethical and artistic, is one of the most finely drawn and truest women in the whole range of English drama. Above all, it would be necessary to set forth the inexhaustible treasures of entertainment offered by these plays. They were to the Elizabethan age what the novel is to ours, and I wonder how many readers three centuries from now will go back to our fiction for amusement, as we to-day can go back to Beaumont and Fletcher.

More particularly, Fletcher seems to me a writer of magnificent fecundity, a genius who might have been capable under wiser direction of almost any achievement. Though, as his work stands, he may appear utterly devoid of conscience, a man to whom our human destinies were mere toys, he was by nature of a manlier, sounder fibre, I think, than Beaumont, and in readiness of invention and veracity of expression he far surpassed his other collaborators. His writing was the unforced overflow of an abundant talent, and if we may believe the author of the Prologue to "The Chances," one of his posthumous plays, he was in his person the very embodiment of the wit of the age:

> Being in himself a perfect comedy:
> And some sit here, I doubt not, dare aver,
> Living he made that house a theatre
> Which he pleased to frequent.

At his best he has a strain almost like that of Shakespeare, upon whom he manifestly modelled himself in everything except Shakespeare's serious insight into human motives. I was struck by this quality particularly while reading "The Humorous Lieutenant." That may be rated among his average tragi-comedies. It contains one of those sudden conversions which make us wonder whether in his heart he felt any difference between a satyr-like lust and a chaste love—the conversion of a lecherous old king who tries in every way, even to a love-philtre, to seduce Celia, his son's mistress, and then, without warning, suddenly becomes the admirer and protector of her virtue. But apart from that, and exclusive perhaps of a slight wavering in the outlines of Celia's character towards the end, the play is a delightful romance in dramatic form, stirring with war and the hot braveries of the court, love and lust, the honor of soldiers and strange mocking humors. And one scene (I, ii), the parting of Celia and the prince when he goes off to the army, might almost have come out of "As You Like It."

All these excellences must be counted up when we estimate the full value of the work which passes under the names of Beaumont and Fletcher and is an epitome of the later (so-called) Elizabethan drama. But if we are to criticise honestly, and are to avoid blurring the fine distinctions in artistic enjoyment, we should not forget to weigh against such riches of entertainment the deep-lying fault which prevents this drama from taking a place beside the more fully satisfying productions of art. And, in a longer view, we should remember that, as the wit of our twin

dramatists passed by a slight change into that of the Restoration, so their use of the passions and emotions is one of the important sources of the romantic vein in later English literature.

P. E. M.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF HISTORICAL STUDIES.

The third meeting of the International Congress of Historical Studies was held in London, April 3 to 9. The idea of such a gathering of the leading historians of the world originated some fifteen or more years ago with a group of French scholars, and it found its first expression in the Hague International Historical Congress of 1898. More substantial proportions were given to the plan at the meetings in Rome in 1903 and in Berlin in 1908, where the progress of historical science in the last quarter of a century received a remarkable demonstration in the variety and scope of the papers presented and subjects discussed. The meeting at London did not fall behind its predecessors.

Though the formal enrolment of members included more than a thousand names, the actual number of those present was less than half that number, and of these about two hundred were from other countries than Great Britain. The time of year was not favorable to a large attendance from America, but some fifteen American scholars were present, including Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Dr. J. Franklin Jameson, Professors Moses, of California; Faust, of Cornell; Haskins, of Harvard, and Andrews, of Yale, and Messrs. Worthington C. Ford, Frederick Bancroft, Albert Cook Myers, and W. G. Leland. From Germany came such scholars as Wilamowitz-Möllendorff, Dietrich Schäfer, Lamprecht, Eduard Meyer, Bernheim, von Gierke, Schiemann, Liebermann, and Keutgen; from France, Bémont, Cordier, Hausser, Petit-Dutaillis, Cartellieri, and de la Roncière; from Russia, Lappo-Danilewski, Rostowzew, Bobrinskoy, and Koulakowsky; from Belgium, Pirenne and de la Vallée Poussin; from Italy, Gino Loria, Riccobono, Davidsohn, and Galante; from Spain, Altamira; from Holland, Blok; and from Hungary, Marczali. There were also present representatives from Greece, Rumania, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Bohemia, Warsaw, Brazil, and Chili, and from many of the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown.

The cosmopolitan character of the gathering and the natural inclination of historical scholars to take a wide view of the meaning of history and to look beyond the temporary jealousies and rivalries of race, gave to the meetings a distinctly fraternal aspect. This absence of political sentiment was emphasized by the large attendance of German scholars, notably Schiemann, the historian of Russia and the friend and former tutor of the present Emperor. From the first meeting held in the Great Hall of Lincoln's Inn to the dinners given at Oxford and Cambridge on April 9, stress was laid on the value of the Congresses in enhancing friendship among the nations. The presidential address of Mr. Bryce, read in his absence by Dr. A. W. Ward, the Master of Peterhouse, called attention to the growing oneness of the world and to the interlocking character of present-day world history, "the history no longer of many different races of mankind occasionally affecting one another's fortunes, but the history of mankind as a whole, the fortunes of each branch henceforward bound up with those of others." Lord Morley in his address at Oxford spoke of science as "one of the best and most admirable unifying agents of the time," and Dr. G. W. Prothero, the chairman of the reception committee, in his speech as presiding officer at the subscription dinner, reminded his hearers that in the Congress they had what they might really call to some extent the concert of Europe and a general *entente cordiale* such as seldom manifested itself in the diplomatic and political world.

But the oneness of history was largely lost to sight in the almost kaleidoscopic variety of the papers read, numbering more than two hundred in all. These papers were distributed among nine different sections, sitting in half-a-dozen different parts of London, from Kensington on the west and Gower Street on the north, to Somerset House on the south and Lincoln's Inn on the east. The general meetings were held in Lincoln's Inn, Great Hall, and in Jehangir Hall, London University, South Kensington; and the headquarters of the Congress were at the Grafton Galleries, near Burlington House, where on the morning of April 9 was held the final session, the meeting for business. Under these circumstances, the difficulties encountered by members who desired to hear as many papers as possible were increased by the subdivision of sections and the wide separation of their respective sessions, and by the distribution of subjects whereby closely related topics, because labelled economic, legal, or religious, were presented at the same time, generally so far apart as to render it almost impossible to hear more than one paper, or at most two papers, even with the aid of a taxicab. The Congress was as a whole well managed, but there was some truth in the charge of "muddling" brought against the organization by the daily papers. The time limit for the reading of papers was half an hour, but the rule was not strictly enforced. Discussion was facilitated by the circulation of a printed abstract of each paper at the time of presentation. Papers were read in English, French, German, and Italian, and it was generally, though not always, the case that foreigners read and spoke in their own language, both at the sessions and at the banquets.

Among so large a number of papers it is possible to select but few for mention. Not all were worthy of the occasion. Some were but extempore addresses or off-hand talks, none too carefully prepared. Others had a familiar ring, as but epitomes of matter already printed. As a rule, however, the standard was high, and many papers were notable historical contributions, thoughtful and scholarly. Conspicuous among them were the presidential addresses of those in charge of the sections, such as the papers of Professors Hogarth on Hittite civilization, Tout on mediæval studies, Vinogradoff on legal history, and especially Firth in a severe arraignment of England's disregard of modern historical methods and training in the organization of historical work and the treatment of historical archives. Also noteworthy were the addresses of Sir George Reid on the significance of colonial history for the colonies, and of Prince Henry of Battenberg on the attitude of the Admiralty towards naval history. Naturally, in a congress held in England, stress was laid on colonial, military, and naval history, and the presidential address of Professor Egerton in the colonial section, and the papers of Sir Charles Lucas, Mr. Benians, and Professor Altamira on aspects of British, Dutch, and Spanish policy, were of importance. Likewise in the naval field, Dr. Tanner, Sir John Laughton, Capt. Richmond, R.N., and Mr. Perrin, of the Admiralty library, on the English side, and M. de la Roncière on the French, read papers that were stimulating and suggestive. As a rule, the military historians were more interested in warfare for its own sake than they were in the value of military organization and administration for general history.

On the part of the visitors notable papers were presented by Professor Keutgen on the Hamburg Colonial Institute, to which he has recently been called from Jena; by Professor Marczali, of Budapest, on England and Count Széchenyi; by Professor Schiemann on England and Russia in 1853 and 1854; by Professor Jorga, of Bucharest, on "La survivance Byzantine dans les pays Roumains"; by Professor Pick, of Jena, on "Handelsmünzen im Alterthum"; by Professor Davidsohn, of Florence, on "Die Frühzeit der Florentiner Kultur"; by Dr. Liebermann, of Berlin, on the national assembly in the Anglo-Saxon state; by Professor Pirenne, of Ghent, on the growth of capitalism in the Middle Ages, and by Professor Schäfer on Sound-dues as a source of international

history. Professor Dopsch, of Vienna, by his paper on "Die Geldwirthschaft der Karolingerzeit," aroused a lively discussion, participated in by Lamprecht, Pirenne, and others. For political reasons, the papers of Professor Redlich, of Vienna, on Austrian administrative methods, and of Dr. Nogga, Albanian delegate in England, on some Albanian historical problems, were omitted. American scholars contributed six papers in the following order: Dr. Jameson, on "Typical Phases of American Expansion"; T. Spencer Jerome, of Capri, but representing the University of Michigan, on "The Orgy of Tiberius at Capri"; Professor Haskins, on "The Government of Normandy under Henry II"; Professor Andrews, on "Anglo-French Commercial Rivalry, 1700-1750"; Professor Moses, on "The Relation of the United States to the Philippine Islands," and Dr. F. A. Woods, on "Historiometry." In other respects, also, recognition was accorded to American scholars. Mr. Adams spoke at the general session at Lincoln's Inn, Professor Haskins spoke at the dinner given by the Royal Historical Society, and again at Cambridge. Both of these gentlemen, with Dr. Jameson and Professor Andrews, were named honorary vice-presidents of the Congress, while Professor Haskins was the representative of his section on the executive committee, and Professor Andrews one of the vice-presidents of section six.

British good will, manifested, as the *Times* phrased it, in England's "somewhat reticent insular fashion," found genuine and spontaneous expression in a manifold variety of social entertainments. Every day was so filled with opportunities for sight-seeing, wining, and dining that no one person could possibly enjoy all the pleasures offered.

At the business meeting of the Congress, held on the morning of the 9th, the invitation of the Russian delegates was accepted, and the next International Congress of Historical Studies will be held in 1918 at St. Petersburg.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Another portion of the great collection of manuscripts brought together by Sir Thomas Phillips (who died in 1872) will be sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, May 19 to 23. The auctioneers have ceased numbering the portions, but the first sale was held in 1891, and some twelve to fifteen portions have since been sold.

Sir Thomas himself told how, by reading accounts of the destruction of old manuscripts, he was led to begin collecting. For many years he bought almost everything, "particularly unpublished manuscripts, whether good or bad," and did not object to paying high prices as one object was "to raise the public estimation of them, so that their value might be generally known, and consequently more manuscripts preserved." He said: "My chief desire for preserving vellum manuscripts arose from witnessing the unceasing destruction of them by gold-beaters; my search for charters and deeds by their destruction in the shops of glue-makers and tailors."

The present selection contains 1,137 lots, but this does not mean the same number of sheets, for many of the lots are bound volumes of several hundred pages. More than five hundred lots relate to American history and topography. Some are of slight interest, but others will bring high prices. The most valuable document in the collection is, without much doubt, the manuscript of Richard Hakluyt's "Particular Discourse concerning the greate necessitie and manifolde comodyties that are like to growe to this Realme by the Westerne Discoveries, lately attempted." This manuscript was written in 1584, "at the request and direction of Mr. Walter Raghly, nowe Knight, before the comynge home of his twoo Barkes." There are twenty-one chapters, filling sixty-five pages, folio. It is in an old contemporary binding, with central ornaments. Hakluyt had already written and published his "Divers Voyages" in 1582, when he prepared this "Discourse" for Raleigh. The manuscript was for two or three years in the possession of Henry Stevens, the American book-hunter in London, who, being unable to find a purchaser for it in America, finally sold it to Sir Thomas Phillips. It remained unprinted until 1877, when it was included by the Maine Historical Society in their Collections. It is probably not in Hakluyt's own handwriting, though that question still seems to be unsettled.

A "Relacion del Peru," written in 1570, 186 pages; a "Descripcion General del Nuebo Orbe de las Indias," by Gonzales de Guemes, written about 1652, 330 pages; a "Noticia del Descubrimiento de la Nueva España," written about 1750, 948 pages folio; a "Noticia do Brazil," seventeenth or eighteenth century, 614 pages, folio; all unpublished, are a few of many interesting manuscripts relating to South America.

A collection of vocabularies, instruction books, prayers, etc., in various native American dialects, mainly Mexican and South American; many manuscripts relating to Jamaica, the Bermudas, the Bahamas, and other West Indian Colonies, mainly official papers; a manuscript relating to Canada, with the title "Dialogue ou Entretien d'un François avec un Sauvage," 187 pages, written before 1700 and containing seventeen interesting drawings of natives, showing their customs; New York documents from the papers of Governors Bellomont, Dongan, and Fletcher; documents or collections of documents relating to most of the colonies, largely from the papers of William Blathwayt, Commissioner for Trade and Plantations (died 1717); and the Entry Books of Evidence and Decisions concerning American Loyalists, 7 vols., folio, in the autograph of Daniel Parker Coke, one of the commissioners, are a suggestion only of the wealth of American manuscript material in the sale.

Among older manuscripts are several Biblical commentaries, St. Augustine's Homilies of the ninth century, Cæsar's Commentaries of the fifteenth century, Seneca's Tragedies, fourteenth century; Ovid, Suetonius, etc. Higden's "Polycronicon," fourteenth century; a "Grammaticorum" of the tenth century; a manuscript of a portion of Bacon's "Sylva Sylvarum," with other papers; and a volume of English poetical homilies and tales of the fifteenth century, are a few other notable lots.

Correspondence

OUTWORN TREATIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The *Nation* struggles bravely against the reactionary tendencies of its kleptocratic and intellectual constituency, and in some directions has been a real leader. But you have been saying many foolish things about treaty obligations. Thus, in the course of a short editorial note, most prominently placed in your issue of April 24, you characterize what was virtually the action of the last Congress and President Taft and will probably be the action of the present Congress and President Wilson with words such as "faithless and shameless," "a pariah among the nations," and "a mad rush into infamy."

It is surely impertinent and futile to make such charges. By the nature of things, every great nation has broken its treaties. Like constitutions, creeds, and laws, all treaties must ultimately be reinterpreted, revised, or abrogated. There is no adequate international machinery for the interpretation, alteration, or denouncement of treaties, and each nation must do the best it can under the circumstances as they arise. The law-abiding citizen either keeps the law or breaks it, and takes the consequences, and the same high moral standard should obtain for the nation. The English suffragettes may be following a policy wise or otherwise in violating the law and suffering the consequences, but their behavior shows fine moral quality. States and cities must abolish perpetual franchises even though they break their promises, and the nation must abrogate treaties when it is for the public welfare to do so. The dead cannot be permitted to rule the living.

It happens that I disapprove of the ship subsidies granted by the last Congress, and of the proposed Californian legislation, but those who favor these measures are not less honest and patriotic than those who oppose them. In my opinion the exemption from tolls of coastwise shipping through the Panama Canal and the discrimination against the Japanese in California break no treaties; but that is not the important point. We should try to come to a cordial agreement with the nations concerned, and we should be ready to pay them money for damages, but we should maintain our will to denounce a treaty at any time.

It is almost incredible that the present radical government of the United Kingdom should wish to hold us to the exact terms based on a previous treaty made sixty years ago under conditions entirely different from those now existing. The ambiguous and illiterate words of the treaty are: "The canal shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all

nations observing these rules on terms of entire equality." Surely sensible people do not hold that under this clause the United States cannot send its ships of war through the canal free of tolls without granting similar privileges to all nations, that the British Government cannot pay the tolls of its merchant shipping should it see fit, or that it is necessary to remit the tolls for the coastwise shipping of the principality of Monaco. The history of the negotiations preceding the signing of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty is unrevealed, but the natural interpretation of the words is that Great Britain arranged not to be discriminated against among other "customers" of the canal from whom the United States as owner is excluded.

As a matter of fact, the meaning of the words and the intentions of the negotiators are strictly irrelevant. The British Minister of State for Foreign Affairs admits that we can refund the tolls, but maintains the traditions of a stupid diplomacy, doubtless with a view to the effect on Canadian sentiment, by arguing that we cannot under the treaty remit them. In this instance there is no practical difference; but it is well that we shall maintain the right to interpret our treaties, as our Constitution, in accordance with changed conditions and commonsense. Were I a member of the Congress I should introduce a bill remitting for one year only of the tolls on coastwise vessels. If a friendly nation objects, we should not reply in terms of legal sophistry, as did our late Secretary of State, but simply explain in a kindly way the action which we have taken and our purpose to maintain our right and our power to act in every respect and on every occasion as we deem for the advantage of the nation and for the welfare of the world.

J. McKEEN CATTELL.

Garrison-on-Hudson, N. Y., April 26.

AREN'T I?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having started in the *Nation* of January 23 a discussion of this phrase, I have held back to watch the sport. You have printed numerous letters from writers of all sorts. *Quot homines tot sententiæ.* One or two of the writers seem to agree with me, but most of them range themselves on the defence.

These apologists may be classified in two groups. One group thinks that in condemning *Aren't I* I miss some of the joy of life. Evidently, it is so much more "comfy" to say *Aren't I* than *Am I not.* Now, to all such pitying critics let me answer that *dialect* is to me a never-failing source of pleasure. When the Tompkins County farmer, in March, declares: "There ain't no roads up our way," I whisper to myself that he speaks from the heart. But *Aren't I* is not dialect; it is merely the sophisticated jargon of the smart set in London, and as such is detestable.

The second group, of which Professor Buck, of Chicago, is the chief, seeks to justify the phrase. The ratiocination—one can scarcely call it argument—runs thus: The Englishman, bent upon the word-order *Am not I,* reduces it in speech to *An't I.* Then, because he emasculates the *r* and pronounces *Aren't we* as *An t we,* therefore he is privileged to spell *Aren't I.* To all this I can merely answer that phonetic explanation is not necessarily grammatical justification. Phonetics have their value, but they are not the whole of language. Our English speech is not a mediæval dialect shuffling into a new skin; it is the mode of utterance of some of the noblest thinkers in the world's history. These writers have consecrated certain forms which it is our duty to respect. Now, for centuries *are* has been a plural form and cannot go with the singular *I;* not even the smart London set can make it go. Besides, Professor Buck assumes too much in his treatment of the emasculated *r* as "standard." It is standard only for Southern English. In the Midlands the *r* is distinctly audible; in Yorkshire there is the burr, and in Scotland the trill. In Ireland the *r* is heard everywhere. In this country only parts of New England swallow the *r* most disagreeably. New York city and Brooklyn do as much, but with a difference. In many parts of the South the *r* is also obliterated. But of the ninety-odd millions of Americans it is safe to assert that 90 per cent. pronounce the *r* and will continue to pronounce it, notwithstanding London and Boston. Now what are the 90 per cent. to think when they read in print *Aren't I?* As for the dear children who prattle *Aren't I,* we should not forget that in every child there is a touch of the simian. If *Aren't we* is right, why not *Aren't I,* or even *I aren't?*

Just about the time I was penning my first note in January, *Life* printed this skit: The mother asks her little daughter to go and fetch the dog. And the child answers, politely: "Please, mamma, I aren't speaking to Fido since he broke my doll." Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, etc. I conclude, as I began, with Latin: *Requiescat in pace!*

J. M. HART.

Cornell University, April 23.

WESTERN HISTORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a review of Katharine Coman's "Economic Beginnings of the Far West," which appeared in the *Nation* of March 20, you state that as yet too little preliminary work has been done on the sources of Western history for a book of this sort to be possible. Miss Coman does not aim to present an exhaustive study of the economic development of the Far West, but rather to give a general survey of the trend of that development for the reader who wishes to know something of that side of our national history. It is not legitimate to maintain that there is no basis for such a survey, in view of the large body of source material which Miss Coman was able to utilize. For example, such collections as the Trailmakers Series, the publication of the Academy of Pacific Coast History, Thwaites's "Early Western Travels," the various Journals edited by Coues, the numerous reports of Western explorers published by the United States Government, the Early Spanish historians like Palou and Venegas, the Journals of Pacific Coast explorers, such as Cook, Vancouver, La Perousse, Von Langsdorff, Kotzebue, Beechey, Belcher, De Mofras, Simpson. In addition there are the hundreds of contemporaneous accounts of settlers, prospectors, and frontier guides sent "back East" and published at the time. Nor must one ignore the valuable first-hand material contained in contemporary newspapers and unpublished Journals which has been collected by public libraries and local historical societies, notably the Oregon Pioneer Historical Society and the Historian's Office of the Latter-Day Saints.

Nor can it be said that this material has not yet been worked over. Bancroft's "History of the Pacific Coast States" is a veritable encyclopædia of facts and source references. The American Commonwealth Series offers some State histories of good quality, *e. g.,* Garrison's "Texas," Carr's "Missouri," Spring's "Kansas," Royce's "California," Richman's "Iowa." Other State histories of greater importance are Robinson's "Kansas," Gayarre's work on Louisiana, Prince's "New Mexico," Hittell's four volumes on California. Biographies, too, such as Holman's "Dr. McLoughlin" and Blackmar's "Robinson." Furthermore, there are some excellent monographs, as McCaleb's "Aaron Burr," Bourne's "The Whitman Myth," Davidson's "Drake's Anchorage," Elliott's "Peter Skeene Ogden," etc.

Of course only a beginning, although a good one, has been made in digesting the vast amount of source material at hand, but it will be an undertaking of many years to do this exhaustively, and it is unreasonable to ask the reading public to wait indefinitely for the presentation in large outlines of a most important and interesting phase of our history.

ELIZABETH KIMBALL KENDALL.

Wellesley College, April 19.

"THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of April 10, Mr. H. W. Van Loon, of Washington, complained that he had been April-fooled a few days before the recognized period and had thus lost sixty cents. It is evident that Mr. Van Loon does not know the previous history of the transaction of which he complains, and it may be worth while to rehearse it.

Mr. Herbert G. Wells has an established reputation as a skilful adept in mixing fact and fiction, science and romance. So far back as January 29, 1902, by invitation of the Royal Society, London, he delivered before it an address on "The Discovery of the Future." This stimulating discourse was promptly published in *Nature,* the London scientific weekly, on February 5. Mr. Wells has published some books since that time, but has not inserted this address in any. However, it was republished in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1902. Yet it did not attract the attention it deserved. Eleven years later Mr. Huebsch, an enterprising publisher, espied this precious object adrift in the flood of literature and deemed it worthy of a better fate. He dressed it in a handsome booklet and offered it to the public at a moderate price. It now caught the eye of the literary editor of the New York *Times,* and he, with Mr. Huebsch's permission, presented the substance of it in his Sunday edition.

Surely, Mr. Huebsch deserves credit for rescuing the address from neglect and exhibiting its merits in an attractive form. Nor is he to be blamed for allowing the newspaper to give it wider circulation, even in an abbreviated form. The whole

affair is, as the *Nation* wisely pronounced it, "a question of publishing."

JOHN P. LAMBERTON.

Philadelphia, April 25.

APROPOS OF SIXTY CENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wish to make full reparation. I have to-day received a check from the publishing house of B. W. Huebsch for the full sum of the sixty cents which I had lost by buying the fatal little book of Mr. Wells which simultaneously appeared in the *New York Times* for the price of five cents.

I am greatly pleased. I shall have that check framed, and the next time they tell me that old yarn of Napoleon and Johannes Palm, of Nuremberg, I shall point with pride to the decoration upon my wall and shall say, "My dear sir, they are not all alike." DR. H. W. VAN LOON.

Washington, April 24.

SWIFT'S JOKE ON PARTRIDGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of April 10, Mr. Charles St. Clair Wade asks why some student of comparative literature does not give other versions of Swift's jest on Partridge. The matter has been dealt with by Prof. Rudolph Schevill in the following article: "Swift's Hoax on Partridge, the Astrologer, and Similar Jests in Fiction," published in the Transactions of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, Vol. XV, July, 1909. Other studies are noted in Vollmöller's Jahresbericht, XII, 11, 40.

MILTON A. BUCHANAN.

Toronto, April 23.

A PLEA FOR THE "NEW ART."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There are several points of weakness in Mr. Raymond Macdonald Alden's arraignment of the supposed policy of *Poetry*, published in the *Nation* for April 17.

His casual acquaintance with the magazine is indicated in his statement that it has run a twelvemonth, whereas, in fact, only seven numbers have been issued; and his criticism of the magazine is limited to the work of one poet and to an editorial appearing in the April number. The editorial in question was based frankly on the quality of the great majority of *unaccepted* manuscripts, material upon which it was quite impossible for Mr. Alden to pass judgment, and the editorial statement was that the majority of these manuscripts showed unmistakably that tendency towards merely external imitation of classic forms which is academic-death.

There is a very sharp dividing line between a true understanding and application of artistic tradition, and a merely slavish imitation of outward characteristics; but many persons are unable to perceive this distinction unless it is brutally and vociferously forced upon them.

In regard to the "new art," Mr. Alden says that he does not "venture to assume any complete understanding of what the principles in question are"; yet he does indeed "venture" to draw up his own arbitrary conclusions in three deliberate statements, covering all with a vague classification of the "morbid hypertrophy of romanticism."

His authority is his own, but if he had asked an intelligent painter, he might have been told (1) that the most authentic of the "new artists," far from abandoning all standards of form, base their work upon absolutely fundamental and essential elements of form; (2) that this can only be achieved by an *intelligence* which knows how to relate personal emotions to the constructive processes of pictorial or plastic expression; and (3) that a failure to perceive the fundamental principles in the best examples of the "new art" implies a failure to perceive these same fundamentally classic and essential principles in the "old."

It is not against the great poetic tradition that the editorial in question was directed. The tradition represents but the succession of individual poets whose creative power has given us creative form, a form as appropriate to and as indissoluble from the originating impulse as the flesh from the skeleton. But it is against the lifeless embodiment of stuffed manikins, and the parading of modernity in Elizabethan chain-armor, that the editorial in question sets its face.

> Minniver scorned the commonplace,
> And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
> He missed the mediæval grace
> Of iron clothing.

As an "eligible witness" from the great Middle West, and as a spokesman (authorized or no) "of the plain people and the great mass of the truly cultivated—the readers and teachers of literature," Mr. Alden offers his testimony that the old poetry is still what is wanted by these two great classes. There is nothing to prevent their having it. It is open at all times to their enjoyment, as it is enjoyed and reverenced by the editors of *Poetry*. But *Poetry* does not want rehashed classics; and it does want new poets. If we do not help them to exist, then "the readers and teachers of literature" of the next generation or two will be conducting classes in archæology.

As for Mr. Pound's poetry, it is its own best defence.

ALICE C. HENDERSON.
HARRIET MONROE.

Chicago, April 26.

THE NAVY LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial entitled "Business and War," in your issue of April 24, you make the following statement: "Even on this side of the water the interest taken in our blatant Navy League by battleship builders, organizers of Ship Trusts, and producers of nickel steel is well known. It has plenty of money, and maintains offices in Washington, where its recent banquet called forth such salutary anti-militaristic remarks by Congressman Fitzgerald and Secretary Bryan." We wish to make the statement once and for all that the Navy League has not received contributions from battleship builders, from shipbuilding companies, or corporations having financial dealings with the Government for naval supplies of any character. Every dollar received by the treasurer of the Navy League has been given with a purely patriotic, unselfish purpose. Our income is derived, to a large extent, from membership fees, the annual members paying five dollars and one dollar.

Moreover, the Navy League has not got "plenty of money." Our total income from all sources for the year ending March 31, 1912, was $11,864.25. The income for the past fiscal year shows a healthy increase, due to the increased membership and larger contributions received, but I repeat that every dollar received has been given from a purely patriotic, unselfish motive. In fact, although the Navy League shows a constant healthy growth, its growth has been limited because the organization has not pretended to offer any privileges or benefits to its members or to the subscribers to its guarantee fund. It is expected, however, that the League will be able to send to each member a monthly magazine.

The toastmaster at the recent Navy League dinner had full knowledge of the attitude of Secretary Bryan and Congressman Fitzgerald toward new battleships before calling upon them to speak.

I know the *Nation* would not wilfully misrepresent our organization, and I therefore respectfully ask you to publish this letter. A. H. DADMUN, Secretary.

Washington, April 28.

Literature

MODERN PROBLEMS.

Modern Problems. By Sir Oliver Lodge. New York: George H. Doran Co. $2 net.

Socialism from the Christian Standpoint. By Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.

Sir Oliver Lodge is interested in as many things as was Goethe himself. He ranges from free will and determinism to the position of women, from the nature of time to the functions of money, from Balfour and Bergson to the smoke nuisance. He discourses as entertainingly on one topic as on another. The present work he describes as "a discussion of debatable subjects," but we are not so much interested in what he says as in the way he says it.

All but two of the twenty-one essays in the volume first saw light on other occasions. The first two, "Free Will and Determinism" and "The Nature of Time," appear to have been written expressly for the purpose of giving the work a send-off. In these, and particularly in the second, we have abundant evidence of Sir Oliver Lodge's fondness for metaphor and the language of sentiment, using the last term in no invidious sense. After stating the hypothesis that time is real and not an hallucinatory process, he says that facts are at hand which suggest that there is a higher kind of existence—an existence already attained by our loftiest work, an

existence appropriate to creations of genius—a kind of existence, or subsistence, or supersistence, which transcends present limitations, "which has been raised or put ashore out of the current of the time-stream into a freer and diviner air, where the past, the present, and the future are united in the transcendental co-existence of a more copious reality."

In "Competition v. Coöperation" the doctrine that competition is a good thing he declares a fallacy. With monopoly an awakened society will make short work; but how can it deal with competition? Suppose the community were not satisfied with the soap that the manufacturers were providing. Why should it not pay a competent chemist, and provide him with suitable appliances, to make experiments and devise a better material? Why should it not, if he succeeded, give him a peerage? Sir Oliver Lodge insists that the power of society to stimulate individuals and get excellent work out of them is stupendous when it chooses to exert itself. What labor and harassings will not be gone through for a simple knighthood? Emulation is not competition. Competition is defined as the wrangling of savages round a table at which they might sit at peace and pass one another victuals; it is the grabbing of the dishes as they are brought on by the waiters of Providence—the laws of nature; it is the filching from the weaker neighbors of their portion, so that one is hungry and another is drunken. Emulation, says Sir Oliver Lodge, is the aspiration of a soldier to lead a forlorn hope (a rather unfortunate metaphor, by the way), the desire of a student to make a discovery, the ambition of a merchant to develop a new country or establish a new route.

Yet Sir Oliver Lodge is wise in his generation. So far the twentieth century has shown itself to be an age of sentiment, a period sedulously engaged in bringing the sciences, and particularly the science of economics, into line with the impulsive life of the ordinary citizen. No longer is it necessary for one to explain with the Psalmist, "Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it." It is a fact that professional work is hard; and this fact "should silence those who hold that without the stimulus of hunger, and the misery of those dear to you, no work would be got out of mankind." The political economist forgets that there is such a thing as soul, spirit, verve, zest, says Sir Oliver Lodge. The thing most of us would like to know is, how much more mindful of this fact are the capitalists and the labor unions?

Yet, though the author seems at times to think that there is no reason why things should be so unpleasant as they are now and always have been, he leaves us, after all, with a feeling that is far from comfortable. With all his idealism he never appears to lose sight of the fact that, though every other prospect pleases, man is certainly vile. Practical considerations, he tells us, multiply furnaces, and factories, and all manner of manifest hardships; and the singular thing is that the poorest classes, the great bulk of the people, desire this sort of thing, too. Contrast his inspiring phrases in "Competition v. Coöperation" with these in "The Pursuit of Wealth":

> I can only believe that we have an altogether false standard in these matters. We have lost the sense of the real meaning and value of life itself, and have set up some of the artificial and unnecessary appendages of life, as the real things to be pursued, the valuable things for which any sacrifice may be rationally demanded. I believe the people's eyes must be opened by higher education; they must learn to set up an altogether different standard of wealth and value, before the world can grow wiser and better, and before the inexhaustible potentialities of the universe can become to us real and actual possessions.

Sir Oliver Lodge brings us no new message. His is but a twentieth-century utterance of the plaint of Isaiah and Hosea. The son of Amos told his people that their silver had become dross, and twenty-five centuries later Sir Oliver Lodge sounds the same note. Is the present generation less stiff-necked than that of King Uzziah? We look in vain to Sir Oliver Lodge for an affirmative answer. "Wisdom," he cries, "is more to be desired than rubies! Aye truly is it: it is an old saying, but the world does not yet really believe it."

This note of dejection is encountered throughout these essays. In the one on "The Irrationality of War" we are informed that it is the deadly monotony of the ordinary life of the multitude that constitutes a civic national danger. It is this that drives people to drink and unworthy relaxation. It is this that makes people welcome the feverish excitement of a catastrophe or of the imminence of war. Daily life must be made more interesting, work more joyous. But how? Alas! Sir Oliver Lodge does not tell us. He paints a celestial city, but the road thither ends on this side of the river, with no ferryman in sight. Our gloom is increased if we turn to the essay on "The Functions of Money"; for there we read that newspapers are owned, opinion is manufactured, nations are governed, in one interest, the interest of property. The supreme power is the power of the purse. The latest of the functions of money is to rule the world.

Father Vaughan is an admirable disputant. He is not deterred, as a dialectician, by the consideration that facts, as Le Sage says, are stubborn things. He refuses to abandon them for conjecture; he is eminently fair, if sometimes severe; he knows how to command attention. It is only occasionally that the critical and constructive faculties are so equally yoked as in these essays, or "conferences," as Father Vaughan prefers to term them. He is as cognizant of the evils that synchronize with modern industrialism as are the prophets of Socialism, yet he persists in saying that in Christianity lies the hope of democracy, and that in Socialism lies its peril, its ruin. These words embody the theme of which this volume is the elaboration.

Altruism, we are reminded, is no discovery of our day. In early days it was not called altruism, but Christian charity. The time came, however, when people thought that they could find a remedy elsewhere. The Church has discovered a rival physician in the Socialist. He tells us that the cure for all our wrongs is to be found in the transfer to the community of all the instruments of the production and distribution of wealth. But Socialism, says Father Vaughan, is an affair of far deeper significance than a bare question of economics. As an abstract principle of economy, or as a distant coöperative commonwealth, it has little or no interest for him. His inquiry is about Socialism as a living, moving, energizing concern—as a "going concern," to employ his apt phrase. What he desires to know is: Whether, everything considered, it is wiser and more ennobling to join in the Socialist movement, or in a movement for the reëstablishment of Christian principles in the social and industrial life of a people.

A grave dialectical error of the Socialist consists, in Father Vaughan's opinion, in mistaking analogy for identity. The Socialist is much given to comparing the communal life to an organism built of many living cells. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, for example, declares that there appears to be a cell consciousness different from the consciousness of the organized body with its specialized brain and nervous system, that there is a social consciousness with its sensory and motor system superimposed on the individual consciousness; that both together make up the individual consciousness.

But to accept the biological concept of society as more than a useful analogy, to accept it as a literal fact, is to rob human life of its value, to destroy liberty, and to put an end to human personality itself. At best, man becomes a mere function of the social organism, a muscle or nerve centre in the body politic, with no free or independent soul of his own. In spite of what many Socialists tell us, it is difficult to conceive of the socialist state except in terms bureaucratic. The state, as we now know it, is meddlesome. Under Socialism, into what kind of Oriental despot-

ism would it be perverted? In a House of Bondage, such as it might be, man would have about as much opportunity of realizing himself as a slave in the open market.

According to the Catholic teaching, the right to own property is a natural right. Man has been put upon this earth in order to develop his material, intellectual, and spiritual capacities. With the duty of developing them goes the right of developing them. The possession of property (including capital) is a normal condition of this development. It is not to be denied that the present capitalist régime is reeking with abuses. But the abuses are not inseparable from capitalism itself. They are the growth, like weeds, of neglect, and have arisen from a betrayal of Christian principles. They can be cured by a return to Christian principles. They cannot be cured by Socialism.

There can be no short cut, no simple remedy, no panacea. Legislation and private endeavor and Christian enterprise must unite and combine, each supporting the other. But legislation needs to be rescued from its subordination to mere party interests. And though private initiative has effected much, it is nevertheless a fact that we seem to be nearly as far off from a solution of the industrial problem as when we first started out a hundred years ago.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Isle of Life. By Stephen French Whitman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Romance is somewhat tempered with realism in this second novel of Mr. Whitman's. The plot is wildly romantic, the method of characterization often realistic. Sebastian Maure, a sort of modern Byron, is saved from the insipidity of romantic heroes by his record of vaguely terrible wickedness. He adds to the usual heroic charms those of the rake and the atheist. But the author has not had the courage to extend this method to his heroine. Even in stories convention is stronger upon women than upon men; and Ghirlaine Bellamy (the outlandishness of whose name proves her an American) is a perfectly ordinary and colorless romantic heroine. An ideally beautiful heiress, travelling with her aunt, she meets Sebastian Maure in Italy, and inspires in him a violent passion. At once attracted and repelled by him, she engages herself to Vincent Pamfort, an excellent young English noble, as a measure of self-defence. Pamfort is called home by the death of his brother, and Ghirlaine sails for England, where the marriage is to take place. But Maure rushes to Sicily, where he boards the steamer. Scribbling a message on the visiting-card of a common friend, he induces Ghirlaine to see him on the deck that evening; and when she indignantly repulses him, he seizes her and leaps into the sea. As he has hoped, they are picked up by a fishing-boat whose lights he has seen from the steamer, and taken to Torregione, the "Isle of Life," which contains a fishing village, a hermit, a deserted villa, and a ruined shrine still haunted by pagan deities. The place is almost ideally adapted to the sinister designs of Maure; yet he is foiled by the simple and well-known methods of the chaste romantic heroine. Now is the time for the god to descend, and he does so in the unusual form of an epidemic of cholera among the fishermen.

Wild as the story is, it is told with a good deal of imaginative vigor and skill. Constructively, it shows a marked advance over the author's first novel, "Predestined," and it is much less unwholesome in substance.

Adnam's Orchard. By Sarah Grand. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Rural England, if we are to believe this representation, is in a bad way indeed. "Agriculture has fallen into a deplorable state of neglect, . . . land has gone out of cultivation at a perilous rate, . . . agricultural laborers have either been sent or driven away to swell the ranks of the unemployed in the cities." Change and decay in all around we see, and we can only wonder whence was drawn the courage for so lengthy and lugubrious a recital. Perhaps from the duller pages of George Eliot. There is something formidably typical about this countryside, complete in all its social functionaries—local duke, very much the man of taste and pleasure; local duchess, conscientious doll; bulldog squire, with vulgar, scheming wife; rector's patient wife, staggering under burden of a marriageable daughter; yeoman farmer, tenant farmer, innkeeper, too. The failings of this generation are soundly berated, and then the sins of their children are all laid at heredity's door. From an inebriate cousin of the duke is derived a little sister of the Heavenly Twins, half-angel and half-monkey, who is mated with that amiable nonentity, the duke's second son. The duke's daughter, as a lamb to the slaughter, is led to marriage with the squire's profligate heir. Only two young people are exempt from the general blight of degeneracy, as representing in their persons the triumph of eugenic principles. These are Adnam Pratt, who comes of sturdy yeoman stock on his father's side, on his German mother's from a "hochgeboren" line, and Ella Banks, the tenant's girl on the duke's estate, whose superior qualities are attributed by many hints to an illegitimate origin.

The one refreshing feature of the story is that this hero and heroine flatly refuse to fall in love with each other, and tranquilly pursue divergent paths, as exemplars of industrial reforms dear to the author's heart. Adnam demonstrates the feasibility of applying French methods of intensive cultivation to neglected English hillsides, employing thereupon surprising numbers of the "unemployed"; Ella revives an all but extinct branch of the art of lace-making, and opens a profitable shop in London for her rare fabrics, by way of instancing what the modern woman can do for herself financially in a self-respecting way. Thus we leave these experimenters. But the inscription, "End of Prologue," appearing at the close of 623 pages, gives rise to the fear that we may not have heard the last of Adnam and Ella.

The Night-Born. By Jack London. New York: The Century Co.

The title of the sixth of these ten tales, "Bunches of Knuckles," rather than that of the first, should have been chosen to indicate the character of the collection. With the exception of the first story, and of one other, which is silly, these tales are all deliberately brutal, in Jack London's worst and most popular manner. An American goes to a bull-fight, and, driven mad by the scream of a disembowelled horse, runs amuck, killing seven and wounding many others of the bull-fighting race before he is killed himself. A social reformer is "beaten up" by a dive-keeper, fails to get justice in the courts, and avenges himself by beating up a venial judge: both beatings reported in detail. A boy is bitten in two by a shark in full sight of a ship's company, as the result of a woman's whim. With such materials this writer is wont to fascinate his especial public. He has the knack of the short story, and something more; but we begin to despair of his ever escaping his obsession for bunches of knuckles and buckets of blood.

Bunch Grass. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Thirty years ago Mr. Vachell was a rancher in California—the California of Judge Lynch and the James brothers, where local justice and the gentle rain from heaven were equally uncertain quantities to depend upon, and society as yet provided nothing better. The transition had begun from a land of cattle to a land of growing things, and the old settler and the squatter were at odds. During the seventeen years of Mr. Vachell's stay in California great changes took place; these stories reflect a rapid shifting of conditions. Some of them, the author frankly admits, "are obviously the work of an apprentice, but they have been included because, however faulty in technique, they do

serve to illustrate a past that can never come back." He further anticipates criticism by the remark that "re-reading these chapters, with a more or less critical detachment, and leaving them—good, bad, and indifferent—as they were originally printed, one is forced to the conclusion that sentiment—which would seem to arouse what is most hostile in the cultivated dweller in cities—is an all-pervading essence in primitive communities, coloring and discoloring every phase of life and thought." That is, Bret Harte and all succeeding chroniclers have dealt largely in sentiment, not as a popular commodity, but as a prime ingredient of frontier life. There are tales in this collection as nakedly sentimental as "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." The dying child plays a part, and the defenceless maiden, and the woman who is no better than she should be, yet not so bad as she is painted; and the soft-hearted desperado, and the school-mistress, and many another familiar type. There are adventures with rattlesnakes, and cattle-thieves, and lynching parties; in Chinese opium dens, in the company of outlaws, in matrimony. The range is well covered. And the book has a special appeal as the work of an Englishman in a field which has been hailed—abroad at least—as distinctively "American." Nevertheless, its interest is chiefly documentary. There is not a superlatively well-told tale in the lot: nothing to enhance the repute as an artist in fiction of the author of "The Hill" and "The Face of Clay." We are not sure that he ought not to be congratulated, in this hour of the "short-story" expert, upon his superior fitness for work upon the larger scale.

FURTHER EXPLORATIONS IN THE NORTHWEST HIMALAYAS.

Karakoram and Western Himalaya, 1909: An Account of the Expedition of H. R. H. Prince Luigi Amedeo of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi. By Filippo de Filippi, F.R.G.S. With a Preface by H. R. H. the Duke of the Abruzzi. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $15 net.

These two handsome volumes contain the records of a remarkable journey, valuable for the new light which it throws on one of the most wonderful mountain regions of the world, a journey undertaken by the Duke of the Abruzzi, whose fame is already known to mountain climbers and explorers by his achievements in other countries. He made the first ascent of Mount St. Elias in Alaska; he reached the highest peak of the Ruwenzori group of mountains in central Africa, which the English party under that famous mountaineer, Mr. Douglas Freshfield, had been prevented by bad weather from attaining several years before; and he made an expedition into the North Polar region in which his courage and perseverance were rewarded by results of scientific importance.

The great mountain mass of the Himalayas (the dwelling of snow) stretches, everybody knows, all the way along the northern frontier of India. Its eastern limit is fixed by the point where the river Tsanpo descends through savage gorges from the great plateau of Tibet into Upper Assam, where it forms the stream of the Brahmaputra. Its western limit is similarly fixed by the point where the river Indus bursts through the forge above Attok. Now in this long mountain region there are two districts where the peaks rise higher than in any other parts. One is on the borders of Nepal, Tibet, and Sikkim, where stands the great summit, the highest yet surveyed on the surface of our globe, which goes by several native names, Lupti Chung, Gauri Sankar, or Deodwuga, and to which the British Indian Government map-makers have attached the name of Everest, an Indian engineer. In this district, besides this great peak, stands Kinchinjunga, till recently supposed to be the loftiest of all Himalayan mountains. The other district is in the far northwest, about longitude 76 degrees, in the region called Baltistan. From the famous Karakoram (black gravel) pass which leads across a lofty ridge into the tableland and inland lake basin of eastern Turkistan toward Yarkand and Kashgar, the mountains of this district, which here form the northern boundary of the Indus Valley, have begun to be called the Karakoram Range. When the Duke of the Abruzzi turned his aspiring thoughts to the Himalaya, his first hope was, it has been stated, to attack the region where Kinchinjunga and the so-called Mount Everest stand. Here, however, political difficulties intervened, for the Tibetans are extremely reluctant to admit any European travellers, nor do the Nepalese welcome such visitors from the outer world. Hence he decided to attack the Karakoram Range, in which there is one peak, marked on the Indian trigonometrical survey as K2, and having no true native name, for it lies in an uninhabited region, which is a little higher than Kinchinjunga, and at present stands second in the list of peaks whose elevation above sea level has been determined. Its height is given at 28,250 feet, less than a hundred feet higher than Kinchinjunga, so subsequent measurements may shift the honor of the second place from it to the last-named summit.

The main object of this expedition was to examine the conditions of ascending to very great heights, and estimate the chances of ultimately reaching the loftiest summits. Since the days, now nearly a century and a half ago, when Saussure attained the top of Mont Blanc, the progress made (8,820 feet) has been steady, though not rapid. It would be tedious to recapitulate the heights reached by successive climbers in the Andes and the Himalaya, so it is enough to observe that, in 1883, Mr. Graham, an Englishman, made a record by getting very nearly to the top of Kabru, in the Sikkim Himalaya, whose measured altitude is 23,900 feet. His achievement was doubted for a time, but is now generally admitted to have been really made, for the same point was reached in 1907 by two Norwegian climbers. The Duke of the Abruzzi and his party passed this record by 700 feet, having attained on the slopes of a mountain named Bride Peak a height of 24,500 feet, the top of the mountain being above 25,000 feet. This performance, all the more remarkable because the party had been living and marching for a long time at heights exceeding 16,000, and had spent nine days above 21,000 feet, and also because the weather was unfavorable, has led the Duke and the chronicler of the expedition to believe it possible under good conditions to reach a height of at least 26,000 feet. Such a height would, however, be still 3,000 feet below the top of Lupti Chung (or Everest), and consequently the possibility of attaining the highest pinnacle on the earth's surface remains still problematical. If there were a summit of 29,000 feet, with tolerably easy snow-slopes leading up to it, and if that summit lay in a region where good weather could be counted on for some days together, the prospects of success would be good. But neither K2 nor Kinchinjunga answers those conditions, for the ridges are in both of them steep and difficult. Of Lupti Chung, or Everest, less is known. No European has got within eighty miles of it. But the distant views, such as those obtainable from the Sikkim side, are not encouraging. Mr. Freshfield, however, who explored the neighborhood of Kinchinjunga, has expressed himself rather more hopefully on the subject than does the Duke of the Abruzzi.

To most readers this investigation of the possibility of getting to the very "top of the world," as in our time men have got to the two "ends of the world," if one may so call the two poles, will be the most interesting part of the present book. But lovers of mountain climbing will peruse every page with pleasure, for there has seldom been a more striking record of daring skill and undaunted resolution in continuing a journey involving so many hardships as well as dangers. The descriptions of the gigantic glaciers, which descend from the upper snows of these Karakoram peaks are full of graphic power. The scenery is as much vaster and more terrible than that of the Alps, as that of the

Alps surpasses that of the Pyrenees or the Sierra Nevada of California. It is not, indeed, nearly so beautiful, for it is all wild and desolate, the valleys below the peaks being bare, stony, and dry, without wood or any of the softer charms of landscape.

Perhaps the most attractive thing in the book is the series of views by that accomplished and incomparable mountain photographer, Cavaliere Vittorio Sella. They give better than any description can an impression of the grandeur and wildness of this Himalayan scenery. It need only be added that the expedition achieved results of considerable scientific value, not only by its meteorological records and by its determination of many points in a region but once before explored, but also by the observations made of the rocks and of the plants of the district.

Luther. Von Hartmann Grisar, S.J. Drei Bände. Freiburg im Breisgau: Herdersche Verlagshandlung.

In three volumes of lexicon-octavo size, containing twenty-six hundred pages and about a million and a half words, a distinguished Catholic historian presents his estimate of the first Protestant. The work has had a popular success and has also excited much discussion among specialists. Professor Kawerau and Dr. A. V. Müller have each written a book in reply to the first volume, while less extended criticisms by leading Protestant scholars, including Harnack, have filled the periodicals. Whereas their judgment has been usually severe, in Roman Catholic and in certain Anglican circles the treatise has been extolled as the very best thing on the subject.

It seems to have conspicuous faults and solid merits. One of the former is its lack of system and proportion in the presentation. It can hardly be called a life at all; it is rather a series of discussions of various sides of the reformer's character, opinions, and influence. Such was the author's purpose; he proclaims that he is composing no "art-biography," for of these there are already too many; he simply wishes to examine Luther as a "religious phenomenon." Except in the first and last chapters, chronology is disregarded, and historical perspective lost. For example, an analysis of the early commentaries on Romans and Galatians takes up more space than is allotted to the whole history of the crowded years 1520-1530. By this method the author is enabled to put tremendous emphasis on what is suitable to his purpose and to pass lightly over all that is not. Notwithstanding the fact that with apparent impartiality he clears Luther from some unfounded charges made against him, and only retains those which are supported by good evidence, he thus produces a one-sided effect. He himself admits that his selection of sources is somewhat arbitrary. In the section on the Table Talk, consisting of an exhaustive treatment of all the worst things Luther ever said, he candidly states that the reported conversations are not entirely composed of such objectionable sayings, but that he purposely omits quoting the better sort because they and they only have already been sufficiently noticed by sympathetic biographers.

Withal, every sentence is carefully documented, and the language is always temperate and courteous. Luther is occasionally praised and the author frequently refrains from drawing the obvious conclusions from the facts as he gives them. This makes his final summary the more effective, as he himself is well aware. "One gets further," he confesses in an unguarded moment, "by the gentle manner of Janssen than by scolding like Denifle." A similar opinion is entertained by one of Grisar's most eminent critics, who complains, almost naïvely, that "the quiet and objective language of the book only makes it the more dangerous."

The most original and valuable portion is the study of Luther's development in the cloister. In a really brilliant analysis of the documents the author reconstructs the history of that important time, showing how intimately the events in the young man's life influenced the growth of his doctrine. It was a quarrel with the strictly "observant" monks that first gave him a low opinion of the value of "good works"; it was his own ineradicable concupiscence that, by convincing him of the hopelessness of man's own efforts, originated his doctrine of the bondage of the will. The way of escape from reprobation that first presented itself to him was not the famous justification by faith only, but mystic self-abandonment or passivity in God's hands. Indeed, the religious experience supposed to be at the head of his career did not, according to Grisar, come until late in 1518 or 1519, and then the great message, which he regarded as a revelation of the Holy Ghost, was vouchsafed to him in the least suitable and most indecorous imaginable place. So far many will follow the Jesuit scholar; probably few will be convinced by his argument that Luther's attack on sacerdotal celibacy was due to a moral breakdown, and even that his supposed excesses brought on a venereal disease.

The second and third volumes, though less startling, contain many valuable discussions, always centring in some moral or religious judgment. Many of Grisar's criticisms are justified. Luther was narrow, intolerant, hot-tempered, unfair, and foul-mouthed in his treatment of enemies, and towards the end of his life he almost completely lost control of himself. The true explanation of this in the reformer's nervous maladies is barely hinted at. Many of Grisar's charges, however, remind one of Voltaire's criticism of Shakespeare, or Herbert Spencer's objections to Homer; they are, from the critic's point of view, unanswerable, and yet, had he been in genial relations with his subject as a whole, he would never have thought they mattered. Many other strictures by the learned Jesuit will not appear damaging in the eyes of a liberal Protestant or rationalist. That Luther started the separation of ecclesiastical and temporal, that his teaching founded modern subjectivism, individualism, and secularism, that he was—unwittingly, to be sure—the first to break the road to undogmatic Christianity and to rationalism, these facts, made articles of impeachment against him, are at the heart of the Reformation! After recent attempts to show that the Protestant revolt was a conservative if not a reactionary movement, and to belittle its leader as "a man no longer worth writing about," Grisar's pages read almost like an apology. Luther is called great—even Titanic—in many things, particularly in his strength to labor and in his gift of expression; it is only his moral and religious standpoint that is condemned. Books should be judged not by their bias, that is, by "the merits of the question," but by what can be learned from them. By this criterion Grisar's work ranks high. It is not a work from which the lay reader can get a fair or even a clear introduction to the subject, but it is one which no scholar can neglect, which deserves to leave, and which will leave, a marked influence on future writers on the period.

Notes

The following additions to Holt's Home University Library may be expected this week: "Writing English Prose," by Prof. W. T. Brewster; "The Literature of the Old Testament," by Prof. George F. Moore, and "From Jefferson to Lincoln," by Prof. William MacDonald.

Mary Caroline Crawford is preparing for Little, Brown & Company "The Romance of the American Theatre." It will be issued in the autumn.

The Century Company will bring out in the near future Jack London's "The Abysmal Brute," a story of the prize-ring, and Miss Bertha Runkle's "The Scarlet Rider," a tale of adventure laid in the Isle of Wight.

E. P. Dutton & Company have removed to No. 681 Fifth Avenue. But for another year at least their present shop on Twenty-third Street will be retained as a branch of their retail business.

In "Mark Twain and the Happy Island," which A. C. McClurg will publish immedi-

ately, Miss Elizabeth Wallace describes Mark Twain's pleasant visit in Bermuda.

Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's "Life of John Bright" is promised this month by Constable.

The same house has in press "The Nation and Empire," a collection of speeches and addresses by Lord Milner, and "Other Days," a volume of reminiscences, by A. G. Bradley.

In the next few weeks Macmillan will publish the following titles: "The Inside of the Cup," by Winston Churchill; "Myself and I," by Fannie Stearns Davis; "The Rural Church," by Gifford Pinchot and Charles Otis Gill, and "Religion as Life," by Henry Churchill King.

The following miscellaneous books are included in the spring list of Sherman, French & Co.: "An Outline History of China, Part I: From the Earliest Times to the Manchu Conquest, A. D. 1644," by Herbert H. Gowen; "Above the Shame of Circumstance," a story by Gertrude Capen Whitney; "To the Lost Friend, a Sonnet Sequence," by Auguste Angellier, translated by Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy; "The Book of Job, with an Introductory Essay and Explanatory Notes," by Homer B. Sprague; "Problems in Modern Education, Addresses and Essays," by William Seneca Sutton; "Amor Vitaque, a Little Book of Lyrics, Ballads, and Omargrams," by Oliver Opp-Dyke; "The Religious Life of the Anglo-Saxon Race," by M. V. B. Knox; "The Inner Garden," a book of verse by Horace Holley; "The Witch of Golgotha," by B. Pesh-Mal-Yan; "The Dirge of the Sea-Children, and Other Poems," by Kenneth Rand; "Songs of Seven Years," by Sydney Rowe; "A Looking-Glass," by Gertrude Skinner; "Aurora, and Other Poems," by Laura A. Whitmore; "The Former Countess," by Annie Fields Vila; "Wayside Idyls," by Henry C. Graves; "The Garden of Life, and Other Poems," by Anne Richardson Talbot, and "The Sail Which Hath Passed, and Other Poems," by George Klingle.

"The Essentials of the Constitution" is the title chosen by Mr. Elihu Root for the series of Stafford Little lectures delivered this spring at Princeton. The volume will be brought out in the summer by the Princeton University Press.

Of timely interest, certainly, is Miss Elizabeth Robins's "Way Stations" (Dodd, Mead), an account, by a skilled writer of fiction, of the past eight years in the camp of the English suffragists. The inside of the cover is blazoned with a drawing. A robust lady is riding in a two-horse chariot towards the House of Parliament. She stands erect, grasping in her left hand a banner with the no longer strange device, "Votes for Women"; in her right, a pair of scales. A second lady is luckily at hand to do the driving, and a third, with wings, descends from above, proffering a wreath to the standard-bearer, who already wears a spiky crown and affects indifference. No men are in sight, and we feel that it is fortunate.

Eight years ago Miss Robins had little interest in the demand for woman's suffrage. "Prior to 1905 all but a negligible fraction of women (and practically the whole masculine population) shared the belief that the half of the world which had control of public affairs had in addition not only the ability but the will to safeguard the interests of women and children equally with the interests of men." The first paper of this series, printed at that time, takes issue with the assumption that men have deliberately adopted a policy of injustice to women. "The arrangement between the sexes seems to have come about without blame or credit on either side. It was the best working arrangement the uncivilized could devise." Each sex simply followed the line of least resistance, the result being authority for men and obedience for women. This obedience was founded, not on intellectual assent, but on expediency, on woman's inherited conviction that her game was to conceal her own judgment and to pretend that man's judgment is infallible. The paper ends with a mild plea that the few women beginning to give a voice to their sex, attempting to release it from its hypocrisy and its inarticulateness, may receive a hearing—"be listened to with a little of the patience that, for centuries untold, women have bestowed upon masculine utterances."

From this moderate starting-point, Miss Robins has "travelled the road of enlightenment," as she puts it, till in the later speeches and lectures here reprinted she has developed into an apologist of "militaney," in all its ardors, from window-smashing to the "hunger-strike." Because certain women are not permitted to "rush Parliament," she ceases to believe that man means well by woman. Let him look out for himself! The running "time-table" which links the chapters of the book and gives a consecutive history of events among the English suffragists since 1905 is lively reading.

In "Rahel Varnhagen" (Putnam), translated by A. G. Chater, Ellen Key offers an attractive portrait of the remarkable woman, wife of Varnhagen von Ense, who, writing nothing herself, was a centre of literary inspiration in Berlin early in the last century and at the same time embodies her conception of the "soulful" woman. Of course, the longest, though by no means the only, chapter is about love. Unhappily, Rahel is not a perfect example of "love's freedom," having failed to give herself at the critical moment when by so doing she might have won her "great love." This she afterwards regretted as a weakness, and Ellen Key sympathizes in the regret. But the weakness was to some degree atoned for by an indulgent attitude towards others, particularly towards Pauline Wiesel:

> When Pauline left her husband, Councillor Wiesel, Rahel gave her complete approval; her "strong heart was not made to suffer," Rahel wrote. As the mistress of Prince Louis Ferdinand, and of many others, Pauline showed such inconstancy in her love, combined with such innocence, such ease of conscience, and such kindness, that she appeared like a Philine brought to life. The strength and genuineness of her nature inspired in Rahel not only unalterable devotion, but admiration.

Yet all the while "love's freedom" is not "free love." Truly, we may wonder whether the new erotic philosophy has a glimmer of an idea whither its course is set. At any rate, after several volumes upon love's freedom, we may suggest that the time has come for a volume upon the complementary topic of love's justice. Ellen Key should find the subject enlightening, though perhaps also perplexing.

Harry A. Franck's method of travelling is unconventional. He avoids the beaten track of the tourist, the observation car, the fashionable hotel, and it is not surprising to find his book on the Panama Canal coming out with the title "Zone Policeman—No. 88" (Century). It is a small band of constables in khaki, this Zone police force, but it manages to keep order among 60,000 workers of many breeds and colors. Mr. Franck had his share of adventures in running down law-breakers, but his book is chiefly notable for its intimate picture of the men who handle the steam shovels, tamp the dynamite cartridges, build the concrete locks, and run the never-ending procession of earth trains. He has seen them under all conditions, and his observations, tinged as they always are, with genuine humor, strike a human note, especially when he recounts his experiences among the West Indians.

Mr. Franck's first assignment as census enumerator took him to the Government quarters for married men and bachelors, to the pay lines, to the rough walls of Culebra Cut, to the labor camps, where live negro, Spaniard, Portuguese, Greek, Italian, Turk, Hindu, Syrian—a chaos of nationalities—seventy-two in all. Of the three native Americans in the corps of seven enumerators, two spoke only their mother tongue, and Mr. Franck complains that there still hangs over us that old provincial backwoods bogie, "English, is good enough for me."

Mr. Franck has a word to say about Socialism on the Canal Zone. To be sure, it is only a modified variety, but "there are a number of little points in the management of this private Government strip of earth that savors more or less of the Socialist's programme," and there is also a benevolent despot, an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent ruler, popularly known as "the Colonel"—Col. Goethals. His machinery runs like clockwork, and Mr. Franck is convinced that "the Canal Zone is the best-governed district in the United States," and that "Americans really can govern." Nevertheless, after having fed regularly at the Canal Commission hotels, where you know exactly what will be served from day to day, he wonders if the "public kitchen of Socialism would not become in time an awful bore."

Those who are familiar with Mr. James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850" will not expect to find much that is new in his "Lectures on the American Civil War" (Macmillan). The lectures, three in number, were read at Oxford in May, 1912, as the opening course in the new university lectureship on the history and institutions of the United States. Written as they are for an English audience, and intended to occupy less than three hours in delivery, they are perforce confined to a survey of a few important aspects of the subject. As such they may well serve, for Englishmen, a useful purpose, but American readers will find them disappointing. The whole of the first lecture is given up to a sketch of slavery and sectionalism before March, 1861; while the other two compress to the merest outline the military events of the

war, and dismiss with bare allusion such important matters as finance, the administrative conduct of the war, and the economic situation North and South. Diplomatic relations with England, admittedly a delicate subject under the circumstances, are handled with a restraint amounting almost to tenderness. On the other hand, the personal traits of Lincoln, Grant, and Lee are pleasantly brought out, and the course of emancipation is rather fully indicated. Mr. Rhodes's style, readable and effective in his larger work, does not adapt itself easily to conditions of limited space; and its effectiveness is not enhanced by a punctuation which at times is extraordinary. For this latter shortcoming, however, the blame should apparently be divided between the author's son, whom the preface credits with the work of literary revision, and the publishers, who might have remedied the defect by intelligent proof-reading.

Volume XX of the "Journals of the Continental Congress," edited by Gaillard Hunt (Government Printing Office), covers the three months from April 24 to July 22, 1781. Out of the mass of financial and military details, whose variety and bulk the recent adoption of the Articles of Confederation did not lessen, a few questions of first-rate importance emerge. Ordinances for the support of public credit, with drastic provisions for the treatment of negligent States, did not get beyond the report stage; but a recommendation that the tender laws of the States, in regard to paper money, be repealed, and that no more paper be issued, was adopted. In May came the incorporation of the Bank of North America and the cheering news of a further grant of 600,000 livres by France. The suggestion of mediation by Russia and the Empire, "eagerly embraced on the part of Great Britain," and taken under advisement by France and Spain, was met by a frank declaration that nothing less than the complete recognition of the independence of the United States "in all its parts" would be acceptable. There was much debate over the instructions to be given to John Adams and the other Peace Commissioners, particularly in regard to the western and northern boundaries. In the end, however, the question of boundary was left undetermined, the Commissioners being charged to obtain the best terms possible, though nothing was to be done without the knowledge and concurrence of France. Of the military operations, those in the South were naturally of chief importance, the status and treatment of American prisoners being of particular concern; but the plans for the Yorktown campaign had not yet taken form.

"The Story of Lucca" (Dent) is the second volume of the Mediæval Towns series which has appeared under the joint authorship of Mrs. Janet Ross and Miss Nelly Erichsen. Here, as in "The Story of Pisa," the former is responsible for the historical chapters, the latter for the description of the city and its artistic treasures. *Mutatis mutandis*, our review of the earlier work (*Nation*, January 27, 1910), might serve also as a review of the present one. Nothing better than Miss Erichsen's portion of the book is to be found in all the series, and the visitor to Lucca who desires to take his sight-seeing seriously can by no means afford to do without it. Mrs. Ross's chapters, on the contrary, fall below the rather low standard of historical narrative which she set herself in "The Story of Pisa." They can be of no conceivable value to the serious student; they may, perhaps, amuse the tourist.

To picture the domestic life of an English civil officer in Northern Rhodesia is the aim of Mr. Cullen Gouldsbury in "An African Year" (Longmans). As his official duties required constant visits to the different villages, the greater part of his time was spent in trekking with his wife through the forest. An important task was to see that the methods adopted to combat the deadly plague of the sleeping sickness were pursued. In all the villages of the infected district the blood of every man, woman, and child had to be examined by a doctor, who gave a certificate of immunity where this was proper. Without this no one was allowed to pass the patrol. All the fisher-villages on the shore of Lake Tanganyika have been moved inland, and it was pathetic, the writer says, to see three steamers which were to open up trade, "each of them high and dry under a crazy canopy of grass, open, endways on, to the winds of heaven." He visited a settlement in the territory of the Germans and received the strong impression that "at present their tenure of the country is more in the nature of an armed occupation than of definite colonization." There is much in his volume that is trivial, but he shows throughout commendable interest in the native. Civilization and education are stigmatized as "the twin scourges of the native races." The ten illustrations are reproductions of photographs by the author. There is no index.

From the Fordham University Press comes a volume of occasional addresses under the general title of "Modern Progress and History," by Dr. James J. Walsh, whose previous books have been noticed in these columns from time to time. In these addresses, as always, Dr. Walsh misses no good opportunity to strike a blow at the ignorance and prejudice which would brand the Catholic Church, in past ages, as the declared and consistent foe of scientific progress. If he does not succeed in convincing the unbiassed reader that the word *friend* should be substituted for *foe* in this formula, he has at any rate proved that the facts of history justify no such attitude of unqualified condemnation of his church in this respect, as many have been ready to assume. The figure of a wilfully ignorant church on the one side holding the official bludgeon successfully over the heads of earnest seekers after truth on the other, is a figment of the overheated imagination which never had its counterpart in historical reality. The conditions which hampered and retarded intellectual progress in mediæval Europe were other and deeper than differences of religious belief.

Aside from this question of the relation of Catholicism to progress in the past, Dr. Walsh vigorously assails the overvaluation which we of the present are complacently putting upon the achievements of our own time. The really important problems with which men are occupied now, he maintains, have again and again presented themselves in past ages, and whenever humanity has grappled with them seriously they have been settled about as well as at any other time, even our own. History shows no steadily rising line of inevitable evolutionary progress. There have been cycles of achievement, ups and downs of accomplishment, and at the present time we are very far from occupying one of the high points in the curve of human advance. If we cannot unreservedly follow Dr. Walsh in the contention of a former volume that the thirteenth century constituted the highest of those points, still we may well listen to his caution against an overestimate of the essentially material brilliancy of what is new in the civilization of to-day.

Andrew Sloan Draper, Commissioner of Education of New York State, died on Sunday in Albany in his sixty-fifth year. From 1894 to 1904 he was president of the University of Illinois. He received from that institution, as well as from Columbia and Colby, the degree of LL.D. He was the author of "The Rescue of Cuba" and of numerous works on educational topics.

Thaddeus Burr Wakeman died last week at his home in Cos Cob, Conn. He was born in 1834 and graduated from Princeton in 1854. He devoted much thought to humanitarian subjects and leaves a number of published works, among them: "An Epitome of Positive Philosophy and Religion," "The Religion of Humanity," "Liberty and Purity," "The Age of Revision," and "Evolution or Creation."

John T. Dye, a prominent lawyer, who died a week ago at his home in Castleton, Ind., aged seventy-seven, was the author of one book, "Ideals of Democracy."

Science

SEMI-CENTENNIAL OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

WORCESTER, Mass., April 27.

The annual meeting of the National Academy of Sciences, held at Washington April 22, 23, and 24, assumed an unusual character on account of the fact that this was the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the Academy. As a consequence, the usual meeting with the reading of papers by members gave place to a series of sessions, with addresses by distinguished foreigners, and a reception at the White House, at which medals and awards of the Academy were presented by the President of the United States. To all of these a large number of distinguished guests were invited.

The meeting was opened in the large amphitheatre of the National Museum, on Tuesday morning, by the address of the retiring president, Dr. Ira Remsen, who gave an interesting account of the foundation and purposes of the Academy. Two reasons were given leading to its foundation, one that there was then very little scientific work done by the Government, so that it was difficult for the country to obtain scientific advice; secondly, that the country was

then at war, and the idea of doing all that one could for the nation was in the air. Although the number of incorporators was small, namely, fifty, it contained very distinguished names, the calibre of which is sufficiently indicated by citing those of Louis Agassiz, Joseph Henry, Wolcott Gibbs, and Benjamin Peirce. In the charter it is provided that the National Academy of Sciences shall be the scientific adviser of the Government. President Remsen described in detail some of the early cases in which this function was exercised in matters of considerable importance. As time went on and the creation of scientific bureaus had supplied many scientists employed by the Government, this function was less frequently exercised, but as late as 1908 the advice of the Academy was asked by Congress on the important matter of coordinating and simplifying the work of scientific research and survey by various Government departments. The Academy, at first limited to fifty, then to one hundred members, has now been increased to a possible one hundred and fifty, the actual number being one hundred and twenty-five, a number which is probably far smaller in proportion to the scientific activity of the country than that of the Royal Society of London.

The first of the addresses by distinguished guests was that of President Arthur T. Hadley, of Yale University, on the subject, "The Relation of Science to Higher Education in America." President Hadley described in a most happy manner the contrast in the position of science at the universities at the time of the foundation of the Academy and at present. Fifty years ago, he stated, scientific instruction at Yale College was entirely by books. Referring to the fact mentioned by Dr. Remsen, that his father, James Hadley, had been one of the few early members of the Academy, not representing science strictly so called, President Hadley stated that as philologist his father made exact use of the scientific method, teaching his students to dissect and recombine Greek verbs as a botanist would analyze a plant, and that his course in freshman Greek was the most scientific course given at Yale College in his time. Dr. Hadley described with great sympathy the advance of scientific studies in our colleges and universities, commending the introduction of research and the development of laboratory instruction, and while acknowledging the effect that this had had in pushing aside classical instruction, he refused to regard the phenomenon as a matter of regret. He did, however, point out the danger of considering as scientific everything that is called science by its devotees. "When the National Educational Association," said Dr. Hadley, "asserts that it is high time that algebra and geometry should be displaced from high-school studies and replaced by science (heaven save the mark!), it is time that we should look to our definitions."

President Hadley was followed by the distinguished secretary of the Royal Society of London, Prof. Arthur Schuster, who spoke upon "International Coöperation in Research." The development of science has led to the study of such enormous problems that it is no longer possible for the individual scientist to work by himself; neither is it possible to draw any political lines across the face of scientific endeavor. Many questions, such as those of meteorology, terrestrial magnetism, solar research, require the coöperation of a large number of workers, not only for the collection of observations, but for their discussion. In the last quarter century many international scientific congresses have come together, and as a result much coöperative research has been undertaken. One of the most successful of these international committees is the Solar Union for the study of all phenomena connected with the physical properties of the sun and of the radiation issuing from it. Our knowledge of terrestrial magnetism has been greatly increased by the work of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, which has enlisted the coöperation of observers in many countries. There still remains a proposal which has not been carried out —the examination and criticism of data furnished by many observers in a central bureau devoted to their reduction, presentation, and criticism. The most convenient means for international cooperation is probably furnished in the various national academies of science already existing. These have been in recent years united in the International Association of Academies, which has already been the means of bringing about a number of important tangible results, such as the great catalogue of scientific literature, which, published in four languages, has made the results of research in all the sciences accessible to every one. Professor Schuster, however, described the difficulties of carrying on cooperation or of enforcing certain regulations regarding uniformity and system, as illustrated by the presentation of meteorological data, by any organization not having a local domicile and a permanent and continuous administrative body. He hoped that in future it would be possible without exciting national jealousies to have such a permanent institution, which would undoubtedly do much to promote international good feeling and scientific efficiency.

In the afternoon of Tuesday, the Academy and its guests were entertained and enlightened by a most scholarly address by Dr. George E. Hale, on "The Earth and Sun as Magnets." Dr. Hale, who is the foreign secretary of the Academy, exemplifies in his own work what should be expected of a member of a learned academy, and although in his lecture he communicated the results obtained by others in connection with the earth's magnetism, what he had to say of the sun was limited to his own work done in the solar observatory of the Carnegie Institution at Mt. Wilson, California. More than twenty years ago, Dr. Hale invented the spectrohcliograph, which he has since improved to such an extent that, by utilizing different rays of the solar radiation, he has been able to take photographs of the sun's envelope at various heights above the surface, and has thus been able to get an extraordinarily detailed knowledge of the sun's structure. In this way he has been able to show the existence in sun spots of vortical motion very much resembling the appearances of water spouts and tornadoes in the earth's atmosphere. The crowning discovery, however, was made but a few years ago, that these vortical movements produce a displacement in the spectrum of some of the solar lines. These were immediately connected by Dr. Hale with the discovery made by Zeeman in 1895 that light emitted by hot metallic vapor placed between the poles of a magnet has its spectrum lines displaced, the reason being that light is now supposed to be emitted by the small bodies known as electrons, the motion of which is affected by a magnetic field. Dr. Hale accordingly assumes, what is extremely probable, that the motion of the electrons in the sun's atmosphere whirling in vortices, which he has already perceived, produces a magnetic field which may be identified by the displacement of the spectrum lines. Moreover, within a few months Dr. Hale has examined the whole surface of the sun to see whether there is a general distribution of magnetism resembling that of the earth, with the result that such a fact has been rendered extremely probable, perhaps even definitely demonstrated. This is certainly one of the most important discoveries in physics, probably the most important in astrophysics, ever made in America.

On Thursday morning another astrophysical subject of even greater scope was treated in an address by Dr. J. C. Kapteyn, of the Astronomical Laboratory of Groningen, Holland. The use of the word "laboratory" is explained by the fact that Dr. Kapteyn never looks at a star himself, but discusses all the results that have been obtained by observers at all times and in all places, with a view of finding out the general motions of all the stars of which we have any knowledge, with respect to one another, by means of the only knowledge we have, namely, that of their motion relative to the earth. It should perhaps

be stated for the benefit of the layman that such knowledge is obtained in two ways—first, by the so-called proper motion; that is to say, motion up and down or from side to side on the celestial sphere, which is determined by the classical observations of positional astronomy, and, secondly, by the motion in the line of sight, that is, towards or away from us, knowledge which is obtainable only by means of the spectroscope and which we have been able to reach only in the last few decades. Supposing all this knowledge has, however, been obtained by hundreds of accurate observers, it still remains by the construction of some plausible theory to coördinate the motions of these thousands of observable stars into some generalization which will suffice to describe the motions of the universe from creation until now. To sum up briefly Dr. Kapteyn's description, we may say that if there had been created two great masses or "bubbles" of stars in each of which all stars moved irregularly, like the molecules of a gas, and which in addition had a motion of streaming as a whole in parallel directions until the two masses had impinged upon each other, this would approximately represent the state of the universe. It is found that if stars are classified according to their spectra, the so-called helium stars being supposed to be the youngest, then these stars are found to have the slowest motion. As the stars grow older, they acquire greater velocity. The reason for this is difficult to give, but it is probably due to gravitational forces, these being almost the only forces with which the astronomer has had as yet to do. Studies have been made upon many nebulæ which seemed to be moving most slowly and are nearest to the primordial matter. Such investigations may give a good idea of the enormous problems of astronomical science of to-day, together with the daring nature of the speculations required, and at the same time the exactness of the information that may be obtained and is required to justify them.

The afternoon of Wednesday was made memorable by an entirely unusual event, that of the reception of the Academy and its guests by the President at the White House and the conferring of the Academy's awards. Dr. Woodward, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, made the addresses of presentation to Mr. Wilson, who, in graceful and well-chosen words, conveyed the distinctions either to the recipient or to the Ambassador of the country in which he lived. The Watson medal for astronomical research was received by Dr. Kapteyn in person. The Draper medal for astrophysical research was awarded to M. Henri Deslandres, of the Astrophysical Observatory at Meudon, near Paris, for his invention of and work with the spectroheliograph, which closely parallels that of Dr. Hale. The Alexander Agassiz medal, founded and presented to the Academy by his friend, Sir John Murray, as a memorial of his work in oceanography, was awarded to Dr. Johann Hjort, of the Norwegian Fisheries, and was received by the Minister of Norway. The only award made to an American was that of the recently established Cyrus Buell Comstock prize of $1,500 to Prof. Robert Andrews Millikan, of the University of Chicago, for his precise and original measurements of the fundamental electrical quantity of the charge on an ion, and Dr. Woodward in his presentation characterized the verification of the atomic theory (or, as he might have said had he been addressing a more technical auditory, the ionic theory) as the greatest advance in physical science of the last two decades. The President in his felicitous reply, quoting Dr. Woodward's phrase of the "adumbrations of Democritus," concluded by expressing to Professor Millikan his envy of "one able to practice a science at once calculable and exact." Thus the range of science from the structure of the universe to that of the atom was exemplified in the awards.

Thursday morning was devoted to the business meeting, at which the principal action was the election as president of that most urbane gentleman and leader of the medical profession in this country, Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University; as vice-president, Charles D. Walcott, holder of the most important scientific position under the Government, the secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution; as home secretary, Dr. Arthur L. Day, director of the Geophysical Laboratory of the Carnegie Institution; and of Russell H. Chittenden and Edmund B. Wilson as members of the Council. The following new members were chosen: In physics, Henry Andrews Bumstead, of Yale University, and Edward Bennett Rosa, of the National Bureau of Standards; in chemistry, Gilbert Newton Lewis, of the University of California, and Lafayette B. Mendel, of Yale University; in geology, Louis Valentine Pirsson, of Yale University; in mathematics, Leonard Eugene Dickson, of the University of Chicago; in astronomy, Armin Otto Leuschner, of the University of California; in anatomy, Ross Granville Harrison, of Yale University; in zoölogy, George Howard Parker, of Harvard University; and in plant physiology, Erwin Frank Smith, of the Bureau of Plant Industry. Ten foreign associates were also elected.

This exhausting business being finished, the members and their guests, recuperated by a trip down the Potomac in the Mayflower, completed the celebration by a dinner at the New Willard.

The speakers introduced by the toastmaster, Dr. Woodward, were Vice-President Marshall, who, addressing the guests as "Fellow Scientists" (presumably considering himself a political scientist), introduced into his remarks and eulogy of real scientists the rather unfortunate statement, which was headlined in the newspapers the next day, that any scientific expert could be retained on either side of any case for from $50 to $500. Evidently, Mr. Marshall shares the too common opinion that a scientist is a person who applies science to the making of money. The British Ambassador spoke in most happy vein of his appreciation of science and of his relations unfortunately now to be severed with men of science in America. The grand old man of the Academy, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, gave a most delightful account of the foundation of the Academy and his reminiscences of his connection with it during the last forty-eight years. Dr. W. W. Keen, president of the American Philosophical Society, held at Philadelphia for the promotion of useful knowledge, gave an account of that most respectable and dignified of American learned societies founded one hundred and eighty-seven years ago by Benjamin Franklin, and having furnished eight Presidents of the United States, including the present, among its members. The evening concluded with a dignified speech by Senator Burton, emphasizing the importance to the Government of the services of the trained scientific expert.

Thus concluded a most successful and dignified celebration of the first half-century of our leading scientific society.

Arthur Gordon Webster.

Frederick Warne & Company have in preparation "Animal Portraiture," by Wilhelm Kuhnert and R. Lydekker.

C. Easton, of Amsterdam, in *The Astrophysical Journal* for March, provides a fairly trustworthy and detailed representation of the apparent distribution of the stars in the Milky Way, by the somewhat tedious process of combining all available photographs into a general chart. For many years a naked-eye student of the Galaxy, he concludes that this method is far superior to earlier attempts to reconcile the visual representations of many observers often conflicting. The splendid galactic plates of Barnard, Max Wolf, Pickering, Russell, Bailey, and others are the foundation of this photographic chart, which for the first time forms a sound basis for fixing the medial line or galactic plane, wholly replacing all previous estimates. One is struck with the highly perplexing intricacy of structure in the greater part of the zone, and the sharp definition of many features. Indeed, the "broad and ample road," vague and rather uniform, split in two over half its girdle, as in all earlier descriptions of the Galaxy, quite disappears. Other striking features revealed by the chart are the long lateral offsets in Taurus, Orion, and Scorpio. "It

can hardly be by mere chance," says Mr. Easton, "that most of the streams radiating from the gigantic assemblage of suns about Sigma and Nu Scorpii are directed to the very brilliant patches of milky light in Scutum and Sagittarius." He further proceeds to test the spiral theory of the galactic system, and in the middle of his chart presents a hypothetical spiral whose curving wisps perhaps account for the Milky Way as actually projected on the sky. He places our solar system not at the centre of the spiral, but rather to one side, away from Cygnus and towards Argo. Star streams lying almost in our line of sight must show as brilliant patches; while between them are frequent lanes and relatively dark spots, such as the "Northern Coal Sack." Comparison of the different types of spiral nebulæ, of which Ritchey's splendid photographs and those of the Keeler Memorial afford ample presentation, leads to the conclusion that our galactic system would seem to be already in an advanced stage of development throughout unestimated æons.

Drama

In an interesting biography of Tyrone Power (Moffat, Yard), William Winter predicts that this player will soon be recognized as one of the foremost interpreters of the classic drama upon the English-speaking stage, and in matters of this kind the veteran critic has often proved himself a sagacious prophet. Mr. Power, who springs from distinguished theatrical stock, has had a singularly varied and adventurous career, and has made his way to the front in spite of much adversity and discouragement, acquiring invaluable experience in a very wide range of characters. Among his best achievements may be noted his Caliban, his Marquis of Steyne (in "Becky Sharp"), his Bassanio (with Henry Irving at the London Lyceum), his Judas ("Mary of Magdala"), his Ulysses (in Stephen Phillips's play), and his Drainman (in "The Servant of the House"). Recently he has won both critical and popular approval by his dignified and virile impersonation of Brutus, which was the most impressive feature of William Faversham's successful revival of "Julius Cæsar." He is now playing Brutus at the head of his own company, and meditates a series of Shakespearean representations. A man of lofty stature and striking presence, he is physically eminently well fitted for the embodiment of tragic or romantic personages, and nature has conferred upon him the additional advantage of a noble voice. He is capable both of passion and pathos. After twenty years of constant training, he is now in the early days of his artistic prime, and, as he has already exhibited courage and persistence, there is no reason why he should not go far. The time is ripe for the appearance of a qualified tragedian.

"Lucky Pehr," an allegorical play in five acts, translated by Velma Swanston Howard and published by Stewart & Kidd Co., of Cincinnati, may be called a little "Faust." Pehr, the fifteen-year-old son of a crotchety old bell-ringer who lives in a church tower, is released on Christmas Eve from his narrow existence by fairies, who send him forth, provided with a wishing ring, to see life. A charming little fairy maiden is his good angel, coming to his assistance whenever he is hard pressed. The plan of the play was such as to bring out some of Strindberg's best talents, especially his capacity for highly fanciful details. As in that other allegorical work, "The Dream Play," winter melts miraculously into summer, kings and castles spring into existence with the mere thought of them, and disembodied voices charge the air. The working out of the action and moral is too slight to warrant a detailed account of Pehr's pilgrimage, which reveals political corruption in high office in several lands, as well as selfishness on the part of the hero himself. Even when playing the rôle of reformer in one city, Pehr has to admit that his motives are not disinterested. Only when he comes to a full understanding of the meaning of self-sacrifice does his little handmaiden recognize his affection for her as love and consent to marry him.

Early in May Baron Henri de Rothschild's new play, entitled "Crœsus," will be presented in the London Garrick Theatre by J. Salter Hansen, with Arthur Bourchier in the title part. The play will be given in an English version, prepared by the author himself, who is thoroughly conversant with the language. Mlle. Gabriel Dorziat, a distinguished French actress, who also possesses a good working knowledge of English, has been engaged for the leading female character. The millionaire author makes no secret of the circumstance that his story is founded on fact. His hero is an immensely wealthy man, who throughout life has been haunted by the dread that the possession of great riches must inevitably be a barrier to disinterested love. Crœsus in the play gives his heart to two different women, one of high rank, the other of humble birth. But in both cases the result is the same. His money comes between him and the realization of his hopes. Baron Rothschild will superintend the rehearsals of his play.

Music

AMERICAN MUSICIANS VS. EUROPEAN.

The recent production of Mr. Walter Damrosch's "Cyrano de Bergerac" has led an indignant critic in one of our weeklies, whose loyalty to things American exceeds his discretion, to assert that this opera would have been an overwhelming success if its composer had only been a foreigner, or if it had but come before the Metropolitan's audience with the prestige of a European production. To this was added a general wail that was once frequently heard in the land, to the effect that there is no hope for any American composer or musician who has not got an unpronounceable foreign name, or been a favorite of kings and queens. The stamp of approval of Europe, it is asserted, not only is essential to success, but gives an ephemeral success to foreign composers who are not on their merits entitled to it.

To all this we would enter a general denial. Whatever truth there may have been in it at one time, there is virtually none to-day. We now have in New York as discriminating a musical public as is to be found anywhere. It could in no wise be prevailed upon to slight an American composer of merit, for it is ever in search of musical novelties and is actually predisposed to favor home talent. Ample proof of this is seen in the success of MacDowell. His music made its way here into the affections of all music lovers before it found favor in foreign concert halls; and so did the work of Parker and Chadwick. Victor Herbert's and Reginald De Koven's original operettas—notably "Robin Hood" and "Rob Roy"—achieved a great popularity in this country without any foreign advertising or glamour to help them. Is it to be believed that Mr. Herbert's "Natoma," which, by the way, has thus far been produced thirty times, did not achieve greater success because it had not first been heard abroad? As a matter of fact, the American opera composer gets a hearing a little easier than a foreigner, as instanced by the performance of the work of a young Boston musician, whose several productions have wholly failed to interest the public. As for "Cyrano," the librettist, Mr. Henderson, has himself written of it that "it is not at all likely that any one will fall into the error of believing that Mr. Damrosch has added a masterpiece to the gallery of operatic creations." Unfortunately, the American public demands masterpieces, from whatever source they may come.

And as to the performers, is it not true that some foreign artists who have come here with great reputations have fallen absolutely flat? Is not the Metropolitan Opera House known as the graveyard of foreign reputations? We could cite one artist at the opera, and two on the concert stage this winter, whose preliminary flourish of trumpets availed them not at all. On the other hand, artists like Ysaye, Kreisler, and Madame Culp succeed immediately because of their superb art and for no other reason. On the other side of the Atlantic the discriminatory character of American musical judgment is clearly evidenced by the eagerness of foreigners to play and sing in this country. There are amusing cases on record of singers who have appeared at the Metropolitan, and, after one or two performances, were allowed to go, and who have then billed themselves in large letters abroad as "from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York." In the field of chamber music the Kneisel Quartet made its way to the front, not because its members

had great foreign reputations or because they were foreign-born, but because their work speedily won them international fame. Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler and Maud Powell would, we think, hardly credit their success here to their having studied abroad; and who can deny that a patriotic feeling and an American pride in their achievements have greatly helped Lillian Nordica, Emma Eames, and Geraldine Farrar? Moreover, it will not be long before artists wholly trained on this side of the ocean will achieve first-class reputations at home before ever crossing the Atlantic.

The Philharmonic Society of New York, Josef Stransky, conductor, last week issued to its patrons the preliminary prospectus for the coming season, and announces for its New York series at Carnegie Hall twelve Thursday evenings, sixteen Friday afternoons, twelve Sunday afternoons, and a novelty in the form of an afternoon concert for young people. The number of Friday afternoon concerts remains at sixteen, the Thursday evening series has been reduced to twelve, and the Sunday afternoon subscription series has been raised from eight to twelve. The season will open on October 30 and extend until the first week in April. In addition to its regular New York series, the Philharmonic Society will, as usual, make several Southern, New England, and Middle Western tours. The preliminary list of soloists includes Mischa Elman, Carl Flesch, Jacques Thibaud, Teresa Carreño, Julia Culp, Alice Nielsen, Jacques Urlus. The soloists from the ranks of the orchestra are Leo Schulz, 'cellist; Henri Leon LeRoy, clarinet, and Xaver Reiter, horn.

Geraldine Farrar will create the title rôle in Giordano's new opera, "Madame Sans-Gêne," at the Metropolitan Opera House during the season of 1913-1914. The opera is based on the play of the same name dealing with the adventures of the famous washerwoman-duchess at the Court of Napoleon I, which Madame Réjane and Miss Ellen Terry played in this country years ago. There is also a possibility that Miss Farrar will essay the rôle of Carmen.

Philadelphia does not love Brahms. The result of the balloting for the local symphony orchestra's request programme was that he came sixth, with 61 votes for his first symphony. Tchaikovsky led, with 454 votes for his Pathétique, followed by Beethoven, whose fifth got 268 votes, while Schubert came third, with his "Unfinished."

Parisians celebrated the opening of their new opera house, the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, as the most important event in the musical world since the dedication of the Grand Opéra. The artistic director of the new house is the tenor, Ernest Van Dyck, and among the conductors who will appear are Toscanini, Hasselmans, Mengelberg, and Weingartner. In the list of singers engaged are Lilli Lehmann, Lucienne Bréval, Chaliapin, Van Dyck, Muratore, and the repertory is to embrace all of Wagner's operas, including "Parsifal," Strauss's "Elektra" and "Rosenkavalier," Weingartner's "Abel und Kain," and many of the masterworks of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber. Berlioz, also, who never could persuade his countrymen that he was really an opera composer, is represented by two of his operas, "Benvenuto Cellini" and "The Trojans." Indeed, the compliment was paid him of opening the house with his "Benvenuto," the conductor being Weingartner, who is a Berlioz specialist, and has done much to keep alive an interest in his works in Germany. He was received with favor, and altogether the performance, in which Vorska, Lapelletrie, and Judith Lassalle appeared, aroused much enthusiasm. The fact is recalled that, when this opera was first produced in Paris, it failed, because of the current predilection for Italian tunes. Berlioz hitterly opposed Wagner when, subsequently, he tried to gain a foothold in Paris. Yet it is because of the change in taste brought about through Wagner's influence that Paris is now in a position to appreciate "Benvenuto Cellini."

A Parisian, Erik Satie, now has a set of three pieces which make Strauss's Domestic Symphony (which is supposed to depict a day in the composer's life) seem quite commonplace and unaudacious. Satie's pieces are entitled "Véritables Préludes flasques (pour un chien)." In the first the dog is supposed to get a scolding. In the second he is left alone in the house. In the third he gambols. The audience made the pianist repeat each of the préludes, and poor Debussy, whose own new préludes were afterwards played, fell flat after this exhibit of modern musical methods.

Richter has decided that he will not publish his memoirs. He has, however, made copious notes, which, after his death, will remain in possession of his family.

Art

The Miniature Painting and Painters of Persia, India, and Turkey from the Eighth to the Eighteenth Century. By F. R. Martin. Two volumes in folio, with 344 plates, comprising more than 600 miniatures. London: Bernard Quaritch. £20 net.

Most lovers of art have some casual acquaintance with elaborately wrought Oriental miniatures, roughly called Persian, though quite as likely to be of Indian workmanship. Such miniatures, as commonly seen in libraries or at the book dealers', are generally of the eighteenth century. The linear workmanship is meticulously fine rather than expressive. At long range the spotting of the color may be effective, but a nearer view shows that the surfaces are unduly broken up. The subjects—effeminate grandees sitting at reception of homage, gazing at dancing girls, playing polo, or what not—evoke thin youthful memories of the "Arabian Nights." On the whole, the observer of this work is likely to dismiss it as mildly interesting in a decorative way.

One who has pressed his study of Persian miniature painting a little further is likely to talk about the glories of the seventeenth century court of Shah Abbas. Here the drawing of the miniatures is more sprightly, the general pattern equally complicated but better disposed, the color spotting decisive and effective. Here, too, begins to appear portraiture of quite extraordinary simplicity and character. A very few amateurs may have gathered the names of great masters of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries—Bihzād, a powerful and succinct draughtsman after the Chinese fashion; and his pupil, Mīrak, a marvellous inventor of decorative spacing. So far, with increasing admiration, the curiosity of the discursive lover of art may well have taken him. It is the merit of Mr. Martin's monumental work to show that the finest Near Eastern painting lies still further back in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with the artists who served the Timurid emperors. This art seems to have drawn from China whatever was fine in the way of linear exquisiteness, while retaining the Mesopotamian sense for the charting of design in color spaces. Or perhaps in the Tartar conquerors themselves we may rather look for that principle of boldly adjusted spots linked by fine linear tracery which is the glory of the best miniatures of the Nearer East.

This art, like most finer expressions of Muslim civilization, was derived from Hellenistic examples. It was four centuries or more after the great conquests before the art of the miniaturist began to flourish. In a few precious manuscripts which go back to the liberal Fatimid dynasty of the twelfth century, we find the Oriental painters freely copying the late miniatures of the decadent Greeks. The examples are scanty, mere decoration or illustration of medical or other scientific works. Yet the Muslim painters already declare a kind of independence. Where the Hellenistic models still sought for roundness, the Arab miniaturist spreads his bold colors flat. Otherwise the primitive work is extremely crude and hardly worthy of Mr. Martin's enthusiasm. Yet one would exchange many finer works of art for that rude effigy which may well represent the cultured and magnanimous sovereign, the great Saladin. When late in the twelfth century the Abbasid Caliphs of Bagdad overcame the Fatimid line, the miniature painting, to judge by the scanty remains, pursued the same adaptive course, showing some tendency to fall into a decorative but rather lifeless schematism. It was the Mongol conquest of the middle of the thirteenth century that cut the slender link with classical antiquity and introduced into Persia and Arabia a living art. Until further exploration of the buried cities of Turkestan has been made, we shall not be able to say how far the Tartar subjects of Hūlagū and Tamerlane had assimilated the contemporary Chinese painting of the Yuan style. It seems

more likely, however, that their art had developed rather independently, being influenced, if at all, by much earlier Chinese painting of the Tang dynasty. In any case, there is, until the fifteenth century, absolutely no trace in the Near East of influence of the remarkable landscape schools of Sung and Yuan. Landscape appears in the Mongol and Timurid manuscripts of Persia and Turkestan, simply as skilful pattern-making, highly complicated, and quite without that fine selection and spatiality which is the mark of the Chinese landscape school. In fact, Chinese landscape was too much of an aristocratic cult ever to have been taken up and transmitted by the rude hordes of the Mongol conquerors. What really happened was the quickening of the balanced spotting and the breaking up of the old jejune symmetries by vigorous linear drawing and informal composition. There seems to have been a moment of hesitation before the new linear style could be fused with the native cartographic manner. Plate 58, an exquisitely fanciful illustration of a prince surrounded by the most enchanting fairies and goblins, date about 1440, is a marvellous linear weaving, and quite Chinese in aspect. Plate 52, a courtly reception in a garden, has much of the niggling elegance of the Ming style, and already something of the over-elaboration that was to be the bane of the Persian school of painting. The date is about 1430. Plate 66, about 1490, representing riders in a forest, a scene from the Shāh Nāmah, shows the bold and skilful assemblage of contrasting spots which is the specific excellence of fine Persian work. It is as well most romantic in feeling as an illustration. At about this time, as the great Bihzād was coming to be an elderly man, the glories of the school were already on the brink of decline. In the best miniatures of the Timurid period, in so formidable a portrait as that of Timūr himself, in half a dozen of the best sheets of Bihzād and his pupil, Mīrak, must rest the claims of this art to world-standing. It is Mr. Martin's particular service to have pointed unmistakably to the masterpieces while fully describing and illustrating the entire field.

It would be unprofitable here to follow the story through later Persia and Muslim India. The documentary and social interest of the art grows to the end, while its æsthetic significance dwindles. Nor have we time to follow Mr. Martin in his excellent review of that orthodox geometrical decoration which in its best aspects we call Saracenic. From Mr. Quaritch's fine collotype plates, which include a number of colored examples, the student and the dilettante may draw their own inferences. The text and the selection of illustration represent the work and the enthusiasm of nearly twenty years. It is due to Dr. Martin's indefatigable zeal as a collector that many of the finest miniatures have been rescued from certain destruction and placed in safe hands. Under these circumstances it is natural that he should exalt his office, and perhaps one should not grudge him his occasional reminders that this or that work puts Rembrandt or Dürer at disadvantageous comparison. As a matter of fact, such parallels are usually too remote to be profitable. With the exception of a handful of magnificent portraits no Persian drawing for a moment compares in human interest with a good design by Dürer or Rembrandt, or, for that matter, of Adolf Menzel or Charles Keene. The mastery of functional line is rare among the Persian masters, nor did they usually seek in a composition any emotional effect beyond the flattery to the eye of ornate and supremely elegant pattern. As illustrators, for clarity and character, the Gothic miniaturists were their superiors. Yet when one gazes passively at the balanced emerald and jade of a fine Persian miniature, and grasps its hazardous oppositions of violet and crimson and rose, and marks the nervous tracery that binds the spots into an organic whole—why, the bit of painted paper may well seem the most beautiful thing in the world. This supreme merit in color decoration is surely enough to claim for this delightful art without indulging in perilous comparisons.

For making accessible to students and art lovers an art ill known and within its chosen limitation superlatively excellent, Mr. Martin deserves unstinted praise. We are glad to note that this comprehensive and fundamental work is merely preparatory to further publication in the field.

"The Art and Craft of Garden-Making" (Scribner), by Thomas H. Mawson, which appeared first in 1900, has now reached a fourth edition, revised, enlarged, and much more fully illustrated. The present edition contains as many as 428 half-tones and drawings and seven colored plates. The plans especially are inspiring examples of what can be done with line drawing in this kind of exposition. The color work is good, except, as is often the case in photographic color reproductions, for the bright reds, which are too assertive. There is an index of illustrations, besides a well-arranged and cross-referenced general index. The reader soon discovers that the "art and craft" described is that of England only. It is not so quickly evident what is meant by "garden-making." Apparently, Mr. Mawson is here a follower of Kent, who, as is often heard, "leaped the fence and found that all nature was a garden." At any rate, the material covered makes a pretty thorough treatise on the designing of English private estates. The American-trained practitioner would be inclined to agree in the main with the definition of landscape architecture as "the art of co-relating the component parts of a scheme over large areas," but our practice would lead us to put more emphasis than Mr. Mawson does on informal design. "Topographical architect" would seem to us to increase the disadvantages of the present name by suggesting that the work of the profession is caring for the setting of architecture. Our quarrel is rather with the other half of the title, and some of us would be glad to have the profession called "landscape design," which at least denotes its proper scope.

The ideal of the landscape architect is well put:

> To infuse the drab necessities of existence with an inherent beauty, to divert the common crowd from low ideals by the elevation of their environment, and to cause those who never really loved art and who resent it as a departure from their own level of mediocrity, to rise to more worthy aims.

A most excellent counsel of perfection, but a bit exacting of a professional man whose profession is after all half business! The chapter on Rock, Wall, and Bog Gardens is new, the material on drives, entrances, and carriage courts has been recast to apply to modern motor traffic. To the previous illustrations have been added many excellent photographs of Mr. Mawson's work, now in a state of perfected construction and plant growth, which shows the realization of the original design.

The death is reported from Glasgow of the well-known Scottish landscape painter, William Macbride. He was very active in the movement which resulted in the Glasgow school.

Finance

TRYING TO READ THE FUTURE.

A general break in prices on the Stock Exchange, towards the close of last week, cast a feeling of more or less uncertainty over the financial outlook; it was resumed when this week opened. Nowhere does the course of the stock market exert so much influence on passing opinion, even outside of Wall Street, as it does in this country, and the decline in prices had its usual effect on this occasion—more particularly so, when the spirits of the business community have been so long depressed, not only by the recurrent talk of "legislative uncertainties at Washington," but by the confusing twists and turns of European diplomacy.

This particular decline in prices was undoubtedly influenced by the returning uneasiness in political Europe over the Montenegrin occupation of Scutari and the resultant attitude of Austria. But even so, the absence of heavy selling of stocks, either by home institutions or by outside investors, was a subject of remark, and this caused general inquiry as to what, after all, is the actual situation. Numerous predictions regarding our own financial outlook were made, publicly or privately, this week.

They did not agree at all points with one another. The head of an important local business house, after pointing out that times are good in the West and retailers' stocks of merchandise low, went on to say that matters would almost certainly brighten up as soon as the tariff discussion (which always makes merchants talk pessimistically) was out of the way. But one of the most influential Eastern bankers outside of New York city gave his opinion that business is going to show a marked decline, even though the readjustment would cause no serious trouble, since business men were prepared for it.

A New York banker, who has personally handled some of the largest corporation bond issues, stated his view that borrowing companies must make up their minds to pay hereafter something not far from 5 per cent. to the investor. Another banker, quite as well known in the home and international market, declared that phase of the situation to be purely temporary. From some banking sources, intimations came that money might be very tight in the autumn, and that such conditions should be guarded against by prospective borrowers to-day; from others, of equally high standing, came the reply that the "tight-money talk" is overdone, and that the thing which every one is preparing for, does not happen.

On occasions of the sort, the attitude of the general public towards the existing market is apt to give the real clue. It did so at this time in 1903, when the "rich men's panic" was in full swing; it did so again in 1907, when agonized liquidation, on an enormous scale, had shown as early as March both what was the position of the large financiers and what was foreshadowed for the market.

But nothing resembling that has been in evidence this month. Aside from a few special incidents like the fall in "Rumely," the stock market's history since the first of April has been made up of alternate advances and retreats of the so-called "professional bear interest." At the opening of the month this "bear account" was plainly much extended; its sales had not caused general outside selling; some items of good news were received, and some bad news failed to influence prices. As a result, the "short interest" retreated hurriedly, and prices rose. When the speculative account for the fall had been eliminated, and the outside public was no more inclined to buy than it had previously been to sell, the "bear interest" returned, using as their pretext, first, the St. Paul bond episode, and next the belligerent threats of Austria.

How, then, is such a state of things to be interpreted? There are several possible explanations. It might mean that outsiders are pessimistic, but apathetic, and could be shaken from their apathy by a determined and continued lead on the part of powerful speculators. It might mean that the public does not choose to move in either direction, until it gets some definite indication of the course of events in two directions—the response of general trade when the tariff debate is actually concluded and the uncertainties are removed, and the action of Europe's trade and money markets when the Balkan fighting ends or a new international complication arises.

Or it might mean that investors are aware that a year of great material prosperity is behind us, that stocks of merchandise in retailers' hands are low, that Europe's manufacturers are too well sold up at home to think of invading our markets on a large scale when the lower duties are proclaimed, that our position on international exchange is exceptionally strong, and that home crop reports to date are altogether reassuring.

But any one of these three suppositions gets us no further than the inference that there are many puzzling and conflicting elements in the financial outlook. Neither in 1903, nor in 1907, nor in any other recent year when prophecies of evil were thus numerous, have there ever been so many important events immediately ahead, whose nature, scope, and bearing on home and international finance were at the moment so uncertain. At the moment, it is altogether probable that our own as well as the foreign stock exchanges are mainly absorbed in watching for the turn of events in Europe.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1913.

The Week

The tariff bill goes safely through the House. The predicted splitting open of the Democratic party has not yet come, but we must be patient. There is still the Senate. It is to the Senate that humanity (protected), with all its fears, with all its hope of future years, is looking for relief. There is, no doubt, excellent precedent for such fond expectations. With the lower house, a large body whose numbers exclude the possibility of real deliberation, a body made up of men painfully aware of the directness and immediacy of their responsibility to the people, nothing much could be done. Only in the calm atmosphere of the Senate chamber can the voice of reason make itself heard, the voice of reason protesting against the reduction of the duty on citrus fruit because "it takes a citrus ten years to develop," the voice of reason protesting against undue haste, as Senator Burton fears, in making changes in the economic system of a nation, said undue haste extending only over a period of thirty-odd years. But the indications are that the Senate, too, is about to succumb to the undue haste which the country at large calls for; and the approaching election of Senators by popular vote is expected to encourage this departure from the old-style "deliberation."

Secretary Redfield dwells with much satisfaction on the big volume of our foreign trade, as shown by the figures for the nine months of the current fiscal year ending March 31. The total of exports and imports is $3,300,000,000; and, as the Secretary points out, this rate, if continued, will make the total for the fiscal year $4,400,000,000—a figure far in excess of any preceding record. To reckon in this way is, of course, hazardous; but the same conclusion is reached if we compare the total for the nine months with the corresponding figure of a year ago. The increase has been nearly $400,000,000—divided, as it happens, evenly between exports and imports, the increase being a little less than $200,000,000 in each case. Allowing the same rate of increase for the last quarter of the fiscal year, we should have a total increase of about $530,000,000; and, the total volume of our foreign trade for the preceding fiscal year having been $3,858,000,000, this would make the present year's total nearly $4,400,000,000. Last year, in its turn, broke all records, as did the preceding year, the total for the fiscal year 1911 having been $3,577,000,000. For the five years before that, the figure had been in the neighborhood of the three-billion mark, it being $2,975,000,000 in 1906 and $3,303,000,000 in 1910, while the highest mark was touched in 1907, when it stood at $3,315,000,000. It should not be forgotten, in considering these figures, that, while they show a most remarkable growth of our trade, as compared with former times—and especially a vast increase in exports of manufactures—a very considerable deduction must be made, so far as their actual significance is concerned, for the world-wide rise of prices which is automatically reflected in them.

Secretary McAdoo's announcement that, beginning with next June, all national banks holding deposits of public money will be required to pay 2 per cent. interest on such deposits, merely extends the scope of the Act of 1908. It provided that regular or temporary depositaries of such funds should pay to the Government "interest at such rate as the Secretary of the Treasury may prescribe; not less, however, than 1 per cent. upon the average monthly amount of such deposits," and that the rate should be uniform throughout the United States. Secretary MacVeagh had required a rate of 2 per cent. on such public deposits as were "inactive"; that is to say, on those which were for special reasons not subject to recall in the routine operations of the Treasury. On public deposits which were constantly subject to such recall, and which made up by far the greater part of the account, Mr. MacVeagh imposed only the 1 per cent. minimum interest charge. This ruling he based on the fact that the banks must not only be prepared for repayment of such deposits on call, but are required to pledge Government bonds with the Treasury as security.

Undoubtedly, this second requirement somewhat altered the status of Government deposits, as compared, for instance, with balances deposited by interior banks with the larger city institutions, on which a 2 per cent. interest rate is habitually paid. Secretary McAdoo, however, is clearly right in fixing a higher rate at the present time, because the condition of the general money market is such as to warrant it. When the rate is made discretionary with the Treasury such considerations should properly govern his action. But it should be kept in mind that the status of Government deposits, under our very imperfect banking and currency system, is itself anomalous. Neither the Bank of England nor the Bank of France pays any interest on deposits of public money, although they hold the greater part of the funds collected from taxation. But those institutions are the prescribed fiscal agents of their respective Governments, and are obliged to perform certain duties for the Treasury, such as transferring public funds, free of expense, from one Treasury agent or office to another, where they may be required for public disbursement. In the Aldrich bill for a central reserve institution, it was similarly provided that this depositary should hold the cash balance of the Government, but should perform the duties of fiscal agent free of charge and should therefore pay no interest on the public deposits.

It is the hollowest pretence to assert that the presence of a Japanese element in California amounting to less than 2 per cent. of the population constitutes a menace to white supremacy or to the integrity of the white race. Nor can the occupation by the Japanese of four-fifths of one per cent. of the cultivable area of the State constitute an economic menace. In the field of labor competition the California Board of Labor Statistics reports: "The average wages for both Japanese and Chinese regularly employed and receiving board, $1.396 and $1.406, respectively, are higher than those for 'miscellaneous white' men, $1.311, and Italians $1.108. 'Miscellaneous white' men were paid $1.889 per day without board, as against $1.623

paid to the Japanese." But the essence of the matter is not in the comparatively insignificant economic rôle played by the Japanese in California to-day, but in the fact that their numbers are steadily declining. The "problem" is getting to be less and less of a problem with time. The fact that the Japanese Government is loyally living up to its promise to discourage emigration to this country is, of course, only one more reason why we should violate our treaty obligations and the elementary laws of fair dealing. It would never do for white men to resemble the Japanese in anything.

Mr. Dan Hanna's Cleveland *Leader* has come out flatly for an amalgamation of Republicans and Progressives. Mr. Hanna goes much further than even Mr. Munsey, the original patentee of the holding-company plan. It is no third party which is here contemplated, that shall take over the assets—with none of the liabilities—of the Republican and the Bull Moose parties. The *Leader* advocates a course of action which shall "bring back to authority and service a Republican party purified and popularized," a party which shall "return to its high mission brought nearer the masses by its chastisement." Here, evidently, is the feeling that the Bull Moose organization is less a real party than a "kick," a sacred secession after the old Roman fashion, a hunger strike, anything but an absolute cutting loose from old moorings. Mr. Hanna looks across the State line and notes what is happening to the Progressives in Michigan. He looks east by south and notes what is happening to the sacred protectionist principle at Washington. In the face of adversity he finds that blood is thicker than water. What Col. Roosevelt's feelings are in the matter it is difficult to say. Probably he doesn't care. Even if Munsey and Hanna and Perkins and Flinn should prove recreant, he has Miss Jane Addams and Judge Ben Lindsey with him.

The confirmation of Charles P. Neill as United States Commissioner of Labor Statistics is matter for sincere satisfaction. President Wilson has done an excellent thing in renewing this nomination of a tried and faithful official, not a member of his own party, in the face of opposition manifested by rejection of the nomination both when made by Mr. Taft and when first made by himself. The opposition in the Senate was, indeed, not based on grounds of partisanship or of spoilsmongering, but its success would none the less have been deplorable. Some of the Southern Senators have objected to Mr. Neill on account of the character of certain reports relating to labor conditions in Southern States, issued by the Bureau of Labor while under his charge. But no one who knows Mr. Neill and his record doubts either his uprightness or his ability.

Every boss has his own way of doing things. Our own Murphy had a word of simple greeting with the President in the presence of whoever happened to be in the room. Roger Sullivan, of Illinois, prefers a half hour of private conference in the White House. But Thomas R. Taggart, of Indiana, does not go to Washington at all. He stays at home and plans to extend his grip upon the Democratic organization. In his first step in that direction, he has been repulsed. His candidate for Postmaster of Indianapolis, urged upon Wilson by Representative Korbly, has been rejected in favor of a "forward-looking" Democrat who possesses abilities more suited to the position than mere political instinct. And the next plum upon which Mr. Taggart's eye is fixed, the Mayoralty of Indianapolis, is not so close as it was a few days ago. Instead of the nomination going by default to a machine choice, the candidacy of a well-known citizen, with positive achievements to his credit in civic improvements, has been announced in opposition to the Taggart nominee.

A notable legal victory over prejudice and oppression has been won by colored people in Baltimore, where the West segregation ordinance has been declared invalid. By means of this precious act it was sought to establish a colored ghetto in Baltimore. A previous ordinance having been declared invalid, this new one was drawn with the greatest care and all possible ingenuity. It constituted a new crime—that of moving into a block in which are both whites and negroes. Remaining there was also a crime, and in order to make it seem fair, it was made to apply to both whites and blacks. After taking months to consider it, the judge declared it invalid on the ground that, if enforced strictly, every block in which there was a mixed population would have to be vacated. The judge carefully avoided passing upon the merits of the case, beyond saying that the framers of the ordinance "in the endeavor to please certain interests have overlooked the rights of citizens generally." There is some talk of an appeal, but there is a general feeling that this will not amount to anything.

Now that Mr. Mellen has revealed the fact that he gave $50,000 to Roosevelt's campaign fund in 1904, won't the Colonel explain whether this had anything to do with his frequent complimentary references in public to the president of the New Haven? He used to quote that gentleman with unction, and refer to him as the type of a sensible railway man who knew that government regulation, Roosevelt fashion, could do no harm. President Mellen was as anxious, however, as Roosevelt's other good angel, Mr. George W. Perkins, to do good by stealth. He made a contribution, but as he was fully aware that it was demanded of him only as a railway president, he thought it but right that the company should refund the money by means of a mysterious stock transaction. This appeared on the books as if it were a personal profit of $102,000 for Mr. Mellen; but now, rather than rest under that false appearance, he states that the money was really all given to politicians. Of how many other concealed gifts of the kind was Roosevelt a beneficiary in 1904? After all that has been disclosed, he might as well now order the full publication of the accounts of that year.

A kind word or two for that latest enemy of the people, the pernicious middleman, is deducible from an interesting summary, given by the *World*, of the Federal Government's investigations into the economics of milk production. Tests made at the government experiment stations in New Jersey indicate that milk of a good quality cannot be produced at less than 4 cents a quart. Actually, the farmer receives, on the yearly average, 3½ cents a quart. Milk of good quality sells in New York city

at 9 cents a quart. Here is an enormous difference of 5½ cents between what the farmer gets and what the ultimate consumer pays. But this difference is not to be explained by the intervention of a long succession of middlemen. Here are no commission merchants, jobbers, wholesalers, and retailers, each with his blood tax. The same business firm that takes the milk from the farmer places it at the consumer's door; and one middleman does not seem too much under any system of commodity distribution. The natural inference is that we have been tempted of late to exaggerate the "illegitimate" profits of the men who stand between the producer and the consumer. How much of the apparently enormous increase over the original cost is due to those legitimate factors we used to study about in college, "time-value" and "place-value," which must always be added to the original value of the raw product?

Of Brooklyn's army of school children, nearly 250,000 in number, 30,000 come to their classes hungry—so at least we are told. The figures are based on a series of investigations conducted by "sixteen members of the Junior League," who have reported their findings to the Bureau of Charities. The Bureau's reports account for 8,795 children in twelve schools. Of these, it was found that 3,178 children had only tea or coffee and bread for breakfast. One thousand children came to school without any breakfast. Instructive as these figures are, one cannot help wishing that the Junior League might make a canvass of the section of Manhattan Borough below Chambers Street and find out how many bank cashiers, brokers' clerks, lawyers, engineers, and newspaper men come down "hungry" to their offices after breakfasting only on bread and tea or coffee; also, how many of these same brokers' clerks and newspaper writers come to the city without any breakfast as a result of trying to catch the 8:19 for the city. One wonders how the French, a nation notoriously addicted to bread and coffee for breakfast, have managed to render such admirable service to the cause of civilization. One also wonders why a question so really important as the under-nourishment of school children cannot be dealt with by investigators equipped with an ordinary knowledge of arithmetic and with common-sense.

The Bible leads Victor Hugo by a narrow margin in San Antonio. Of thirteen leading citizens polled by the San Antonio *Light*, six place the Bible among their favorite books and five name "Les Misérables." This showing is all the more remarkable when one considers that Dickens occurs only five times, with "A Tale of Two Cities" twice. Putting aside the hypothesis that San Antonio has recently been visited by a cyclonic book agent selling a forty-volume set of Victor Hugo in half-morocco on the subscription plan, we are forced to conclude that San Antonio's reading taste is predominantly ethical and educational, which is more than can be said for metropolitan book centres. As one scans the list of San Antonio's favorite books—Spencer, Carlyle, Macaulay, Milton, Byron, Dickens, Emerson, Bryce—the law of book distribution in the United States becomes plain. Texas and Wyoming absorb the numerous reprints of the classics which are constantly poured forth. New York and Philadelphia absorb the stories about Gibson lovers on a deserted island and red-blooded Texas cowboys.

Is it not as plain as a pikestaff that the formal celebration of a century of peace between two nations is bound to lead to bloodshed? It is upon that foundation of Cubist logic that British suffragettes and Laborites and Irish irreconcilables are protesting against the contemplated ceremonies in connection with the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Ghent. We don't imagine that "General" Drummond and her followers are really convinced that an affirmation of Anglo-American amity will mean war with Germany. It is simply too good an opportunity for throwing a few stones through a window; and if it happens to be the windows of the temple of peace, that doesn't matter. To sabotage a peace mission is piquant novelty and good advertising. Keeping this fact in mind, we may steer our way through the argument that the peace of the world is promoted by warship competition, and that the peace of the world is endangered when two nations express the desire to live at peace with each other.

The formal recognition of the Chinese republic by our Government is the latest manifestation of democratic diplomacy on the part of the United States, as opposed to dollar diplomacy. The intricacies of a situation like that which now confronts the Chinese republic may frequently render an act friendly in intention one of doubtful helpfulness. Thus there are those who maintain that by recognizing the present Chinese régime, Mr. Wilson is strengthening the party of Yuan Shi-Kai against the more democratic party headed by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen. But such an argument, while it would apply to Mexico, where patently a Government of reactionary tendencies based on violence is in power, will not apply to China, where we have as yet no reason to suppose that one element is for progress and another for reaction. Time must show that. The clash of parties will undoubtedly be forthcoming at Peking, but for the present we are bound to assume that we can best serve the interests of the Chinese people by extending to them our formal expression of sympathy and confidence.

Kipling has just produced his first play, in one act, but in the same week the last contest was held for the English Cup by professional football teams. This event must have prompted him to repeat what he once wrote about "the muddied oaf at the goal," for the crowd of spectators numbered no less than 121,000! This was, to be sure, a record, but it is significant of the vast interest taken by the English public in professional football. We suppose that, under the finest weather conditions, and with college rivalry at its pitch, no more than 45,000 Americans ever got together to see a football match. The question is whether they do these things better in England—or worse. It is pointed out that the audience of 121,000 was largely made up of workingmen. This meant a lost day for the majority of them, to say nothing of lost shillings in the betting, which is the worst feature of these games. On the other hand, we have the familiar defence of a day in the open for artisans, exciting sport, and the zest of an extra holiday. It would hardly be safe to argue that England is going to the dogs simply because 121,000 witnessed a game between 22.

THE NATION AND CALIFORNIA

Secretary Bryan's statements in Sacramento on Saturday, together with the messages which he sent to President Wilson and received from him, leave a sense as of a frustrated mission. This is borne out by the boastful utterances of Gov. Johnson. He announces that he will sign the anti-alien bill—meaning the anti-Japanese bill—passed by the Legislature, after giving the President a "reasonable" time to examine it and to communicate with him about it, if Mr. Wilson desires to do so. His whole attitude is that of one triumphantly glancing towards Washington, and saying, with the air of a politician successful in his manœuvring for position: "It's your next move."

So it is; and what the nature of that move must finally be, there is, in our opinion, no doubt. The nation will have to assert itself. We have only praise for the course which President Wilson and Secretary Bryan have thus far followed in this California matter. They have been patient and considerate. They have stretched a point to show themselves conciliatory towards the Governor and Legislature of California. Mr. Bryan's journey to Sacramento, to confer at first hand, was not only an unprecedented act, it was an unexampled courtesy to a State. But tact and forbearance cease to be virtues when persistence in them imperils a vital principle. In all this affair, the last word, by both right and duty, rests with the Government of the United States. And when the need comes to speak that word, it must make perfectly plain to all the world that no one of the States will be permitted to trample upon an obligation of all the States. If Gov. Johnson persists in setting himself up against President Wilson, he must be taught as emphatically as Gov. Altgeld was taught by President Cleveland, that there are certain clear Federal powers interference with which by a State the national Executive will not brook.

It is, of course, to be hoped that any open clash of the sort may not be necessary. Various possibilities of delay are referred to in the dispatches. Mr. Bryan has held out the distinct hope that, if California would not be precipitate, relief and adjustment might be had by diplomatic negotiations. One suggested method of cooling off is to submit the Californian anti-Japanese legislation to a referendum. That the result of this would be doubtful is admitted even by the impetuous members of the Legislature. They express the fear that the vote in Southern California might overcome that in the northern part of the State. This report lets in one more ray of light upon an issue which has so many appearances of being manufactured. A tiny element in the population, occupying an infinitesimal fraction of the land, can hardly be throwing a great State into such convulsions as the politicians would have us believe. We may reasonably hope, therefore, that the sober second thought may yet have its turn in California.

If it does not, however, the thing that will have to be done is not in the least doubt. There has been a good deal of loose talk about the "reserved rights" of a State to pass such land-legislation as is pending in California. Congressman Kent of that State sent a telegram home alleging that treaties had nothing to do with the case. But the particular treaty with Japan has everything to do with it. There are no reserved rights of the States whatever in the matter of treaties. They gave those up in the Constitution as absolutely as they did the right to levy customs taxes. Treaties are negotiated by the President, not a Governor, are ratified by the Senate of the United States, not by a State Legislature, and when ratified are the "supreme law of the land," by which the judges in every State shall be bound, "anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding." This indicates at once a way in which the President may proceed. In case the anti-Japanese law is finally found to be as flatly in violation of our treaty with Japan as the different versions of its tenor and effect seem to show, Mr. Wilson can notify Japan that he will immediately have the legislation taken into the courts, where it is certain to be declared invalid. This should be accompanied by plain and firm notice to the authorities of California. They must be made to understand that any action by them either disregarding a treaty or embroiling us with a foreign country, will not be tolerated. It is not a question of usurpation or bullying or grandiose display. The matter is one simply of national dignity and good faith, resting upon unquestioned power. This being so, the State, in the ultimate decision, must give way to the Nation.

IS CONGRESS DECLINING?

"Democracy seems incapable in many cases of creating an Assembly representing itself to which it can pay the tribute of respect." This hard saying is quoted from a recent address by Mr. Arthur Balfour on the House of Commons. In that body he had seen many changes since he first entered it thirty-nine years ago, and he could not deny that some of those changes had impaired its prestige. He would not concede any distinct deterioration in the membership. It was as honest and, taking one House with another, it was as able as it had ever been. "But I have to admit," pursued Mr. Balfour, "that I think we stand less well in the opinion of the country. I do not think that a debate in the House of Commons is looked to with the same respect or interest or attention as it was when I was a younger politician. If that be so, it is a great tragedy."

Similar doubts and fears have been expressed of late in regard to Congress. Particularly has this been the case with the Senate. Our second chamber has been well-nigh reconstituted within the past ten years. Any one familiar with it as it was at the beginning of President Roosevelt's Administration, could not fail to be startled by the change that it presents to-day. It is not merely that so many familiar old faces are gone. Time and the fortunes of politics will bring in their changes. But the complexion of the Senate is not simply different, it is altered. A composite photograph would show a variation in the type. In place of the good gray heads, like Senator Hoar's, and of figures looking every inch a Senator, we see, first of all, a body of much younger men, and then a prevalent bearing which is more commonplace than one used to observe from the Senate galleries, and which may be called, without offence, the business presence. More than one visitor in Washington has been heard to grieve at the transformation, which seems to many a clear indication of a decline.

Of conditions at the other end of the Capitol, not so much is said. Frequent change in personnel is something like a rule in the House of Representatives.

It is the first to be shaken by political upheavals. Men come and go quickly, and are forgotten. Last year's election swept a great many new members into the House, whose stay in Washington will be brief. But for the time their thronging there gives the House a new aspect. Yet no one alleges any marked decay in its moral fibre; and its average of ability has not conspicuously fallen off. It is too soon to judge finally of the effect of the new seating arrangements of the House upon the interest and closeness of its debating. In this country it has been true for many years, as Mr. Balfour states is now the case with Parliament, that the discussions of Congress are not followed by the people with more than a languid attention. In that respect it would be difficult to make out any decline, or even any appreciable change.

The whole subject is one beset by "the pathetic fallacy." It is largely a matter of individual judgment, for precise external tests are hard to come by and apply, and the personal equation will creep in. One's early impressions of a Legislature or a Congress are apt to be favorable, and will remain to color the later opinions which one forms. Can this be the same Senate which once so imposed itself upon my imagination? Is it possible that these bustling and matter-of-fact Senators in pepper-and-salt clothes have replaced the majestic-looking men in black whom I used to see here? Such comparisons are natural, but they are misleading. A young man of to-day might find the actual Senate as interesting and even, at times, as impressive as his father found the Senate of 1890. It was a little later than that year that Senator Hoar made a speech denying that the Senate had degenerated. Some Senator of long memory could perhaps make out to-day as good a case as Senator Hoar then did.

All these matters are relative. "Pristine purity" will not always bear examination. The number of "scoundrels" in the Continental Congress was certified to with emphasis by John Adams. As a rule, the golden age—which is always a generation behind—was not so golden as we are apt to think, and the iron or brass age upon us is not so unrelieved by better qualities as we are tempted to imagine. On the question of the repute and power of Congress or Parliament a great many things have to be taken into the account before a considerate judgment can be formed. Times change, and manners change with them. New forms of influencing the public rise up to displace or modify the old. For example, the extraordinarily multiplied means in our day of carrying on discussion of public affairs outside the halls of Congress cannot but have had their effect in diverting attention somewhat from Congressional debates. If Mr. Balfour, with all his criticisms and apprehensions, could still affirm that he is "an optimist" as regards the House of Commons, no American need feel that there are such signs of decay in Congress as to make him despair of its future.

WILSON IN NEW JERSEY.

When Mr. Wilson sets out to make a new precedent, he does it so quietly and simply that not all are aware of the significance of his action. His return to New Jersey for two days of speechmaking on State issues was preceded by no thundering in the index. He merely said, when he was Governor, that he should come back as President to go before the people, in case the Legislature burked the bill for jury reform, and he has been true to his word. That seems uneventful. People may wonder a little that he could thus break away from his engrossing duties in Washington; they may exchange guesses about the result of his venture; but few of them perceive the full meaning of this novel act by a President of the United States.

For many years Presidents have assumed the right to have a good deal to say about the politics of their own States. In that matter they have long been freely consulted and generally deferred to. It was so with Grover Cleveland and New York. Not all of his interventions here were successful, but he intervened. After his second election he appealed publicly to the Legislature not to choose Edward Murphy United States Senator, but chosen Murphy was nevertheless. President Roosevelt's practice is still fresh in all minds. He ordered the election of Wadsworth as Speaker of the Assembly. He brought about the election of Root to the Senate. Nothing in the State was, in fact, too small for Mr. Roosevelt to take cognizance of, nothing too large for him to meddle with. But not even he ventured to come in person to appeal to the people against the Legislature. He was content, as were McKinley and Taft in their dealings with Ohio politics, to send messages and to be represented by friendly spokesmen. Woodrow Wilson came to speak for himself.

His course in doing so is to be read, first, in the light of his continuing interest in the affairs of New Jersey. He does not wish his work in that State undone. The remaining pledges which he and his party made to the voters he desires to see carried out. Above all, he is determined to prevent, if possible, the return of that system of sinister control in New Jersey which for years sank the Democratic party of that State in defeat and disgrace. It was on this point that the President was most explicit and biting on his first day of speaking. He did not hesitate to name names. The ears of the New Jersey "Jims" must have tingled as he was speaking. Who they are, what they represent, how they go about their nefarious work, nobody who heard Mr. Wilson could have been left in any doubt. The arraignment of the men and their methods was bold in the extreme, and bids fair to be effective.

Whether it proves to be or not, whether or not the Legislature at the approaching special session enacts the bill for jury reform over which it was deadlocked in February, President Wilson will at any rate have accomplished another purpose which it is evident that he had in mind. This is to make his thought clear on the general political situation in the country, and to put beyond all question his determination to be the leader of his party. He had some things to say to New Jersey, but he also had some things to say to the nation. Jersey bosses got their warning, but neither were Democratic schemers and marplots at Washington let go without due admonition. Mr. Wilson's speeches were local, yet at the same time national. His cool and searching analysis of the last Presidential election, with his inference that the Democrats were by it merely put on probation, was coupled with the deliberate serving of notice on those within the party who are intriguing against the execution of the popular will, that if they do not yield they

will be crushed. The words were uttered in New Jersey, but they were intended for the whole country.

This is clearly the large and final significance of President Wilson's campaigning for two days in New Jersey within two months of his entering the White House. He said that he should be a talking President, and already it is plain that he means to make free use of the one voice to which the entire nation will listen. He let it be known that he should be a President with policies, that he should spare no effort to execute them, that he should be very specific and not be afraid of being personal, if necessary, and that he should brook no challenge of his party leadership. That he fully meant all this, his coming to New Jersey wrote large. He has begun the great experiment. That in it he puts his political fortunes at hazard is obvious. The risks are great. The test will be severe. President Wilson will be called a dictator. His interference will be resented. But this will not matter, if only he show wisdom in choosing his issues, and if his old courage and skill in championing righteous causes before the people do not fail him.

"THE PERFECT AMBASSADOR."

The long delay in selecting Ambassadors and Ministers, though in at least some cases the need of new men is urgent, is probably due in part to the difficulty in finding just the right appointees. What the precise qualities are which make a successful diplomat, has been disputed from time immemorial. The maxims and wise instances have a way of contradicting one another. Even the old jokes about being sent to "lie abroad" for one's country, and about an enormous capacity for Rhenish wine, without falling under the table, being better than a knowledge of the Twelve Tables, are scarcely examples of speaking a true or helpful word in jest. To be sure, there are some Executives who profess to be able to detect the highest diplomatic gifts on sight. It will be remembered that Dear Maria was told that Bellamy would make "a corking Ambassador." But that, after all, was in confidence; and few Presidents can be so sure of their own judgment. Several of them have had occasion ruefully to recall Walter Bagehot's remark that a diplomatic officer in a foreign country must be "not only an agent, but a spectacle." Too many American Ministers and Ambassadors have indeed been spectacles—to gods and men.

That the difficulty in making proper Ambassadorial appointments is one of long standing, appears in a manuscript which was written by a French plenipotentiary of the seventeenth century, Louis Rousseau de Chamoy. Himself an envoy of France to the German Diet, and otherwise versed in the foreign politics of the day, he wrote, mainly for his own amusement, a sort of handbook of diplomacy which he called "L'Idée du parfait Ambassadeur." It was dedicated to his chief, the Minister of State, but reposed for more than two hundred years in the pigeon-holes of the Foreign Office, until it was discovered and printed by a modern diplomat, Louis Delavaud. An account of the work is given in the Paris *Temps* by Gaston Deschamps.

It is somewhat amusing, and not without instruction, to find that the questions which are vexing us to-day were gravely discussed by this experienced Frenchman, without coming to a definite conclusion. Take the matter of wealth and display. Certainly, declares this gentleman of the King's chamber, it is well that an Ambassador be rich. Lavish expenditure "impresses and pleases the public," which judges the success of an Ambassador by the magnificence of his table and of his service. He will find many advantages in the conversation of eminent persons whom his elegant hospitality is able to attract, and will put himself in the way of settling certain questions over a glass of rare wine which perhaps cannot be disposed of in any other way. Still, M. de Chamoy hastens to add, it would be a mistake to suppose that riches are indispensable in an Ambassador. Ostentation may repel; and, besides, the possession of a splendid equipage and ability to give great banquets do not necessarily imply that a man is cut out for large affairs. The skilled man of brains, though with moderate means, may succeed where the rich but stupid diplomat will surely fail. So there you are, in 1697 as well as in 1913!

In the perfect Ambassador the matter of personal appearance must not be overlooked. He should have, affirms the author, a fine face and noble bearing. The public naturally attributes power and importance to a man of distinguished port. A modern example might be cited in the person of Sir Rennell Rodd, lately British Ambassador in Rome. Earlier in his career he was sent on a special mission to Abyssinia. Himself about six feet four inches in height, Sir Rennell associated with him three or four other Englishmen of equally strapping proportions, and by sheer physical impressiveness was able to carry his point with the wondering Abyssinians. By all means let us have Ambassadors with eye like Mars to threaten or command. Yet, softly, urges our hedging French authority, who shows by his balancings how good a diplomat he was; impressive looks are desirable, but it must not be forgotten that the very greatest talents may be found in an undersized man. But though of presence weak, he must not be in speech contemptible. For "eloquence" is the prime quality in the Ambassador, according to De Chamoy. "In vain will a prince entrust him with his interests if he is not able to speak and write in terms commensurable with the dignity of his sovereign."

Shall the "parfait Ambassadeur" be accompanied by an "ambassadrice"? This is one of the questions discussed in the treatise. The writer comes out strong on the side of the angels. "A wife may be of the greatest assistance to an Ambassador." Granting that some women are indiscreet, there are many who are prudent and quite capable of keeping secrets. Still, there are certain diplomatic ladies, De Chamoy confesses, whose arrogance and talkativeness make observers regretfully conclude that their husbands would have done better to leave them at home. Thus does this ancient counsellor, this French Polonius of diplomacy, give us to understand that, in "ambassadrice" as well as "ambassadeur," it is the imponderable and elusive personal quality which counts most. If he or she is really fashioned by nature for a diplomatic career, happy is the country which can command their services. But if you ask how the appointing officer is going to be sure of it in advance, this is one of the things that every diplomatist knows, but that no diplomatist will tell.

THE PASSING OF THE ASTOR HOUSE.

New York, or rather Manhattan, is proverbially indifferent to the relics of its past; yet there must be few citizens, particularly of the older generation, indeed there must be few visitors to the city, who will not pause for a moment to regret the passing of the Astor House. Trinity and St. Paul's, like St. Peter's, still guard little sacred spots in the changing flux of the Wall Street district. They seem safe from the pressure of commerce, though the doors of St. John's are closed. But the Astor House! There is more history suggested by those ancient walls than by any other downtown structure. For here Presidents have lodged and men who shaped the nation's course in its most critical hours. Here foreign visitors flocked, as in later years they went to the Brevoort, the Everett, the Fifth Avenue, and the Windsor, and latterly to the Waldorf-Astoria, the Plaza, the St. Regis, the Hotel Astor, the Ritz-Carlton, and the Vanderbilt. The whole record of the city's growth and development, if not that of the customs and habits of the entire country, may be traced in the history of New York's hostelries.

When the Astor House went up people grumbled because it was so far uptown, and because it was the old story of trade forcing its way into a most exclusive neighborhood, so soon to be Barnumized. Here were homes of aristocrats of commerce and letters, charming in taste, simple and attractive in appearance, built upon shaded streets—and then this hotel came to bring its crowds of sightseers, and draw business around it like a magnet. Soon the *Herald*, then the yellow journal of the day, took a home diagonally opposite to it, and Newspaper Row arose to drive the home-owners further and further uptown. Speedily the Astor House became the centre of the town's life and politics. Great state banquets were given here, and foreign visitors went to it eagerly, for its fame had spread across the seas. The officers of visiting fleets stopped at it as a matter of course. Here Henry Clay heard of his nomination in 1844, and Daniel Webster eight years later learned that he had failed in the Whig Convention of 1852. Pierce, Van Buren, Buchanan, Taylor, Seward, Choate, Douglas, Jefferson Davis, all foregathered here; and then came Lincoln, too, and the young Prince of Wales. Horace Greeley marvelled in 1837 because 647 people slept under its roof on a single night. What would his shade say to the Woolworth building, now next door, or to the new Equitable building, which is to house 18,000 people day by day?

Next one thinks inevitably of the Civil War, for the troops came past this old hotel to be cheered on the way to the front; not only the New York regiments, the Seventh leading, but visiting regiments marched up or down Broadway from the docks to the old "Park Barracks," eager for the more solid encouragement dispensed at the rendezvous. Patriotic committees without number met at the Hotel Astor to save the Union. Riots the old hotel saw more than once—pro-slavery gatherings, then a fierce outbreak or two against the pro-Southern *Herald* across the way, which made that sheet try another tack. Then came the sinister draft riots. The roar of the crowds attacking the *Tribune* office was clearly to be heard behind the closed doors of the Astor, and some of its patrons doubtless drifted across City Hall Park to hear Gov. Seymour make his weak address to the mob, as they may have heard "Ben" Butler in his major-general's uniform stand on the front steps and swear at the poltroons who would light fires in the rear when the army was battling at the front for the nation's life.

Doubtless the Astor ended then its heroic age. It survived to see a new hotel far uptown bearing its historic name. It lost caste, but then obtained new fame by reason of its restaurant. When that closes on May 29 a real institution will have passed. Many a man who has mounted a high stool there for forty years for his noonday repast will feel homeless indeed, and curse the fate that drives him to tables, a Frenchified menu, and to German or French waiters, instead of the honest Irishmen who carve and serve in the rotunda. What wiseacres they have been, to be sure; from their lips has dropped many a pearl of political wisdom, and news as well, culled from the politicians and newspapermen to whom they ministered. A shrewd knowledge of human nature, and a native wit, are theirs—have they not been opening men's pockets and finding their way to their hearts by way of their stomachs these many years? Somehow, one can never think of them as being in unions and led by an Ettor or a Giovannitti, or as living elsewhere than in old Greenwich Village, with never a "Dago" or anybody but an Irishman in sight.

Well, what is to come after? A hotel, we hope. It would be the purest folly for the Astors to build another forty-story building on what remains of their holding after the city takes the corner for the subway. A superb parcel of land the two branches of the family control; but one has only to recall conditions in the real estate field downtown and the vigorous efforts to prevent the great building to be placed on the Equitable lot, to see how absurd would be the building of another skyscraper to-day. But a downtown hotel is needed still, and in it could be retained the glory of the old restaurant. Many a traveller would welcome the opportunity to make his hotel headquarters near the business section and so convenient to Brooklyn and all of Long Island. There are a hundred arguments for a moderate-priced hotel downtown; we trust the Astor managers will heed them when they come to rebuild.

EDUCATION BY THE PEOPLE.

"Hitherto she but ploughs and hammers," wrote Carlyle of America in 1850. And he was repeating and summing up the verdict of a generation of English travellers when he added that painful tribute to "our American cousins": "They have begotten, with a rapidity beyond recorded example, eighteen millions of the greatest bores ever seen in the world before—that hitherto is their feat in History." That was spoken, as Malvolio says, without much mitigation or remorse of voice. Yet the American "bore" of 1850, believing still—in spite of *himself*—in democratic institutions, might have heartened his faith by a retrospect over the history of prophecy. If he had run through a shelf full of the books of travels in the United States written by apprehensive English Tories he would have observed that the critics of democracy had already occupied two distinct positions. In the earlier years of the century they had confidently predicted that a government by the people could not be permanently established. When time, even before the Civil War, seemed to belie that prophecy, they shifted ground, admitted the establishment,

but proclaimed on many a caustic page that the people were not to be congratulated on their achievement. Popular government, they conceded, might endure, but only to perpetuate a nation of shopkeepers who would employ Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic merely to put money in their purses. For the bore of 1850 there was an escape from this oppressive prospect by the door of humility. Prophecy had failed once and might be wrong again. He might not be the fulfilment of the democratic dream, but only its pioneer. For him the plough and hammer; for his sons the "pursuit of happiness."

Cherishing we scarcely know what secret hope and vision, he turned now, in the fever of his mid-century business, with unabated vigor to the perfection of his system of popular education—his second great democratic experiment. Upon his common schools he had built high schools and upon his high schools he was now beginning to build his State universities, all dedicated to the proposition that the democracy opens all her doors of opportunity to all her people. What grounds there were in those days for predicting that institutions so constituted and so dedicated must perish from the earth one may discover in those half-dozen preliminary, perfunctory, and unread pages, entitled "History," which are printed in the fat, prosperous-looking catalogues of the great State universities of the West. Established they are beyond the shadow of a doubt. And those who prophesy against the people have advanced to the second stage of criticism. "What, after all," they are asking, "has education by the people accomplished? Does not your 'second great democratic experiment' confirm the results of your first? What has come of your effort to lift yourselves out of the forge and the furrow by your bootstraps? Do you not still plough and hammer? O Demos, where are your spiritual rents? What commerce have you with the skies? Has not this your supereminent organ of popular education, the State university, for its being's end and aim the multiplication of the father's material goods by the son? And must it not be so in the nature of things forever?"

I.

It is not difficult to understand how, warrantably or not, the notion spreads abroad that the State university, with its prominent technical schools and colleges, is in the grip of a carnal imagination, and that through its intimate intercourse with the people it exerts an immense influence tending to fortify them in their besetting sin, a corrupt love for the things of this earth. Such is the penalty for leading a public life. The State university, like a Representative in Congress, gets into power by promising to look after the interests of its constituents, or, rather, it may be said, like a promoter, it promises big returns on money invested—and, also, pays them. It is this frank parleying with the people, this unblushing western way of passing the hat for pennies all round the State, that offends to the quick the sensibilities of men who studied ethics and learned to despise the dollar on foundations provided by benevolent corporation lawyers and reclaimed banditti of high finance. "You send us your boy from the counter, or the shop, or the tail of the plough," so runs the argument to the parent, "and in three or four years we will return him to you with tripled or quadrupled earning capacity! You sow ten bushels of scientific investigation, and you will reap a thousand bushels of improvement." Irresistible! —this appeal to the pocket. But is not this to join forces with that ominously popular journalism which on Saturday night and Sunday morning burns incense before the Golden Calf?

Merited and timely as such criticism may appear to a transient observer of the State university, it will be recognized as superficial and essentially false by any one who has felt the inner throb and glow of the enterprise. Idealist the institution is not, if idealism means a sterile yearning for the unattainable. Materialist it is not, if materialism means satisfaction in the welfare of the senses. It is at the same time intensely visionary and intensely practical; its driving power is the creative artist's craving to externalize and eternize his dream. It would honor every truth by use, and it holds that the triumph of the spirit is the subjugation of the world. The pecuniary support that it solicits is but the means to the realization of a vision embracing almost the whole of life, and the wealth that it helps to create is but the first fruits of the harvest. Not the only fruit. An idealist from the University of Edinburgh says that if you are to be governed by the people, you must submit to "collective folly." A graduate from a State university says that if you are to be governed by the people, you had better educate your governors. An idealist from the University of Oxford demands a wise paternal Government, supporting its children in their ignorance and distress. A graduate from a State university declares that the wise and fatherly Government prevents the distress and ignorance of its children by teaching them to support themselves. Still another Oxford idealist says that the remedy for the "evils of democracy" is to strengthen the power of the State by making it the central organ for the dissemination of a knowledge of the best that has been said and thought in the world. These words the faculty of a State university would probably recognize as fairly descriptive of their undertaking. They would dignify the entire range of human conduct by discovering for all the people and by making prevail from the lowliest to the loftiest the right and excellent form of every activity. They resent with justice the rather widely prevalent notion that the consecrated search for light is a monopoly in the possession of the old New England colleges. "Even in our concern for the applied sciences," they say, "there operates the identical passion for perfection which you extol and strive to keep unspotted from the world. You have preserved your idealism in glass jars; we have not lost ours by putting it to work in the bread of life. Immersed in sense though we seem to be, we are Platonists no less than you, pursuing through the things that lie nearest to us the divine idea, and we shall pass in due time from the love of sensuous to the love of supersensual beauty."

"Will you? That is precisely the question," rejoins a skeptical voice from somewhere east of Buffalo. "Go and communicate to the farmers your passion for sweetness and light! In all seriousness, are you approaching the possibility of doing that? We do not doubt your ability to pass from triumph to triumph in your conquest of the material world, and indefinitely to improve your technical processes and increase your economic efficiency. Yet to us your absorption in agriculture, business, and engineering does not seem to prophesy a new generation of more genial, humane, and conversable men, but a second generation of Carlyle's 'bores,' speeding on safer railways through richer fields to bigger business and sitting down of an evening in more admirably constructed dwellings, better heated, better plumbed, and better lighted, to read the *Saturday Evening Post* and meditate more profitable investments. We do not see the provision in your scheme of higher education for shunting the people to a line of progress issuing in a society that is an end in itself. When do you expect to go before your legislators and get them to appropriate a million dollars for a kind of education that cannot be guaranteed to return a penny to the pockets of the taxpayers? When they are ready to do that, we shall agree that you are equipped to compete with our New England colleges that carry on the great human traditions. Till they are ready to do that, the point of departure for our higher education will remain the terminus of yours. Whatever your secret aspirations toward a genuine intellectual leadership, you cannot flee from the destiny of democratic enterprises; the 'beast with many heads' can go only whither the feet will carry him."

II.

Though these charges against educa-

tion by the people are serious enough, the eastern critics of the State university are not content with pointing out that its character is determined and its functions limited by its pecuniary dependence upon the taxpayers. If they were the only controlling factors, some modest provision for the higher cultivation of the mind might be lugged shamefacedly through the Legislature clinging to the skirts of a magnificent provision for the higher cultivation of the fields. And so, indeed, the university administration does maintain on its own demesnes a little ground room for the humanities, just as the game commissioners preserve a little refuge for the prairie chickens among the corn, as a barely tolerated relic of feudal privileges. But, argue the critics, the immediate determination of the character of the State university is by the high schools and the stress of their influence is in precisely the same direction as that of the taxpayers.

This is again to attack the democratic principle and to deny the power of the State university to exercise any high intellectual leadership. If it were in fact, as it is in theory, the head of the system of public education, then, as is admitted, it need not despair of its longest hopes and its most ambitious dreams, despite the indifference of the taxpayers. Actually empowered with their will, entrusted with their educational destiny, it would think for itself and for all its members, bring its subordinate parts into harmony with its great design, set its own high standards of excellence, and see to it that no good procurable by private means should be unpurchasable by the colossal purse of the people. These, however, as we are informed, are idle and unprofitable speculations. The hard fact which sooner or later must be faced is that the State university has no independent life, nor, in the last analysis, any important originating power. The body of which it is theoretically the head will not endure its dictation. The high schools dictate to the university, the parents dictate to the high schools, the children dictate to the parents; the parents comply with the children, the high schools comply with the parents, the university complies with the high schools. The sheer necessity of accepting what the high school offers has caused the university to acquiesce in the strange new theory, against which the president of the Modern Language Association recently lifted an indignant voice of protest—that one subject is as good as another, if it be equally hard and equally well taught.

Now, to those in the State university who are concerned with the older "academic" studies which lead through a long preliminary discipline of the taste and a gradual opening of the understanding to the free speculations of philosophy, to the enlarging and sobering retrospect of history, and to the permanent consolations of literature and art—to those concerned with such studies this new educational doctrine is a rank and pestilential heresy, begotten in juggling confusion and repugnant to experience and common-sense. To accept it is to assume that in four years you can make a bachelor of arts of a man who, for instance, can neither write, read, nor speak any language under the sun.

"That," say the critics, "is exactly what the liberal arts college in the State university is trying to do, and the undertaking is preposterous. Why not abandon it and accept the manifest destiny of a 'free' institution? For there is apparently a kind of higher education which does not rest upon anything lower. Your brethren who profess the useful arts and the applied sciences seem to thrive on your pestilential heresy. They have adapted themselves to their environment. We prophesy that they will prove the fittest to survive the struggle for existence. We prophesy that, so far as your power to support it is concerned, the ancient hierarchy is doomed." It is not our purpose to examine here the accuracy in detail of this eastern view of the arts course in the State university, but if any reader suspect that we have laid on the black with a trowel, let him read Prof. E. P. Morris's article on "The College and the Intellectual Life" in the April number of the *Yale Review*.

III.

Interested observers situated in endowed institutions in the East reflect upon this position of affairs with something like self-congratulation. When the young prospering universities of the West first began to make their as yet undefined influence felt beyond the boundaries of their States, it was feared in some quarters that they would cut into the constituency and menace the prestige of their ever-venerable elders. But now, if we may credit Professor Morris, the danger has pretty well blown over. The State institutions have attained their majority, their character is settled, and the bent they have taken puts them out of the competition. "Their arts course," he says, "has been comparatively unimportant"—it will be noted that the rest of the sentence subtly yet significantly serves to define "unimportant"—"hardly more than another college in addition to those already existing in the State." A handsome compliment, either way you look at it! Their only really considerable function, he adds in effect, is vocational training; and, in performing that, they supplement, not supplant, the function of their academic predecessors, which still, as of old, is, "to put the young man between eighteen and twenty-two into possession of his intellectual heritage, to hand on to him the wealth of emotion and experience which the race has accumulated." We may, therefore, now amicably divide the educational world—again we give the gist of his conclusions in our own words. Since a complex of forces largely economic has inevitably locked the State university and the high school in one system, and the endowed college and the expensive preparatory school in another, the western university will look after the body, and the eastern college will look after the soul. And we are sure that this arrangement ought to be agreeable to all parties concerned.

Such a partition of functions, however, the western State university can ill afford to regard with complacency. For what would the permanent acceptance of the intellectual hegemony of the eastern colleges involve and what would it signify? It would involve sacrificing whatever youths of high intellectual promise the West could produce to its soulless vocational system, or else sending them eastward at the age of fourteen, with the probability that they would grow up to look upon their early surroundings as æsthetically barren, and a fair likelihood that they would form their connections and make their residence in the East. It would tend, in other words, to remove the leaven from the inert lump and place it in the risen bread—to strengthen the lust for stocks and bonds that prevails everywhere in Chicago and the love for sweetness and light that prevails everywhere in New York. It would signify that the supposedly opulent West was too poor, too crude, too busy, too blind, too much bent upon improving its ploughs and hammers, to give any attention to creating a refined society, to offering any satisfaction to the needs of the spirit, to affording any shelter for those of its young men and maidens who hunger and thirst for the "accumulated emotion and experience of the race."

There is something, furthermore, in these deductions which should make the plain citizen, without reference to sectional interests, open his eyes and consider what to do next. For it is to be observed that the people as educators are to acquiesce not merely in the college monopoly in the production of liberal culture, but also in a class monopoly in the consumption of it, entrenched, fortified, and established by hereditary wealth. It has been a popular superstition among us that the power of great fortunes in a small class is offset by the power of great ideas in a large class. We are now to learn that in the immediate future the intellectual heritage is to be reserved more and more exclusively for the rich man's son and added to his other advantages. For only he can afford the costly luxury of a secondary school which *prepares*. The pupils of the

high school, says our author, "often young men of character and capacity, are not prepared for academic study and can be admitted only at the price of the retardation of the intellectual advance of the college." This amounts to saying that our public schools, which we had thought opened the doors to the highest educational opportunities, are become, on the contrary, a perpetual bar to those opportunities. Professor Morris is entirely candid in this matter; one should be grateful to him for putting the case in so clear a light. "The democratic ideal," he says, "and the intellectual ideal are here in conflict!"

But if one may judge by the apparent nonchalance with which he turns his back upon the democratic ideal, he has never known her, loved her, nor seen the beauty of her face. What is the democratic ideal? Education of all the people, at the expense of all the people, for the welfare of all the people—does or does not that include the liberal culture of the people? That and nothing less is the purpose with which the democratic ideal travaileth. Because she has borne heavy burdens and the heat of the day, and her children are many, shall we think that the light has faded from her eyes, that her strength is spent, her heart grown dull and indifferent to the "young men of character and capacity"? Because the mighty Mother has not wholly accomplished in the twinkling of an eye what has been hitherto the slow work of centuries, shall we charge her with imperfect vision, abandon our faith in her, declare her incapable of providing for her offspring? In the watches of the night she takes counsel of her tragic history and the dark days still fresh in memory, when friend and foe alike pointed at the hideous "conflict" between her and black slavery. And she recalls how some in that hour were for dividing the continent into a democracy of the North and a "slaveocracy" of the South, just as now it is proposed to divide it into a giant working materialism of the West and a leisurely affluent idealism of the East. And she remembers in what throes of emancipatory anguish she preserved her integrity and achieved the realization of her dream Is it likely that the faith kindled by that conflict will be quenched by this? Is it going to be a more impossible task to strike the golden fetters from the somnolent imagination of the people?

IV.

In the face of this question one should be thankful that the impending Holy Alliance of intellectual ideals with inherited capital has not yet put an end to the liberty of prophesying. To any one who knows the temper of the State university it is absurd to suggest that it will entertain any such proposals for peace and the distribution of territory as we have here been reviewing. Its battle is already half won, and it is flushed and exultant with a great moral victory. It has shown to the people the folly and the turpitude of wasting the sweet uses of time in indolent expectation of unmerited opportunities and unearned benefits—of waiting for what they want until some prince of special privilege in his genial hour sees fit to give it to them. It has taught them the great elementary virtue of standing on their own feet and paying their own way. It has thoroughly demonstrated to them their ability to procure what they desire; it only remains to kindle their enthusiasm for what they lack. Articles like that of our eastern critic are dropping the necessary spark.

It is absurd to assert that the united will and means of two or three millions of citizens cannot compete successfully with the sporadic generosity of two or three scores of private individuals. It is absurd to declare that a great commonwealth cannot afford at its university a liberal arts college of absolutely the first class, and in its high schools ample preparation for it. To speak in the brutal tongue of the market, we have yet to hear that a high-grade professor of philosophy is a dearer commodity than a high-grade professor of civil engineering, or a high-grade instructor in classics, than a high-grade instructor in manual arts. The higher and the lower technical education which have already been provided are not less, but more, costly than equivalent provision for the humanities.

It is equally absurd to declare that the support of the people cannot be organized except for material interests and self-regarding ends; in the humblest walks, as history blazons, it can be organized for the adoration of God and the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. And the very obligation that the State institutions are under at the present time to refrain from religious instruction should make it appear more imperatively their duty to bring not some, but all, of their students into quickening relationship with at least the purely human traditions of beauty, wisdom, temperance, truth, and justice.

With these ideals the democratic practice has been temporarily, superficially, heedlessly in conflict at times; the democratic ideal and the deeper sentiment of the people, never. And one may venture with confidence to predict that if the present organization of public education is inimical to them, if free access to them is menaced by an exclusive and aristocratic leaguing of endowed college with expensive preparatory school, then the people through the State universities will be touched in their deepest loyalties to defend them, will be inspired by their dearest hopes to extol them, and will not cease to provide for them till they have vindicated their equality of interest in them with the oldest colleges in the land.

STUART P. SHERMAN.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

A rare book is that of which the title page is here copied:

LITTLE DERWENT'S
BREAKFAST.
BY A LADY
ILLUSTRATED BY ENGRAVINGS.
Seek and find
Instruction with a thankful Mind.
Southey.
London:
SMITH ELDER & CO. 65 CORNHILL.
M.D. CCCXXXIX.

It is a thin octavo of viii+84 pages, with a slip explaining a misplacement of some verses which *are* on p. 14, but *ought* to be on page 3. The illustrations, four in number, are very old-fashioned woodcuts. The preface consists only of these words:

The following simple poems were written for the amusement of a Child of Seven Years Old, whose name appears in the Title Page. He is a Grandson of the late S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

It has never been reprinted, and has now become scarce. In fifty years I have not seen three copies, though it was one of the pleasures of my childhood. Probably the juveniles for whom it was mainly intended have read it and thumbed the modest book quite out of existence. On Little Derwent's breakfast table there are the loaf of bread, milk, honeycomb, sugar, salt, eggs, tea, and coffee—the three last mainly for the elders. Each of these comestibles is celebrated in verses adapted to the capacity of a child—especially of a child whose grandfather was a philosopher and a poet. If the Muse sometimes foots it rather heavily, there are moments of flight into loftier regions. The processes by which the loaf of bread reaches the breakfast table are thus summarized:

There's
Threshing—winnowing—to market taking—
Grinding—sifting—mixing—making—
In the oven nicely baking—
Ready, when your fast you're breaking—
Eat it then—and all is done!

All except that grateful pleasure,
E'en the youngest heart may treasure,
In days of labour or of leisure;
Seeing in what bounteous measure
God for all our wants provides!

The best verses in the book, however, are devoted to the theme of Early Rising—a theoretical virtue not usually overprized by the young:

Up, up with the cock when he cheerily crows,
When Nature awakes from her night's repose.
He calls the farmer—"Come guide the plough"—
He calls the maiden—"Come milk the cow."
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the cock when he cheerily crows,
And carols his morning song to the sky;
Follow him forth o'er each balmy field,
And taste the health-giving air they yield.
Up, little Derwent, away, away!

Up, up with the bee in "the hour of prime,"
Who tells little boys how to value their time:
His books are the flowers on which he feeds,
He sips the honey—but leaves the weeds.
Up, little Derwent, away, away! . . .

Then up with the birds the bright sun to see,
With the working ant, and the busy bee;
Leave dull sloth with his drowsy head,
Don't let him come to *your* little bed:
Begin, like the birds, with a song of praise,

Go on, like the insects, in wisdom's ways,
You'll be good, and happy and merry as they.
Up, up, little Derwent, away, away!

"Little Derwent's Breakfast" is followed by some occasional poems addressed by the authoress to the same child, including one on giving him a Greek Testament on his tenth birthday.

Derwent Moultrie Coleridge was the eldest son of Derwent Coleridge, who was the second son of the great poet. "Little Derwent" was born in 1828, and died in 1880 at Sydney, New South Wales. His younger brother, Ernest Hartley Coleridge, is happily still with us, and apart from his distinction as a verse writer has rendered good service by his editorial labors on Byron and Coleridge. The first Derwent was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and was ordained in 1825, and was master of Helston School from that year to 1841, when he became principal of St. Mark's College, Chelsea. He left Chelsea for the rectory of Hanwell, which he held till 1880, and died in 1883. He was a vital influence in education, and has left a brief biography of his unhappy brother Hartley, which is remarkable for its brotherly sympathy and honest frankness.

Of the four illustrations, the most interesting is the frontispiece, which represents a group of five persons in whom we may perhaps recognize the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, his wife, and Miss Trevenen, with "Little Derwent" at her knees. The author of "Little Derwent's Breakfast" did not put her name to the book; but the secret was known to some, and is revealed in Boase and Courtney's "Bibliotheca Cornubiensis" (II, 793). Emily Trevenen, of Helston, was the descendant of an ancient Cornish family. She was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Trevenen, and from 1826 until her death on July 29, 1856, attached herself to the Rev. Derwent Coleridge and his wife Mary Simpson Pridham, the daughter of a Plymouth banker. "Little Derwent's Breakfast" has now become a rarity, and although a new edition is projected, it will not have for bibliophiles the same charm as the little book of 1839.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

LATIN AND THE MODERN LANGUAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Within the past few years, so far as I know, all of the large universities of the Middle West have abandoned the old four years' requirement of Latin for entrance, and have allowed the student to offer in its place German or French. It is possible in consequence to compare the work in freshman English composition of a student who offers the classics for entrance credit with that of one who offers a modern language. From this it may be possible to come to some generalization as to the relative value of these studies as a training in English.

It is only just to add that obviously the test is not always perfectly fair, for the student who offers a modern language for entrance credit instead of Latin may, to begin with, be the weaker student, and may have made his selection with an eye single to his intellectual deficiencies. Unfortunately, too, in this case, the test could not be complete, because of the fact that until this year the old two-year Latin requirement was rigidly imposed on all schools accredited to the University of Nebraska, and we had in consequence few matriculants who were able to offer four years of preparatory German or French. But under these conditions the test was made repeatedly with first semester freshmen, and in all cases the results were about the same.

For all who had four years of Latin the percentage of delinquency was below 7. For those who had three years of Latin and from one to two years of a modern language, in this case, as in the others that follow, chiefly German, the percentage rose to 15. For those who offered two years of Latin and two years of a modern language the percentage of delinquency jumped to 30. For those who had one year or less of Latin and from two to four years of a modern language the percentage was 35. The point of this seems perfectly clear, as clear as figures can ever be: the more of Latin required in the preparatory work the better are the results in college English; and, further, the modern languages do not when tested show the practical results claimed for them—this notwithstanding the common complaint that the teaching of Latin in most secondary schools is far from ideal.

Nor should we be surprised at these results. French and Spanish, as well as Italian, are virtually grammarless tongues, and afford little drill where pupils need it most, in the mutual relationship of ideas in a thought, which we roughly denote by the term "syntax"—though for models of style and structure probably no languages are more effective than French and Italian. And as for German, that most serious competitor of Latin in secondary schools, though it has a formidable grammar, it yet lacks style and structure into which it may weave its grammar. For whether it is that German prose still remains the helpless victim of the incubus of scholastic philosophy and transcendental speculation, or whether there is something in the German mind dark and mysterious which delights in circumlocution for its own sake, certain it is that the German sentence is a marvel of illogical phrase-building and thought concatenation. There is nothing like it in English literature since the days of the Elizabethan pamphleteers and Milton's "Areopagitica." Lowell has compared it to a ship that responds slowly to its helm. It might better be likened to the painful staggers of a Cyclops—*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.* It is ponderous when sportive, profound when delicate, formidable when ironical, stupendous when natural, and for the English reader always bordering on the misty verge of unintelligibility. PHILO M. BUCK, JR.

Lincoln, Neb., May 1.

THE NUDE AND THE STAIRCASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been waiting feverishly to see if any one else would see it. No one has. I alone have been able to understand—I and the painter, M. Duchamp.

I discovered the key to it on the very first day of the exhibition as I stood in the crowd of private-viewers before that masterpiece, "A Nude Man Descending a Staircase." It is a picture calculated to explain itself; it is, in fact, *Automatic Art;* and yet, as I looked round me a moment after making my discovery, I saw that no one else had understood. No one was doing what I had just done.

Now, the picture had made me open and shut my eyes a number of times very rapidly, and what I saw between those eye-flashes made me continue the process. Obviously, that was precisely what the artist had counted on, for the whole thing was then perfectly plain to me. Of course, it is possible that I am an exception, that no other human being can open and shut his eyes as rapidly as I can; but even a person who can open and close his eyes only some three hundred times a minute, let us say, would have been sure to get glimmerings of the meaning of this revolutionary picture, had he the least affinity with the genius of the painter. To me, at my high speed of eye-flashing, the secret lay open. Striking a thousand-wink-a-minute pace, both eyes keeping perfect step, what did I see? I saw precisely what the title of the picture had told me I should see—I saw a nude man *descending* a staircase. He came down one step at a time, gracefully and repeatedly disappearing off the margin of the picture at the bottom as long as I continued to wink. Slats? Shingles? Nothing of the sort. Those bags of golf clubs, oh, poor, blind, unwinking Public! are *motion-states.* Wink, and a glorious young Apollo starts at the top of a polished stair and descends to his bath—which is somewhere off the margin at the bottom. Stop winking, and instantly he flies to pieces, to atoms of motion, that is; for motion breaks up into its relative states, and each atom of motion resumes its unkinetic, unsynthetic *atomtudes.* Do you realize the genius required to locate accurately in the time and space of the picture these multifarious unsynthetic atomtudes? This is the mere A B C of Futurism and the Cubist schools.

Now try winking with alternate eyes, at the rate, say, of five hundred a minute per eye. What happens? Before you, motionless and *collected* as a god, the nude stands on the middle step of the staircase. Also, he is now no longer nude. His clothes, evening dress under an expensive fur coat, which had hung somewhere amuck the atomtudes, are now upon him. In short, he has returned from his bath, and is waiting for his wife—who is tying her veil upstairs off the margin of the picture. In one hand he holds an opera hat, in the other a cane. What else he might acquire with increased speed of winking, I cannot say—perhaps a cigar, possibly his wife herself. A more remarkable effect, an actual effect, is to be had, however, by slightly decreasing the speed of alternate winks. You can then see the nude assembling, synthetizing, on the middle step, and his clothes assuming their faultless atomtudes upon his godlike form. The genius of the artist was so all-comprehending that the nude's clothes arrive from the different times and places of the picture in an infallible order.

Only one mystery remains. By no amount of optical ambidexterity can it be discov-

ered just where the nude keeps his clothes. If, for example, you stop unwinking abruptly in the midst of the nude's process of undressing, the atoms of motion so instantaneously resume their unkinetical atomtudes that even the fur coat is whisked out of all recognition. Of course, it lurks somewhere in the times and spaces of the picture—but where? Ah, what a sense of infinite genius does one have in contemplating that question! J. R.

Bloomington, Ind., May 1.

THE PRICE OF ENGLISH BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The high prices of English books in this country are not due entirely to the tariff, however ill-judged the latter is when applied to the materials for the intellectual growth of the nation. English publishers are represented in this country by branch houses acting under the name of the original publisher or by agents to whom the sale of the publications of English works is entrusted.

The prices of books are not uniform among the different American representatives, nor are the prices of a single agent uniform. In many cases the prices of English books in America correspond in amount to the cost of the same in England, an English shilling being represented by twenty-five cents. Such prices are possible, because American agents are supplied at a lower price than the ordinary wholesale price in England. The invoices in the custom house will, I think, establish this statement. In spite of this, we find one agent announcing: "In translating the English prices into American money, the rate used is fifty cents to the shilling to cover the cost of duty and other expenses attending importation." Taking the works of the American representative of a leading English publishing house, we find that the same principle is frequently applied. Several important works issued to commemorate the tercentenary of the publication of the King James Bible cost in this country exactly twice as much as in England. A volume costing eight shillings and sixpence at retail in England is sold in this country for four dollars and a half. Another volume published at five shillings is sold for two dollars and a half, and so on in proportion for other works.

Owing to the lower price which American agents pay in London for books, it is perfectly possible for the American agent to pay the duty upon the book and still sell the same for a reasonable profit.

The Home University Library, which is sold in England for one shilling bound, was announced in this country at seventy-five cents per volume. The price is now fifty cents per volume in the United States, while in Canada the volumes of this excellent series are sold for twenty-five cents. The books in Everyman's Library, we believe, are now sold for thirty-five cents. The Cambridge Manuals of Science and Literature cost in America forty cents per volume, in London and Canada twenty-five cents per volume. Many books published in England are not net books, and can there be purchased for three pence in the shilling discount.

But a small fraction of the books published in England are reprinted in this country. For the vast number of English publications which are not reprinted here no American publisher is benefited, but the American is taxed by the tariff on books in every importation. As the intellectual growth of the nation and general culture depend upon ready access to the world's freshest knowledge, any duty upon this means for national growth is indefensible. The scholars in our universities and the people in our homes are thus taxed when no corresponding benefit is bestowed upon any material interest. Congress should, therefore, remove promptly all duties upon books and thus afford immediate access to the best literature of all cultivated nations. Foreign publishers in America, by virtue of the lower prices at which their books are obtained, would find no interruption of their trade.

TEACHER.

Cornell University, May 3.

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I received this morning a circular letter from the secretary of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, informing me that I "have been nominated for membership in the organization," that the membership fee is $2 per year, and the *Geographic Magazine* published by the Society "is sent free to all members." This identical letter is sent broadcast to everybody in the land, and, as the result shows, has procured for the magazine more than two hundred thousand subscribers. No interest in geography on the part of those who are thus "nominated for membership" is assumed, nor is anything necessary to become a member besides the payment of $2 per year for subscription to the magazine.

Now, I am not belittling the work of the Society, which, on the whole, is very creditable, nor intimating that its magazine is not worth $2 a year. But it does seem to me that a scientific institution which claims a national character ought not to employ methods for procuring "members" which, to my knowledge, no European society of similar purpose would for a moment stoop to. I ought to add that a New York institution of the very highest standing used a very similar method for obtaining members until a few years ago, but has since abandoned it. N. M.

New York, April 18.

THE EXCHANGE PROFESSOR.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A letter in the *Nation* of April 17 suggests the formation of an exchange system of professors among our own universities. Such a system has been in operation for the past two years. Harvard University sends each year an exchange professor to spend a month at each of the following named colleges: Colorado, Grinnell, Beloit, and Knox. Each of the colleges in the system is entitled to send one of its teaching force to Harvard every year. The college man does some teaching in the university, for which he receives a small salary, having the major part of his time free for research work in such lines as suit him best.

In 1911-12, the Harvard exchange professor was Albert Bushnell Hart, who gave in each of the colleges named a course of lectures to advanced students in American history, and another course, open to the general public, on American statesmen who have shaped the development of our national institutions.

In 1912-13, Prof. George Herbert Palmer is the Harvard representative to the chain of colleges. Professor Palmer gives a course of three lectures weekly to advanced classes in ethics, two lectures weekly, open to all who wish to attend and can find places in the lecture-room, on the English poets, and some readings from his own translations of Homer and Sophocles. In addition, by his generous giving of his time, energy, and personality, he makes a distinct contribution to the college life, affording a concrete example of the value of the liberal arts type of education.

The exchange professor during his stay at one of the colleges identifies himself with the college and its interests, attends faculty meetings, joining in the discussions, and getting inside the working machinery of the institution.

From the side of the colleges, the plan is proving an excellent one; the presence of the university professor is stimulating in all departments. On the side of the university, the system will doubtless lead an even greater number than heretofore of the alumni of the four colleges to the graduate and professional schools of Harvard. Moreover, the university authorities are enabled to procure accurate and first-hand knowledge of the work of the "fresh-water" colleges. Caroline Sheldon.

Grinnell, Ia., April 28.

"HOOSIER."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Many attempts have been made to explain the origin and meaning of the name applied to a native of Indiana, but all have failed to prove convincing or even wholly plausible. A new account—or rather the earliest of all—has recently come to my notice, which appears to possess at least some of the qualities which have been missing in the others.

Indiana acquired Statehood in 1816, the year following the downfall of Napoleon. Soon afterward a Polish officer who gave his name as Col. Lehmanowski came to the United States, drifted Westward, and, finally, settled within the borders of the young State. According to his story, he had served in many campaigns under the great captain, of whom he was an enthusiastic admirer, and had made a narrow escape from execution at the hands of the restored Bourbons. (Incidentally, it may be remarked that he declared Marshal Ney also had escaped and come to this country in 1815.)

Lehmanowski's admiration of his old commander led him to prepare a series of lectures on his campaigns, which he delivered in various places. He is believed also to have been the author of a "Life of Bonaparte," now very rare, which was published in Salem, Ind., in 1818.

In his account of the wars he had occasion often to mention the exploits of the light cavalry known as hussars, which had originated in the 15th century in Hungary.

Pronounced with the *u* long and spelled with one *s*, which in the Magyar tongue has the sound of *sh* or *zh*, the word in his mouth became *hoozhár* or *hoozyár*, with final accent. Thus pronounced and often repeated it became familiar to his neighbors, who, however, shifted the accent, English fashion, to the first syllable.

For some time the word thus introduced had no special application, but in the late twenties the digging of the canal around the falls of the Ohio River at Louisville attracted many laborers from Indiana as well as Kentucky. Naturally, in such an assemblage, there were many physical encounters. In one of these a man named Short, coming from Washington County, Indiana (of which Salem is the county seat), where Col. Lehmanowski and his oddities of speech were well known, gave a Kentucky champion a sound drubbing. The victor strutted about and, finally, springing into the air and knocking his heels together, shouted, "I'm from Indiana, I am!" And then, recalling the Colonel's tales of the picturesque cavalry, added, "I'm a *Hoózhar!*"

The name thus impulsively adopted became current, and like many another has persisted long after its real origin was forgotten.

H. M. KINGERY.

Crawfordsville, Ind., April 24.

Textbooks

PEDAGOGY.

Prof. William Lyon Phelps's "Teaching in School and College" (Macmillan) is a frank, vigorous, and certainly a readable little book. But the noble enthusiasm for the profession of teaching with which he sets out—as an art, in which perfection is as well worth striving for as in architecture or in poetry—seems not fully justified by what follows. In some respects his conception of the ethics of teaching is rather fine and exacting, particularly in the matter of the respect due to students' papers. He has a scant respect for pedagogy. Required English composition for those who have nothing to say he justly ridicules. And he is clear enough in holding that the first duty of the teacher is to know his subject. Evidently, however, even an intense belief in the value of what one has to teach will not go very far. That "the shortest cut to an immediate big salary in schoolteaching is not by the curriculum-route, but through the football gridiron" is treated with complacency, if not with approval; and we are told that the two most efficient institutions of education in the United States are at West Point and Annapolis. Most significant, however, is the remark that in the teacher's art there is something "distinctly histrionic." Here we must record our emphatic dissent. But the idea helps to explain the tone of the book. At times we are reminded of the Indiana novel; again we seem to be listening to a very clever after-dinner speech; and there are pages which recall an English acquaintance who was wont to remark, "I said rather a good thing the other day. Wouldn't you like to hear it?"

Whether "What Children Study and Why" (Silver, Burdett), by Charles B. Gilbert, is a definitive contribution to this subject, we forbear to say; the dust that has been raised over this question leaves one helpless and bewildered. But the book itself is marked by a kind of Huxleian vigor and good sense. In the face of an hysterical demand for instruction in sex-hygiene, it is surely to the point to learn that such instruction is distinctly harmful for those who are not ripe for it, and that the typical spinster who teaches in our schools, often a very young spinster, is nearly the last person to give it; Mr. Gilbert thinks that such instruction might be given in private by the school physician. It is not less timely to raise the question whether industrial education is urged for the sake of the pupil or for the sake of the employer of labor. "A recent national convention on industrial training was distinctly a manufacturers' convention." And in response to the vague, but no less insistent, demand for moral instruction in the schools, we are glad to meet the pointed question, How? though Mr. Gilbert does what he can to give an answer.

In "Better Schools" (Macmillan), Dr. B. C. Gregory, late Superintendent of Schools in Trenton, N. J., and Chelsea, Mass., tells an old story, but tells it out of the freshness of personal conviction and experience. His version of "the matter with the schools" is that the subject-matter makes no appeal to the child nature, and especially to his love of action; hence, the child and the subject fail, so to speak, to connect. Doubtless, this is true; but the problem is not solely and abstractly to develop the child, but to enable him to push his self-development through under the conditions of practical life. To this perhaps the author would assent. In any case the self-development of the child is a refreshing offset to "training for practical life"—it also suggests how quickly the pedagogical fashions change. And it is similarly refreshing to learn, in old-time language, that education should develop "power." It does seem that a youth who has been exercised in arithmetical problems should be able, when the need arises, to teach himself the subject of "partial payments." Indeed, for what does education stand, if not for a superior power of doing the things that one has not been taught to do? Yet any such implication is wholly foreign to the prevailing vocational theory.

As a volume of useful information and suggestion, Elsa Denison's "Helping School Children" (Harper) clearly deserves the recommendation given in the preface by Mr. Allen, of the Bureau of Municipal Research. That the school should be a centre of active interest and coöperation on the part of the citizens of its community goes without question. This unofficial interest is necessary to make the public school a really social and human institution.

ENGLISH.

Among the new textbooks for freshman composition, the one that deserves to be welcomed most generally is Prof. James W. Linn's "The Essentials of English Composition" (Scribner). "It is written as much to interest as to insist, as much to stimulate as to command. It gives few rules, and those simple; many suggestions, and those, it is hoped, clear": these sentences from the preface describe the nature of the book aptly, and are themselves an example of the clear, stimulating style in which it is written. In point of style, indeed, it is superior to any similar book now in use in our colleges. Part One, somewhat more than half of the volume, is devoted to the whole composition, the paragraph, the sentence, words, and punctuation; Part Two, the rest of the volume, to the forms of discourse, including argumentation. The discussion of argumentation unfortunately lacks a specimen brief; otherwise, every chapter is at once concise and adequate. The author has wisely excluded illustrative selections, so that the instructor who uses this manual is left free, in the present uncertainty as to the kind of selections that are most desirable, to choose what he pleases. In appearance, as well as in contents, Professor Linn's little book surpasses the usual freshman composition textbook—the binding is of olive-green flexible leather stamped in gold.

More radical in plan is "Thought-Building in Composition" (Macmillan), by Robert Wilson Neal. In this handbook the forms of discourse, which are tending to be stressed less and less in freshman composition courses, are dismissed with little more than the remark that they should be taken up in advanced courses. The emphasis is laid, instead, on the orderly expression of thought, and the book supplies an ample quantity of discussion and suggestions for a highly disciplinary course in writing English. The author's point of view might be symbolized by one of his favorite words, "thought-blocks," which has at least the merit of hinting that composition is a pretty solid matter. No "models" are included.

"Representative Essays in Modern Thought" (American Book Co.), edited by H. R. Steeves and F. H. Ristine, is a collection of discourses by writers of the Victorian era and of our own day on questions of biology, philosophy, politics, sociology, religion, etc. (art, for some reason, being ignored altogether). These essays are intended primarily for use in freshman composition courses, as reading that will aid in "expanding the student's ideas and increasing the number of his points of contact with vital questions." The scheme of the book is thus in general accord with a relatively new but already prominent tendency away from the "model" fallacy, and from the old-fashioned teaching of "rhetoric," in favor of distinct stress on "ideas." In this book, certainly, ideas are stressed with a vengeance; typical essays are William Morris's "The Labor Question from the Socialist Standpoint," Frederic Harrison's "The Future of Women," William Hurrel Mallock's "The Scientific Bases of Optimism," and William K. Clifford's "The Ethics of Belief." The authors confess that such essays have "an appearance of forbidding profundity," but they assert that speculation is stimulated, that the profundity disappears, and that the student soon becomes happy in the conviction that his common sense and reasoning powers are "sufficient equipment for an approach to any of the subjects offered." That may be true at Columbia, where, we are told, most of these essays have been used with success, but the ordinary freshman in the American college will find them impenetrable. In addition to the matter of difficulty, one may well question whether modern thought as

here represented is adapted to the intellectual needs of the freshman; unless, indeed, we are seeking to produce lusty radicals rather than symmetrical human beings. The essays are for the most part eccentric rather than central, bizarre rather than pure. In quest of literature that is "irritating" in effect, the editors have succeeded only too well.

"British and American Eloquence" (Ginn), by Dean R. I. Fulton and Prof. T. C. Trueblood, presents accounts, averaging about eight pages in length, of the lives of twenty-two prominent orators, together with several selections from the greatest speeches of each. The book thus brings together material that is for the most part not conveniently accessible elsewhere.

Volume II of "Intercollegiate Debates" (Hinds, Noble, & Eldredge), edited by Prof. E. R. Nichols, is composed of fourteen specimens of debates held in the college year 1910-11, all of them on topics relating to politics or political economy. In almost every case an extensive bibliography is appended to the text of the debate.

A book that will be useful in courses on American literature, particularly in colleges, is Prof. Walter C. Bronson's "American Poems (1625-1892)" (University of Chicago). Somewhat less than half of the space is allotted to the poets of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and the minor poets of the nineteenth century; if the greater poets of the nineteenth century do not, relatively, fare so well, it is because of the editor's assumption that the selections from these poets will be "supplemented by liberal reading in their complete works." Thus Emerson, who has a good claim to be regarded as our foremost poet, is represented by poems covering less than twenty single-column pages. The notes and bibliographies are quite as excellent as those of the editor's volumes of "English Poems." The page and the binding are entirely satisfactory.

Of textbook editions of standard literature, at least three deserve to be mentioned: "Selected Poems of Christina G. Rossetti" (Macmillan's Pocket Library), edited by Prof. C. B. Burke; "Poems and Stories by Bret Harte" (Houghton Mifflin, Riverside Literature Series), edited by C. S. Thomas; and "Robert Browning: A Selection of Poems (1835-1864)" (Putnam, Pitt Press Series), edited by W. T. Young, lecturer at the University of London. Browning has been the prey of so many fond editors that it is refreshing to turn to Mr. Young's sensible and really luminous introduction and notes.

CLASSICS.

Advocates of the Direct Method of Teaching Latin have been seriously hampered by the lack of textbooks. This lack has been in some measure supplied in the past year by the publication of "Primus Annus," a first-year book by W. L. Paine and C. L. Mainwaring, supplemented by a companion volume, "Deeem Fabulæ Pueris Puellisque Agendæ" (Clarendon Press), by the same authors. Still more recent is "Perse Latin Plays" (Cambridge: W. Heffer & Sons), by W. H. S. Jones and R. B. Appleton. The main features of the method are by this time familiar. The "Primus Annus" is intended for strictly oral teaching. Every lesson combines a Latin passage with extensive oral exercises, which are to be prepared at home, in which the answers to the questions are deducible from the passage read. This reading material is modern Latin, and many of the subjects are modern. The amount of drill that is possible with such a book depends wholly upon the teacher, but much more emphasis is laid upon drill than those unfamiliar with the method suspect. The plays are intended for recitation. They are of the most simple nature, and easily within the power of pupils in their first term. In the "Decem Fabulæ," the first play, a dramatic version of Pyramus and Thisbe, is written almost entirely in the present indicative and imperative. The subsequent plays become more complex until the final one, "Verres," embodies substantial portions of one of Cicero's speeches. The "Perse Latin Plays" demand more knowledge on the part of the pupils and would belong perhaps to the second year. These, too, are on both modern and ancient subjects. The first, "Somnium," is most amusing. A boy is sent to bed by an irritable father before he has got his lesson. In his dreams the Roman hero about whom he was to write appears to him and tells him a story, which wins him much praise from his teacher the next day. This book has an extensive introduction devoted to suggestions as to the use of the direct method.

A "First Latin Reader" (American Book Company), by H. C. Nutting, is as unconventional as the Latin Primer by the same author. While its aim is to lead up to Cæsar or some similar prose, its primary object is to develop the pupil's power to read Latin. The lessons are carefully graded, and the subject matter is unusual. The 140 passages are divided as follows: Forty-five from early American History, fifty-five tales of land and sea, also American, twenty-five stories from Cæsar retold, and fifteen selected passages from Latin prose authors. The greater part of the book is accordingly Modern Latin, but Latin of a good quality. While the irreeoncilable will continue to object to everything which does not hark back to the last century of the Republic, the progressive teacher should welcome something which will show his pupils that Latin is only dead to those who have no power to see its life. This book marks a departure which, it is to be hoped, will find many imitators.

"Latin Subordinate Clause Syntax" (American Book Company), by M. A. Leiper, is a short compendium of the usage of Cæsar and Cicero in the selections usually read in schools. There is no particular merit in the book, beyond the statistical information as to the comparative usage of the authors mentioned. This gives the opportunity to focus the attention of pupils upon the most common constructions. Otherwise, except possibly for ready review, there seems but little reason for the book's existence.

Messrs. W. B. Gunnison and W. S. Harley have added to their Latin series an edition of "Cicero's Orations" (Silver, Burdett). This contains the orations usually read, with passages for sight reading from Cicero's letters and "De Senectute" and Sallust's "Catiline." A grammatical and syntactical appendix, with a number of exercises in prose composition based on the text, relieve the pupil of the necessity of consulting grammar or composition book. The notes are excellent, with perhaps too much translation. The illustrations are fresh and attractive. The exercises are well graded and organized. The vocabulary gives too many renderings, but this is a common fault. An unnecessary appearance of scholarship is given by a bibliography which refers to many books inaccessible to high-school teachers, because they are either in foreign languages, or in some cases long out of print. In general the edition is commendable.

A very attractive edition of "Demosthenes on the Crown" (American Book Company) has been prepared by Prof. M. W. Humphreys. The editor has embodied in this book the experience of more than thirty years' teaching of this particular oration. He writes, therefore, with the needs of students steadily in view. A short introduction is devoted to a discussion of Demosthenes's style, which seems too meagre for students at this stage, and to a criticism of the relations of Demosthenes and Æschines. In this he opposes the current view as to Æschines's character, and while admitting that he was insincere and a demagogue, acquits him of the charge of treason. He also emphasizes the fact that Demosthenes himself was far from perfect, and needs our charitable judgment for many faults. The historical setting of the speech is discussed very extensively in the appendix. The notes are restrained and resemble those of similar editions, except for a more detailed explanation of historical allusions.

MODERN LANGUAGES.

Fraser and Squair's "French Grammar" has long been recognized as a standard work, especially useful as a book of reference. However, owing to its length and to its being only partially divided into lessons, many teachers have of late been turning to shorter and differently planned handbooks. These authors have now brought out a "Shorter French Course" (Heath), which combines the thoroughness of the earlier work with a judicious distribution of the grammatical material into ninety-two lessons. In addition, there are copious review exercises, an appendix dealing chiefly with verbs, and vocabularies.

The many teachers of French who have profitably used V. E. François's manuals of French composition should welcome his "Essentials of French" (American Book Co.), divided into eighty-five lessons, in which the author's familiar qualities of clearness and practical arrangement of material are once more conspicuously displayed.

Perhaps the best feature of W. B. Snow's "Fundamentals of French Grammar" (Holt) is the clearness with which grammatical rules are stated. An innovation is the author's method of teaching the verbs by tenses, without classifying them into the different conjugations.

The latest addition to the attractive Oxford Modern French series is Daudet's "Lettres de mon Moulin," ably edited with an introductory sketch of the author and notes by H. C. Bradby and E. V. Rieu.

In another Oxford series, under the general editorship of Professor Weeks, appear Balzac's "Gobseck," one of his happiest creations, and his short "Jésus-Christ en Flandre," a not altogether successful excursion

into the field of the supernatural. The introduction and notes are by R. T. Holbrook. An unusual feature of the notes is the quizzing on points of grammar to which the student is occasionally subjected, *e. g.*, "Is the *me* here elided dative or accusative? How can you *prove* which it is?"

"Molière en Récits" (Heath), by M. L. Chapuzet and W. M. Daniels, is designed as an introduction for beginners to nine plays of Molière. The narration of the plots is well managed, much of the language of the original being retained. A vocabulary is provided.

Ginn & Co. have published Corneille's much-edited "Cid," with commendable introductions to both the play and the "Examen," notes and vocabulary, by C. Searles.

Six representative and interesting Italian short stories, respectively by Matilde Serao, Grazia Deledda, Fogazzaro, Fucini, Verga, and d'Annunzio, ably edited by E. H. Wilkins and R. Altrocchi, have been published by Heath. The judicious and succinct biographical and critical introductions prefixed to the stories are an especially valuable feature of this textbook, which is further provided with notes and a vocabulary.

Holt & Co. have lately added three interesting and ably edited volumes to their list of Spanish textbooks: Lope de Vega's "La Moza de Cántaro," edited by M. Stathers; "Selections from Mesonero Romanos," edited by G. T. Northup, and Valdés's striking novel, "La Hermana San Sulpicio," edited by J. G. Gill.

Ginn & Co. have published a new Spanish Grammar, by Alfred Coester, well arranged and especially commendable for apt illustrative sentences; also a short "Elementary Spanish Reader," with vocabulary, by E. S. Harrison, containing a good selection of brief prose extracts and a few fables in verse.

Grillparzer's "Libussa" is almost as tempting to the commentator as Goethe's "Faust," with which it has been compared. That Prof. G. O. Curme needed in his edition (Frowde) only nine pages for notes to the text is therefore not a little surprising. But he leaves nothing unexplained. This is chiefly because of an ample introduction in which, after a sympathetic and on the whole just review of Grillparzer's life and works, there is a connected account of the play. A chapter on Libussa in history and legend is commendably brief, furnishing material for all that we need: a general impression of Grillparzer's relation to his sources.

M. B. Lambert regards the late Wilhelm Raabe as "the most distinctly German of German writers of the latter half of the nineteenth century." The short story "Eulenpfingsten" well represents Raabe's exuberant humor and free but not easy style. In the notes and the vocabulary of his edition (Heath) Mr. Lambert has taken pains to provide the information that the reader of Raabe requires in full measure.

President J. S. Nollen's "German Poems, 1800-1850" (Ginn), is an anthology compiled with the most scrupulous care both as to selection and as to the interpretation of details. It admirably represents a period of German literature in its most characteristic expressions.

Prof. W. A. Hervey's edition of Schiller's "Kabale und Liebe" (Holt) is a notable product of the best American scholarship, comprehensive, deliberate, and judicious. Good reproductions of Weckerlin's portrait of Schiller and of Ramberg's illustrations to the play adorn the excellent volume.

HISTORY.

We think it by no means unlikely that the publication of "Parallel Source Problems in Mediæval History" (Harper), by Frederic Duncalf and August C. Krey, may come to be looked upon as the beginning of a new period in the elementary teaching of history in this country. The plan of the book is, so far as we know, wholly novel. Instead of the familiar source-book, with a collection of documents and extracts chronologically or topically arranged, covering a considerable period, and accompanied by brief introductions and bibliographies, the authors of the present work have undertaken to show teacher and student how to use historical sources in a scientific way, namely, for the ascertainment of historical truth. Five typical episodes—the coronation of Charles the Great, Canossa, the capture of Jerusalem in 1099, the departure of the university from Paris in 1229-1231, and the coronation of Cola di Rienzo—are selected for study. First comes a brief account of the episode in question; then a list of the sources relating to it, with a critical estimate of each; next, a list of questions on the sources; and, finally, the sources themselves, in translation. The questions are intended to be answered in writing, an example of the kind of answer expected being given in an appendix. The ordinary source-book, invaluable when properly used, unquestionably becomes in many cases only a convenient selection of readings with which to supplement, explain, or vivify a text. The volume of Professors Duncalf and Krey, on the other hand, is a laboratory manual. Its limitation, of course, is the small field which it covers, but the thorough carrying-out of the method in even this small field will afford a critical training such as few students of history, we fear, now get in either school or college. The book certainly deserves the serious consideration of teachers.

A new and enlarged edition of the "Guide to the Study of American History," by A. B. Hart and Edward Channing, published in 1896, has been issued under the title of "Guide to the Study and Reading of American History" (Ginn). To the contributions of the original authors has now been added that of their colleague, Frederick J. Turner. The pedagogical matter of the earlier work has been much condensed, and the topical outline, which originally ended with the Civil War, has been somewhat enlarged and brought down to the present time. In addition, the numerous classified reference lists have been overhauled, and in most cases amplified; and some new lists have been inserted. Much care appears to have been taken to rid the text of the numerous typographical errors which crept into the old edition. The treatment of French colonization in the eighteenth century, and of English colonial development from 1690 to 1750, is still inadequate; and the island colonies, quite as important as those of the mainland from the point of view of colonial policy, are omitted altogether.

"Readings in American Constitutional History" (Houghton Mifflin), by Prof. Allen Johnson, of Yale, is a collection of nearly 200 extracts from contemporary sources, arranged to show the development of the American constitutional system and governmental policy from colonial times to the present. While a few extracts are given from charters, statutes, or constitutions, the larger part of the material is drawn from official reports, the messages of Presidents and Governors, Congressional debates, court decisions, and the like. The volume thus supplements, but does not duplicate, other documentary compilations in the same field. The introductory notes to the several pieces, while brief and informing, incline to a discussion of the general subject quite as much as to an explanation of the origin of the particular document; and there are no reading references. To say that such a book demands a skilful teacher is to repeat a commonplace; but the volume can hardly fail to stimulate the reviving interest in constitutional history, and will certainly prove a boon to students who cannot command a large library. The mechanical execution of the book is especially good.

"A Source-Book of Ancient History" (Macmillan), by George W. Botsford and Lillie S. Botsford, while intended more particularly to supplement Botsford's "History of the Ancient World," can, of course, be used to advantage with any textbook. Its special distinction is its inclusion of Oriental sources in addition to Greek and Roman; and we note that, among the sources drawn upon, the Bible holds an honorable place. The extracts cover a wide range, and include special as well as standard translations. To the several chapters are appended lists of questions, designed to call attention to the more important facts to be drawn from the selections; but the authors disclaim a purpose to afford, in this way, any special training in historical criticism.

The useful "Syllabus of European History" (Hanover, N. H.: E. P. Storrs), prepared by Herbert D. Foster and Sidney B. Fay, has passed to a fourth edition. The outline now includes the period from 1870 to 1900, but reading references for the added sections have, for the most part, been omitted.

Among recent "helps" for teachers of history and government we note Arthur M. Wolfson's "Outline for Review: Civics," and Francis A. Smith's "Pupils' Notebook and Study Outline in English History" (American Book Co.). The former is a skilful compendium adapted to use with any textbook. The latter provides a skeleton outline to be filled in by the pupil, and in addition a few outline maps.

J. R. H. Moore's "Industrial History of the American People" (Macmillan) has a number of distinctive features. Important topics, such as the fisheries, lumber, the fur trade, labor, agriculture, commerce, money and finance, colonial government and administration, problems of city life, manufactures and transportation, are treated in separate chapters, some of which embrace only the colonial and revolutionary periods, while others are comprehensive surveys brought down to the present time. Doubtless a topical method of this sort has advantages in elementary instruction, but one misses here a clear impression of our industrial growth as a whole, and of the in-

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fluence of one problem upon another. Mr. Moore has not overcrowded his text with details or statistics, and has permitted himself a good deal of leisurely discussion and moralizing, some of it, perhaps, a bit obvious. His style, too, is familiar, and tolerant of occasional inelegancies and even slang. A teacher's manual, issued separately in pamphlet form, contains a few pedagogical suggestions and a rather undiscriminating list of books.

A recent addition to the rapidly growing number of source books in the social sciences is Prof. Frank A. Fetter's "Source Book in Economics" (Century). This volume of 385 pages introduces the student to monographic and Government literature that in considerable degree is inaccessible to large classes, and presents material that is needed to enrich instruction in the subject. There is a preponderance of official and documentary literature, the editor's citations from standard authors being comparatively few. Among the latter may be mentioned Herbert Spencer's theory of the origin of exchange, and Sir Henry Maine's discussion of the origin of markets and prices. As illustrative of the method of treatment, it may be noted that the section on Labor and Population contains material drawn from reports of the Tariff Board, National Conservation Commission, Department of Agriculture, and the British Board of Trade. It is at least a question whether the citations do not lose somewhat in effectiveness because of their brevity.

SCIENCE.

Prof. Wilhelm Wundt's "Introduction to Psychology" (Macmillan) in its original tongue has had extraordinary popularity in Germany, and will doubtless be welcomed here by a wide circle of readers. Notwithstanding the brevity of treatment, the author has managed with great skill to present to the reader some of the most important psychological problems in a simple and lucid form. The book is an addition to our psychological literature, even for those who do not follow its author in all the positions he maintains.

The "Introduction to Psychology" (Frowde), by T. Loveday and J. A. Green, of the University of Sheffield, is a short book written more especially for teachers, as is indicated by its sub-title. The authors aim to provide no more than a simple introductory course of study, and therefore deliberately evade the philosophical problems which are often included in books of this type, and also omit all reference to the physiology of the nervous system and detailed discussion of the sensations, of spatial perception, and of many other topics to which much space is devoted in the usual psychological textbook. Whatever one may say as to the propriety of such omissions, there is at least a great advantage, in that it avoids the impression left upon the reader of many modern textbooks on this subject, that psychology is a branch of neurology, or is to be identified with the purely objective study of behavior.

The nine editions of "Hertwig's Manual of Zoölogy" in German furnish abundant proof of its excellence as a textbook. Prof. J. S. Kingsley's third English translation (Holt) has been much enlarged and improved, even on the German edition, by the addition of material pertaining to American zoölogy and to subjects of more recent biological importance, such as Mendelism and cellular biology, although much of the old-time evolutionary doctrine and relations of species are retained. It forms an admirable textbook for beginners.

A good college textbook of zoölogy combines the description of animal types with biological principles and stimulates the imagination by suggestive treatment of zoological hypotheses and experiments. A mere catalogue of animal forms, or a formal presentation of anatomical details deadens interest and makes a burden of what should be a fascinating work. R. W. Hegner's "College Zoölogy" (Macmillan) combines many of the former features in an agreeable way, but omits all philosophical consideration of heredity, species, and the factors of organic evolution. The entire animal kingdom is concisely but fully treated, and the descriptions of the larger groups are well balanced. Habits, instincts, and reactions to stimuli find a prominent place, while the diagrams and illustrations generally are well chosen and instructive.

Peabody and Hunt's "Elementary Biology" (Macmillan) is a useful textbook for beginners, especially in physiology and hygiene in relation to human welfare. Insects, birds, and fishes are treated with particular regard to their relations to man; bacteria receive judicial attention not only because they are responsible for diphtheria, tuberculosis, and other ills—a fact which means little more to a beginner than to be told that such ills exist—but also because of their universal distribution in nature and their general biological importance. The inevitable chapter on stimulants and narcotics which public opinion demands in such books finds its place here, but just as large a percentage of boys will smoke and drink to excess as though this chapter were left out. More important than such forced precepts is the spirit in which the book is conceived: "Growing boys and girls ought to come to feel, as they have never felt, that they have in their keeping a most complex and wonderful piece of living machinery, which can be easily put out of order or even wrecked."

The new movement for agricultural courses in our public schools is bringing forth a number of textbooks, among which should be noticed "High School Agriculture" (American Book Company), by D. D. Mayne and K. L. Hatch. It exemplifies the present tendency to crowd between the same covers all possible departments of the study of agriculture, from chemistry to entomology, from field crops to poultry. It endeavors to include the problems of all sections of the country, so that one small volume treats of the grapefruit and cotton as well as the apple and wheat. It is true that the information is accurate and up-to-date; also that in discussing the various breeds of cattle and poultry the publishers have drawn unusually freely on their best help, illustration. But the attempt to include everything results badly. Many parts of the book are so brief as to be crowded and dry; and an excellent chapter, that on Farm Management, by Andrew Boss, appears to be shorn of one of its most valuable parts, instruction in the keeping of farm accounts. We are of the opinion that high-school textbooks of agriculture will eventually be specialized for two different sections of the country, the North and the South, with possibly a third, California, and that animal husbandry will be reserved for a separate volume. They will be thus of much greater value to our young people.

The "Practical Measurements in Radio-Activity" (Longmans), by W. Makower and H. Geiger, is an admirable, much-desired manual, not only useful to students, but of value to investigators in the fascinating field of radio-activity as well. Tables of radio-active constants, with the exception of the Maché Unit (used solely in the physiological application of radio-active substances), are given. The theories of most of the experiments are well and clearly expressed.

The advertisement pasted into the cover of the book, "Features in which 'Bradbury's Chemistry' Excels" (Appleton), stimulates a search for the ten excellences claimed. The author, Robert H. Bradbury, is enthusiastic and doubtless would get results whatever method he followed, in spite of the ten commandmental features animadverted, some of which are actual perversions. "The synthetic classification of the elements, which completely determines the order of topics in a work of reference, should only be allowed a subordinate influence upon the arrangement of an elementary text." Yet science is supposed to make its really great strides by such classifications, which mean generalization. No other grand (even if inadequate) generalization seems to have been followed in the book. The author is so close to detail and so occupied with the idea of *appearing* original (with modesty) that he has used the illuminating term in reference to one element that it "is difficult to prepare." The element is not difficult to prepare if one has only enough of its halogen compound. Failure to state accurately what is known and given accurately in other texts overshadows "originality."

The aim of Edmund B. R. Prideaux's "Problems in Physical Chemistry with Practical Applications" (Van Nostrand) is to provide a series of arithmetical examples illustrating the more important developments of physical chemistry. The problems included are such as possess a particular importance for the physico-chemical investigator and technical chemist, and a previous knowledge of the fundamental chemical laws, as well as the meaning of elementary physical magnitudes and operations, has been assumed throughout. Dr. Prideaux has succeeded in converting the somewhat prolix results of physico-chemical research into a form suitable for teaching, and his book should prove of much assistance to the student of physical chemistry in teaching him to apply principles learned in lectures. The work differs materially from other books of problems and calculations.

Teachers of geometry rely largely on architectural and industrial designs to supplement proofs of theorems. Such designs and their line constructions are not easily accessible, and as a result teachers are apt to depend on a few hackneyed examples. To supply this need, Miss Mabel Sykes has collected and analyzed a great many examples of designs in a "Source Book of Problems for Geometry" (Allyn & Bacon). The author deprecates the "widespread tendency in education to substitute amusement for downright work," and her book shows

no tendency in that direction. With its large collection of skeleton drawings and reproductions of actual designs, which are carefully analyzed, the book is valuable. In addition, there are good bibliographies, catalogues, and an index.

The old and simple days when arithmetic was arithmetic and geometry was geometry are apparently gone. Each new schoolbook in these subjects contains a preface which shows that the chief aim of the book is not to teach the subject in hand. The "Elementary Arithmetic" and "Advanced Arithmetic" (Charles E. Merrill Co.), by Fletcher Durell and Elizabeth Hall, are no exceptions. Thus we learn: "By special treatment of the concrete applications of arithmetic, the series develops bread-winning power; and by cultivating a grasp of the functions of number processes, it develops a broad, cultural power." The children who are expected to get all this from arithmetic are not beyond the tender age of ten years. For the older children, Part II "is so arranged that it may be taught either spirally or topically." It is difficult to criticise this plan, as its meaning, unless it is some new form of arithmetical English, is not obvious. Fortunately, and the same is true of the "Silver-Burdett Arithmetics" (Silver Burdett & Company). Books I and II, by George Morris Philips and Robert F. Anderson, if we leave out much of the padding in these arithmetics which consists of up-to-date guide-book statistics of business and geography, there remains a fairly good arithmetic. What we should really aim to do is to teach children accuracy in numbers, and a good teacher does not need such factitious aids to interest them.

"The Essentials of Physics" (Ginn), by George Anthony Hill, is written on a novel plan. The author treats the whole subject of physics in a series of questions and answers. Each great principle is first illustrated in this way, and then follows an unusually long list of problems for the pupil to answer by himself. Undoubtedly great precision is obtained, but breadth and consecutiveness of thought would probably suffer. If the method meets approval, the book will be found well prepared, and, in all cases, it would be a useful help to the teacher.

Frederick C. Reeve's "Physical Laboratory Guide" (American Book Co.) is an adequate text. It would be better to require more experiments in mechanical measurements, especially with verniers, and there is no advantage in changing the established order of topics.

The work of Prof. Edwin H. Hall in introducing and standardizing laboratory work in physics for preparatory schools is too well known to need comment. Hall and Bergen's "Textbook of Physics" was a most useful pioneer. Professor Hall now gives us "The Elements of Physics" (Holt) as a successor to that work. The text is accurate and well written. It is pleasant to have an author show himself thoroughly conversant with the whole subject, and, at the same time, not strive for attention by freakish originality.

A manual of "Laboratory Exercises in Physics" (Allyn & Bacon) has been prepared by Robert W. Fuller and Raymond B. Brownlee of the Stuyvesant High School New York city. The book is primarily intended as an accompaniment to Carhart and Chute's "First Principles of Physics," so far as general treatment and arrangement of experiments are concerned. It is certainly one of the best guides for laboratory work in physics now on the market.

"Electricity and Magnetism" (Macmillan), by Robert Harbison Hough and Walter Martinus Boehm, of the University of Pennsylvania, is a text on the elementary principles of electricity for the use of students in engineering. The subjects treated are those which are to be used later in engineering instruction. There may be considerable doubt whether engineering students should not have a much more thorough course, yet if the authors' aim is approved, the book will be found to be satisfactory.

A revised edition of Millikan and Gale's "First Course in Physics" (Ginn) has been prepared. A notice of this popular text appeared in these columns when the first edition was issued.

Literature

ACADEMIC AUTOCRACY.

University Control. By J. McKeen Cattell and Others. New York: The Science Press.

Professor Cattell, through his journal, the *Popular Science Monthly*, has made himself in a peculiar sense the tribune of those American professors who chafe under present conditions of university control. Now the material which has been distributed over a number of years and through several magazines is brought together. Professor Cattell's four contributions are in part expository and even more an attack upon the present preponderancy of the university president. His chief recommendation is that the president, with reduced salary and prerogatives, should be elected by the faculty, and the trustees by a large corporation of alumni and voluntary associates somewhat analogous to the Oxford voting M.A.'s. Profs. Joseph Jastrow, George T. Ladd, J. E. Creighton, and George M. Stratton point to the danger of regimentation. Over-organization and concentrated control, they feel, tend to check and cripple activities that should be essentially free and personal. The professor tends to become merely an employee in a none too enlightened bureaucracy. John J. Stevenson and John Jay Chapman especially emphasize this helpless condition of the professor as regards tenure under present conditions. Mr. Chapman thinks that a mere shred of that class loyalty which is so strong in workingmen would do much to restore security of professorial tenure and complete freedom of teaching. Stewart Paton and James P. Munroe especially urge the necessity of conference and closer co-operation between faculties and boards of trustees, and President Schurman offers a plan by which such coöperation might be obtained.

Even more impressive than these criticisms by distinguished persons is the ballot which Professor Cattell took from two hundred and ninety-nine of his colleagues in science. The vote covered the entire country and all sorts of colleges and universities. More than a third of the voters, 114 out of 299, approved the university presidency as it stands, but of this conservative minority two-thirds felt that university faculties have insufficient powers. More than three-fifths of the voters, 185 out of 299, approved Professor Cattell's scheme for radically reforming the government of universities along democratic lines. Or to put the result of the referendum in another fashion, there was a handsome majority for revolutionizing the present system of university control, whereas only one voter in six expressed himself as contented with things as they are. And this is not the utterance of young or flighty persons. In the very full and interesting letters of reply to Professor Cattell's circular, it is easy, for any one conversant with American university affairs, to recognize many of the strongest and wisest personalities in our academic life. Here is no casual discontent that may lightly be disregarded.

To weigh either Professor Cattell's reform project or the numerous suggestions made by his contributors and correspondents, we must first know just what the existing form of university government is in America. Our remarks apply only to the private foundations, which are also the richest and highest in academic repute, and we shall not hesitate to repeat what may be obvious to certain readers. The ultimate and only legal seat of power in a private university is the board of trustees. This is a self-perpetuating body, or, in the familiar phrase, a close corporation. The number of trustees varies considerably. The seven Fellows of Harvard and the thirty-two trustees of Princeton probably represent pretty well the limits of membership. It should be added that most boards admit a minority representation, usually from a fifth to a quarter of the entire body, of members elected for a term of years by the alumni. All trustees serve without pay, and exercise their managing function chiefly through a paid executive, who is also a member of the board, the president of the university. He is also a member of the faculty, and its chief executive officer, the active agent of the trustees in raising money, appointing or dismissing professors; the chief informant and counsellor of the board in all matters affecting academic polity. Moreover, the only statutory and correct access for either the individual professor or the faculty collectively, to the board which they serve, is through the president. A

professor, legally speaking, is simply a nominee of the president and an appointee of the board, and implicitly he holds his place wholly at the pleasure of the two powers. Columbia University has been frank enough to write this proviso into her laws. Any professor who displeases the board is subject to summary dismissal, and this power has not been allowed to rust from disuse. Virtually the power of the board has tended to lodge itself in the person of the president, for the modern trustee is generally a man of great affairs, little versed in educational matters, and prone to regard the president as a kind of universal superintendent with plenary responsibility for financial and academical results. Technically, the professors, whether individually or severally, are in a state of complete subordination towards a remote and august board whom they may approach only through the president.

We have given this extreme juridical view of the situation first in order to lend due emphasis to the facts, which by no means correspond to the theory. The mere fact that some thousands of self-respecting gentlemen are teaching in American universities is evidence that presidents are not usually petty tyrants, nor boards of trustees ignorant and arbitrary. Under the fiction of trustee control, many faculties have managed to do very much what they please. Yale, for example, is governed by the tightest form of old-fashioned corporation. Yet each school elects its dean, each department its chief, nominating as well its own candidates for promotion or appointment. Except that the president is appointed by the trustees, it is hard to see how there could be a fuller measure of democracy. The board is chiefly a benign special providence which confirms the will of the professors and finds the necessary funds. Long ago the seven Harvard Fellows consented to the establishment of a board of overseers elected by the alumni. The overseers have merely an advisory capacity in legislation and appointment, but have the substantial power of vetoing any action of the Fellows. It is strange that this ooviously advantageous form of the bicameral system has not been widely imitated in America. Otherwise the administration of Harvard is highly autocratic. The deans, committee chairmen, and department heads are regarded as cabinet officers and are appointed by the president. This cabinet theory is widely held, and may be said to be our ruling type of academic government. Certain presidents have accepted their election only on assurance of complete control over committees and administrative appointments. On the other hand, many faculties have successfully resisted the cabinet idea. The case of Yale has already been cited. Princeton elects her committees in full faculty, while her deans and department heads are appointed by the president and board. At Princeton, too, the trustees have consented to the establishing of a regular conference with a faculty committee, thus abandoning the practice that the president should be the sole medium of communication. Recently the trustees of Johns Hopkins have circularized their alumni inviting nominations for the presidency of the university. We have wished to show how much the theory of autocratic control by president and board is mitigated by the facts. Incidentally, we shall have suggested the curious differences of academic polity in America. It is possibly the uncertainty of the whole academic situation quite as much as any concrete hardship that underlies the discontent so cogently expressed by Professor Cattell's correspondents.

Before approaching the express grievances of American university faculties, a fruitful topic, it may be well to contrast the variously modified autocracy prevailing among us with the democratic simplicity obtaining among the universities of the German Empire. There the power lies primarily in the faculty of full professors, which elects the rector, usually for a single year, reports candidates for promotion or appointment, and in general controls the business and teaching of the university. The action of the faculty is subject to confirmation by a smaller faculty body, the Senate, consisting of professors of a certain seniority or in administrative positions, but the Senate has merely the right of veto. All faculty measures ultimately are submitted to the Ministry of Education, corresponding roughly to the American board of trustees, which, however, limits its activity to distributing the money supplies and choosing among the nominees submitted by the faculty and senate. It will be observed that the entire initiative rests with the permanent faculty, and that there is nothing corresponding to an American university president. All power is vested in the upper hierarchy of the faculty. Organization and legislation are kept at a minimum, the rule being that the freedom of the teacher should be the widest.

It is the vision of the German university faculty, thus serenely conducting its own affairs, that has led to the suspicion, most tactfully hinted by Professor Cattell, that our university presidents and boards of trustees are superfluous. Such is not the case; they are perfectly logical products of the need of building up new institutions masterfully and of maintaining and increasing great endowments. If there were an American university beyond financial need, its trustees could perhaps do no greater service than to abdicate in favor of a trust company, authorizing the faculty to conduct its own business after the German plan. Or if the States should take over and finance the private universities, a similar change in university government might be in order. But since no American university admits financial repletion, and the States for years to come are likely to be dubious sponsors for higher education, the board of trustees is likely to remain a necessity, and with it the university president. So long as trustees are active solicitors and contributors of university funds, so long will they reasonably require that their chief executive agent be their man. Such support as boards commonly give to their faculties could not properly be expected on any other condition. Short of completely changing the financial basis of the American university, its government is not going to be radically altered. It is incumbent upon those who approve Professor Cattell's plan of a great body of university electors for trustees to show that this plan would provide steady and ample supplies of funds. Theoretically nothing would more benefit the American university than the broadening of its financial basis. The power to give or withhold now lodged in the hands of the few is a subtle temptation to the most considerate and enlightened trustee, and at least a potential danger to many a university. Moreover, the ceaseless cry for money forces the election of trustees whose knowledge of and interest in the ideals and details of education is often the slightest. You may have an accomplished gentleman and student of education as a trustee, you must have a money-raiser. The difficulty is not confined to the academic field. In some art museums we have the fatuous spectacle of inexpert trustees, sometimes themselves notorious victims of the art dealers, regularly overruling in the matter of purchases the expert curators whom they have employed. On the whole, we think that university trustees in America have imposed their authority with singular moderation, showing merely a natural tendency to depend too much on the president, and an unfortunate reluctance to consult the faculty otherwise than through him.

If the existing system of university control is likely to persist, it is highly important to reform its admitted defects. And such reform would involve, first, a reasonable devolution of power upon the faculty, a willing submission on the part of president and trustees to democratic conditions of administration, and, finally, and perhaps most needfully, a real education for boards of trustees. We believe the so-called cabinet system of university control, by which the president appoints all administrative officers and committees, will

always end in sapping the enthusiasm, loyalty, and efficiency of a university faculty. Admit that a faculty is a capricious and none too effective body, its control over educational policy and, broadly speaking, over the recruiting of its own personnel, is essential to its self-respect. The moment a faculty is reduced to a perfunctory or subordinate position, its academic prestige will wane. Spectacular endowments and specious programmes may for a time conceal the decline, but the tone both of teaching and research will gradually be lowered. The idea of commercial efficiency which dominates the president and trustees will disastrously permeate the whole body, and the free spirit of scholarship will depart from that university.

That university president will rule best and longest who cheerfully delegates a large part of his powers to his faculty, and adjusts himself willingly to the hazards of democratic control. Purely administrative officers he may well regard as his cabinet aids, but for him to attempt to control the fundamental committees which shape educational policy, or the departments which are the natural units of teaching efficiency, is to advertise the fact that the conduct of his university is to be strictly limited by the limitations of his own personality. No man is large enough to venture to set such bounds to the activities of a great university. In short, the task of a president who rightly conceives his function is largely that of persuasion. President Eliot, through a long and eminently successful career at Harvard, constantly tempered his autocracy by a habit of hearing all interested persons patiently, and permitting the most protracted faculty discussion of his projects. What was a grace in an autocratic president is a necessity for him who aspires to rule without impairing the spirit and initiative of his faculty.

As for the dignity and security of the American professorate, an issue prominent in all this discussion, we agree with Mr. Chapman that the American professor gets about what he deserves. As a matter of fact, appointment or dismissal over the heads of the faculty are so rare in American universities as always to appear scandalous. Indeed, it is easier to pry a limpet from his rock than an incompetent professor from his chair. Yet it is assuredly a grievance, if largely a theoretical one, that a professor may either be appointed or dismissed without the consent of his colleagues. It is a grievance, however, that the American professorate need endure not a moment longer than it wills. If there were in the calling that minimum of *esprit de corps* which leads, say, lawyers and physicians to associate themselves and pass on questions of professional ethics, the whole academic situation would quickly mend. An association of university professors could pass authoritatively on cases of dismissal, taking these unfortunate affairs out of the realm of rumor into that of fact and judgment. Without emulating the militant tactics of the trade unions, the mere definition of professional needs would be helpful. It would do good, for example, simply to classify our universities according to the treatment they accord to their teaching staff. The advantage of being on the "white list" would soon be apparent to the most reactionary presidents and governing boards. The fact that such protective associations have not been formed shows plainly either that the grievances of the American professor are quite negligible, or else that he is a spiritless and uncoöperative creature, meriting no better consideration than he usually receives. Probably the truth lies about midway between the two extremes.

We are convinced that were there no boards of trustees, the American university, on penalty of bankruptcy, would have to invent them. Thus the most urgent issue in our American educational situation is the education of the individual trustee and of the boards collectively. And, curiously enough, the most obvious and practical means of such education, regular intercourse between governing boards and their effective agents, the faculty, is almost wholly neglected. We wonder what would become of a manufacturing concern whose directors were not at liberty to consult an engineer or department head except through the mediation of the general superintendent, or to indulge such natural intercourse only under suspicion of impropriety. Between faculty and trustees there should unquestionably be some regular and normal method of communication other than the president. Obviously, it would not be possible or proper for each individual of a large faculty to have direct access to the board or to its individual members. What is needed is some sensible adaptation of our usual American system of representation. Dr. Paton's suggestion is a joint committee of faculty and trustees. Such a conference has recently been established by his own alma mater, Princeton. Evidently, such a conference committee is a step in the right direction. Yet we doubt if any committee that exists merely for discussion, and is without executive powers, can be long-lived. It is at best a time-wasting expedient which separates too much discussion from resultant action. A more effective means of conference would be to give to delegates of the faculty the right of appearance and speech in meetings of the governing board; but here again the status of such delegates would be doubtful, their presence might merely be tolerated, their aspect occasionally that of impotent obstructionists.

President Schurman seems to us to have reached the heart of the matter when he recommends that his board should regularly elect a minority representation of professors on nomination of the faculty. This could be done by simple agreement between faculty and trustees, without amending charters or other legal formality. The trustees, as vacancies occurred in their number, would agree to elect the nominee of the faculty up to the stipulated number. The faculty, on their side, could put their representatives under such conditions of term and manner of service as might seem expedient. Where deans are elective, they might well be *ex-officio* faculty trustees. The important thing would be that the faculty representatives should be freely elected and fitted to speak for the great departments of teaching. As a detail, the degree of representation already accorded by most boards to the alumni might well be extended to the faculty. This would still leave the permanent trustees in a strong majority, but would force them to debate and consider all university problems broadly on their merits. The faculty representatives would constitute a sort of privy council and valuable auxiliary for the president. They could immediately offer expert advice on any educational issue arising in the board. Every department and every professor of the university would have the assurance of a competent spokesman in the board. It would be the duty of such representatives to voice not merely faculty conviction, but faculty sentiment, a very important mediation which a president is often reluctant or positively unable to undertake. In fact, the discontent so clear and ominous throughout Professor Cattell's book possibly rests less on concrete issues and particular grievances than on a sense that under the present system of university control the professor does not get a due hearing and a square deal with his employers.

With such a sentiment governing boards and presidents must, in the end, reckon most seriously. It affects spirit and efficiency. Nothing could more effectually allay such discontent than the plan of faculty representation on boards of trustees. Nothing would more tend to liberalize and make more efficient the present oddly autocratic system of university control. It is to be hoped that the Cornell board may choose to set the good example, and that it may be widely followed. In any case, there is an especial prestige awaiting that board and university which shall first elect to reshape its polity along lines truly American and democratic.

CURRENT FICTION.

Jocasta and the Famished Cat. By Anatole France. A translation by Agnes Farley. New York: John Lane Co.

Reading the works of Anatole France in the English translation, one unconsciously associates each successive volume with the bland old Epicurean of the medallion stamped in gold upon the cover. Even with the translator's note reminding us that the present volume was a first venture in fiction, originally published in 1879, it is difficult to think of the author as a young writer, for already he is surveying his contemporaries in their keenest self-absorption with the cool detachment of an old resident in the ivory tower. "Jocasta" appeared in the heyday of naturalism two years after "L'Assommoir," and in its elements it is an ugly piece of bourgeois tragedy with a sentimental heroine hanging herself in a bathhouse with her nephew's necktie, loved by a young surgeon who analyzes his sensations and dissects the nervous system of frogs. In the hands of almost any other writer of his generation this material would have taken shape as a depressing "human document" illustrative of a mechanical theory of life. But M. France has never really adopted the mechanical theory of life; he has only played with it and amused himself with the spectacle of those who were in the grip of it. He does not invite his reader to participate in the illusion of the piece, but rather to share the author's neutrality. The suicide of the heroine thus lacks the sting of actuality, and it affects one hardly more than a knife-thrust in a tale of Boccaccio.

If this sombre matter has left a bad taste in the mouth, one has only to turn the page and forget the sordid sorrows of Philistines in a gorgeous chronicle of the picturesque denizens of the Latin Quarter who foregathered at the Sign of the Famished Cat. "No one who is sane affords me much amusement," quotes M. France with approval, and, as he sees it, all Bohemia wears motley. From the windows of the ivory tower one looks down upon the poetical enthusiast in his garret no less than upon the scientific enthusiast in his laboratory. Yet though he preserves here his characteristic aloofness, he portrays his troop of intoxicated originals with an incomparable zest in their idiosyncrasies, and with a mellow quality in his mirth that suggests an only half-extinguished sympathy. Labanne, the sculptor, who must read treatises on the *pigmentum* of the black races and the geological formation of the Antilles, and fifteen hundred volumes before he can touch clay for his statue of Black Liberty, must occupy a place in his creator's heart. Indeed, the door of Labanne's studio, with its inscriptions carved and chalked by "various people," will seem to some readers almost to epitomize M. France's "criticism of life." These are the inscriptions:

"Woman is more bitter than death."

"Academicians are all bourgeois, Cabanel is a hairdresser's assistant."

"Laud we the womanly form, which still, as of old, uplifts
Chants hieratic, in praise of the greatest of beauty's gifts."—Paul Dion.

"I have brought back the clean linen. Monday I will call for the dirty at the porter's lodge."

"Athens, ever venerable city, if thou hadst not existed, the world would not yet know the meaning of beauty."

"Labanne is a rat. I don't care a damn for him."—Maria.

And there were many others on the door.

An Affair of State. By J. C. Snaith. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Concert Pitch. By Frank Danby. New York: The Macmillan Co.

We wonder if it might not be politic for novelists to be more chary of their great men, created out of whole cloth. Do these colossal statesmen, conquerors, poets, painters, musicians, in whom we are expected to believe, really get themselves believed in? Is it of avail to give titles to their masterpieces, and to assert that their names are household words, when fraud and puppet is written all over them?

Mr. Snaith's James Draper is incredible not because he was once a haberdasher and is now a member of a British Cabinet, but because he is so plainly a little man exhibited as a big one. It is idle to represent him as the intimate of a duchess, the cleverest woman in the United Kingdom. It is idle to show him in the act of being privately visited and consulted by a king: we do not credit a duchess or a king who could hang upon the words and the will of an emotional weakling like the alleged Draper. He has married a daughter of the aristocracy, who, very properly, despises him in the beginning, and quite incredibly worships him in the end. But this comes about after the Draper, just appointed Prime Minister, and confessedly the only man who can save England from civil war, does his best to throw away his life and his country for a point of private "honor." It has been a long journey from the grim realism of Mr. Snaith's earlier work to the unblushing make-believe of his present manner. Yet the relation of certain figures and incidents of the story to fact has roused the British fancy, and the book has made a sensation in England.

Frank Danby's (Mrs. Frankau's) latest novel is upon a higher plane. The action hangs, however, upon the character and conduct of a remarkable musical genius, author of two operas, which are described as familiar the world over. Harston Migotti is understood to be the son of an English prince and an Italian singing woman. He has the "artistic temperament" in its most hopeless, if not its most distressing, form. He does not make an excuse of it to be vicious and to profess immunity from the effects of vice. He is simply the egotist to whom there is no virtue or vice—nothing matters unless as it contributes to his art. The only way to prevent such a being from being simply a nuisance, in life or in fiction, is to endow him with success of the highest order. Hence Migotti. But the story does not begin and end in him. Indeed, he is not even the central figure. He appears, to add a new element to the action, at the point where most novelists would have brought it to a close. Manuella is daughter of a parvenu pair possessed of millions shabbily made in South Africa and bent upon pushing to the top in London society. The mother arranges a match for the girl with a wicked duke, and she finds herself pledged to him before she knows what she is about. But, unawares, she has already given her heart to a virtuous earl. All we should expect in the natural order of events would be the discomfiture of the duke and the triumph of the earl (whose title is far older, if not so lofty). But here Harston Migotti comes in, and with her impulsive marriage to him Manuella's real experience of life begins. It is an experience which tests all her womanly strength: she comes out of it triumphant, and is not without her reward. Here, as in "The Heart of a Child," Mrs. Frankau has quite escaped that preoccupation with the affairs of sex as sex which marked her earlier books, and which reasserted itself in "Joseph in Jeopardy." Never has she written with a firmer touch, or with more evident sincerity. The book is distinguished from the ordinary novel—from "An Affair of State," for example—as a work of art is distinguished from a mere invention.

Ranching for Sylvia. By Harold Bindloss. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

We have all heard of the gallant of olden time upon whom his lady imposed the task of retrieving her glove from the lion's pit. According to the story, his valor survived the test, but not his chivalry. Sylvia's knight, if less spectacular in performance, was stancher in allegiance. George's devotion was all but inalienable. It survived her preference for another suitor in her first marriage. Then it weathered the two years of her widowhood, during which Sylvia amused herself delicately in England and George zealously strove to extract an income for her from her Canadian wheat land. As executor of her hus-

band's estate, he felt that he could do no less, and as a gentleman of leisure he felt that the exercise would do him good. Not until he returns to England confident in the expectation of a faithful servant's reward, and finds that he has been a second time overlooked in Sylvia's matrimonial plans, does George forswear her service and transfer his affections, the considerate author having provided a Canadian substitute.

If novels could be made by machinery they would, presumably, read very much like this one, with a steady flow of colorless words and a conspicuous absence of emphasis and enthusiasm.

Brass Faces. By Charles McEvoy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

This clever story of British origin shows rather a novel aspect of what may be called the reversed detective motive. The situation is piquant. An innocent idle young man (not so very young in years) is summoned to the rescue of a maiden held in duress in a London house. He gets her away and conceals her in a lonely country place. Whereupon a noble family, whose honor is at stake, set about to recover the runaway and lay hands on the abductor. An American girl of detective propensities gets on the trail of the chivalrous young man, and there is a mighty good chase, in which the reader, so to speak, runs with the hare. It is good sport, although towards the end both hare and hounds lag a little.

AN EARLY JOURNALIST.

Sir Roger L'Estrange: A Contribution to the History of the Press in the Seventeenth Century. By George Kitchin, M.A. (Edin.), B.Litt. (Oxon.), Lecturer in English Literature at the University of Edinburgh. With 11 full-page plates. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

Mr. Kitchin's sub-title and the opening paragraphs of his first chapter furnish a sufficient warning that this book will afford little of the pleasure that attends the reading of a good biography. It must be viewed rather as a contribution to history, particularly to the history of the English press in the seventeenth century. As such, it deserves very high praise, both for the faithful and minute scholarship it exhibits on almost every page, and for the importance of the new materials it has placed within the reach of students. It serves worthily as a complement and a supplement to Mr. J. B. Williams's "History of English Journalism to the Foundation of the Gazette," and carries the interesting story, as it were, a chapter farther.

Whether our gratitude to Mr. Kitchin as a contributor to the history of the English newspaper quite stifles our regret that he has not also enrolled himself among eminent biographers is a question that should be put; but, fortunately, it is also one that need not be dwelt upon ungraciously. It is true that, as we are told, L'Estrange "has left scarcely any private history," and that his life was monopolized by public affairs. It may be granted that he was "neither a sufficiently large person in public life, nor in private interesting enough in himself to warrant the troubling of posterity with anything approaching an intimate biography." But we are inclined to believe that, if Mr. Kitchin had used in the body of his text bits of biography which he has tucked away in footnotes, and if he had drawn upon his large knowledge of the period for illustrative material to be used in furnishing a scenic background, he might have gladdened the hearts of some readers without incurring the frowns of the Muse of History, however severe the countenance of that august maiden may have tended to become ever since she has been compelled, through the whims of fashion, to attire herself in original documents.

But Mr. Kitchin has declared that it was not the plan of his book to present L'Estrange "in a picturesque light, which is generally a fallacious one." He believes that the "sobriety of modern history is unfriendly to romantic color," and we need neither disagree with him nor press the matter farther. It is sufficient to remark that his deliberate choice to be a historian has enabled him to display one virtue rarely attained by biographers—freedom from partisan bias. He admits that as a writer L'Estrange was "a Goth of the Goths," but rightly emphasizes his virility and gives us an excellent discussion of the old Cavalier's translations, the only portion of his literary work that possesses interest to-day. If he does not altogether justify Macaulay's statement that L'Estrange's "nature, at once ferocious and ignoble, showed itself in every line that it penned," he nevertheless admits frankly that the chief figure of Restoration journalism, the critic of Milton, the opponent of Baxter, the hunter-down of Titus Oates, "could be, and habitually was, meanly cruel." What virtues L'Estrange had were in the main private and reserved for his friends; hence they scarcely figure in this account of his public career, which, it is almost needless to say, furnishes small comfort to those latter-day writers and readers of Tory proclivities who batten their loyal imaginations upon the Stuart period.

Mr. Kitchin divides his book into twelve chapters, the first two of which cover L'Estrange's early days, his confinement in Newgate, his dubious services in Kent, his obscure years of exile, his return under the Protectorate, and his exploits as a pamphleteer on the eve of the Restoration. The next nine chapters deal with his career as anti-Puritan controversialist, surveyor of the press and purveyor of news, opponent of the Stationers Company, investigator of the Popish Plot, editor of the *Observator*, and implacable enemy of the Whigs, idol of the high-church clergy, and—for reward of it all—a poor and aged victim of the Revolution. These chapters constitute the backbone of the book, and they are filled with information about the state of printing, the journalism, the politics of the time. Adequately to describe or discuss them is impossible within the compass of a normal review, and it must suffice to say that the wealth of details which may repel some readers, will certainly make the book a standard work of reference for students. The twelfth and final chapter deals briefly with the old man's life as a hack-writer after the Revolution, and contains the interesting discussion of his translations to which reference has been made.

Three appendixes treat bibliographical matters and mass the evidence for the thoroughness of the investigation that preceded the writing of the book. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Kitchin's work as a bibliographer leaves something to be desired. Titles are usually abbreviated and are sometimes inaccurate. Full information with regard to the number of editions is often withheld. Worse still, there are careless omissions of titles—*e. g.*, the well-known answer to Halifax's "Letter to a Dissenter," although referred to elsewhere, is not entered in the list of the political writings. "L'Estrange no Papist: In Answer to a Libel Entituled L'Estrange a Papist," which bears its author's name, is omitted, while "L'Estrange no Papist nor Jesuite," to which some doubt attaches, although it is probably genuine, is admitted without question. These and other lapses from fulness and accuracy are not serious, but they raise an ironical smile when one observes how Mr. Kitchin comports himself with regard to the lapses of previous writers upon the bibliography of L'Estrange, who, in the nature of things, were far less qualified for the task than that worthy's biographer.

For example, this latest authority, referring to the bibliography of L'Estrange given in the "Cambridge History of English Literature," remarks, "There is no evidence for L'Estrange's authorship of 'Physician Cure Thyself,' and the style not remotely resembles his" (p. 432). This is sufficiently categorical, but it happens that on the present reviewer's desk lies a copy of L'Estrange's "Apology" (1660), in which, on page 157, we find these words:

> Particularly *Milton* put forth a bawling piece against Dr. *Griffith* and somebody

else another scurrilous libel, entituled, EYE-SALVE: I did not think it much material to reply upon these . . . but however, being excited to it by a private Friend, I return'd these following *Answers*.

This brings us to the bottom of the page. On turning, we find page 158 blank, but immediately upon it comes L'Estrange's famous answer to Milton, "No Blinde Guides," and directly upon that, another inserted tract, to wit, "Physician Cure thy Self; or, an Answer to a Seditious Pamphlet, Entitled Eye-Salve for the English Army, etc." Following this we have an unnumbered page closing the "Apology," on the back of which, precluding the supposition that a modern binder is responsible for the insertion of the two separately paged tracts—is a list of *errata* applying both to the "Apology" and to "No Blinde Guides," to say nothing of a final leaf containing a "Catalogue of Some Books printed for Henry Brome," L'Estrange's faithful publisher.

It is needless to draw a moral, but perhaps it may not be amiss, in conclusion, to express some solicitation for the fate of the English language in Great Britain, now that British historical scholars, in emulation of their cacophonous American compeers, have begun to have their careless way with it. Solicitation for the fate of the English language in America has long been common both here and in the British Isles; let us Americans in turn cherish a poignant anxiety for the welfare of the language of our mother country, lying as it does at the mercy of the pens of insular historical specialists. Mr. Kitchin writes (p. 48), "Roger had seized, probably with an eye to Monk, news of whose arrival had just come out, on those elements which were most embarrassing to the Government." Something has happened to a sentence on page 69: "The little restraint observed in his first attack on the poet [Milton] has entirely disappeared, and the most venomous spirit discovered." But a truce to such cavils. In his next book, Mr. Kitchin will doubtless revise his style more carefully, and he may find it worth while to pay special attention to the possessive case of proper nouns ending in *s*. "Scrogg's" and "Somer's" are forms that mar too many of his pages. They do not, however, diminish our gratitude to a well-trained scholar for a work of distinguished merit.

A NEW LIFE OF BYRON.

Byron. By Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 2 vols. $6 net.

In her introductory chapter our new biographer of Byron expresses surprise that "there is only one full-length 'Life and Letters'" of the poet in English, and this published as early as 1830. That is indeed a strange lack, when it is remembered that Byron is one of the greatest names in our literature and one of the most interesting and perplexing personalities in history, and that a vast amount of material has been made public since Moore's day. And it may be said at once that Miss Mayne has supplied this want not unworthily. She knows the literature; she selects what is significant and entertaining; barring the occasional note of flippancy or egotism which comes almost inevitably with the present rage for cleverness at any price, she writes a good and buoyant English; her criticism of Byron's work is properly eulogistic, with just reservations; and, except on one debatable point, her conception of his character is penetrating and sound.

It is pleasant after the years of obscuration through which Byron has been passing to read once more a discriminating appreciation of his great and virile work. The philosophy of Miss Mayne may not always be tenable; there is, in particular, a paragraph (Vol. I, p. 156) in praise of "Childe Harold" which has some rather witless talk about volcanic spontaneities, and not writing great poetry but being a great poet, and that sort of thing; but almost invariably she selects the right poem or passage to praise or condemn, and sometimes she gives her reasons. She can feel the sweep of "Childe Harold"; she can enjoy the magnificent wit of "English Bards" and see its astonishing superiority to the "Imitations of Horace"; she can respond to the flow of the Oriental poems, and yet distinguish the sham in them from what has been deeply felt; she shows a delicate skill in selecting the few superb lyrics from the mass of Byron's short poems, though some of us do not share her adult contempt for the wolfish Assyrian that stirred us in boyhood; above all, she knows that "Don Juan" is one of the incomparable splendors of the human mind, though here again we miss any theoretical or philosophical criticism to justify her taste.

But criticism is only incidental to Miss Mayne's scheme. She has in mind to present a portrait of the man, and to distribute the due measures of censure and praise. Her approach to the enigma of his character is frankly that of a woman to a man who has not been kind to her sex, and occasionally the strain of this attitude leads to rather amusing assumptions of knowingness, but on the whole it results in a wise discrimination between what was of permanent importance in Byron and what was ephemeral. It is a truth, and an important one in judging his character, that "directly love in any form appears, he is the Sentimentalist—ready to feel everything, and to do nothing: for friendship, fame, and freedom he could act; for love he could only dream." It is true, also, that he was ignoble in his relation to women, but generous as a rule to men. There is a truth in this paragraph, and some amusement at its close:

> But when one speaks of happiness with reference to any woman's relations with Byron, one is bringing two irreconcilable things into sharp opposition. The woman did not live, has never lived, who could reconcile them. Obsessed as he was by the idea of woman, at bottom Byron despised her wholly; and no one can be happy with, or make happy, a creature scorned. Always to tyrannize, humiliate, wound, her he had fascinated, in revenge as it were for the power upon him with which mere sex endowed her, was to him the game of love—for in life, he saw love only as a game. In his poetry, it is true, the passion is exalted, the woman frequently "wins"—but always, let us perceive, by abnegation of her very being. . . . I hold no brief for the tigress. All that Byron sang of gentleness, devotion, sacrifice, may find an echo in most women's hearts; but there is a wide distinction between our choice, and man's proclamation of its sole rightness for us.

In one or two points the feminine point of view has possibly led Miss Mayne into exaggeration. Most readers, we fancy, will feel that she gives rather too much weight to the temper of Byron's mother as a decisive influence on his character, and she is perhaps not entirely fair to Byron in estimating his relation to Shelley. On one other point she has, in our judgment, fallen into actual error, though many literary students of the period will agree with her. In 1909 Mr. Richard Edgcumbe published a book entitled "Byron: The Last Phase," which, besides dealing with the poet's share in the Greek uprising, undertook to prove that the one passion of his life was for Mary Chaworth (Mrs. Musters). According to Mr. Edgcumbe, Medora, supposed to be the daughter of Mrs. Leigh, was really the child of Mrs. Musters and Byron, and was adopted by Mrs. Leigh to save the true mother's reputation. In maintaining this theory Mr. Edgcumbe repudiated the scandalous story promulgated by Harriet Beecher Stowe. This book, together with Lord Broughton's "Recollections," which also repudiated that story, was the occasion of a review in the *Nation* of November 4, 1909, to which those may turn who care to see the question argued at length. Miss Mayne rejects Mr. Edgcumbe's book as unworthy of serious consideration, although she admits that he is "something of an expert" on details of Byron and Shelley biography. On the other hand, she accepts Lord Lovelace's defamation of Mrs. Leigh in "Astarte" as incontrovertible. This is not quite ingenuous. Both Mr. Edgcumbe and Lord Lovelace claim to possess, or to have seen, documents which they do not print; and the appearance of these lurking papers, which ought by all means to be made

public in place of the semi-revelations now current, may at any time quite settle the points in dispute. But as the case stands, Lord Lovelace has by no means proved his point. Miss Mayne says not a word about the arguments given by Mr. Edgcumbe to show that the most damnatory letter printed as "Astarte" could scarcely have been addressed to Mrs. Leigh. She quotes from "Manfred," but omits the lines which tell strongly against her theory. She does nothing to weaken the testimony of Hobhouse (Lord Broughton). She has, we think, been led by her thesis, in general true, to a false application. We are bound to assert our positive conviction that the weight of available evidence exculpates Byron and Mrs. Leigh from the gross charge which his latest biographer so lightly accepts and repeats. Otherwise her appreciation of the man is just and liberal without being sentimental.

Protestantism and Progress. By Ernst Troeltsch. (Crown Theological Library.) Translated by W. Montgomery. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

In this handy and attractive little volume English readers may read in an excellent translation the gist of the ideas of one of Germany's younger leading theological thinkers. As professor at Heidelberg, Dr. Troeltsch sits in the seat of predecessors who led the conflict of Calvinist against Lutheran and of the "natural law" of Pufendorf against the *jus divinum* of Catholicism and Early Protestantism. But he is not the mere closet scholar burning midnight oil over the conflicts of the past. The understanding of the present is the goal of all his historical study. He analyzes the "modern world," by which he means the world of to-day, to discover what are its essential characteristics, how far these characteristics are traceable to Protestant influence, and how far the Early Protestantism of Luther and Calvin and Zwingli has itself been transformed with the progress of the world.

Dr. Troeltsch draws a sharp line of distinction between Modern Protestantism, which he thinks is in harmony with twentieth-century civilization, and Early Protestantism, which he thinks could not have kept in harmony with the progress of civilization unless it had itself undergone a transformation. For sixteenth-century Protestantism, like Roman Catholicism, was a religion of authority, claiming to regulate the state and society according to the supernatural standpoint of a revelation to be found in the Scriptures. Modern Protestantism, on the contrary, as he conceives it, seeks neither to control nor to be supported by the state; it accepts the principle of a plurality of religious convictions and religious societies; it leaves the formation of religious associations to voluntary individual effort and personal conviction. Early Protestantism distinguished itself sharply and with cruel violence from the Anabaptist, spiritualistic, mystic, and other "illumined" or "sectarian" movements which were proceeding parallel with Early Protestantism itself and which rested, not on the supernatural authority of the Scriptures, but on the personal revelation or conviction of the individual believer. Modern Protestantism has become what it is by accepting and assimilating these individualistic mystic movements which Early Protestantism so sharply rejected. He sums up as follows (p. 198):

> Thus Protestantism became the religion of the search for God in one's own feeling, experience, thought, and will, the seeking of an assurance of this supreme centre of all knowledge by the concentration of all personal convictions on this one point, while trustfully leaving open all the further obscure problems about which the Dogmatics of the earlier Protestantism had so much to say. Lessing, in his famous saying that the search for truth was preferable to the unsought possession of it, gave a typical characterization of modern religious feeling, and in doing so picked out just that thread in the web of Protestantism which the modern world is still eagerly weaving into its fabric.

Professor Troeltsch, one scarcely needs to add, does not voice the religious views of all his fellow-Protestants in the Fatherland. By many, especially by those who have lived in Lutheran atmosphere, he has been attacked for his anti-supernaturalism and his excessive emphasis on personal conviction of truth. Whether one agrees or not with his conclusions, one cannot fail to enjoy the scholarly insight and discriminating nicety with which he traces the shading differences between different conceptions of religion.

Boyd Alexander's Last Journey. With a Memoir by Herbert Alexander. Illustrated. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

Down the Mackenzie and Up the Yukon, in 1906. By Elihu Stewart, formerly Superintendent of Forestry for Canada. With map and illustrations from photographs. New York: John Lane Co. $1.50 net.

My Tropic Isle. By E. J. Banfield, author of the "Confessions of a Beachcomber. New York: Outing Pub. Co. $2.50 net.

The three volumes before us are well above the average of their kind in solid value of contents and interesting presentation. Boyd Alexander's earlier African explorations, described in two volumes under the title "From the Niger to the Nile," gave him a name among geographers all over the world and brought to him the Founder's Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, as well as its Honorary Diploma of Fellowship. A few months after the reception of these honors he sailed from Liverpool for another African journey, the fatal ending of which was made known to the world in the latter part of May, 1910. The openly professed objects of this journey were, first, to make an ornithological collection in the Cocoa Islands of San Thomé, Principe, and Annobon; next, to cross to the mainland and make a similar collection on the Cameroon peak; and, finally, if things went well, to fit out a caravan of camels and pass through Wadai to Darfur and on to Khartum. To his brother Herbert he had confided the thought that it would be a fine thing to get through to El Fachir, win the confidence of the Sultan of Darfur, Ali Dinar, and persuade him that his own welfare demanded the frank acceptance of the suzerainty of Great Britain, with active coöperation in the suppression of the slave trade. Evidently his determination to complete his undertaking at all hazards grew upon him as time went on, for a passage in his diary written some three months before his death tells us that if the French refused him the right of passage through their territory, he had determined to try to get through at any cost—"as a native, with my face stained with permanganate of potash, which from trials I made can stain the skin to any depth of color. Of course, I should have taken nothing with me, but would have lived on native fare and not washed for some sixty days." Such is the devotion of the true explorer. He reached the Cameroon peak just in time to witness at uncomfortably close range the great eruption of April, 1909, and, in fact, was charged by the natives with producing that eruption, by firing into the crater and stirring up the devils therein. The diary of his entire journey fills about two hundred pages. The manuscript was discovered by the French near the spot of his murder at Ilarné and turned over to Miss Olive McLeod, to whom he had been engaged to be married and who had made the long journey to Fort Lamy in order to learn what she could of the circumstances of his death. The diary informs us that route-maps had been made from Maifoni to Fort Lamy and thence to Abechir, but these were not recovered. The memoir by his brother reveals from boyhood on a strong and attractive personality, and the reader feels that the deep fraternal affection evident on every page has not hindered a truthful portrayal.

As Mr. Stewart's book on the Yukon and Mackenzie Valleys embodies the substance of a report made to the Canadian Government in the autumn of

1906, it seems a little belated. Still, his standing as a former Superintendent of Forestry for Canada is a better voucher for careful habits of observation than many volumes descriptive of the Canadian Northwest can boast, since exploration in this part of the globe has almost reached the status of a popular summer outing. Though the author is now managing director of "Canada Timber and Lands, Limited," and the publisher's prefatory note frankly appeals to the commercial interest of the region "with the completion of the Panama Canal in sight," the volume is a soberly written narrative, unmarred by the offensive tone of the mere exploiter. An interesting touch is his allusion to the still burning coal veins near Fort Norman, where, at least since the explorations of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, one hundred and twenty-four years ago, the fire has been incessantly eating away the fuel which might one day have been so useful to the settlers, who, we are told, are to build up a great empire in this northern territory in the not distant future. From Edmonton to Vancouver Mr. Stewart travelled about 4,250 miles, and the time occupied was a little less than three months. His concluding chapter is a spirited appeal for the establishment of a well-equipped hospital, somewhere in the region of the Mackenzie watershed. A few established physicians are to be found at Athabasca Landing and Peace River, but beyond the latter the little that a few missionaries can do is supplemented only by the occasional visit of a Government physician. Cannot some one do for this region, he asks, the service which has been rendered to the Labrador through the agency of Dr. Grenfell?

"My Tropic Isle," Mr. Banfield states, is in reply to a demand for more complete details of his isolated life than were given in his "Confessions of a Beachcomber." His purpose is to fill in hastily a few of the lacunæ in his earlier sketch and then to devote himself to special features of novelty and interest—"vignettes of certain natural and unobtrusive features of the locality, first-hand and artless." The locality in question is described as the most fascinating and most desirable on the coast of North Queensland, but is not, we believe, more specifically identified anywhere in the volume. The author's characterization of his work as "artless" would doubtless be justifiable under more than one of the present-day definitions of art, but readers who still think that it makes some difference in what kind of dress a thought is clad will wish that more of our writers were "artless" in the same refined way as Mr. Banfield. A short quotation from a chapter on A Tropic Night will give a fair idea of the tone of his descriptive passages:

> As the tide rose, it prattled and gurgled, toying with tinkling shells and clinking coral, each tone separate and distinct, however thin and faint. My solitary watch gives the rare delight of analyzing the night thoughts of the ocean, profound in its slumber, though dreamily conscious of recent conflict with the winds. All the frail undertones suppressed during the bullying day now have audience. Sounds which crush and crowd have wearied and retired. The timid and shy venture forth to join the quiet revelry of the night.

Mr. Banfield is an open-eyed observer, and the habits of the birds, fishes, animals, and plants of his island environment make up a large share of his book. We shall not deny that there are passages here and there suited to stir the slumbering fires of the "nature-faker" controversy, but it is a delightful volume none the less.

The Story of the Borgias. By John Fyvie. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

This is a welcome book, for it brings common-sense and impartiality to bear on a topic which has been too often the sport of fanatical prejudices. For more than three centuries the Borgias had no defenders, except the formal eulogists of the Papacy. It is now forty years since Gregorovius showed that Lucrezia Borgia was more sinned against than sinning. Since his time, apologists have been at work to whitewash Alexander VI, and even to minimize the turpitude of Cæsar Borgia. The somewhat absurd Baron Corvo ingenuously insisted that what the world regarded as black was really pure white; and, recently, the Jesuitical Sabatini, by casuistry and *suggestio falsi*, arrived at the same results.

Mr. Fyvie, on the contrary, starting without prejudice, asks himself, What are the historical facts in this disputed matter? And he sticks closely to facts. The vouched for tale of murder, adultery, treachery, and cruelty is sufficiently monstrous, after the unverified charges have been deducted. Mr. Fyvie inclines to believe, with Gregorovius, that Cæsar murdered his brother, the Duke of Gandia. He leaves the question of incest open. He dismisses the legend that Pope Alexander VI died after drinking by mistake poison which he had prepared for Cardinal Corneto.

These are some of the chief points which Mr. Fyvie pronounces upon. From beginning to end, however, his examination of the evidence and verdicts thereon are equally discriminating. His chapters on Cæsar Borgia's career may be commended for their clearness, and so may his account of Lucrezia's life in Ferrara, and of that city itself. He concludes with a sketch of Francisco Borja, who, after passing his youth at the court of Charles V, became a Jesuit and rose to be general of that order.

Many matters of secondary interest, but still important, would merit comment if we were writing a detailed review. We will refer to two, however, because they show Mr. Fyvie's general rightness of view. First, he remarks that, although the object of Alexander VI was to aggrandize his son Cæsar, at the expense of the Church, "the final result of all his scheming was the ruin of that son and the exaltation of the Church [Papacy]. Before his time the Italian princes, and even the smaller lords and barons, had thought little of the temporal power of the Holy See. But the Borgia showed Julius II what a Pope with courage and ambition and money was able to do. . . . He took up the work where they left it and carried it to its completion."

The second point worth mentioning is that the author does not make the common mistake of supposing that Machiavelli regarded Cæsar Borgia as "the very incarnation of an ideal prince." What Machiavelli implied was that, under the wicked conditions of the time, Cæsar was the prince best fitted to carry out his scheme. The distinction is fundamental, and that Mr. Fyvie sees the truth, strengthens the reader's confidence in his other interpretations.

Partisans have so complicated the Borgian story as to make it as puzzling as a Baconian cipher. Readers who desire facts, told straightforwardly, should begin with Mr. Fyvie's narrative. They hardly need to go farther.

Notes

Under the title of "Some General Principles of Management Applied to the Problems of City School Systems," Dr. Franklin Bobbit introduces the Twelfth Yearbook of the National Society for Study of Education, published by the University of Chicago Press.

Announcement is made from the same Press that the authors of "Outlines of Economics Developed in a Series of Problems," will publish in September a source-book of selected readings and illustrative material which they have assembled for the use of their classes in elementary economics.

H. Addington Bruce will bring out in the near future, through Crowell, "The Education of Karl Witte."

The announcements of Doubleday, Page & Co. include: "Mrs. Red Pepper," by Grace S. Richmond; "Ever After," by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, and "What Can Literature Do for Me?" by Prof. C. Alphonso Smith.

In "The New Unionism," which will be issued soon by B. W. Huebsch, André Tridon deals with the organization of labor.

Among the announcements of the Yale University Press are "The Ethics of Public Service," by Henry Crosby Emery, and the Page Lectures on "Morals in Public

Business," delivered in 1912 by Edward D. Page.

In the next few weeks Stokes will bring out "Panama: Its Creation, Destruction, and Resurrection," by P. Bunau-Varilla, and "The Human Slaughter House," by Wilhelm Lamszus, translated by Oakley Williams.

Putnams have in hand: "The Son of a Servant," by August Strindberg; "Joyous Gard," by Arthur C. Benson, who has taken for his title the name of Launcelot's castle; "A Candid History of the Jesuits," by Joseph McCabe; "A History of England," by A. D. Innes; "Personality," by F. B. Jevons; "The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go Eelin', and Some Other Little College Things—Mostly Athletic," by Charles Halsted Mapes, and the following Cambridge books: "The Song of Roland," translated into English verse by Arthur S. Way; "Paganism and Christianity in Egypt," by Philip David Scott-Moncrieff; "Dictionary of the Hanza Language," third edition revised and enlarged, by Charles Henry Robinson; Fielding's "Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon," edited with introduction and notes by J. H. Lobban; "Prima Legenda," first year Latin lessons, by J. Whyte, and "British Borough Charters, 1042-1206," edited by Adolphus Ballard.

Macmillans have in preparation a reissue, at thirty-five cents the volume, of Bohn's Popular Library. The following volumes are now ready: Swift's "Gulliver's Travels," edited with introduction and notes by G. R. Dennis; Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," with a biographical introduction by Moncure D. Conway, 3 vols.; Sir Richard Burton's "Pilgrimage to Al-madinah and Meccah," introduction by Stanley Lane-Poole, 2 vols.; Lamb's "Essays," including the Essays of Elia, Last Essays of Elia, and Eliana; George Hooper's "Waterloo: The Downfall of the First Napoleon," new edition with maps and plans; Fielding's "Joseph Andrews"; Cervantes's "Don Quixote," Motteux's translation, with Lockhart's Life and notes, 2 vols.; "The Idylls of Theocritus, with the Eclogues of Virgil," English verse translation by C. S. Calverley, introduction by R. Y. Tyrrell; Fanny Burney's "Evelina," edited, with an introduction and notes, by Annie Raine Ellis; Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection, and the Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit"; Goethe's "Poetry and Truth from My Own Life," revised translation by M. Steele Smith, with an Introduction and Bibliography by Karl Breul, 2 vols.; Ebers's "Egyptian Princess," translated by E. S. Buchheim, and Arthur Young's "Travels in France, during the years 1787, 1788, and 1789," edited with introduction and notes, by M. Betham-Edwards.

The descriptions of the prehistoric ruins of Guatemala, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for March, afford glimpses of a people, living in 440-540 A. D., probably, similar in some respects to the ancient Egyptian. Mr. W. F. Sands, formerly our minister to that country, gives a general account of the region and its attractiveness. A more inspiring spot, he says, can hardly be imagined than those avenues of carved monoliths leading through arches of palms to some invisible altar or temple. Referring to the native Indians of the present day, he believes them to be the finest stock in the country.

From G. Bell & Sons, of London, we have received a "new edition" of Andrew Lang's "Helen of Troy," which was first published in 1882. The poem still reads pleasantly in its slow-moving eight-line stanzas. It begins with the coming of Paris:

All day within the palace of the King
In Lacedæmon, there was revelry,
Since Menelaus with the dawn did spring
Forth from his carven couch, and, climbing high
The tower of outlook, gazed along the dry
White road that runs to Pylos through the plain,
And mark'd thin clouds of dust against the sky,
And gleaming bronze, and robes of purple stain.

Dean Briggs, of Harvard, has taken from earlier publications four essays which he "regards as suitable for college students in general," and has printed them in a little volume entitled "College Life," in the Riverside Literature series of Houghton Mifflin. The subjects are "The Transition from School to College," "The Mistakes of College Life," "College Honor," and "Routine and Ideals." They need no introduction from us, and we need only say a word for the attractive form in which they now appear.

Two admirable selections from American literature have been added to Everyman's Library (Dutton). One is Crèvecœur's "Letters from an American Farmer," with a pleasant introduction by Warren Barton Blake. The other, if not entirely by an American, deals with life on this side of the water, being Robert Buchanan's "Life and Adventures of Audubon." To this the publishers have prefixed, as introduction, a paper on Audubon by John Burroughs, which was first printed in the *Nation* of July 1, 1869.

The Oxford University Press (Frowde) has published a selection of the Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, on thin paper, with green and gold binding, and in pocket size. The only serious omission is that of "Aurora Leigh," which was left out, doubtless, purely for physical reasons.

"An Anthology of English Prose (1332 to 1740)" (Longmans), by Annie Barnett and Lucy Dale, endeavors, foolishly from most points of view, to give extracts from 48 writers in less than 250 pages, the average length of the extracts being perhaps two pages. Though the editors have done as well as the plan permitted, one is bound to feel that a large number of the selections have not been extracted painlessly. The preface, by Andrew Lang, endorses the suggestion that one who desires to survey the development of the English language and literature might profitably begin with Stevenson and work back to the unfamiliar beginnings. An earlier volume, covering English prose from 1741 onwards, has already been published.

"Early English Classical Tragedies" (Frowde), edited with introduction and notes by John W. Cunliffe, affords an excellent basis for the study of English tragedy before Marlowe—that is, English tragedy in its beginnings. The plays included in the volume are "Gorboduc," "Jocasta," "Gismond of Salerne," and "The Misfortunes of Arthur." The last of these, although produced later than "Tamburlaine," belongs to the Senecan tradition. The notes to "Gorboduc" are supplied by H. A. Watt, who has already published a good monograph on this play. Dr. Cunliffe has annotated the other plays and has written the introduction, which traces through Seneca and the Italian drama of the Renaissance the elements which combined with the native tradition to produce the popular tragedy of the Elizabethan age. Besides the Senecan influence, which is very strong in all four of the plays here edited, Professor Cunliffe takes account of the mediæval conception of tragedy, which in no small measure determined the handling of tragic themes by the early Elizabethan dramatists. There are sections also devoted to the critical theories concerning tragedy that were developed during the Renaissance. The whole introduction bears the stamp of accurate scholarship, and the volume, altogether, may be recommended without reservation to students of the English drama.

Max Bellows's "German Dictionary" (Holt), arranged on similar lines to the French Dictionary of his father, John Bellows, to whose memory it is dedicated, is a marvel of compactness. German-English and English-German parts are arranged concurrently on the same page, innumerable typographical devices obviate repetition, and the gender of German nouns is indicated, without the article, by three varieties of type. The pronunciation of English words is regularly, that of German words only occasionally, given. The vocabulary includes the most recent technical terms in both languages. Examples seem at first, as is inevitable in a relatively small manual, somewhat few under the more common words; but they are really more abundant than they seem; they clearly reveal the meaning and the uses of the word in question, and they have the true idiomatic ring in both tongues. The page is unusually open and handsome.

A small book which has as a part of its plan to mention virtually every writer of lyric poetry from Anglo-Saxon days to the present must of necessity be cursory. And when, further, its author defines the lyric, rightly we believe, so as to include portions of long poems, *e. g.*, Donne's "Anatomy of the World," not usually so classed, the volume takes on much the form of a *catalogue raisonné*. Such are the virtues and limitations of "The English Lyric" (Houghton Mifflin), contributed by Prof. Felix E. Schelling to Professor Neilson's series, The Types of English Literature. The book will serve a useful purpose. Underlying movements are indicated, and there is sufficient appreciation of individual writers at least to fix their places in a justly graded scheme; and, above all, there is good taste. Yet after having given Professor Schelling credit for dealing skilfully with a vast amount of material, one must regret that the plan of the series did not permit of a different treatment. He might profitably have confined himself very largely to the main lyrists of each period, using lesser figures merely for background. This would have given space for full illustration, from great poets, of large tendencies and persistent themes. In the Elizabethan age what is most important to note is the manner in which the few leading writers polished off the ideas introduced in the rough from Italy and France by Wyatt and Surrey and others. Yet scarcely more than

a dozen pages are given to Sidney, Spenser, and Shakespeare together. The religious writers of the following age are touched on most briefly, and Wordsworth, though frequently mentioned, receives but three or four pages of solid treatment. One or two slips have been noted. Sidney's death is referred to the year 1588, and why Sève for Maurice Scève?

Judged by the general run of social studies with which our day is familiar, "Reflections of a Beginning Husband" (Harper), by Edward Sanford Martin, pictures a world of mild problems. It is cast in quasi fictional form. Though Peregrine and Cordelia risk marriage on sixty dollars a week, there is no fear that they will come to want. Benign and wealthy parents on both sides sit back and watch the opening struggle, only waiting until the advent of little Samuel shall give them a legitimate excuse to relax their purse-strings. Yet within this limited sphere there are many questions to be decided, and here the author plies his tender satire. With what shall you spread your board when you "have to invite so many people who have had too much to eat and are trying to get thin"? "Promotion," as a friend told Peregrine, "cometh neither from the East nor the West, but from the cemetery." Yet Peregrine is inclined to think that in the long run character counts, and "character is a very expensive product, and hardly to be had at the ten-cent store, where we and our contemporaries are prone to go for it." Parents of an only child will probably sympathize with the remark that "it is just as easy to raise six children as one," because one takes up all your time, and six can't do more. Both Cordelia and Peregrine are pleased over their growing list of invitations to dinner, yet these leave them little time "to read up anything good to say." Scattered through the book are discussions of labor unions, politics, higher education for women, and the like, all genially conducted.

The second Bulletin and Review of the Keats-Shelley Memorial, Rome, contains several contributions of general interest. There are two facsimiles—of fragments from the manuscript of "Lamia," and of a Byron-Guiccioli paper; a half-tone of Severn's pathetic sepia drawing of Keats on his deathbed; reproductions of two pages of Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays" with Keats's notes; Severn's portrait of Shelley in Rome; and the copy of an engraving by Pinelli depicting a night burial in the Protestant Cemetery, Rome. Among the articles are "How Shelley Approached the Ode to the West Wind," by H. Buxton Forman, and "On the First Two Lines of Epipsychidion," by A. de Bosis. Some Keats volumes now in America are described by Mr. R. Underwood Johnson; Mr. H. Nelson Gay gives an historical sketch of the Protestant Cemetery—a paper annotated with his characteristic care; and Sir Rennell Rodd, the British Ambassador, who with Mr. Gay edits the Bulletin, tells how the graves of Shelley and Keats were preserved. Mrs. Leigh Hunt's unpublished diary, for five weeks in the autumn of 1822, refers to the Hunts' journey from Pisa to join Mrs. Shelley at Genoa. Letters from Hunt to W. W. Story, Keats's last bank account, and various other pertinent topics fill a sheaf of shorter articles. A catalogue of the second thousand works added to the library of the memorial takes 80 pages, and will, with its predecessor, be welcome to bibliographers. These quarto bulletins are models, worthy of the international memorial by the Spanish Steps; and as the interest in Keats, Shelley, and their group is perennial, the bulletins are certain to be prized more and more. (New York: The Macmillan Co.)

Any one who has associated with scholars interested in the humanities will be likely to have heard certain objections raised to the present form and editing of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan). Some of the Greek volumes have been printed in a type and on a paper outrageous to the eye; the adoption of verse translations is pretty widely deplored, since probably the first and most important service desired is ease in finding the precise meaning of an unusual word or a tangled sentence of the original; and, lastly, some of the authors might be annotated a little more freely without much increasing the labor of the editor and to the great benefit of the ordinary reader. In the latest addition to the Library all of these faults are still apparent, though in varying degrees. Two volumes out of the four have now appeared of Horace White's clear and excellent version of "Appian's Roman History." One volume of F. Storr's "Sophocles" is also added to the section in green. So far as the printing goes, this is a marked improvement on the Euripides, which in one of the volumes ran to 600 pages and necessitated paper so transparent as to fatigue the eyes. But the type in the Sophocles is still a little crowded. Mr. Storr's translation is in metre; the dialogue is rendered closely and with considerable spirit; but the choral passages are, as a rule, somewhat flat (the difficulty of reproducing them is, we admit, enormous), and at times depart so far from the original as to render little or painful service to the lagging reader of the Greek. The "Bucolic Poets" of J. M. Edmonds is in prose, with the Amœbean and more lyrical parts in various metres. Mr. Edmonds has manifestly lavished much pains on his task, and has turned out an accomplished piece of work. He has used archaic phrases with a good deal of taste, and his lyrics really move; yet again it must be remembered that very few readers will open the volume for the English alone, and some, we fear, who no doubt ought to know more Greek, will find it a slow business to match the original with the translation. The "Argonautica" has been turned into good honest prose by R. C. Seaton, and that is as it should be.

The general editors of the Library should understand very speedily that, so far as the Greek authors go, without a clear page of type and a use of simple prose, the whole undertaking will fail of its magnificent promise. One Latin author also appears in the recent issue, the first volume of "Cicero's Letters to Atticus." The translation by E. O. Winstedt is lively and sufficiently literal, erring at times, possibly, by an overstraining after jocularity. Mr. Winstedt adds an occasional explanatory note, and might with profit be more liberal in this respect. The Library is performing a notable service to education, and may prove of even greater usefulness. To the originator of the project one might say, as Cicero wrote at the end of a letter to Atticus: "Bibliothecam mihi tui pinxerunt. . . . Eos velim laudes."

The series of lectures delivered at Columbia in 1911 by ten classical scholars has been issued by Lemcke & Buechner in a volume with the title, "Greek Literature." The result is a reasonably complete exposition of the subject. It might be urged that one more lecture could have found a place in the series before the attention was shifted to the Greco-Roman development. The Hellenistic period is well provided for, in its purely literary aspect, by Prof. Henry W. Prescott, but the career of Greek on its own ground, down, at least, to the age of Justinian, claims a hearing. Lucian and Plutarch certainly have a place in any comprehensive survey. Prof. Paul Shorey's introductory lecture is a shining propylæum. In it an intimate interpretation of Greek thought is seen through the perspective of a catholic realization of other literature. Even his strong personal equation is a pleasing stimulant, especially when his arbitrary judgment is counteracted later as, for example, by Prof. J. R. Wheeler's sympathetic treatment of Euripides in his clear presentation of the Greek spirit as transmitted by the three great tragedians. Prof. H. W. Smyth gives not only a worthy account of Homer, but follows the triumphal progress of Epic Poesy through Europe. In catching up the scattered rays from the broken prism of Lyric poetry, Prof. E. D. Perry succeeds well, and especially with the most difficult part. He takes the nobler view of Sappho, both of her character and of her poetry. To Bacchylides he accords scant and, it may seem to some, inadequate consideration. A fresh and convincing account of the rise and progress of Greek Comedy is given by Prof. Edward Capps. Of the new comedy he neatly says: "The mirror held up to nature is no longer a concave mirror." As the opinion of a professional diagnostician Greek scholars will welcome the tribute paid by Prof. F. J. E. Woodbridge to Greek philosophers, when he says: "There may be greater philosophical conceptions than those which the Greeks have left us, but I know not where they are unless they are in the future."

Where so much is given minor criticism seems ungracious, but it would have been a welcome addition if Prof. Bernadotte Perrin, an expert upon Plutarch, could have brought Biography within his province and, whatever Xenophon's demerits as a historian, we demur at the writer's curt dismissal of the author of the "Anabasis" as an "agreeable dilettante," and regret, too, the exclusion of Polybius from consideration. And in Prof. C. F. Smith's enthusiastic and generally adequate appreciation of Greek oratory we miss a more concrete presentation of the present-day value of Isæus. The title of the last lecture, like the first, invites generalization. Prof. Gonzalez Lodge distinguishes with critical acumen between the purely Latin and the Greek elements in Roman literature. He gives large credit to the Greek contribution, but it seems strange that he must needs assume the defensive for anything so regal, so self-contained, as the great Roman lit-

erature, and it is even repellent to find, on the closing page of just this series, the exclamation: "Greek literature remained always to the Roman his most dearly prized slave, but still his slave"! Cicero, Lucretius, and Horace knew better, and Homer was no more Virgil's slave than Virgil was Dante's.

Under the title "Economic Utilization of History" (Yale University Press) Prof. Henry W. Farnam has collected a number of addresses and articles which find their unity in a plea, running through them all, for a better social vision and a more enlightened and scientific handling of our many social problems. Of most interest, because of their rather original treatment, are the first two chapters, concerned with the methods to be employed in economic investigation. Three considerations are emphasized in this discussion: a systematic extension of methods of investigation and analysis in which there shall be greater coöperation between the various agencies now at work, a more scientific handling of the material accumulated with the aim of arriving at generalizations that shall have the dignity of scientific laws, and the importance of utilizing the vast amount of economic material in the history of our own country. With this goes a much needed warning to the economist to be on his guard against allowing his present vogue to encourage dilettantism. Later chapters discuss purposes and methods of labor legislation, and indicate the shortcomings in our present practice. To economic pathology, a subject that has been too much neglected by economists in the past, the author urges the application of the experimental method. He includes in this designation human degeneracy, exhaustion of natural resources, and diseased governmental systems. Of especial interest is his discussion of our slowly growing concern over the problem of "posteritism," which has to do with the preservation of the race and the maintenance of its quality. "Socialism has emphasized the injustice of many of our social institutions. Posteritism points out our shortsightedness."

The death is reported from Cambridge, Eng., of the Rev. W. G. Searle, in his eighty-fifth year. He wrote the history of Queens' College, "Onomasticon Anglo-Saxonicum," and compiled a "Catalogue of the Illuminated MSS. of the Fitzwilliam Museum."

Sir Tatton Sykes died on Sunday in London. He was born in 1826, and was the author of "Sidelights of the War," 1900, and "The New Reign of Terror in France," published three years later.

Our attention is called to the death early last month of Prof. Henriette Louise Thérèse Colin, since 1904 head of the French department of Wellesley College. She held the degree of master of arts from Leland Stanford Junior University and the Ph.D. from the University of Pennsylvania. Madame Colin studied in Paris, Florence, and Rome, and had been decorated by the French Government with the insignia of Officier d'Académie; later of Officier de l'Instruction Publique.

Erich Schmidt died last week in Berlin, where he had been rector of the University and a professor. He was born at Jena in 1853. After teaching philology and the history of literature in Würzburg, Strassburg, and Vienna, he became for a time the director of the Goethe Archives at Weimar, and then was appointed successor of W. Scherer as professor of the German language and literature at the University of Berlin. Several of his books relate to Goethe, among them the well-known "Richardson, Rousseau und Goethe." His "Lessing" is the standard biography of that writer.

Alice Maud Meadows, who died on Monday at Red Hill, a few miles from London, had some reputation as a writer of verse and fiction. When she was only fourteen years of age her first story was accepted by the Surrey *Comet*. Among her novels are "The Romance of a Madhouse," "Out from the Night," "The Eye of Fate," "One Life Between," "The Moth and the Flame," "The Infatuation of Marcella," and "An Innocent Sinner."

Science

The Applications of Logic. By A. T. Robinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.20.

It is a platitude beloved of college presidents and other official optimists over our educational situation, that one of the chief benefits to be derived from a college training consists in the acquisition of the power to think competently for one's self. To develop such a power should assuredly be the primary intellectual aim of the colleges. Yet surprisingly little is, as a rule, done to adjust educational means directly and intelligently to this end. We pour upon our undergraduates vast masses of historical, linguistic, and scientific information, some part of which we require them, under the plan of term-examinations, to retain for a few months—and no longer; we do something, probably, to improve taste and cultivate the power of enjoying literature; and we bestow enormous pains, though for the most part with disappointing results, in an attempt to impart some rudiments of the art of writing English. But we concern ourselves with the art of thinking in a much more casual manner. The freshman, however much distracted by the noisy sideshows of the campus, can hardly avoid recognizing that he has a great many facts to "learn," and that he is also expected to acquire and exhibit—when dealing with his English instructors—a certain degree of correctness and skill in the use of his own language. But it is questionable whether he so generally and clearly understands that his business also is to learn to think in a critical, orderly, and workman-like fashion, to acquire correctness and skill in the use of his own reason.

Courses in English composition usually give some training of this sort, but they give too little and they are often preoccupied more with rhetoric than with logic. Courses in formal logic should have for their principal function the production of a *habit* of analytical thinking and of intellectual circumspection; but as usually given, they are encumbered with scholastic baggage, and are far too brief to produce the effect of habituation in which lies their potential usefulness. Other courses, in languages, in natural science, and especially in economics, give a good deal of valuable exercise in methodical and self-critical thinking; but they give this essentially as a by-product. The present reaction against the doctrine of "formal discipline" leads some teachers to suppose that training in careful and correct thinking comes best as a by-product. But it would be easy to show that this conclusion is a mistaken inference from a true premise. Not the teaching of logic, indeed, but the cultivation of logicality, should be *both* a by-product of most other courses of collegiate study and also the object directly aimed at in no inconsiderable part of the student's work.

Mr. Robinson's little book is significant as a sign of a growing appreciation of all this; and it is likely to render genuine service towards bringing about a change of emphasis in English courses for freshmen from rhetoric to logic, from the problems of expression to the problems of actual truth and consistency. Though the book at a number of points is open to criticism, and needs supplementation from other sources, as a whole it should have upon the beginning undergraduate the extremely valuable effect of awakening his logical self-consciousness, of giving him a good general notion of what "a logical habit of mind" means, and of stimulating in him some desire to acquire skill in the art of thinking, and perhaps even some capacity for feeling shame when he exhibits ineptitude in that art. The book contains a large amount of material, usually well selected, for "exercises" in the analysis of arguments and expositions. In these not the least part of its usefulness should consist; for, just because training in the application of logic is chiefly a process of habit-forming, its two principal methods should be the constant critical analysis of arguments of all sorts—arguments which people have actually used, on subjects pertinent to the student's other studies or to his everyday interests—and the frequent and long-continued production by the student of original written exercises in proof, inference, and the analysis of problems, which exercises are thereafter subjected to searching critical analysis in conferences between student and instructor. It may be added that Mr. Robinson's book is not least logical in reminding the student of the subject that logic has its limits.

Ginn & Co. are bringing out this season "School and Home Gardens," by W. H. D.

Meier, and "Agronomy: Practical Gardening for High Schools," by Willard N. Clute.

Sir William Osler, who is now delivering the Silliman Lectures at Yale, will publish the substance of them through the Yale University Press.

Putnams announce the following science books from the Cambridge University Press: "Papers set in the Mathematical Tripos, Part I, in the University of Cambridge, 1908-1912," and "Vegetation of the Peak District" (Southern Pennines), by C. E. Moss.

No cartographic work of recent years deserves higher praise than the "Atlas of Finland," with its two volumes of explanatory text, revised from an earlier edition and published in French by the Geographical Society of Finland at Helsingfors. Its contents are remarkable in variety, embracing physical and geological features, climatic data, sociological, economic, and governmental problems. The coloring of the charts is so well toned that they are a pleasure to the eye, and not an offence to that sensitive organ, as is too often the case with statistical atlases. It is not too much to say that a view of the Atlas, with consultation of the text when desired, will greatly increase any previous stock of information about Finland, and will at the same time inspire a high respect for the energy and enlightenment of that far northern country, which we too often overlook when considering the civilized areas of the world.

The latest number of the "Bulletin of the Imperial Earthquake Investigation Committee of Japan" (Tokio, February, 1913), discusses recent variations of sea-level in Japan and Italy, as indicated by a comparison of accurate mareograph records at various coastal stations for the past fifteen years. For Japan the conclusion is that the islands, which form an arc convex to the deep Pacific and concave to the shallow Sea of Japan, are probably the result of pressure from the continental or interior side, and that the effects of this pressure are still recognizable in somewhat irregular changes of level and in frequent earthquakes. More stations and longer records are evidently needed before the questions thus raised can be settled. For Italy it is inferred that the small changes of level thus detected are associated with the Messina-Reggio earthquake of 1908; the strain caused by warping of the earth's crust having produced a crack beneath the strait between the two cities that suffered most from the resulting shock.

As one of the House and Garden-Making Books (McBride, Nast & Co.), has been issued Mr. William Tricker's "Making a Water-Garden." The size of this tiny volume does not allow full consideration of the subject, but in its limits it is excellent. It considers chiefly the planting of small artificial pools with aquatic plants, mostly water-lilies, and briefly discusses their preparation, maintenance, and protection. The photographs and the text preach that a small water garden is both attractive (which we knew) and inexpensive (which we had not supposed). After our recent droughty summers it is worth knowing that for these gardens no greater daily supply of water is needed than that which will offset evaporation. In fact, running water, especially if cold, appears to be detrimental to the plants. Goldfish are necessary to kill the larvæ of the mosquito, but they add to the attractiveness of the garden. The little book will encourage better knowledge of aquatic plants and their uses.

William Morris Fontaine, for more than thirty years professor of geology and natural history at the University of Virginia, is dead in Charlottesville. He was born in 1835, and served in the Confederate army. Several scientific papers bear his name.

Dr. Francis Parker Kinnicutt died suddenly last Friday evening at the home of a fellow physician in New York, where he had just read a paper on "Oral Sepsis." He was born in Worcester, Mass., in 1846, and graduated from Harvard in 1868. Three years later he took his medical degree from the College of Physicians and Surgeons. In 1905 he became joint editor with Dr. N. B. Potter of "Sahli's Clinical Diagnosis." He was president of the Association of American Physicians, 1906-'07; a member of the American Medical Association of New York, the New York Academy of Medicine, the American Museum of Natural History, and a trustee of the Children's Aid Society.

Drama

It is perhaps futile to argue against an obsession, and one marvels at the patience with which the late Andrew Lang, in his "Shakespeare, Bacon, and the Great Unknown" (Longmans), has unravelled the contradictions and absurdities of the Baconian heresy. The book, which was the last from its author's pen, is dedicated to Dr. Furness, "in memory of an old promise." It was in type at the time of Lang's death, but he had had no time to correct even the first proofs. Nevertheless, there is no reason to believe that he would have made any material changes in the work. It is carefully reasoned throughout, and we have observed no inaccuracies in the citations. The book takes the form, in the main, of an argument against the works of G. G. Greenwood, who, while rejecting the general supposition that the actor, William Shakespeare, was the author of the plays, neither affirms nor denies that they were the productions of Bacon. He is content to regard them as the work of a Great Unknown, whose features, however, in the later developments of his theory, come to bear a singular resemblance to those of Bacon. The particular sect of heretics whom Greenwood represents is dubbed by Lang "the Anti-Williams." The whole thing seems to us, in Lang's phrase, "like the dream of a child," and we rather wonder that he should have been willing to give so much time to its refutation. He takes up, however, *seriatim*, the usual empty objections which the Baconians have urged against the Shakespearean authorship of the plays, and which, for the most part, are based on a complete disregard for the differences that distinguished the Elizabethan age from our own—especially in matters pertaining to education and authorship. One of these objections, by the way, we heard advanced a few years ago by a fervent Baconian, the old sexton of St. Michael's (near St. Albans), where Bacon lies buried—namely, that no mere player could have had the knowledge of kings and noble personages which the plays exhibit. But, as Lang observes, Shakespeare's characters, drawn from such circles, show nothing of the tone and manners of courtly society that is not purely poetic and conventional.

A large part of Mr. Lang's book has an interest aside from the particular controversy with which it is connected—for instance, the observations on Shakespeare's classical knowledge, such as it was, and the means by which he acquired it; also on the meagreness of tradition concerning the poet in the late seventeenth century, which, as our author remarks, is nothing out of the ordinary. Especially important are the pages that relate to Greene's famous attack on "Shake-scene" in his "Groatsworth of Wit," and to the preface of the First Folio edition of the plays. Contrary to the common interpretation, Lang denies that Greene makes any reference in the above-mentioned passage to Shakespeare's employment of revising the plays of other men, the dramatist's grievance being merely that an actor who put forth great pretensions as a playwright was now about to deprive of their occupation the authors who, although not actors themselves, had hitherto supplied the companies with plays. As regards the First Folio preface (which he is inclined to accept as Ben Jonson's work), Lang defends the editors from the charge of any intentional untruthfulness in their declaration as to the "divers stolne and surreptitious copies" (of the plays) which they now offer "cur'd and perfect of their limbes." We would call attention also to the plates (page 180) of the Carew monument, in the church at Stratford, as it actually is and as it appears in Dugdale's "History of the Antiquities of Warwickshire" (1656). The comparison brings out clearly the gross inaccuracy of Dugdale's illustrations. The point is of importance, since Greenwood has made much of the discrepancy between the Shakespeare monument at Stratford, as we see it to-day, and the representation of it in Dugdale's work, the poet in the latter appearing, as Lang remarks, "a gloomy hypochondriac or lunatic, clasping a cushion to his abdomen." Altogether, it is evident from this book that the hand of the author had not lost its cunning up to the end.

Failures continue to be frequent on the London stage, and some of the theatrical writers complain of the fickleness of public taste, but a simpler explanation of the trouble seems to be that only a small proportion of recent productions have had any substantial merit. Plays of good quality do not often lack patronage. Not a critic was very enthusiastic over "The Inferior Sex" at the London Comedy, and it is not altogether surprising to hear of its withdrawal after a run of two weeks. It has been replaced by John Galsworthy's "Strife," with Norman McKinnel once more in his old part of John Anthony.

Ethel Irving has encountered bad luck in her first experience in management at the London Globe. Her opening piece, the "Vanity" of Ernest Denny, has come to speedy grief. She is replacing it with a revival of the "Lady Frederick," of W.

Somerset Maugham, one of the most popular of recent comedies. It is five years since this piece was seen in London, so it will return with a certain amount of freshness. Miss Irving has played the title part nearly five hundred times. She will be supported again by C. M. Lowne and several of her former associates.

It appears that Rudyard Kipling's play, "The Harbour Watch," just produced in the Royalty Theatre, London, has nothing to do with his story, "The Bonds of Discipline," although several of the principal characters of the latter are reintroduced in new conditions.

Miss Horniman's company, from the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, will begin a three weeks' season in London at the Court Theatre on Monday, May 12. Performances of the following six plays will be given: "The Whispering Well," by F. H. Rose, with music by J. H. Foulds; "Jane Clegg," by St. John G. Ervine; "The Pigeon," by John Galsworthy; "Nan," by John Masefield; "Elaine," by Harold Chapin, and "Prunella," by Laurence Housman and Granville Barker. Several one-act plays will also be given, some of them for the first time.

In a letter to the London *Times*, Sir Herbert Tree writes:

In reference to the Censorship debate, it seems to me that the resolution passed in the House of Commons (in favor of the abolition of the Censorship) was one of pious misapprehension of the conditions that govern the theatre. It is precisely because we desire freedom for the drama that we prefer the intelligent autocracy of the Lord Chamberlain to the inevitable tyranny of a mob-led "common informer." This opinion is, I believe, held by nearly every manager in the United Kingdom, by the vast majority of actors, and by many of our distinguished authors. Were the stage to be subjected to police interference after production, there would be no end to the indignities and inconveniences to which authors and actors would be exposed. Innumerable self-appointed censors would arise, who would add a new terror to a first night at the theatre. Such a state of things would necessarily render managers more timid in the presentation of plays. At present, the responsibility is thrown upon the Lord Chamberlain. It may be that injustice has been done in past times in the administration of the Censorship, but there is good reason to think that a wider and more tolerant policy obtains in the Lord Chamberlain's office of to-day, and among the permanent officials of that department. And assuredly epicures who prefer their drama "high" are catered for by private societies, under whose auspices such plays can conveniently be heard *in camera*.

Music

The Interpretation of Piano Music. By Mary Venable. Boston: Oliver Ditson Co. $1.25.

The Growth of Music. By H. C. Colles. New York: Henry Frowde.

When Richard Wagner wrote that "music is inconceivable without melody" he little suspected that thirty years after his death there would be active several prominent composers who virtually taboo melody. While professionals are paying some attention to these cubists in the tonal world, music lovers go on enjoying the melodious inspirations of the classical and romantic masters. Nay, not content with relishing the more obvious melodies, they seek more and more for those that are entangled contrapuntally. How to Find a Hidden Melody is the title of the most important chapter in Mary Venable's book. With the aid of excerpts from various compositions printed in such a way that the notes that should be emphasized stand out conspicuously, she gives many valuable hints as to correct and interesting musical readings. All musical notation is merely suggestive, leaving much to read between the lines, and what adds to the uncertainty is that the printers have often been careless in regard to following copy. "I have passed no less than the whole forenoon, as well as yesterday afternoon, in correcting these two pieces, and I am actually quite hoarse from stamping and swearing," Beethoven once wrote. But even when carefully corrected, the printed music leaves many riddles unsolved. Liszt, Tausig, Bülow, Busoni, and many others have done much to elucidate the problems of interpretation, and Dr. Riemann worked out an entirely new system of marks for phrasing.

All these things are discussed fully in "The Interpretation of Piano Music," a particularly instructive chapter being the third, in which it is shown how correct playing of piano music could be helped by using the bowing signs employed in compositions for the violin. No less valuable is the chapter on Orchestration at the Pianoforte, one of the innumerable innovations the musical world owes to Liszt. While Chopin exhausted the idiomatic possibilities of the piano, Liszt went beyond him in making it a miniature orchestra. "When uncertain how to interpret a piano passage, it is often helpful to think of it as rendered by the orchestra," says the author; and the editions of D'Albert, Bülow, and others often contain directions like these: "Here imitate the tone of a flute"; "imitate the sound of harmonics on the harp"; "like a brass band"; "quasi-clarinetto"; "sound C—F shrill like a trumpet call here; at *b* like a drum beat."

For the procuring of such effects a thorough mastery of the use of the pedals is necessary, and to these, therefore, a long chapter is devoted, with copious references to the labors of others in this field. Every conservatory girl now knows the utter absurdity of the remark of Moscheles that "a good pianist uses the pedals as little as possible." Rubinstein, on the contrary, declared that "the pedal is the soul of the piano," indispensable at every moment; while Chopin declared that "the correct employment of the pedal is a study for life." In speaking of Chopin's tempo rubato, the author refers to Paderewski's chapter on it, in "Success in Music," as the most scholarly discussion of this subject which has appeared in print; yet she repeats the ludicrous old notion that "there should be no rubato in the left hand"—a notion which Paderewski utterly demolished in that chapter.

Admitting that "musical history cannot be taught from a book," Mr. Colles nevertheless has written a history of music. It is, however, a book of only 160 pages, and no attempt is made to include all of even the great names of men and works. A small selection has been made of a few of the salient works by a few of the greatest men, and the author tries to trace the growth of musical technique by means of them. Except in the early chapters, those works chiefly are discussed which people are likely to hear at concerts, in church, or at home. A useful feature of the book is an appendix to each chapter in which reference is made to cheap collections of songs or pieces illustrating the styles of different epochs and countries. The book as a whole is suggestive, and not difficult to read.

One of the most interesting events of the past season was the concert given at the Metropolitan by Arturo Toscanini. There was much curiosity to know whether he would be equally satisfactory as a conductor of symphonies and tone poems. Reports from abroad as to his activity in concert halls differed; some spoke of brilliant successes, others of disappointments. His Metropolitan concert certainly was a disappointment. His conception of Wagner's "Faust" was superficial; it lacked gloom as well as depth. Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks" was, under his bâton, neither brilliant nor humorous; it was simply commonplace. The only satisfactory feature of the whole concert was the last movement of Beethoven's ninth symphony. In this he had the advantage of a trained choir, with the aid of which he gave one of the most stirring performances of that great movement ever heard here. But the three purely instrumental movements preceding it were read without any proper regard for the tempo.

Puccini recently travelled all the way from Pisa to London to witness the revival of "The Light That Failed." He wished to see if it would be suitable for operatic purposes, and, if so, if he could get Mr. Kipling's permission to use it. After the fall of the curtain he had a chat with Forbes Robertson, "to whom," says a London journal, "he communicated the particularly interesting fact that he had five new operas to be produced shortly." This statement, the writer adds, "will be welcomed with enthusiasm by musical amateurs." Skepticism is perhaps a better word than enthusiasm. Inasmuch as six years elapsed between the composition of "Madama Butterfly" and "The Girl of the Golden West," it is not likely that Puccini has since 1910 composed five new operas.

The most popular of all concertos for the violin is Max Bruch's, in G minor. It

quickly surpassed even the favorite one by Mendelssohn. The manuscript of this concerto is for sale, for $5,000. Dr. Bruch is seventy-five years old, and his circumstances border closely on poverty. A committee, headed by Constantin von Sternberg, and including many other prominent musicians, has been formed for the purpose of purchasing this manuscript and presenting it to the Congressional Library, in Washington. Contributions may be sent to Andrew Wheeler, jr., general treasurer, No. 1608 Market Street, Philadelphia.

Felix Leifels announces that for next season he has arranged a trip for the New York Philharmonic Orchestra which will take it as far west as San Francisco. The tour begins in Chicago on April 12, 1914. After playing in Des Moines, St. Louis, and Kansas City, the orchestra will visit Texas, and then head for the Pacific Coast, returning by the Northern route. This will be the longest tour ever taken by the organization. In some of the cities to be visited the orchestra will take part in music festivals.

Julius Hopp has made arrangements with the Palace Holding Corporation, conducting social centres in Newark, Philadelphia, and Brooklyn, with offices in New York city, to give symphony concerts in those cities in coöperation with that corporation, which owns large halls in the three cities mentioned. Popular-priced orchestral concerts are to be given in Newark, Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and New York in connection with the halls owned by the Palace Holding Corporation.

New York is no longer the only city in the world excepting Bayreuth that has had public performances of Wagner's "Parsifal." Zurich produced it a few weeks ago. Zurich is not a very large city, and there were shortcomings in abundance, but the audience enjoyed it immensely.

Art

Italian Bronze Statuettes of the Renaissance. Vol. III. By Wilhelm Bode. London: H. Grevel & Co.

Die Anfänge der Majolikakunst in Toscana, etc. By Wilhelm Bode. Berlin: Julius Bard.

All lovers of Italian art will be grateful for these two books. In regard both to text and to illustration they are splendid guides in special fields of art that have only recently come to be known and appreciated by students and collectors. One of them, the third volume of "Italian Bronze Statuettes of the Renaissance," finishes a publication which was started by the author some years ago, at a time when the interest of collectors in Italian bronze statuettes, largely awakened through his efforts in acquiring important pieces for the Berlin Museum and the collections of some of his friends, had hardly begun. On the appearance of this last volume of a pioneer work, we find that many of our own American collectors have developed a taste for these charming decorative works, which may be said to have the same relation to the large sculptures of the masters as sketches have to finished paintings. The gathering together of an important collection of Renaissance bronzes by Mr. Morgan has been the work of but a few years. And there has just taken place for the first time a public sale of a small but well selected collection of bronze statuettes, that of Mrs. Lydig. When a new class of art objects makes its appearance in the auction-room it is a sure sign that the public is beginning to appreciate its value.

This third volume treats of the great Florentine and Venetian masters of the sixteenth century, Giovanni da Bologna and his large school, Jacopo Sansovino, Alessandro Vittoria and others. The classification of the followers of Giovanni da Bologna, the relation to the Italian sculptors of some of the northern artists who came to work under Giovanni, the segregation of similar works by Sansovino and Vittoria, are some of the problems which the author sets out to solve with his usual sagacity. It is interesting to note that examples belonging to American collections have been drawn upon for the illustrations. From our Metropolitan Museum the large Madonna by Jacopo Sansovino, the purchase of which, four years ago, was the starting point of an already important collection of bronze statuettes, is reproduced.

Dr. Bode was the first to call the attention of the art world to this field, and it has remained almost exclusively his. He has been the great authority to which most of the bronze statuettes of the sixteenth century which have come into the market within the last years and which have commanded high prices, have been referred before they have been sold. The Italians who used to be so sadly behind in the scientific study of their own art, have still done no research work on their bronze statuettes. A few younger men in Germany, a few in Austria, especially Schlosser, of Vienna, and in England Maclagan, who made the catalogue of the exhibition of Italian sculptures at the Burlington Club last year, are about the only ones who have followed Dr. Bode's lead.

It is rare to see a man who is no longer young, and whose life is full of discoveries, able to keep up so splendid an interest and so searching a curiosity in new fields of art. Together with the last volume of his work on Italian bronzes, he has issued a book on the early Italian majolicas. Students of ceramics had felt that the highly praised majolica of Urbino, Faenza, and other manufacturing centres of the sixteenth century was decorated in a way which, although admirable in design, color, and technique, was after all hardly suitable to articles of glazed earthenware intended largely for everyday use. It was the work of artists who were trying to achieve results which can only be achieved in painting by imitating the portrait and fresco painters and by covering plates and dishes all over with representations of elaborate mythological and allegorical scenes. The tendencies of the late Renaissance artist who aimed at the close imitation of nature and thus began what we may call photographic realism in art, were further developed by the seventeenth-century masters of the Barocco style, whose work is much less valued to-day than it was fifty years ago. In the field of painting, modern collectors in their appreciation of the art of the primitives respond to the taste, to the ideas, the sympathy of our own time. With the true scholar's instinct Dr. Bode felt from the first that the appreciation of Italian majolica would parallel the appreciation of Italian painting, and for the same reason. That he was right is proved by the fact that of late years the hitherto unknown Italian majolica of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries has come to be greatly valued.

The book has an admirable historical introduction, with authoritative presentment and discussion of the subject. The illustrations, with their descriptive captions, will be easily understood by the English-speaking reader and prove extremely instructive. Such remarkably successful reproductions are rare in scientific works; many of them are in color, and all are revelations of the early phases of the art, especially of Florence, but there are also some Carolingian examples. The simple shapes and colors of this early ware have made it possible to get colored reproductions which are artistic and at the same time so thoroughly faithful that not only the color, but the very texture of the pottery is given. Some of the reproductions are from private collections, Dr. Bode's own wonderful collection, and that of Figdor, of Vienna. Dr. Bode has generously presented a few pieces of his early fifteenth-century majolicas to the Metropolitan Museum.

"Fifty Paintings by George Inness" (F. F. Sherman, $20 net) is a companion volume to Elliott Daingerfield's memoir of Inness, and, like it, is handsomely made and limited to 300 copies. The illustrations are collotypes of good execution, and the catalogue indications on the guard-papers are limited to title, date, ownership, and dimensions. There is a brief introduction by Mr. Daingerfield. This album possibly does not stress adequately Inness's work of the late sixties and seventies, but it affords admirable material for the study of his mature style. The book would be much more useful if provided with the usual text of a *catalogue raisonné*, and at the price this service might properly be expected.

Finance

THE "EUROPEAN WAR ARGUMENT."

A week ago our financial markets, after having brooded disconsolately for a month or more over troublesome factors in our home situation, suddenly lapsed into a state of renewed alarm over European politics. This state of mind began on Tuesday of last week, which opened with a dispatch, quoted from the London *Daily Mail's* Vienna cable, to the effect that the Austrian Government had decided to take into its own hands the expulsion of the Montenegrin troops from Scutari. The day ended with another dispatch from London, reporting that the Austrian army was moving in force towards the Montenegrin frontier.

In the interval, foreign government bonds and other securities had fallen on Europe's stock exchanges, and prices had broken under heavy selling in New York. Wall Street went home rather expecting to read in the next morning's papers that the Austrian regiments had crossed the border; that Germany had declared the necessity, under the Triple Alliance, of supporting Austria; that Russia had announced its decision not to tolerate armed interference with a Slav state; and that France was preparing to call out its reserves on the frontier of Alsace.

But not one of these expectations was fulfilled. The foreign dispatches in Wednesday morning's newspapers seemed to prove conclusively that the conference of the neutral Powers was holding steadfastly together, acting unitedly in the common interest. On Thursday, European stock exchanges were closed for a church holiday, and Wall Street, left to do its "reflecting" single-handed, indulged in a fairly active stampede of "bear covering."

Europe's markets on Friday morning responded somewhat more hesitantly than had been expected, and, in addition, there began to circulate, on all the European markets, those carefully concocted alarmist dispatches, coming no one knew from where or on what authority, but keeping alive the apprehension that, despite the London assurances that the Powers were standing together and Montenegro yielding, nevertheless the Balkan Highlanders might refuse to leave Scutari unless dislodged by force, or that Austria might do so foolish a thing as to march across the border in the midst of the peaceful negotiations.

All this represented a familiar stage in the critical last arrangements of diplomacy, and on Monday of the present week, as there was every reason to expect, an official announcement came that the King of Montenegro had yielded to the Powers and agreed to surrender Scutari. But the mere fact that apprehensions should have reached such a pitch brought up again the question, What would have been the actual outcome, on the markets and elsewhere, if the worst of last week's misgivings had come true? This is not in all respects an easy question to answer. For one thing, no one can surely say how far the decline on the foreign stock exchanges since the first week of October, the withdrawal of capital from the market, the hoarding of cash by the Continental people, the rise in European bank rates, and the world-wide stringency of money, were themselves the "discounting" of such a possibility—as a result of which, the event would not be received with all the financial agitation which belongs to it.

It may not be uninteresting to take a look at precedent in such a matter as a war between first-class European states. It is forty-two years since war has occurred between such Powers. Since 1871, Russia has fought Turkey, Turkey has fought Greece, Spain has fought the United States, England has fought the Boers, Russia has fought the Japanese, Italy has fought Turkey, and the Balkan States have crushed the Ottoman Government. In many of these conflicts, one really great European Power was engaged; in none of them have two such Powers been drawn in. Therefore, it may be interesting to inquire what happened, marketwise, at the actual outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War in 1870.

That war, which was actually declared in the middle of July, was unlike the great majority of such international conflicts, in that it came almost without warning. No European stock exchange was hinting at such a thing, three weeks before Napoleon III declared war. On June 30, the French Premier, Ollivier, said to the Deputies: "In whatever direction we turn our eyes we see no irritating question in dispute, and never at any time has the maintenance of peace in Europe been better assured." On the first day of July the New York papers were discussing as a joke the fact that the Spanish crown was being offered in vain to a succession of non-Spanish princes. Only at the end of the first week in July, when the Duc de Grammont, commenting on the report that Prussia's candidate had been accepted by the Cortes, declared that the French Government would never consent to a Hohenzollern candidate, did the foreign offices hear of possible impending trouble.

On July 15 the war broke out. Thus it was fairly a bolt from the blue. There was a panicky break on the stock exchanges; British consols fell 5 points, other European government bonds as much as 10 or 11. In a fortnight the Bank of England rate went up from 4 per cent. to 6, the Berlin Bank rate to 8, and on August 13 the Bank of France suspended cash payments on its notes.

Yet that was all. As soon as it became clear that Great Britain would not be drawn into the conflict, the Bank of England in two weeks reduced its rate from 6 to 4½. The New York Stock Exchange, after its first panicky break in the middle of July, grew calm again, and business went on as usual. An export of $15,000,000 gold to Europe only temporarily disturbed the situation, and the autumn New York money market, in the words of a contemporary market reviewer, "maintained a degree of ease quite remarkable for this season of the year."

The moral of this latest modern instance is just a bit difficult to draw. We should actually have an advantage over 1870, if war were to break out now, in that such an event has been "discounted" this year, as it was not then. Against this consideration stands the vastly greater cost of war to-day. Yet that also might be offset by the fact that nowadays, even in war, the world is accustomed to "think in hundreds of millions" where it thought only in millions during 1870.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

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Bouché-Leclercq, A. Histoire des Seleucides. Paris: Ernest Leroux.

Chambers, G. F. Astronomy, Van Nostrand. $1.50 net.

Colonial Society of Massachusetts publications. Vol. 2, Collections. Boston: The Society.

Dana, W. S. B. The Swiss Chalet Book. W. T. Comstock Co. $2.50 net.

Defoe's Robinson Crusoe, edited for school use by W. T. Hastings. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.

Everyman's Library. No. 601, Life of Audubon, by Robert Buchanan; No. 630, Roget's Thesaurus, revised. 2 vols. No. 640, Letters from an American Farmer, by J. H. St. J. Crèvecœur. Dutton, 35 cents net, each.

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Glyn, Elinor. Guinevere's Lover. D. Appleton. $1.30 net.

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Hackforth, R. The Authorship of the Platonic Epistles. Longmans. $2 net.

Harrison, H. S. V. V.'s Eyes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.

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Koester, Frank. The Price of Inefficiency. Sturgis & Walton. $2 net.

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Meynell, Viola. George Eliot. Chicago: Browne & Co. 90 cents net.
Mumby, F. A. The Youth of Henry VIII. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
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Oxford English Dictionary. Vol. IX, Snigle-Sorrow. Frowde. $1.25.
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Princeton University Archæological Expeditions to Syria. Section A, Southern Syria, Part 3. Division II, Ancient Architecture in Syria, by Howard Crosby Butler. Division III, Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria, by Enno Littmann and others. Leyden: E. J. Brill.
Rickmers, W. R. The Duab of Turkestan: A Physiographic Sketch and Account of Some Travels. University of Chicago Press. $9 net.
Roland, Romain. Les Tragédies de la Foi. Paris: Hachette.
Sandars, M. F. Princess and Queen of England: Life of Mary II. Duffield.
Scott, H. F., and Van Tuyl, C. H. A Cicero Composition Book. Chicago: Scott, Foresman.
Shakespeare's King John. Edited by F. J. Furnivall and John Munro. Duffield.
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Van Sickle, J. H., and Scegmiller, W. Seventh Reader. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 55 cents.
Volimoeller, Karl. Turandot, Princess of China. English version by J.. Bithell. (Plays of To-day and To-morrow series). Duffield. $1 net.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1913.

The Week

President Wilson's decision to proceed with a currency bill at the extra session of Congress has much to commend it as bold political strategy. It is striking while Congress is hot. The President's prestige and influence are now great, and evidently it is his plan to throw them behind the movement to procure reform of our banking and currency laws at the earliest possible date. It is to be hoped that success will crown his courageous tactics. But everything will depend upon the bill itself. We ought not to make haste at the risk of stumbling. A had or even a makeshift measure would be worse than further delay. It is a laudable ambition in the President to move forward swiftly with this important matter, with which the Republicans have only fumbled for years, but it is better to be slow than to be sorry. Everybody will eagerly await the publication of the terms of the bill. If they are not sound or satisfactory, they will certainly not appear to be of the nature of the king's business which requireth haste.

Whatever else the Senate does with the Tariff bill, it ought to strike out the section providing for a "discount of 5 per centum on all duties imposed by this Act . . . on such goods, wares, and merchandise as shall be imported in vessels admitted to registration under the laws of the United States." The Senate is, or ought to be, the special guardian of treaties, which it helps to make the supreme law of the land; and the provision cited is in flat violation of our treaties of commerce with several nations. The binding nature of these treaties is squarely admitted by the Tariff bill itself. In another section it provides for a discriminatory duty of 10 per cent. on goods imported in foreign vessels; but at once adds that this duty shall "not apply" in case those vessels are "entitled by treaty or convention or Act of Congress to be entered . . . on payment of the same duties" as those imposed on goods imported in ships of the United States. But some over-ingenious person seems to have imagined that there is a difference between a discriminating duty on foreign ships and a "discount" in favor of American ships. It appears to have been thought that the treaties provided merely against the former. It is obvious, however, that the two things are logically the same. Moreover, the treaties shut out any such verbal distinction. For example, our treaty with Great Britain stipulates that "the *same* duties" shall be paid on goods in British vessels as in American. The trick of saying "discount" instead of "discriminatory duty" is clearly ruled out by that. This the Senate must easily see. It should without ado strike out the treaty-violating section.

The President's nomination of Mr. John Purroy Mitchel ends the long deadlock over the New York Collectorship. Although Mr. Mitchel does not stand so high in public estimation as before the final struggle over the subways, few will deny that he has rendered services of solid merit to the city. His presence on the Board of Estimate has been of great value on more occasions than one, when he, Mr. McAneny, and Mr. Prendergast, voting together, insured many of the notable advances of the city government during the last three and a half years. Nobody has dared to impugn his honesty of purpose, and nobody ought to forget his admirable service, notably in the cleaning up of Coney Island during the brief period when he was acting Mayor. His administrative and investigating experience as Commissioner of Accounts will stand him in good stead in the Custom House, where we expect to see him make a good record. As for the politics of it, Senator O'Gorman claims a personal victory. Tammany is reported disgusted; but the disgust is not created, we are sure, by the thought that this probably removes Mitchel from the Mayoralty contest. Best of all, however, is the fact that Tammany still finds itself unable to point to a single nomination to office by Mr. Wilson as proof that he has "recognized" it.

When some of the four thousand other bills that have been introduced in the California Legislature are examined, the one aimed at the Japanese ceases to look so queer. One begins: "To eat, to work, and to be recompensed for enforced idleness is hereby declared to be the inalienable right of every man, woman, and child in this State." It ends by conferring upon the Governor authority to appoint a "citizen of this State to be designated as the Commissioner for the Abolishment of Poverty." On its face, this benevolent measure applies to aliens ineligible for citizenship along with the rest of the inhabitants, but there must be enough patriotism at Sacramento to obtain an amendment that will exclude all such persons. Endless State boards are proposed, including one to examine and certify all candidates for the profession of barber, and another to do the same for "chiropractors." One member was goaded into remarking that the Legislature was attempting to regulate everything but the birth-rate. He must be a reactionary. What is wrong with a bill giving school boards power to regulate the dress of school children, and to establish uniforms for them? Or one to create the office of Bee Commissioner, to care for the State's bees? Or another making it a misdemeanor to keep any bird in a cage less than three feet square? Or one providing that soldiers who do not like the fare at the Veterans' Home may have a pension and live where they please? Was Armageddon fought and won—in spots—for nothing?

Inadequacy of census returns is brought home by their treatment of Indiana. The leading products of that State are books and politicians, but the enumerators say almost nothing about either of them. Yet what literature, in the person of Meredith Nicholson, is saying about politics, as represented by certain Democratic leaders, is more entertaining than a library of statistics. "The beer," declares this author, "must be squeezed out of the Democratic party in Indiana before it can measure up to the national standard. The two most pernicious figures in Indiana politics," he continues, "have been the sinister and atrabilious Crawford Fairbanks and

the ingratiating and oleaginous Stephen Fleming." A more noted personage receives this characterization: "Mr. Taggart is the most interesting, the most puzzling, and the most maddening of Hoosier mortals. He is as unaccountable as he is winning and charming." Mr. Nicholson refuses to believe that the winning but maddening Taggart has any real interest in the election of the Fairbanks candidate for Mayor of Indianapolis, despite his public appeals. However this may be, the literary man's entry into the campaign ought to increase enormously the difficulties of Mr. Bell's nomination. Hoosiers respect a man who can write books.

Secretary Bryan's speech at the dinner of the peace conferrees on Friday evening contained a fuller explanation than he had before given of his plans to prevent war. He speaks of them, not as his own plans, but as those of President Wilson; indeed, the idea underlying them has often been put forward. It is, in brief, that all nations shall bind themselves by treaty never to begin hostilities without first having taken time and provided the machinery for an impartial inquiry into the merits of any international controversy threatening war. What is sought is a breathing-space, during which inflamed passions may subside. This seems an obvious and rational method, but many have smiled at it, in a superior way, as fanciful. They refer to it as one of those happy thoughts of the novice which old hands will at once dismiss as impracticable. But the said old hands should not overlook the very favorable reception which Mr. Bryan's proposals have received, abroad as well as at home. Both private and official opinion in Europe has given him wide endorsement.

A Brazilian Government loan of £11,000,000, offered last week to the English investment public on what were relatively very inviting terms, failed to attract subscribers. Although bearing the interest rate of 5 per cent. and offered at the price of 97, only one-tenth of the bonds were taken by outside investors, the balance being left on the hands of the underwriting bankers, among whom were the Rothschilds. The Brazilian bonds were perhaps not the very highest grade of securities, and the loan was large; but the incident followed another in which £2,500,000 4 per cent. bonds of the Southern Mahratta Railway, guaranteed principal and interest by the Indian Government and therefore an absolutely safe investment, similarly attracted only 10 per cent. in public subscriptions. It brought to mind the offer in our own market, a month ago, of $30,000,000 4½ per cent. bonds of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at 99½, which resulted in the taking of only some $24,000,000 by investors. Furthermore, it directed great interest and conjecture to the forthcoming application by the Chinese Government, on the various European money markets, for £25,000,000, and to New York city's offer, on Tuesday of next week, of $45,000,000 new bonds bearing 4½ per cent.

There have been various explanations for this seeming reluctance of the investing public, in this country and in others, to subscribe to such new securities. There are those who believe that the average rate of return on invested capital has permanently risen, in response to well-known economic influences, and that the present market is merely going through a process of adjustment to the new conditions—a process which had been postponed by the recent prevalent recourse to temporary and short-term borrowings. On the other hand, an equally strong consensus of financial opinion holds that governing circumstances in the money markets of the day are altogether peculiar and are not permanent in character. This argument is based on the fact that Europe's investment markets have, through fear of a possible general war, reproduced all the economic symptoms which would have accompanied the war itself. Nations like France and Germany are planning to impose for military purposes, through taxation or new public loans, almost as heavy a burden on capital as would have followed outbreak of hostilities. Meantime, the people of the Continent, either through fear of war or through anticipation of these loans, are still hoarding actual money on a scale perhaps never previously witnessed in our time. With the intimate relations prevailing between the different parts of the modern financial world, such a state of things in Europe inevitably affects the American market also—both because we are thereby cut off from the accustomed participation of Europe in the purchase of our own new securities, and because our home bank resources are actually drawn upon to help out the foreign money centres.

Is the work of extirpating tuberculosis a task primarily for the physician or for the social reformer? A debate on this highly interesting question is summarized by a dispatch from Washington. Dr. W. C. White, medical director of the Tuberculosis League of Pittsburgh, maintained that the chief burden lay with the scientist. The social reformer's activity must be confined to effecting an improvement in housing conditions and food standards, highly important factors no doubt, but by no means the sole factors. Unless we assume that tuberculosis is entirely a disease of poverty, we must still look to the physician for a study of the pathologic elements of the disease—"immunity, heredity, chemistry of lung and tubercle, bacillus, cure, food values, etc." That this is the point of view not only of the man in the street, but of the great body of scientists, is evidenced by the extraordinary interest always aroused by the announcement of the discovery of a "cure" for tuberculosis. Dr. Friedmann may turn out to be all that his opponents think he is. The work of Robert Koch did not realize sanguine expectations. Nevertheless, science is far from denying the possibility of a cure. The search for a remedy is everywhere carried on with unflagging zeal.

Prof. John R. Commons upheld the sociologist's side of the argument. He said:

> Compare a Board of Health with a Bureau of Labor. When a Board of Health determines that smallpox or diphtheria is afloat, it rides over each property right and personal right of the individual. It marks off a dead line of quarantine. It becomes policemen, calls out the militia, declares martial law, sets aside the Fourteenth Amendment. But when a Bureau of Labor finds tuberculosis in a factory or tenement, it comes dead against the vested rights of the owner, the poverty of the occupant, and the Federal Constitution.

And then he went on to suppose the creation of an all-powerful Government bureau for combating tuberculosis, that would "have to go into every home, factory, hospital, and public building," that "would have to touch every prop-

erty and personal interest of the people." The implication is that a Government bureau so empowered would be able to deal successfully with the problem. But what Professor Commons overlooks is that society does not refuse to confer such powers on a public department as soon as it is convinced that their use would show a balance of good achieved over cost. Property interests are not allowed to stand in the way of combating diphtheria and smallpox as soon as there is a clear-cut method of doing it. Let a tuberculosis "cure" be discovered; let it then appear that the specific alone cannot wipe out the white plague, but that social action is essential, and Professor Commons will see the Board of Health or of Labor receiving a free hand in dealing with property interests inimical to the public health.

People may talk scornfully of politicians, but what could we do without them when it came to planning a hall of fame? More than five thousand students and alumni of the University of Wisconsin have been voting upon names of distinguished graduates whose portraits are to be hung where they may inspire others to great achievement. Five of the nineteen chosen are Senators La Follette and Clapp, Gov. McGovern, and ex-Senators Vilas and Spooner. Another is the new Commissioner of Corporations. Literature accounts for half a dozen names also, if under this head may be put the first editor of the *Wisconsin Magazine*, one college journalist, "known for his fight for clean athletics in colleges," and one "orator and dramatist." Indeed, if we reckon in university debating, literature forges ahead of politics. This leaves only three places for athletes, two for physicians, and one for educators—the latter, of course, held by President Van Hise. Wisconsin lawyers of hall-of-fame fame are as scarce as clergymen, inventors, and social workers. The much-heralded relation between this University and the State is thus once more demonstrated.

The Century of the Child is coming on apace. Public school children are on strike in Pittsburgh, in New York, in Boston. A new I. W. W. is among the possibilities of the future—the Infant Workers of the World. The movement was bound to come. In an age that has no interest in the Past, a mere toleration for the Present, and concentrates on the Future, the balance of power must inevitably shift to the only class in the community that is Futurist by definition. It is the final step in a long process of development. Gradually the American parent has transferred his duties and his responsibilities to the schoolmaster. Now that the schools are breaking down, what is there left but for the children to take their fortunes into their own hands? Here and there we find a reassertion of standpat parenthood. The slipper and the palm of the hand are again called upon to assume their ancient regulative functions. But we fear that this is too late. Having tasted of power, the young can never again be expected to remain satisfied with marbles and ring-around-the-rosy. The children are in revolt. Like their elders, they may not know just where they are going, but they are on their way.

The dedication of the Schurz monument in this city adds a rare work of art to the city's treasures. Created by the talent of Karl Bitter, the statue obtains especial significance as the gift of citizens in many parts of the country, who felt impelled to place an enduring memorial to the services of a singularly unselfish and devoted patriot. And it is both natural and proper that Saturday's ceremonies should have emphasized Schurz the German-American. The German Ambassador felicitously quoted Bismarck's saying that, as a German, he was proud of Schurz. We cannot but feel, however, that as time goes on this phase of the man will play a smaller part, precisely as the fact that Albert Gallatin was a foreign-born citizen has been less noted as the decades that separate us from his period of our history have slipped by. Schurz's preeminence as an orator who could speak with equal facility in German and in English, as well as the distinction of his career, made our German-born citizens emphasize their claims upon him whenever opportunity offered. But to study his career is not to feel that he was merely a spokesman of a single element in our citizenship, however useful and valuable that element was. Nor is there the slightest evidence that, after he had really become familiarized with American institutions and our political life, he considered the nation's problems from any other point of view than the American. No immigrant to this republic ever brought greater enthusiasm for it with him or retained that enthusiasm more fervently until the end of his life than Carl Schurz.

In a letter to the directors of the General Electric Company, a stockholder, who is reputed to be a Socialist, asked this question, among others:

> Do you agree with medical and social investigators that overtime and night work are harmful, and therefore interfere with the free pursuit of happiness as defined by the Constitution?

It would be interesting to know where in the Constitution that definition is to be found. But this writer is by no means alone in mixing up the Declaration of Independence with the Constitution. That has more than once been done on the floor of Congress. The framers of the Constitution were far too wise to imagine that "happiness," or even its pursuit, was to be announced as their aim in founding a new Government. What they put to the front was union, justice, domestic tranquility, general welfare, and the blessings of liberty. Those obtained or striven for might or might not result in happiness, but if it is impossible to make men virtuous by legislation, it is folly to think to make them happy by a Constitution.

Exaggerated rumors of a crisis in our relations with Mexico seem to have small foundation in fact. The Mexican Provisional President would doubtless be pleased to get, in full recognition by the United States, a quasi-sanction for the violence by which he climbed to temporary power, but there is no good reason why he should at present have it. Huerta is, of course, recognized by our Government *de facto*. He is at the head of the only Government in Mexico with which we or other nations can do business. That is sufficient for all immediate purposes. To commit ourselves to full acquiescence in the new régime in Mexico might be an embarrassment, since its stability is by no means assured. The conviction is spreading in Mexico and elsewhere that Gen. Huerta's occupancy of the National Palace will not be prolonged.

HOPES BUILT ON A "REACTION."

A chorus of predictions is heard that the enactment of the Tariff bill into law is sure to be followed by a severe political reaction against the party in power. The Republicans in the House freely indulged in the taunt that the Democrats were rushing to their doom. "Yes, you have the votes and can pass the bill, but we warn you that you are only preparing disaster for the country and defeat for yourselves." They might have added that they had known how it was themselves. The McKinley bill of 1890 emptied scores of Republican seats in the House. What the Payne-Aldrich bill of 1909 did to the Republican party, it would be only a renewal of grief to recite. If no such bad luck followed the Dingley bill of 1897, that may have been due to powerful causes operating against the Democratic party at that time—for example, the Bryan currency folly and the Spanish war. With political reaction the general rule, after the passage of a tariff law, why should it not be counted upon as a certainty in the near political future?

We freely admit that it may be looked for. It will not necessarily be traceable to the tariff. All parties newly come to power are subject to the universal law of diminished strength. We invent phrases to explain it—"the swing of the pendulum," and so on—but we all know what the fact is. Party enthusiasm wanes. Dissatisfaction and cliques appear. The country turns its attention to other measures. The Opposition pluck up fresh courage and put forth new energy. The Administration forces tend to crumble. This is the fate which comes to all parties, in their turn, and there is no reason to suppose that the Democrats will escape it. Probably no man less expects that they will than President Wilson. He knows perfectly that even laws which the people demand seldom meet the hopes entertained of them; and that, in any event, popular restlessness, democratic fickleness, the law of change, make against a President or a party in office.

The exact part played by the new tariff in the expected "reaction" will be hard enough to make out even with the facts before us; in advance, no one can be sure. All may be sure, however, that the tariff will be charged with every business misfortune that may occur, in spite of its having nothing to do with it. And it is also certain that if the country should continue to enjoy prosperity, the assertion would be roundly made by protectionists that this is due entirely to other causes. To the scientifically minded and non-partisan student of economics, the great point of interest will be whether the large tendencies at present making business good all over the world—tendencies to which the British Chancellor of the Exchequer referred in his budget speech, and on the strength of which he decided to levy no new taxes—will persist for two or three years to come. If they do, we shall not hear so much, after the event, as we are now hearing before it, about the new tariff prostrating American industry.

Politically, the calamity which the Republicans are confidently forecasting is bound also, they think, to make themselves and the Progressives brothers again. A common disaster is to cause them to fall upon one another's necks—and this time without a knife thrust into the back. Mr. Taft is quoted as being very hopeful that the evil consequences of the Democratic tariff will heal the breach in the Republican party. The Chairman of the National Committee, Mr. Hilles, is stirring; and a conference of Progressive Republicans who refused to be drawn after Roosevelt last year is shortly to be held in Chicago to discuss ways and means of reuniting the party. The "get-together" cry is sounded by many Republican newspapers, in various States, as well as by Mr. Munsey and Dan Hanna, both "angels" of the Progressive party.

It might seem a queer thing to expect the tariff to restore harmony between Republicans and Progressives. The tariff was the rock on which they originally split. The fight of dissenting Republican Senators upon the Payne-Aldrich bill, and their stubborn refusal to vote for it, foreshadowed the larger and more angry division later. If the tariff tore the factions asunder, how can it now join them together? Ah, but that was their own tariff. This is the other party's. They may not be able to agree upon what they would support, but they are heartily in unison as to what they will attack. Such is the theory: the tariff, being passed by the Democrats, is necessarily bad; it will cause distress if not panics; then will follow political upheavals, and of those, we, the Progressives and Republicans, must take advantage in order to make common cause again, and, incidentally, to get back some of the offices. It will certainly be instructive to see how this works out.

THE INCOME-TAX TANGLE.

The income-tax section of the Tariff bill has been adopted by the House with but little change from its original form. Outside the House, it has been subjected to much criticism; but the scheme of taxation which it institutes has met with strikingly little opposition. Although the $4,000 exemption is regarded by many as a serious defect, and although it is realized that a graduated income tax is a new departure in the fiscal policy of the country, it is plain that both these features are accepted by the nation as a whole, including the wealthy classes. Criticism has been directed not against the purpose of the framers of the bill, but against the form in which it has been cast. The defects complained of are of two kinds—one having reference to the draughtsmanship as such, the other to difficulties and objections involved in the requirements of the bill, apart from any question of obscurity or ambiguity. The bill now goes to the Senate. Upon that body will devolve the task of correcting these faults so far as possible. What can be done about the substantive difficulties in the case can only be determined by most painstaking inquiry; but as to the form of the bill, it is just as well to say quite plainly that the only way to make it satisfactory is to recast it altogether.

In presenting the income-tax section to the House, Mr. Hull said:

> Instead of comprising 100 or more pages, containing in detail all the methods of administration, such as European and other laws present, this measure briefly but succinctly prescribes each essential rule and method with respect to the levy, assessment, and collection of the tax, and leaves to be embraced in the regulations to be prepared by the Secretary of the Treasury the manner and details of carrying out the provisions of the law. These regulations will make clear to the taxpayer the scope and application of each feature of the law with respect to every class of taxpayers and business.

Within certain limits this method is quite justifiable. But "each essential rule and method" should be so laid down that there can be no mistake about its

intent on the part of competent persons. Yet in regard to some of the most important of these rules and methods there has arisen great difference of opinion among persons of high expert qualifications and evidently sincere in their desire to get at the meaning of the bill. This is due, we believe, mainly to the extremely involved sentences and paragraphs; matter which an expert bill-drafter could have put in a succession of straightforward sentences dealing incisively with separate points is jumbled together in a tangle of heterogeneous elements. But the trouble is due not wholly to awkwardness of expression, but also in part to want of a clear perception of the matter dealt with.

Throughout the bill there is an attempt so far as possible to "collect at the source" and at the same time to respect the $4,000 exemption. In the case of income derived from interest on corporation bonds it is virtually impossible to combine these two purposes. Accordingly, the bill, as Mr. Hull states in his speech, "requires the tax to be withheld from income derived from interest upon corporate and United States bonds and other indebtedness, even though the income does not exceed $4,000." Yet on the one hand counsel for the Investment Bankers' Association of America, in a brief to the Senate Committee on Finance, say that the language of the bill "seems to us on careful reading to be entirely insufficient for this purpose"; and on the other hand those who do not challenge the interpretation of the language point out difficulties amounting virtually to impossibility in its application. With the question how the engagement of corporations to pay all taxes levied on the principal or interest of their bonds would operate, the framers of the bill do not seem to have grappled at all; and, waiving this point, the question of how the exemption could be made good in the case of coupon bonds obviously thrusts itself forward. Confronted with this upon the occasion of his speech the other day, Mr. Hull floundered hopelessly.

Similar doubts and similar difficulties beset the question of withholding at the source the tax on incomes derived from rents. Here, to be sure, the withholding takes place only in the case of annual rents amounting to $4,000 or more. But owing to the extraordinary way in which a sudden turn of language in the bill is introduced, the question whether or not the bill virtually compels the lessor to disclose to the lessee the particulars of his income appears to be a wide-open one. Mr. Sherley, of Kentucky, who is one of the ablest men in the House, made an energetic effort to find out the true state of the case from Mr. Hull, but the result was far from satisfying. Nor is this doubt the only trouble connected with the matter. The difficulties and risks to which the owner would apparently be exposed through the withholding by tenants of a tax reckoned on the face of the rent have been set forth in a report drawn by the law committee of the Allied Real Estate Interests in this city, and the suggestion is made that "the interests of the Government would be better served if, instead of requiring the income to be reserved at the source, the law required merely that the source shall apprise the Government of the amount of income which it pays its creditor and then require the taxable person to make report which can be checked up with the information received from the debtors." It should be noted that, whatever the merits or defects of this suggestion, the adoption of it would have the advantage that the aid given to the Government by this information would not need to be confined to the case of rents of $4,000 and above, but might extend to all rents, or all above an arbitrarily chosen limit.

However the bill may be improved, there will necessarily be imperfections in its operation and difficulties in its execution. But these imperfections and difficulties should not be permitted to arise at haphazard, but should be the subject of the most painstaking and expert consideration, with a view to reducing them to a minimum. An even more elementary requirement is that the bill be so drawn that the manner of its operation shall be clear. Neither of these requirements has thus far been met. We have given but a slight intimation of the faults which a study of the bill discloses. To remove them, nothing short of a thorough redrafting by the Senate committee will suffice.

IS MANKIND IMPROVING?

Sharer with Darwin in the creation of the doctrine of natural selection, and preserving in extreme old age, with apparently no diminution, the intellectual vigor and the power of forcible expression which characterized him in his prime, it was natural that Alfred Russel Wallace, on the advent of his ninetieth birthday, should be approached by many interviewers, asking him for some message to the world. The message he gave to one of these journalists related to no less a question than that of his estimate of the whole moral and intellectual condition of mankind in the present day, as compared with past ages. And its essential purport was contained in a single sentence. "I have come to the general conclusion," he said, "that there has been no advance either in intellect or morals from the days of the earliest Egyptians to the keel-laying of the latest Dreadnought."

That this was no random utterance was evident enough. In point of fact, he was at the time engaged upon a book, "Social Environment and Moral Progress," which has now been issued, and which maintains the thesis then announced, and more. To attempt to appraise its pronouncements on past and present, and its proposals for the future, would be to pass judgment on all the deepest questions of life and society, of economics and ethics. But the book, like the interview before it, is sure to attract widespread interest; and it seems worth while, therefore, to analyze the significance of his chief proposition and to examine the character of his argument.

In the first place, then, the assertion itself does not mean what many doubtless will take it to mean. When Mr. Wallace speaks of morality not having improved, he refers to no objective standard, but to those "inherent and unchangeable" qualities that constitute what is truly "character," as distinguished from the external acts which we may perform, or from which we may refrain, out of regard to the demands of the society around us, and for the sake perhaps of winning praise or honor or worldly advancement. But with this understanding, we imagine that there are few thinking people who will be greatly startled to hear that morality has made no advance. Not many of us

are in the habit of pluming ourselves on being intrinsically better than our ancestors; we do not flatter ourselves that we are firmer in adhering to the standards of to-day than they to those of their own time and place. If to the red Indian the torture of an enemy is to be imputed as a virtue, if to the account of the mediæval soldier burning and pillage and rape are to be charged as the mere exercise of passions nobody expected to be held in check, if the barbarities of the slave trade are not to be accounted as having been morally worse two hundred years ago than are such evils as happen to-day to excite a corresponding degree of reprobation, and so on all along the line, then most of us will be quite prepared to admit that the world has not progressed morally. From the dawn of history, and before, there were manifested probably just about the same varying degrees of devotion to whatever were the accepted standards and ideals of the time and place, as are witnessed in our own day.

Dr. Wallace's arraignment of existing conditions is, however, by no means confined to the maintenance of this comprehensive but negative thesis. He pours forth denunciation after denunciation, with the fervor and scorn at once of a prophet speaking to a godless generation and of a man of science addressing an unthinking and ignorant world. He goes far beyond the assertion that the world is no better; again and again he declares that it is worse—and worse, too, in no refined meaning of the word, but in its simplest and crudest significance. "It is not too much to say," he declares near the end of the book, "that our whole system of society is rotten from top to bottom, and the Social Environment as a whole, in relation to our possibilities and our claims, is the worst that the world has ever seen." But it is difficult to combine the rôle of the flaming prophet with that of the scientific seeker after truth. If any one wishes to be reminded of the evils that exist in our society, and of our moral shortcomings in dealing with them, he can find them set forth powerfully in Dr. Wallace's pages; but, incredible as it may seem, there is hardly so much as the pretence of an attempt at comparison with the past. It is almost as though one were to find out the dark places of a single city, and, not content with indignation and rebuke, incontinently declare that one has proved this city to be the wickedest and most depraved "the world has ever seen."

The single place in which any serious attempt at comparison is made is in the chapter entitled Indications of Increasing Moral Degradation. How inadequate the statistics cited by Dr. Wallace are to the proving of what he alleges we cannot here undertake to show. But it is instructive to point out one cardinal defect. This may be indicated by taking that one of his three instances which he makes most prominent—the increase of deaths from alcoholism. The figures are very irregular, but let it be granted that they show, in the past half century, an increase from 40 deaths annually per million inhabitants to 65 deaths per million. Dr. Wallace himself admits that the showing is surprising, since "the drinking habit has certainly diminished"; and he proceeds to account for it in various more or less ingenious ways. But there is one way that does not occur to him, and which yet may be the true explanation. Everybody knows that the mean duration of life has been greatly increased during the half century. Is it not at least possible—nay, is it not, in the absence of evidence, highly probable—that these 25 additional drunkards per million who die nowadays of "alcoholism" used to be carried off by all sorts of diseases before they had had time to drink themselves to death? The eyes, as Carlyle said, see what they bring with them the power of seeing; and a passionate desire to find a foregone conclusion may deprive of all efficiency, as an instrument for the ascertainment of the truth, even so fine a mind as that of Alfred Russel Wallace.

THE FLOOD PROBLEM.

The horror with which the news of the floods in Ohio was received was mingled from the beginning with wonder. How could a calamity of such extent happen in this country? Why was there not provision against it in places where it was likely to occur? As the reports from the stricken sections made it more and more clear that the early estimates of the destruction of life and of property were exaggerated, wonder became the dominant emotion, coupled with a determination that all that the wit of man could do should be done to make a recurrence of the disaster impossible. The first step was obviously knowledge of the facts. Just what were the conditions responsible for the overwhelming sheet of water that swept down with such rapidity? How far were our theories of flood prevention tenable? The unusual nature of the catastrophe compelled a reëxamination of the whole question.

Well, it has been reëxamined, and various conclusions have been put forth by authorities of varying weight. An army engineer who went to Ohio at once and made a survey of that part of the Scioto which flows through Columbus, decided that the thing needed was a widening of the channel of the river. He was not impressed with rival suggestions of a system of reservoirs and the construction of a new channel. The river, in his words, was "crowded to death" by the bridges over it, which were too short to be out of the way of the current, and had embankments that formed dams and thus turned a vast stream unnecessarily against the levees. By an interesting coincidence, the National Drainage Congress was scheduled to meet at St. Louis while the happenings in the Ohio Valley were fresh in mind. The divergences in opinion at this gathering are the best commentary upon the state of our knowledge of the causes and remedies of floods. Uncompromising advocates of reforestation as a means of holding back the flood waters at or near their source were faced by unyielding supporters of levees along the lower waters. The hopelessness of arriving at an agreement gave added impetus to the proposal for the creation of a Department of Public Works, whose Secretary should have a seat in the Cabinet. A resolution to this effect was passed, but meanwhile President Wilson and his associates were approving the plan submitted by Secretary Garrison for a commission of engineers to survey the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, to determine the cause and to devise methods for the prevention of floods in those valleys.

The report of this commission will naturally be looked forward to as giving the signal for the Government to follow. But it is not without suggestiveness that one finds an approach to unanimity of opinion on the part of two

men, one a former chief of the Forestry Service, the other a member of it now. Mr. Pinchot's and Mr. Reynolds's analyses of the situation are striking not so much for their similarity as because they differ from the mass at least of other presentations of the case in consisting, not of a single remedy merely, but of all three of the plans that ordinarily are offered separately. Mr. Reynolds, in an article in *American Forestry*, words them as follows:

> First, to straighten, deepen, and widen the river channels in order to promote rapid discharge, which will lower the peak of a flood.
>
> Second, to build storage reservoirs, which can be filled at high water and drained successively as the river channels are able to carry the flood waters.
>
> Third, to reforest suitable non-agricultural areas, covering as large an area as possible of the drainage basin, particularly on the sources and along the streams.

No one of these methods alone, he insists, can be sufficient. Heretofore we have relied upon improving the channels and protecting the banks by levees. This plan has repeatedly proved its inadequacy, the trouble with it being that the works have to be increased continually to keep pace with the increasing floods, and for this the expense alone would be prohibitive.

The centre of the fight among flood diagnosticians is the question of reforestation. There are those who say flatly, with an anonymous writer in the *Scientific American:* "No competent student of the subject now looks upon the forest as a factor of prime importance." Opposed to them are the experts of the Geological Survey and the Forest Service, who pronounce the opposite verdict: "A direct relation exists between forest cover and stream regulation." The sufferer from floods can hardly fail to be impressed with the wisdom of giving himself and his family and friends the benefit of the doubt, especially when reforestation does not interfere with other preventive measures, and is not urged as all-sufficient. The contention is that reforestation would so reduce the speed and diminish the volume of the "run-off" under all but the most extraordinary flood conditions that the levees could be smaller, and the channel improvements and reservoirs less extensive, than they must otherwise be. Even so, we cannot aim absolutely at flood prevention, but only at flood protection. As Mr. Reynolds says: "No conceivable forest upon the watershed could have completely prevented a flood under the extraordinary conditions of rainfall on this occasion.

ASKING STUDENTS TO DECIDE.

In accordance with a plan adopted a few years ago, the Harvard *Illustrated Magazine*, a journal loosely connected with the college, requests every member of the Senior class to state which undergraduate courses he regards as the most satisfactory. The replies will be made public at Commencement. In the past, the method has not proved very illuminating. The choice was never overwhelmingly in favor of any one course. The courses largely attended naturally received a large number of votes. A vote in the Senior year has revealed little more than could have been dug out of records at the college office. This year, "in order to obtain a fairer test of the permanent value of the courses," the *Magazine* has made similar requests of a class now fifteen years out of college. That the opinions of men in the neighborhood of thirty-six or seven, looking back upon their undergraduate work, are of no value, few would assert. The answers to one question, for example, might be of genuine service. It reads: Did the course best liked "have practical value, or was its effect intellectually stimulating"? If this should rally opinion to the standard of the intangibly useful, and away from the advocates of immediate utility, it would be cause for rejoicing.

This undertaking apparently grows out of a desire to institute a referendum on the curriculum. Though it is carried on without the coöperation of the college authorities, it can hardly fail to have its effect on certain members of the faculty whose reputation is not yet established. The results of the vote are published in the Boston newspapers, and take on the nature of a triumph for the instructor who stands well with his students. To do so, a teacher must often popularize his lectures, and not require much sturdy thinking. He can avoid the appearance of giving a "snap" course by a brave show of collateral reading. But he must be entertaining and to a certain extent adopt the kindergarten method of transforming work into play. Young gentlemen whose time is so much taken up by the outside labors of athletics, clubs, and college periodicals require, to be happy, no small amount of relaxation in the lecture-room. We do not say that there is very considerable yielding to this, not always tacit, demand. Yet at Harvard, as at other large universities, it is well known that the evil does exist; and nothing could serve better to foster it than this ballot which year after year is put in the hands of Seniors.

In point of fact students are far less competent to decide what is good for them than the college authorities. The student body is not different from the world at large, save in the matter of years. It catches up every new fad and unthinkingly lusts for the privilege of controlling its own destiny. In after years it may see the folly of its demands; it is almost sure to appreciate the wisdom of a benevolent tyranny, if a faculty has the courage to maintain one. Here is a problem which has been pressing for a decade or two and which some feel might be solved, or greatly simplified, by concerted action on the part of those in control. How shall the "main show" compete with the "side-shows"—scholastic interests flourish alongside of the craze for athletics? A strict supervision of games is only half of the matter; there remains the question of exalting intellectual prowess. At Cambridge, one evening a year has been set aside, when faculty and students foregather to applaud those who have achieved academic distinction. To not a few the practice has not seemed to be wholly sincere on the part of all present, and even has had the appearance of copying the undergraduates' habit of collecting in a crowd to cheer the "team." Scholarship can never hope to obtain the same manner of approval as that which is accorded to athletics. The boy who has received high grades in his work is not necessarily despised if onlookers are silent.

Not applause for one day a year is needed to restore scholarship to the place where it belongs, but an every-day insistence by the teachers that their intercourse with the students shall rest firmly on an intellectual basis. The former have a student's standing among his fellows much more within their power than is seemingly recognized. If undergraduates are growing more and more worldly in their standards, instruc-

tors, too, have tended in that direction. Among certain of them the fact that members of their classes are prominent socially is manifestly a source of gratification. It is pleasant to be "elected" by boys who are eligible to high position in the world at large. But to a much greater extent than it exists to-day an intellectual aristocracy could be built up in colleges if faculties in their personal dealings with students gave it first place. It is this possibility, indeed, this necessity, which makes such a referendum as that referred to seem rather impertinent.

THE CUSTOM OF THE COUNTRY.

In her latest novel Mrs. Wharton is concerned with a type of American womanhood which might be described as one of the stock figures of the newer fiction, if it were not for the consideration that Mrs. Wharton's Undine Spragg is not a stock figure at all, but is very much alive. The fact that the spending American woman is always turning up in our literature must be taken as a sign that she is to be found in life. Robert Herrick is apparently of the opinion that there is no other kind of woman, if one is to judge from the way she haunts his books. His latest novel is concerned with very much the same type as Undine, allowing for geographical and minor social differences. The fierce determination to "get on" in society; the passion for enjoyment which is more correctly to be described as excitement; the utter lack of concern for the father or husband who finances the process of getting on; and the lack of interest in the sources from which the supporting male procures the sinews of war—these are familiar traits which do not grow stale through repetition. That men shall earn and women shall spend, without intruding upon each other's territory, is the custom of the country as Mrs. Wharton defines it. For the husband to confide his business troubles to his wife would be almost as odd as for the wife to make her husband a repository of her troubles with the dressmaker. It is a division of functions which we have apparently developed to an unrivalled state of perfection.

The custom of the country is, at first sight, all the harder to explain when one considers that, as compared with the firmly established traditions of Europe, we are still a pioneer people. A generation ago we were a pioneer nation in a very real sense. The West, that region from which come the passionate pilgrims of "society" who make the Fifth Avenue shops very much what they are, was then coming under subjection to a race of hard-working Americans whose wives toiled quite as hard and spent quite as little as their husbands. The rigors of pioneer life fall more painfully upon the woman than upon the man. The unending household toil; the bearing of children, as children are born to-day in the new country of the Canadian West, where physicians are scarce and not particularly skilled; the rearing of children under conditions that would make the modern advocate of child-culture stand aghast, are part of the enormous task of motherhood in regions where man is still at close grips with his environment. This was true of the pioneer in the Middle West, as it was true two centuries ago of New England, whose civilization was built up at an enormous expenditure of women's lives. Mere man, for all his natural arrogance, would be the last to deny the equal share taken by his women-folk in the conquest of a continent and the upbuilding of a nation.

If, after a generation, we find that there has been a marked change in the distribution of economic functions; if the daughters of the women who peopled and helped to tame the West have assumed the exclusive function of spenders, leaving it to their brothers to carry on the business of wealth production, the reason is to be found in our rapid emergence from the pioneer stage. The function of distributing money is not altogether assumed by the American woman; it is conferred on her by the male as compensation for what she has suffered and achieved in the past. The sense of protection, of chivalry—if one may use the term so hateful to the emancipated woman—has no opportunity to express itself when the struggle for existence is so bitter as to call for unremitting labor by every one in the family. When economic pressure relaxes it is natural that the women of the family should be the first to feel the relief. This sense of obligation for past services and past hardships may not be consciously present to the mind of the American man. He does not realize his motives so clearly as he does with regard to his children when he determines that they shall miss nothing of the good things of life which their parents had to go without. But unconsciously the same factor enters into his attitude to women. His son, after having his chance, is still to go on with the serious business of life. His daughter must simply have her chance with no questions asked.

That the American male has gone too far in the other direction is partly to be explained by the national temperament, partly by the very suddenness with which we have emerged from hardship into prosperity. If the climb had been more gradual the enjoyment of leisure might have been more evenly distributed. But it would be idle to overlook the inherent difference in faculty between men and women, and an equally apparent difference in adaptability. The aspirations for the softer, finer things of life are stronger in the female of the species. The advent of leisure gives more immediate freedom to feelings long repressed. If prosperity has produced women of the type of Undine Spragg, in all her selfish, unreasoning longing for enjoyment, it is also true that through the women of America such interest as we display in literature, in music, in art, makes itself largely manifest. Here is where their superior adaptability counts. Our men have been much slower in casting off the habit of money-making and in acquiring the habits of a fuller life. To-day we are undoubtedly in the position of having placed woman on a pedestal and left her there lonely and rather dizzy.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The piece of American writing which has been most often reprinted is, it has been declared, Benjamin Franklin's "Way to Wealth." The late Paul Leicester Ford, in his Franklin Bibliography published in 1889, made an effort to record all separately printed editions, but his list, as he well knew, was far from complete. But neither Mr. Ford nor Mr. Bigelow, nor the latest editor of Franklin's writings, Professor Smyth, seems to have known what apparently is the fact, that the title "The Way to Wealth" was not given to the piece by Franklin, and that the text which the world has generally known is not Franklin's own text, but a garbled and abridged version prepared by some unknown English editor or publisher. Sparks pointed out the fact that two versions existed, but he gave no explanation.

Franklin's own account of the publica-

tion of the piece, as written down by him in 1788 in his "Autobiography," is not quite accurate. After telling how he had "filled all the little spaces that occurr'd between the remarkable days in the calendar with proverbial sentences," he goes on to say:

> These proverbs, which contained the wisdom of many ages and nations, I assembled and form'd into a connected discourse prefix'd to the Almanack of 1757, as the harangue of a wise old man to the people attending an auction. The bringing all these scatter'd counsels thus into a focus enabled them to make greater impression. The piece being universally approved, was copied in all the newspapers of the Continent; reprinted in Britain on a broadside to be stuck up in houses; two translations were made of it in French, and great numbers bought by the clergy and gentry, to distribute gratis among their poor parishioners and tenants. In Pennsylvania, as it discouraged useless expense in foreign superfluities, some thought it has its share of influence in producing the growing plenty of money which was observed for several years after its publication.

Although this "connected discourse" was written and printed in 1757, it was prefixed to the Almanac of 1758. It is there headed only "Preface," and is dated at end "July 7, 1757." If this was the actual date of writing, it must have been written on shipboard, for Franklin sailed from New York on June 5, and arrived at London on July 26, 1757. The Almanac for 1758, the most interesting of the series, probably had a large circulation in Pennsylvania, but at the time of Franklin's writing, thirty years after publication, no separate edition had been printed in Pennsylvania, or, if printed, such editions are now totally lost. Barbeu Dubourg, in his edition of Franklin's writings (Paris, 1773), makes a similar statement as to its influence upon American life, to the effect that it contributed largely to the resolution of the colonists not to buy goods of British manufacture.

The first separate edition of the "discourse" now known to exist was printed at Boston by Franklin's nephew, Benjamin Mecom. It is a pamphlet of sixteen pages with an engraved frontispiece and with the title, "Father Abraham's Speech To a great Number of People at a Vendue of Merchant-Goods; Introduced to the Publick by Poor Richard, (A famous Pennsylvania Conjurer and Almanack-Maker)." The title-page is undated, but the date 1760 appears on a globe in the hand of Father Time at the top of the frontispiece, and this is supposed to be the date of publication. This pamphlet was reprinted by T. & S. Green in New Haven, but without the frontispiece, about 1767, though this edition is also undated.

It was again printed with the same title, but with some additional matter, in Dedham, Mass., in 1807. These three editions with the title "Father Abraham's Speech" seem to have been the only strictly American editions whose origin can be traced to the Almanac itself, and apparently the only ones with Franklin's text complete and unaltered. All later editions, having the title "The Way to Wealth," printed in America, are without question copies of English editions.

The first English edition, and the first to bear the title "The Way to Wealth," was probably printed in 1773. Ford in his Franklin Bibliography says 1774, which is the earliest printed date, but there are evidences, manuscript and printed, which seem to show that the book, with this title, was in circulation a year earlier.

There are three undated editions, each a pamphlet of sixteen pages with the similar title, "The Way to Wealth, as clearly shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvania Almanack, intitled, Poor Richard Improved." This title is on A1, and there is no imprint. In one of these three editions the fifth line of the title is "Of an Old," whereas in the two others it is "Of." These two latter (not distinguished by Ford) are from different settings of type and with different printers' ornaments. In the earlier of the two the signature mark on the fourth leaf is "A3" instead of "A4," and the conclusion, "I am, as ever, Thine to serve thee," is in two lines, whereas in the other it is in one line. One copy of this first edition which I have seen has in contemporary manuscript, on the title, "Printed at Pennsylvania 1773," and at the top, in the same hand, "Lady Julianna Penn." The pamphlet, however, bears every appearance of being from an English press.

In a letter from Barbeu Dubourg to Franklin written from Paris on November 25, 1773, he "hopes that the extract from the old Almanac of Pennsylvania will not only be applauded but will bear fruit." It was translated and printed by Dubourg in the same year (1773) in his edition of Franklin's works. It there has the title, "Le Moyen de S'enricher, Enseigné clairement dans la Préface d'un vieil Almanach de Pennsylvania, intitulé: Le Pauvre Henri à son aise." This was evidently reprinted from an English edition with the title "The Way to Wealth," and we may be certain that the piece with this title was printed in England as early as 1773.

As an explanation of the change of title from "Poor Richard" to "Poor Henri," Benjamin Vaughan in his edition of Franklin's Works (London, 1779) has this foot-note: "M. Dubourg, the French translator of Dr. Franklin's Works, entitled this Pennsylvanian Almanack, 'Le pauvre Henri à son aise,' to avoid the *jeu de mots* in case he had written 'Pauvre Richard.'"

The English edition dated 1774 to which Ford gave priority was very probably reprinted from one of the three undated sixteen-page editions described above. It has the imprint, "London: Printed for M. Lewis, No. 1 Paternoster-row. 1774," and has twelve pages only. There is also another undated edition, with eight pages only, without title, but with heading at the top of page [1]. Ford follows Stevens in assigning this to 1775. These five editions fall into one class; they can all be traced to one original, and that original was the first edition to have the title "The Way to Wealth." It may be the undated issue described above with the misprinted signature mark or it may be an edition now lost. But who gave it the title "The Way to Wealth"? Almost certainly not Franklin himself. His name does not appear upon any of these five early editions. That there was or had been uncertainty as to Franklin's authorship is shown by Dubourg's note appended to his translation of the piece printed in 1773. This note begins: "On ne doute point que M. Franklin ne soit l'auteur de cette pièce." Franklin uses the phrase in his "Advice to a Young Tradesman," where he says: "In short, the way to wealth, if you desire it, is as plain as the way to market," and this is very probably the source of the title of the piece.

A comparison of the text of the "Preface" of the Almanac of 1758 with that of the undated editions 1773-1775 shows that Franklin's text has been much condensed and, in a few cases, a trifle altered. About one-seventh of the original is omitted, the largest single omission being in the two preliminary paragraphs, which are almost entirely cut out. The sentences and phrases deleted are almost without exception such as would have been struck out by an editor anxious to cut down the length of the piece. The alterations, too, are those of an editor rather than an author. "Vendue" was changed to "auction" three times and to "sale" twice. "'Tis" was changed to "it is" six times: "won't" to "will not," "can't" to "cannot," "I'll" to "I will," "that's" to "that is," and there are one or two other similar cases. "Great estates may venture more" is changed to "Vessels large may venture more." "All for want of Care about a Horse-shoe nail" is altered to "a little Care," etc. These are the most important alterations in text, aside from the cutting out of words, phrases, and sentences. If these changes were made by Franklin himself it is the only known case in which he altered any of his writings after their first printing, excepting only the little "Parable against Persecution," where five verses were added in the second version.

After the five editions described above as appearing from 1773 to 1775, the next known reprint of "The Way to Wealth" in England was in Franklin's "Works" edited by Vaughan and printed by Johnson in 1779. The publisher adds this note:

> This piece has been printed on a single sheet of paper, of a small size fit for framing, and may be had of the publisher of this work, Price two-pence.

This is evidently the "broadside to be stuck up in houses" referred to by Franklin in 1788. The sheet, which can hardly be called "of a small size," measures 19¾ by 15 inches. It has the heading: "The Way to Wealth, As clearly shewn in the Preface of an old Pennsylvanian Almanack, intitled, Poor Richard Improved, Written by Dr. Benjamin Franklin. Extracted from the Doctor's Political Works." At the bottom is the imprint, "London: Printed by J. Johnson, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-Yard. (Price Two-pence, or Twelve Shillings an Hundred.)"

This broadside edition with Johnson's imprint is probably the first edition of "The Way to Wealth" bearing Franklin's name. It was not seen by Ford, who describes an edition without imprint. It was the progenitor of a series of editions, single-sheet and pamphlet, which, by having the line "Extracted from the Doctor's Political Works," can be put into one class. Ford apparently saw but one broadside edition, his own, without imprint, now in the New York Public Library, though he lists another with London imprint from the British Museum Catalogue and a third with a Canterbury imprint. I have examined six others, all undated: "Salisbury, Printed and Sold by Collins and Johnson."; "Bath, Printed and Sold by S. Hazard."; "London, Printed for and Sold by W. Clarke . . . W. Mason, Printer, ..."; "Printed by J. Rann, Dudley."; and "Printed for the

Benefit of the Public/' besides two other editions without imprint. All but the Dudley edition seem to have been printed from Johnson's edition, and all probably before 1800, perhaps before 1790, the year of Franklin's death. The first American edition, with the title "The Way to Wealth," and the only known edition to appear before 1790, was printed in Lansingburgh, Pa., in 1789.

In France, although "The Way to Wealth," with the condensed text, had been translated by Dubourg and printed in Paris in 1773, the work seems to have attracted no attention until Franklin's arrival there. A new translation, this time with the full text of the Almanac of 1758, was published in 1777, with the title "La Science du Bonhomme Richard, Moyen Facile de Payer les Impôts," and with the imprint "A Philadelphie. Et se trouve A Paris, chez Rualt, Libraire rue de la Harpe. 1777." This translation is said to have been made by Francis A. Quétant, and was probably made with Franklin's knowledge and consent.

Besides "La Science du Bonhomme Richard" (which does not carry Franklin's name), there are three other pieces in the volume: (1) Franklin's "Examination on the Repeal of the Stamp Act," 1766; (2) the "Constitution of Pennsylvania," and (3) "Penn's Examination before Parliament," 1776.

The "Constitution" was translated by the Duc de la Rochefoucald; at least this text was reprinted in the volume of "Constitutions des Treize Etats-Unis de l'Amérique" printed in 1783 and said to have been translated by him. The "Note d'un Ameriquain," explaining the meaning of "liberty" and telling of the two classes in America who are not free, *i. e.*, slaves and bonded servants, was probably by Franklin. The little volume was so popular that five editions were printed the next year, 1778, and another in 1779, besides many later editions. There is, however, no evidence to show that Franklin had anything to do with the printing of it. L. S. L.

Correspondence

THE LIEBKNECHT DISCLOSURES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The most amazing fact about the recent sensational disclosures in *Vorwärts* by Dr. Liebknecht, anent the maintenance at Paris and Berlin by German armament firms of publicity and secret agents, has been the conclusion which the press has drawn from it. May I quote from your editorial of April 24 as an example of the sort of deduction a critical and conservative writer has allowed himself to draw from this case? "The publication of this story of increased purchases of guns by France and similarly belligerent articles in the *Figaro* and other Paris newspapers was followed by the extension of the two years' compulsory service in France to three. Thereupon Germany answered with its tremendous war-levy and an increase of its standing army and navy to no less than 870,000 men." Does not this directly state that a few articles in the Paris papers, stimulated (if not solely caused) by paid emissaries of German firms, resulted in the most conspicuous militarist action of recent years? Does it not assume that the statesmen of leading countries of Europe did actually base decisions of the greatest moment, involving the expenditure of millions of dollars and a vital change in the economic and social life of hundreds of thousands of people, on the *unsupported word* of a newspaper editor? "More recently the War Minister has risen in the Reichstag to explain . . . such a great increase in the army. . . . Where do these Krupp revelations leave him? Either he was ignorant of what was going on, or he was helping to conceal the play to coin more money out of the taxpayers' fears which the Krupps were staging so cleverly and masking under talk of the new danger to Germany in the Balkans." Do not these sentences directly charge the German Chancellor with the basest crime of which a man could be guilty or with an amount of ignorance concerning the European situation which would be disgraceful in a private individual, the failure to know that armament was unnecessary?

It seems indeed to be time to apply to the pacifist press a little of that sort of criticism which it has lavished on the subject of foreign politics, to such an extent that it has declared vehemently the most solemn and explicit utterances of kings and statesmen to be of no consequence at all whenever they spoke of danger and the need of defence, and has treated as gospel truth their vaguest phrases about peace.

What, at the most, has been proved, assuming all to be true? That a German armament firm has attempted to sell more guns by influencing the press in France to attack Germany; that another firm has fomented talk of war in the German press and has tried to bribe officials in the War Department in order to procure specifications ahead of its rivals or contracts it would otherwise have lost. Yet, unless the accounts already published are incomplete, no evidence has been exhibited proving that either Government paid the slightest attention to anything the press said; indeed, explicit denials could be quoted from the most exalted quarters throughout Europe that the opinion of the press is regarded by any government as possessing any significance at all upon such questions as the increase of armament; no proof has been offered to show that any articles printed by the papers were published simply because paid for; still less did Dr. Liebknecht attempt to show that *all* the articles printed were purchased by German gold and that none expressed the honest opinion of Frenchmen.

The conclusion drawn is that the "recent war scare" (is it then over?) possessed no other foundation than "the exploiting of the masses by special privilege"; that we should have disarmament and peace if the makers of guns would stop subsidizing the press and Government officials. Is it credible that millions of really intelligent men can be made to spend millions of money for nothing at all, and be brought to the verge of war by "familiar cant and humbuggery," by a few fine words on paper without an atom of proof or a tittle of reality behind? If such is the condition of the public mind, let us cease to rely upon public opinion to control armament and to govern itself; it is merely a reed shaken by the wind. Such a notion of the ability and character of foreign peoples, of the morality and capacity of foreign statesmen, of the methods by which great decisions are reached, staggers with its own absurdity. Such reasoning falls to pieces of its own weight. So to read the situation, is to deny the vital significance of the present crisis, to deny the existence of real danger in Europe. On the contrary, the operations of the unscrupulous plotters depended upon the existence of this fundamentally dangerous situation.

It would be easy to put beside this handsome pacifist edifice an equally solid militarist structure founded upon the well-known personal interest and friendship of the Emperor with the Krupps and others, and show that the agents in Paris were really acting for the Imperial Government and had orders from Wilhelm himself (*via* the Krupps) to precipitate war. Hence the alarm in Germany when all seemed discovered! In reality, the seriousness of the incident to the German officials arose from the fear that there was an extensive leak in the War Office through which something more than specifications might slip. How much of all this is true will in time be revealed, but it will hardly be shown that the alarm in Europe is founded simply on the desire of the gunmakers to sell their wares. Roland G. Usher.

Washington University, St. Louis, May 5.

ERICH SCHMIDT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Erich Schmidt, who died on April 30, was born June 20, 1853, at Jena. He studied at Graz, Jena, and Strassburg, was Privat-Docent at Würzburg (1875-77), Ausserordentlicher Professor at Strassburg (1877-80), Ordentlicher Professor at Vienna (1880-85), Direktor des Goethe-Archivs at Weimar (1885-87), Ordentlicher Professor at Berlin (1887-1913), Rektor of the University of Berlin (1909-10), and Geheimer Regierungsrat. He was the author of works on Reinmar von Hagenau, Heinrich von Müggе, Goethe, H. L. Wagner, Richardson, Rousseau, Lenz, Klinger, Voltaire, Klopstock, Friedrich der Grosse, and Lessing. Of the last he wrote, in two volumes, the most scholarly biography that has ever been published in the German language. He was also co-editor of *Quellen und Forschungen*, and *Palæstra*. His most remarkable work was the discovery of the first form of Goethe's "Faust." His main lectures were generally attended by about eight hundred students, his *seminar*, which was supposed to be small and private, by about one hundred and fifty. He was an uncommonly attractive figure on the platform, an eloquent speaker, and a man of almost inconceivably broad reading. He received his full professorship when twenty-seven, being surpassed, in this respect, by Nietzsche and possibly by no one else. As the successor of Wilhelm Scherer at Berlin, he entered upon his post there in 1887 with tremendous responsibilities; and he met them. He stood at the head of his calling. He had been working for some years on a biography of Uhland.

The attractive features of the man were to be found in his little foibles. He was, for example, extremely handsome—the students dubbed him *Der schöne Erich*. They also said that he resembled Goethe in profile, and that he did not on this account look straight at his audience. This is a myth, such as always grows up around men of his kind. The *New-Yorker Volkszeitung* said of him on May 1: "Er war einer der grössten Gegner für Zulassung der Frauen zum Universitätsstudium." This, too, is a legend; the opposite is more nearly correct. But he did have peculiarities.

One day, in the winter of 1904, an American student visited his *seminar*. Every seat was taken, so the visitor stood. After a while he left. Erich Schmidt thought that was a poor attitude towards science; he sprang from his seat and ran after the fellow, exclaiming: "What do you think this is, a beer garden?" The remarks of the American were made beyond the door and were inaudible. On another occasion, he passed a valuable and rare picture of Kleist around the *seminar*. There were finger prints on it when it returned. Erich Schmidt broke out in dignified abuse such as can be heard but seldom. At the next session, he apologized just as eloquently. This great man imagined that he was a great public reader. Some rôles he could read effectively, others he read very poorly. And when, on a warm day, with the windows open, the guard would march down Unter den Linden by the University, he would try to raise his voice enough to drown the noise of drums. He was generally successful, but always a bit ridiculous. No one who ever heard him lecture can forget his striking use of the word "aber." After a long positive statement, he would bring up with this adversative conjunction in such a way that one could not ignore the contrast. And it was in such connections that he betrayed his enormous reading. While lecturing on "Wilhelm Tell," for example, he would come to the place where Gessler is supposed to appear on horseback. He would say: "Ich bin kein Freund von Pferden auf der Bühne, aber," and then would follow a list of all the noted places in dramatic literature where horses appear on the stage. To listen to the man was to learn things not found in books. That is inspiring.

ALLEN WILSON PORTERFIELD.

Columbia University, May 7.

THE LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of May 1 appeared a letter from a Columbia professor on "Outworn Treaties." The general position therein maintained you sufficiently answered, though perhaps with undeserved moderation. There was one point which you passed over, not bearing directly on the matter of treaty-breaking which I hoped would rouse some comment in the next number of the *Nation*. As it has not done so and as it is significant of much in the professor's attitude and of his moral standards in general, I hope you will allow me to draw attention to it. Neither your correspondent's "mistakes in fact" nor his failure to perceive what is "shockingly immoral" to which you refer can be wondered at in the light of the following quotations from his letter:

> The law-abiding citizen either keeps the law or breaks it, and takes the consequences, and the same high moral standard should obtain for the nation.

Now as a definition of the "law-abiding citizen" that is distinctly entertaining. It should seem to indicate that even a McNamara may still be in good standing as a "law-abiding citizen" and only fall short of a "high moral standard" if he fail to get himself hanged. That this is not an unfair inference from the professor's dictum is shown by what immediately follows:

> The English suffragettes may be following a policy wise or otherwise in violating the law and suffering the consequences, but their behavior shows fine moral quality.

First, as to the facts. There is no question as to the violation of the law, but it is a matter of notoriety that these women spend all their energies, when caught, in resisting the consequences. If they had not done so there would have been no occasion for that foolish forcible feeding whereby the English authorities weakly play into the hands of these lawbreakers in their silly assumption of the rôle of martyrdom. This resistance to the consequences of their violations of the law would seem to impair the professor's claim for the suffragettes of "fine moral quality," measured by his own standard. As for this "fine moral quality" the professor's views on the McNamaras and their like would be interesting and to the point. They endeavored by ruthless destruction of lives and property to accomplish certain objects which appeared to them just; and they are taking the consequences. The suffragettes are attempting to accomplish results which appear to them just by a more indiscriminate destruction of property. That they have as yet taken no lives appears to be partly due to accident, and partly to the clumsiness of the criminals.

No, in spite of the professor and his like, who would turn upside down all the laws of ethics, whether Christian or pagan, the behavior of the English suffragettes will appear for what it is, a mixture made up of a total inability to reason sanely proving an utter unfitness to take any part in government; of a determination to gain at once by violence what certainly seems in this country to be winning its way gradually by peaceful means; and lastly, of a malicious desire for indiscriminate revenge for failure to obtain their desires.

H. B. WARREN.

Brookline, Mass., May 8.

WRONG ACCENTS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: H. M. Kingery's letter in your last issue is a good specimen of the linguistic information supplied to the American public. The stress lies on the first syllable in Magyar and on the penult in Polish. Such being the case, the word *huzar* (Polish form) or *huszár* (Magyar form) would have the stress on the penult in both languages. The acute accent is used in Magyar to designate the length and not the stress.

JOSEPH DE PEROTT.

Worcester, Mass., May 9.

Literature

MAN AND NATURE.

Human Quintessence. By Sigurd Ibsen. Authorized Translation by Marcia Hargis Janson. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50 net.

That Sigurd Ibsen is the son of the dramatist is a mere matter of curiosity, but that he was formerly an attaché of the Scandinavian Legation at Washington and later Premier of Norway and Sweden bears directly upon his book. "Human Quintessence" is obviously not the work of a closet philosopher, but of a public man who has done his thinking at the vital point where philosophy touches morals, literature, and legislation. With only a very few exceptions, the translation seems to preserve a style of unusual lucidity and charm. One feels throughout in the presence of a mind reassuringly skeptical, as if sobered by experience with the stubbornness of established facts, yet resolutely progressive in temper. To suggest, as the publishers do, that Ibsen has "blazed" a new trail is perhaps misleading. What we find here of chief value and hopeful augury is a sharp criticism of current naturalistic tendencies and a reopening of an older trail.

The great task of the nineteenth-century thought, to speak it briefly, was to put man into nature. The great task of twentieth-century thought is to get him out again—somehow to break the spell of those magically seductive cries, "Follow Nature!" "Back to Nature!" In these days when every educator with a treatise on animal psychology, every criminologist with a handful of cranial measurements, every artist with a lascivious picture, every novelist with a nasty thesis, every citizen with a craving for three wives, appeals to nature, we may discreetly welcome any indication of a counter-revolution. Perhaps what we need is not so much a new philosophy as a new war-cry; for, as a once popular essayist declared, "man lives not by bread alone, but mostly by catchwords."

There are, for example, at least three ways of discrediting the current "scientific monism." The most difficult is to attack it upon purely metaphysical grounds. The most unanswerable is to oppose it with religious intuition. The simplest and possibly not the least effective is respectfully to ignore it. Sigurd Ibsen appears willing to keep the peace with the theory as a thing of great logical cogency. Yet he asserts that the really consistent monist is a "phenomenon we have never seen and never shall see." And in effect he dismisses it as irrelevant to human needs and, indeed, contradictory to human experience. Though he shuns the meta-

physical abyss and professes his inability to climb the heavenly steeps of mystical insight, he is almost at one with the saints in his clear perception of the eternal conflict between the law for things and the law for man.

In the universe known to natural science he discerns no genuine progress, nor conservation of values, nor unity of purpose, but brutal cross purposes, blind chance, and everlasting change. The notion that the Darwinian "survival of the fittest" indicates an "aristocratic" tendency in nature is a vulgar error based upon a confusion of adaptation to environment with conformity to ideal ends. In human society, on the other hand, he detects an "impetus," unique in character, which "urges us to bring our existences and the conditions about us into an agreement with an ideal picture we bear in our hearts." To call this impetus human, as Ibsen does, or to call it divine, as others have done—is this not in the present state of our ideas a tolerably insignificant matter of nomenclature? Certainly, the matter of quintessential importance is to recognize this impetus and to exalt it. For it cleaves the universe in twain as decisively as the fiat that divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.

"What makes a human human," says our author, "is not the impulses we share with other creatures; no, it is a special impetus that stands above these impulses, regulates and modifies them, reshaping and renewing them." The line of progress for human society must therefore be in the direction of this human impetus. It cannot possibly lead "back to nature," but must steadily show a wider divergence from the path of natural evolution. Society is in great part an organized opposition to nature, and it justifies itself only when it maintains its ground. It is irrelevant to approve or condemn this or that possible line of conduct on the basis that it is or is not in conformity with nature It is pertinent only to inquire whether it is in harmony with the constitution and aim of the human organization. It is not according to the tendency of clay to become a pot or of wood to become a table, but is of the very essence of the artisan and the artist to overcome the tendency of wood and clay. It is according to the nature of an animal to preserve its own life and to reproduce its species, but it is of the essence of a man to lay down his life out of reverence for his great-grandfather and to check the impulse to indiscriminate reproduction out of consideration for his great-grandson. The impulse to refrain thus indicated we can find nowhere in nature. It is part of the pattern or design of human society that lies in the heart of man.

The application, then, of biological terminology to human institutions is fraught with confusion and illegitimate inferences. Society is not, after all, an organism but an "organization." It is not determined wholly, like organisms, by environment and previously existing forms of society, but partly by forms that have never existed and by a passion for approximating them. It is not unfolded naturally and spontaneously, but artificially and by contrivance. Its laws are not statements of observed relationships among forces; they are the forces themselves—the shaping, creative energy of the special human impetus, stemming the tide of natural impulse, and saying, "Here and there thou shalt go, and no farther." Yet we speak of the evolution of society and the evolution of animals as if polar bears and political constitutions ran on all fours, had begun to trouble the womb of chaos at much the same epoch, and had been delivered to a passively expectant world by a similar spasm of vital energy. Hypnotized by the passes of a facile monism, the consciousness of man sees itself playing but a cognitive and spectatorial part in history, accepts the universe as it would accept an avalanche, and lies down in a deep paralysis of the will to await what the morrow may bring forth.

Looking backwards under the "confusing influence of the accomplished fact," the naturalist is persuaded that whatever has been had to be; and this conviction carried into current affairs results in an unhuman acquiescence in things as they are, in an unhuman submission to natural "law," particularly in the fields of politics and economics. Art, the model human enterprise because the freest from the constraint of brute force, achieved long ago in Grecian marble some of its ideal forms. Technical progress, though still far from its ultimate goal, yet keeps pace with the vision and invention of man. But politics and economics lag far behind—not merely the vision of exceptional individuals—behind the general "culture consciousness." "Let one attempt," exclaims Ibsen, "to congratulate a poet or a scientist by saying his work is an expression of common-sense: I surmise that he would take it as a doubtful compliment." Yet, "as every newspaper reader knows, one of the best testimonials to a political act is to say that it accords with this common-sense." This hitherto is the very summit of our political achievement. And in the sphere of international politics how humiliatingly far we fall short of it! The common-sense of the whole world cries out for a suspension of the mad international rivalry in armament, cries out that the arbitrament of international differences by shedding of blood is an insufferable and outrageous archaism. Yet Senators gird on their swords when they enter the council chamber; yet Secretaries of State sleep with their fingers on the trigger. There is a clank of steel in California, a smell of powder in Panama; what in the Balkans?

A war which is thought to be demanded by hard necessity may pass; but it is monstrous that four or five great states and several hundred millions of civilized human beings should be forced into a struggle which does not coincide with their interests. And we live under conditions where such a thing may happen at any time. It is a fact that in foreign affairs we are subject to the power that we call "the situation," and we are so used to it that we take it as a necessity without thinking how uncharitably it reveals the insufficiency of our political machinery.

Economically, continues Ibsen, society lives in "mediæval irregularity." And it is not reassuring to observe that he finds the most striking evidence that might is in the saddle riding mankind in the United States. "A man is fined if he empties water from his window into the street, but the same man, unhindered by law or established custom, can cause a bank failure, a strike, or a lockout which brings confusion to the interests of thousands of people. . . . He can become a member of a monopoly and as such can help to levy a contribution on a whole community with impunity." These conditions are absurd, he declares, even to the understanding of a child. They are the consequences, indeed, of the operation of natural laws, but they are "opposed to the culture-consciousness deep down in us which wishes to attain order in things everywhere, a just and expedient regulation of human conditions."

All this is familiar enough, but it comes with an access of weight and persuasive power from the philosophic temperance and critical balance of the speaker. Ibsen does not follow up his arraignment of existing conditions with a ready and convenient plan for establishing a new commonwealth. He has drawn from his reading of history a tincture of sobering and really tonic cynicism. He will admit with the reddest radical that "at all periods, legislation has been an exponent of the conceptions of society held by those in power and has been used by them as a means of protecting their special interests." He will point out that "if the weak are protected nowadays, if their interests are not left out of consideration either, it is because they, in reality, are on the point of becoming strong." But then he adds, as a cooling purge for unreflective democratic or socialistic enthusiasm, "We can be sure that the day the masses should attain an absolute victory, *they would advance the unadorned interests of the common people just as partially* as the earlier

ruling classes have supported the privileges of birth and wealth."

Not the redistribution of brute power, but the gradual abrogation of it, marks for the philosopher the progress of society; not the extension of suffrage, the multiplication of hands on the reins, but the ability "to rise to a position of self-government and to obeying only the inner voice, that voice that is within us and at the same time above us." Meanwhile, that external government is most beneficent which resists most effectively the stress of natural forces, and which impresses most deeply upon the consciousness of society the validity and sanctity of human conventions, and the desirableness of continuing to work out in the world that ideal pattern which lies in the heart. If this is true, then the most progressive society will be likewise the most conservative, the most reverent of traditions, the most critical of hasty innovation, the most reluctant to entrust its destiny to the gusty and transitory passions of the hour. Haunted by dim memories of cataclysmic floods and tragic forebodings of fiery ruin, it will not look for its eternal and unchanging sanctions in the weltering flux of natural phenomena; not seek in nature for the order, stability, justice, gentleness, and wisdom that only man has ever desired or sought to create. It will permit its scientists to return to nature, for that is their business; but it will urge its educators, its moralists, its artists, and its lawmakers to return to man and follow their pattern.

CURRENT FICTION.

John Cave. By W. B. Trites. New York: Duffield & Co.

Barbara Gwynne. The same.

The author of these novels is an American who first found a publisher and an audience in England. He is now introduced to his fellow-countrymen with a chorus of imported praises which fill a dozen pages at the back of each volume. We learn what the *Daily Graphic*, and the *Glasgow News*, and the *Bristol Times and Mirror* think of the new writer. The *Athenæum* says that his work is "vivid and pulsating life." The *Book Monthly* says that it is "as well-written as it can be." The word "masterpiece" is heard from various quarters, with or without apology. One American, at least, did not have to wait for the American imprint, since Mr. Howells spoke some months ago of the "two very extraordinary books" by Mr. Trites, which "are now making him known in England for the mastery of his treatment of local phases not before studied."

Mr. Howells's favorable comment suggests the camp to which the new writer belongs. The weakest aspect of his realism is that, like the realism of the late Frank Norris, it shows too clearly a French influence, not only upon its matter, but upon its style. The work of Mr. Howells himself is akin to that of the French and Russian naturalists he so ardently admires. But they are not his models; not a trace of foreign manner, far less of idiom, in his pages. The chief merit of "Silas Lapham" is that it is so plainly indigenous in substance and style. If local phases of American life are to be profitably interpreted by Americans, they must be handled in terms of American thought and speech. If Frank Norris had lived, he might have cast off his traces of Gallic costume, as, in time, do the graduates of the Quartier; perhaps Mr. Trites will; but it is not the best way to have begun. In substance, so far as substance means "plot," the earlier story is the more original. Barbara Gwynne is, *mutatis mutandis*, another Sister Carrie; and the hero to her, Jerome McWade, is, in his different setting, the hero of "Tono-Bungay." John Cave is a central figure such as only a conscious disciple of realism could choose. The nearest resemblance one thinks of would be to hapless young Gourlay of "The House with the Green Shutters." "Having, through drunkenness, at the age of twenty-four, lost his place as a reporter on one of the newspapers of Chicago, John Cave returned to the East." So he is introduced to us; we leave him dead drunk in a marsh. He has ability; he is not without aspirations. All that he lacks is character—no drawback to your painter of "real" life. And, indeed, though by no stretch of the fancy heroic or tragic, he is, up to a certain point, an appealing figure. Beyond that point, he is merely unpleasant and unmeaning. The two women with whom he is involved yield a similar effect of anti-climax. One of them is a prostitute and an opium victim, who at last, a long last, dies of her excesses. The other is a beautiful and aristocratic maiden who marries Cave for love, and presently, after imitating his shabby infidelities to their mutual vows, leaves him for good in both senses:

> Her desertion caused him intolerable pain. It seemed altogether unnatural, like a mother's desertion of her child. She knew how much he needed her. . . . He made a gesture of despair, and to escape his thoughts, he summoned the fat man to a game of cards.

We leave him helplessly failing to put an end to his wretched existence—not dead, but drunk, and destined to die of nothing but the slow torment of drink.

"Barbara Gwynne" (published in England under the ambitious title "Life") is less defiant, less youthful, in its pessimism. Barbara and her Jerome, beginning life in the same village, diversely achieve fame and fortune. She becomes a queen of the stage, he becomes a capitalist. Such things happen sometimes in life and commonly enough in fiction. But the detail of the narrative, the atmosphere of it, above all the skill with which is indicated the slow convergence of the pair towards a union at which we do not actually assist, but which we discern to be inevitable and vaguely right—all this gives freshness to the familiar types. And Jerome and Barbara both have what Cave lacks, a reserve of character, of dignity and even of nobility, behind the showy or vulgar surface of their conduct. Like so many of his school, this writer is a trifle conscious of his merit in giving spades their right name. Crude sex, sordidness, squalor, fascinate him overmuch. But of the essential sincerity of his intent there is no doubt. And we believe one English critic is right in saying that his work is "not written for a market, but to reveal a man's original vision of the world."

The Adventures of Miss Gregory. By Perceval Gibbon. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Often enough Perceval Gibbon arouses great expectations; almost as often he disappoints them. His is an unusual talent for unveiling flashes of exotic mystery, and showing life as reckless and futile as a gambler's game. His "atmospheric effects" are sometimes very fine, and he knows the quality of light and shade in many strange places. Swiftly and surely he can put you on board a shabby Portuguese steamer plying the east coast of Africa, or in a plague-stricken Arabian town, or among the inmates of a pension in Brussels which "offered a roof and a refuge to damaged reputations of all varieties." But in the choicest haunts of danger and disreputability invariably to find one's self preceded by a middle-aged British Providence in petticoats—it is too much! What came we out for to see? Certainly not a stout English lady in tweeds, affably introducing herself by card as Miss Gregory, of Addington Hall, Kent. Not an autocratic "woman of the world," looking for slices of "real raw life" to put into the book she has in mind to write; not an Amazonian member of the best English society triumphantly imposing the standards of her class upon the degenerate inhabitants of the tropics. There is something very maudlin about the deference Miss Gregory is represented as inspiring, something very prudish about most of the totally depraved that she encounters. But the worst of her is that her very presence suffices to turn dramatic situation into the theatrical. If she had contented herself with merely delivering creatures of English origin out of

foreign dilemmas it would not have mattered so much, but such is her aplomb and intrusiveness that she is to be found in Africa managing the last act of a Portuguese amour, and in Russia rewarding virtue by an official appointment. So that in the course of her travels she and the author between them manage to spoil several good stories.

ROMANCE FROM BENGAL.

Gitanjali (*Song Offerings*). By Rabindranath Tagore. A Collection of Prose Translations Made by the Author from the Original Bengali. With an Introduction by W. B. Yeats. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

The gilded Grub Street of present-day London, with its opulent Socialists and intellectual mountebanks and loose-living saviours of society and propounders of radical-tory paradoxes and Celtic moon-dreamers and hysterical feminists, is not altogether a wholesome or inspiring spectacle. Were it not for a dizzy St. Elmo's fire of cleverness playing over it all, it would, indeed, be almost contemptible. There are serious scholars and solid writers in England, but the noisy circle that stands preëminently for letters and emits its fads and enthusiasms into London and the English-speaking world, is not a thing to be regarded with entire equanimity by any one who has at heart the dignity and proper influence of literature. And so we draw in our breath when we come upon a little book of Hindu religious poems introduced by Mr. W. B. Yeats with ecstatic wonder and such ambiguous adoration as this: "Lovers, while they await one another, shall find, in murmuring them, this love of God a magic gulf wherein their own more bitter passion may bathe and renew its youth." Nor are we quite assured about this new fancy of the London circle when we read Miss May Sinclair's sibylline utterances sent over to an American magazine:

> It was not many weeks since I had heard these poems for the first time, that evening when Mr. Yeats turned Mr. Rothenstein's drawing-room into a holy temple by reading a dozen or more of them to about a dozen people. Even now, though they would all, of course, agree that what had happened was, for Literature, an event of supreme importance, they are probably no nearer than I am to knowing precisely what it was that happened to *them*. . . .
>
> In the Bengali poems of Rabindra Nath Tagore you will find that common emotional appeal united, in a music and a rhythm many degrees finer than Swinburne's—a music and rhythm almost inconceivable to Western ears—with the metaphysical quality, the peculiar subtlety and intensity of Shelley; and that with a simplicity that makes this miracle appear the most natural thing in the world. As far as I know, no Western poet yet born has done precisely this. Not Milton; he is far too grandiose for the human heart. Not Wordsworth; he is at once too subtle and too ponderous. And not the great mystic poets of the West, for they are the poets of mystics, as Shelley is the poet of poets; not Crashaw and not Francis Thompson, nor Henry Vaughn nor Blake at his simplest. Not even Dante and St. John of the Cross, though they stand nearest (they are very near) to this great mystic poet of Bengal.

We quote these intoxicated paragraphs because they are characteristic of the inner shrine of London literature today, and because they explain very clearly the wave of enthusiasm that has met the publication of Mr. Tagore's prose lyrics. Of the rhythm and grace of these poems in the original Bengali we can say nothing. In their English dress they are purely idiomatic and rather finely rhythmical; so far as the language goes they might have emanated from some London *cénacle* that had no taint of Celtic diction. And in spirit they are the same. They are lauded by Mr. Yeats for the good reason that they somehow belong to the same trailing end of the romantic movement as do his own sweet mysticisms. Their parentage goes back, by what channels or concealed sympathies we do not know, to the source from which come Maeterlinck's reveries and the *théâtre de l'âme*. Thus, in this dialogue between the singer's soul and the hidden soul of the universe there is the familiar note of absorption in nature:

> This is my delight, thus to wait and watch at the wayside where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer.
>
> Messengers, with tidings from unknown skies, greet me and speed along the road. My heart is glad within, and the breath of the passing breeze is sweet.
>
> From dawn till dusk I sit here before my door, and I know that of a sudden the happy moment will arrive when I shall see.
>
> In the meanwhile I smile and I sing all alone. In the meanwhile the air is filling with the perfume of promise.

There is again the familiar humanitarianism that appeals so piquantly alike to the delicate æsthete and the prosperous iconoclast:

> Here is thy footstool and there rest thy feet where live the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> When I try to bow to thee, my obeisance cannot reach down to the depth where thy feet rest among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> Pride can never approach to where thou walkest in the clothes of the humble among the poorest, and lowliest, and lost.
>
> My heart can never find its way to where thou keepest company with the companionless among the poorest, the lowliest, and the lost.

But it would be uncritical to identify Mr. Tagore too completely with the *cénacle* who introduce him to the Western world. Though his poems show none of the virile quality of the older Hindu mysticism, and essentially have more the flavor of modern Paris than of ancient Oudh, yet they are haunted by emotions and images, ghostly thin no doubt, of the past. After all, this poet who dreams so prettily in modern style of the soul of the universe speaking through stars and flowers belongs also to the ancient race. Here, for instance, is one of the traditionary forms of worship translated into something strangely modern and elusive and, in its way, lovely:

> On the slope of the desolate river among tall grasses I asked her, "Maiden, where do you go shading your lamp with your mantle? My house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light!" She raised her dark eyes for a moment and looked at my face through the dusk. "I have come to the river," she said, "to float my lamp on the stream when the daylight wanes in the west." I stood alone among tall grasses and watched the timid flame of her lamp uselessly drifting in the tide.
>
> In the silence of gathering night I asked her, "Maiden, your lights are all lit—then where do you go with your lamp? My house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light." She raised her dark eyes on my face and stood for a moment doubtful. "I have come," she said at last, "to dedicate my lamp to the sky." I stood and watched her light uselessly burning in the void.
>
> In the moonless gloom of midnight I asked her, "Maiden, what is your quest holding the lamp near your heart? My house is all dark and lonesome—lend me your light." She stopped for a minute and thought and gazed at my face in the dark. "I have brought my light," she said, "to join the carnival of lamps." I stood and watched her little lamp uselessly lost among lights.

Forget the thaumaturgic Mr. Yeats turning Mr. Rothenstein's drawing-room into a holy temple, forget that this is the supreme event of literature, and you will find in the "Gitanjali" a true flower of the autumn of romance, with hints of the everlasting faith:

> You came down from your throne and stood at my cottage door.
>
> I was singing all alone in a corner, and the melody caught your ear. You came down and stood at my cottage door.
>
> Masters are many in your hall, and songs are sung there at all hours. But the simple carol of this novice struck at your love. One plaintive little strain mingled with the great music of the world, and with a flower for a prize you came down and stopped at my cottage door.

Japan and Japanese-American Relations. Clark University Addresses. Edited by George H. Blakeslee, Professor of History, Clark University. New York: G. E. Stechert & Co. $2.50 net.

There is no doubt that the campaign waged during the past half-a-dozen years by certain journalists and politicians, determined to place a sinister aspect on Japanese acts and policy, has in a measure effected its object and poisoned

the public mind. Mutual suspicion has been aroused, and the most innocent transactions are constantly misinterpreted. As the years go by, the relations between the United States and Japan are likely to be close, with keen competition all over the Pacific. It is the object of the promoters of the annual conference on international problems at Clark University to reduce causes of friction between nations by presenting the exact truth before the community at large. With this hope they have published in book form twenty-two addresses delivered in the conference of 1911, when subjects connected with Japan were discussed.

About one-third of the articles are from the pen of Japanese; the rest are by Americans who either deal at first hand with their subject-matter, or are experts. Particular value attaches to some of the Japanese papers. Indeed, it is difficult to find within the same space so illuminating an article interpretative of modern Japan as Professor Asakawa's "Some of the Contributions of Feudal Japan to the New Japan." He traces with remarkable acuteness and ability the causes which have operated in evolving a united nation, able to assimilate the best in our civilization. At the close of the Tokugawa period, half a century ago, there were two great social classes which had "grown so separately and acquired such distinctive characteristics from each other, as to seem almost to be castes. Their views of life were divergent, and their interests were largely independent and in part even antagonistic. Hence, there was in Japan no 'nation' in the strict sense of the term" (p. 91). But to-day, by an amalgamation that speaks highly for the administrative ability of its rulers, "the Japanese people are to a remarkable extent homogeneous." Professor Asakawa regrets the creation of a new nobility, and the introduction of a distinctly bureaucratic spirit among officials; but he mentions with satisfaction the admirable system of national education; the compulsory military training, "practical schools where class distinctions are ignored," as he calls them (p. 93); and the growth of national wealth and of the general economic life of the people.

In the article entitled "The Foreign Trade of Japan," Mr. Ichinomiya, manager of the New York branch of the Yokohama Specie Bank, deals summarily with the oft-repeated fable that the Japanese have to rely on the Chinese for their banking system, so deficient are they in commercial probity and in financial ability. Here are the facts:

> Out of 2,137 Japanese banks in Japan, not one has ever employed a single Chinese, with one exception, the Yokohama Specie Bank, Limited. This bank, it is true, did formerly employ a few Chinese in its Yokohama and Kobe offices, and for the one and only reason that those offices are engaged in the business of foreign exchange, especially in relation to business with China, but the bank has since discontinued the employment of Chinese, and no Chinese to-day [is] employed by any bank or commercial concern in Japan (p. 129).

Theodore Richards, managing editor of a Honolulu paper, contributes an article that will be read with interest on "The Future of the Japanese in Hawaii." He tells the story of the immigration, which began in 1868, fell off almost entirely in the later seventies, and was resumed in 1884, 28,000 Japanese applying for passage in the year 1886. Now there are nearly 80,000, and "it is conservatively estimated that in another census period fully one-half of the Japanese population will be native-born." Mr. Richards admits "that in general the effect of plantation life upon the Japanese in Hawaii has not been beneficial to them in matters of morals and manners." They have shown as yet little disposition to own land. "It is probable," he remarks, "that there will be much greater investment on the part of the Japanese in island homes" in the near future. He touches on a point that might well have furnished the topic for a separate paper, the race classification of the Japanese. "It isn't out of the range of probability," he remarks (p. 310), "that, with sufficient pressure, the term 'white' may be big enough to include the Japanese on questions of naturalization as on all other points." Mr. Richards advocates the removal of all bars "to affiliation and fraternity between the so-called 'white' and 'yellow' race." His article, while full of interesting details, lacks balance and finish; is, indeed, a mere journalistic compilation rather than a piece of literature.

Dr. Honda, editor of the *Oriental Review*, has an excellent paper on "The Evolution of Japanese Diplomacy." He traces the beginnings of French influence in military matters, at one time paramount, to Japanese fear of British aggression. It is his view that Japanese diplomacy was at fault in 1895, at the termination of the war with China. "Through her failure in diplomacy," he declares (p. 229), "Japan realized the need of political allies and friends in Europe and America, for, after all, Asia was not strong enough to be independent of European politics and the European balance of power."

Other articles to be noted are "The Family of Nations Idea and Japan," by Prof. George Grafton Wilson, of Harvard; "Geographical Environment and Japanese Character," by Prof. Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale; "The Secret of Japanese Success," by Prof. Garrett Droppers, of Williams College, a worthy complement to Professor Asakawa's article; and "Japanese-American Relations as Affecting the Control of the Pacific," by Prof. Edwin Maxey, of the University of Nebraska. The revising and editorial supervision in general leave much to be desired. There is no index, which would have added a much-needed element of unity to somewhat heterogeneous material. Blunders and omissions are altogether too frequent.

Notes

We may expect next week from the press of Houghton Mifflin the following titles: "Time and the Woman," by Richard Pryce; "Justice and the Modern Law," by Everett V. Abbot; "Stowe Notes: Letters and Verses," by Edward Martin Taber; and "Michelangelo; A Record of his Life as Told in his Own Letters and Papers," by Robert W. Carden.

Mrs. Lilloe B. Chace Wyman is the author of two little volumes which the W. B. Clarke Company is publishing—"Interludes," a book of verses, and "American Chivalry," which contains sketches of several notable figures in the anti-slavery movement.

Miss Lilian Whiting has placed with Little, Brown & Company for publication in the autumn a book of travel, entitled "Athens, the Violet-Crowned."

Dr. Lewis Gaston Leary has in preparation "Syria, the Land of Lebanon." The book will be issued in the autumn by McBride, Nast & Company.

Amelia E. Barr, the author of many novels, will bring out this month, through Appletons, her Autobiography. Mrs. Barr is also at work on a new novel entitled "John Wesley's Love Passage."

"A Prisoner in Fairyland," a novel by Algernon Blackwood, is a forthcoming book in Macmillan's list.

The first of a series of four volumes by the Rev. Josiah Strong is announced for publication in May by Doubleday, Page & Company under the title "Our World, the New World Life." The other volumes will deal with Christianity, scientific principles, and the relation of America to the huge problems brought about by new conditions.

The same house promises shortly "Crowds," a book of essays by Stanley Lee, and "Efficiency Studies in House Management," by Mrs. Christine Frederick.

"The Case Against Socialism," by Edward F. Adams, is in preparation by Paul Elder & Company.

The Manchester University Press is bringing out, in two volumes, "Ireland Under the Commonwealth," a selection of documents, edited with notes and introduction by Robert Dunlop.

Mr. Unwin publishes this week "The Early Correspondence of Lord John Russell (1805-40)," edited by Rollo Russell, Lord John Russell's son; and "The Economics of Land Value," by Harold Storey.

"The Truth about the Titanic" (Kennerley), by the late Col. Archibald Gracie, falls into two parts. First is the author's account of his personal experiences, beginning with incidents of the last day aboard ship; proceeding to what he saw and heard and did on the doomed boat following the

striking of the iceberg; and concluding with his escape when the ship sank, by swimming until he got on the upturned collapsible, and finally by being taken on to the Carpathia. The remaining two-thirds of the book is the story of the disaster as he has pieced it together from conversations, letters, and the official inquiries. This portion of his record is not woven into a skilfully constructed whole, but is rather a series of separate versions and phases of the event, which are evidently meant to speak for themselves. The tale is not told with any unusual gift of narration. Nevertheless, the author's cool-headed observation and clear memory, coupled with his careful sifting and judicial weighing of conflicting evidence, make the volume an authoritative record of the greatest and most affecting catastrophe of our time.

Senator Robert M. La Follette's Autobiography, or "Personal Narrative of Political Experiences," having run its course through a magazine, is now published by his own company in book form. Much of it deals with issues that are still in solution, and this fact adds to its interest, particularly since its author is playing an active part in reference to them. One can trace here better than anywhere else the rise of the spirit of Progressivism in the Senate, which has been one of the most significant political phenomena of recent years. A little oddly, Mr. La Follette invariably writes of his own group of Progressives with a capital P, so that one not familiar with the developments which he is describing would easily be led into misconceptions. For example, the first gathering of Progressives in the Senate for concerted action on legislation had, as two of its four members, Senators La Follette and Dixon. How different were the relations of these two in 1912! Here is the Senator's analysis of his most eminent rival Progressive:

> Roosevelt is the keenest and ablest living interpreter of what I would call the superficial public sentiment of a given time, and he is spontaneous in his response to it; but he does not distinguish between that which is a mere surface indication of a sentiment and the building up by a long process of education of a public opinion which is as deep-rooted as life.

Again and again does La Follette insist that half a loaf may often be worse than no bread, since it may take the heart out of the fight for the main part of the reform sought. This tendency to preach as he tells his story is allowed excessive indulgence, reaching its most glaring illustration in the reprinting of the thirty-five pages of his fatal speech at the publishers' banquet in Philadelphia. Through it, however, one is helped to a picture of the man, self-confident, intense, inclined to arrogance, undaunted by repeated failure, bitterly hostile to whatever appears to him as privilege. To this might be added his own words about Garfield, "the first leader to impress me." Of a speech delivered by the Ohioan, Mr. La Follette remarks: "I do not remember a suggestion of humor." The earlier chapters of the book, containing the account of the struggle in Wisconsin which in the end placed that State in the forefront of railway and other industrial regulation by government, have a dramatic interest that is equal to their political value as a first-hand record of one of the most characteristic and instructive upheavals of this generation.

Mr. J. H. Higginson's "Tariffs at Work" (London: P. S. King) embodies the results of an inquiry by a student and prizeman of the University of London. The title is more ambitious than the contents warrant. The thin volume gives very general accounts of tariff systems—conventional, maximum and minimum, preferential, and so on—of ad valorem and specific duties, bonded warehouses and free ports, drawbacks, and the like. The Appraisers' Stores in New York are briefly described, and so is the free port arrangement at Hamburg. The volume, though published in 1913, evidently was prepared earlier, since the writer speaks of the United States Tariff Board, which disappeared in 1912, as if it were permanent. The treatment hardly rises above the level of good newspaper articles, and contributes nothing of significance for the special student of tariff questions.

It is indeed a brave man who brings out at this time a book entitled "The Coming Mexico" (A. C. McClurg, The World To-day series). We look in vain for any suggestion in regard to an answer to the riddle of Mexico's future. Mr. J. K. Goodrich's book joins the company of the hosts of adequate but unnoteworthy contributions to the history and the conditions of the Latin-American countries. There is a surprising omission of the name of Benito Juárez in the list of the heroes of Mexican independence. There is a very good bibliography which has evidently been used sparingly by the author. The illustrations are good, but there are no references to them in the text.

Sir Clements Markham does not attempt in his "Conquest of New Granada" (Dutton) to do for Colombia what Prescott did for Mexico and Peru. The similarity, however, of the titles leads one inevitably to think of the earlier works and to compare them with the present history of the Spanish occupation of northern South America. Like all of Sir Clements's work, the book is entertainingly written. When one compares the relative number of Spanish sources on Peru and Mexico with those on New Granada, the present book can be said to be in every way a distinct contribution to the history of the Chibchas and the story of their conquest by Quesada and his followers. As the author states in his introduction, the object of the book "is only to stop a gap in English literature until such time as it may be worthily filled by another more detailed work from the pen of some one who is intimately acquainted with all the localities, as well as with all the original sources of information, some of which are still undiscovered."

Andrew Lang's "Short History of Scotland" (Dodd, Mead) is an abridgment of the author's four-volume "History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation." What was said of the larger work must be said of this smaller one, namely, that while the style is characteristically easy and vivacious, the work is one of information rather than scholarship. As a rapid sketch of externals, however, it merits a generous recognition.

"Papyri Græcæ Berolinenscs, Collegit Guilelmus Schubart, fifty plates in collotype, with appendix" (Oxford: Parker & Son), contains a selection of documents and literary papyri from the Berlin Museum. There are facsimiles of eighty-one papyri, either complete specimens of short documents or portions of longer texts with an appendix containing brief descriptions of each and a transcription into ordinary Greek of a few lines or the whole selection. They are arranged historically, beginning (No. 1) with the oldest MS. of a Greek book, the "Persæ" of Timotheus, ascribed to the fourth century, B. C., and (No. 2), containing a *pactum dotale* especially valuable as giving its own date, the seventh year of Alexander, son of Alexander the Great (*i. e.*, 311 B. C.). The collection gives admirable material for the study of palæography from these earliest specimens down to the eighth century after Christ. In addition to this main purpose, care has been taken to select with especial reference to the value of the contents. They include, for example, in addition to specimens from well-known authors, letters (*e. g.*, a Greek version of a letter by Hadrian); notices of gifts; sales; renting of estates, houses, etc. It is of interest in connection with the "Fragmenta Tragica Papyracea," just issued in the Clarendon Press texts, that specimens are here given of two of these fragments; the "Achæorum Conventus" of Sophocles, and the "Cretes" of Euripides (both papyri being assigned to the second century after Christ).

The plates are carefully prepared under W. Schubart's able supervision. The explanatory matter in the appendix contains the absolute essentials for the help of students, but the value of the book would have been enhanced for students and even for teachers, remote from larger reference libraries, if the size of the appendix had been doubled by giving many details of great interest which only the fortunate few are in a position to cull from scattered sources. This could not be demanded of the editor of a work intended specifically for palæographical study, but it would have assisted in stimulating inquiries that should be raised and answered. The book is a valuable addition to the apparatus for Greek studies.

The third volume of Professor Vinogradoff's "Oxford Studies in Social and Legal History" (Clarendon Press; Frowde) consists of two monographs of rather more general interest than those in the earlier volumes. In the first monograph, "The Estates of the Archbishop and Chapter of St. André of Bordeaux under English Rule," Miss E. C. Lodge, on the basis of careful researches in the archives at Bordeaux, describes the economic organization of certain lands in the Bordelais. This was part of the region which the English acquired through the marriage of Henry II to Eleanor of Aquitaine and which they kept until 1453. Vine-growing was early an important occupation, and became steadily more important as commerce widened towards the close of the Middle Ages. The Archbishop received his rents in wine and paid his officials in the same liquid coin. Next to the vine-growers themselves the most numerous social class was the barrel makers. So much wine was grown to the exclusion of other produce that wheat was imported from England. This fact, that viticulture, not agriculture, was the dominant interest in the Bordelais, reveals important contrasts

between the hitherto unknown economic organization which Miss Lodge has laid bare and the ordinary self-sufficing manorial groups so well known in mediæval England, Germany, and Northern France. The estate of St. André was far more modern than the ordinary agricultural village of the feudal age. Serfs were relatively few in number; there were a great many small free rent-paying or profit-sharing tenants bound to their ecclesiastical superiors by ties of money rather than by bonds of allegiance. Services and dues were early commuted into money payments. In short, it was a commercial, individualistic, and modern kind of economic life in contrast to the manorial village with which economic historians are usually familiar.

In the second monograph, "One Hundred Years of Poor Law Administration in a Warwickshire Village," Mr. A. W. Ashby begins with an excellent history of the economic structure of the village of Tysoe from the time of the Domesday Survey down to 1796, when Enclosure Commissioners readjusted the holdings by throwing scattered strips together. By taking the concrete case of this single village and by a couple of maps, he succeeds in giving a clear example of the complicated process by which millions of acres were enclosed under acts of Parliament between 1760 and 1830. Having explained thoroughly the economic conditions, the author gives an admirable detailed account for Tysoe of the workings of the vicious English Poor-law system, which encouraged bastardy, thriftlessness, and degradation among the working classes. An unmarried woman was better off with a child than without. For every poor woman could claim a pittance from the parish when unemployed. If she remained unmarried and bore an illegitimate child her pittance was increased. If she could fix the paternity upon some man she might hope to get a husband, since the parish authorities would use all their power to make him marry her, and thereby relieve the parish of the cost of supporting a bastard. "There can be no doubt that the greatest cause of looseness among the women was the hope of finding a husband." These evils became far greater in the era which coincided with the spread of the Industrial Revolution. The changes accompanying the enclosures and the introduction of drill-planting deprived many women of their former agricultural employment of weeding broadcast-sown corn. This happened also to be an era in which the price of food rose far more rapidly than the price of labor; men and women who had just managed to earn an honest and independent living were no longer able to do so; they were forced downward into the reckless and dissolute habits of wanderers. The rich statistics which Mr. Ashby gives for this single village afford much justification for the doctrines of Malthus.

That the world stood in need of a literary version of "Romantic Trials of Three Centuries" (Lane) is not to be asserted with confidence. That this version will add greatly to the world's sweetness and light may be questioned; but there can be no doubt that so many of the world as read it will be entertained. Most of the dozen trials here recounted are inherently interesting. Some of them have been made fascinating by the literary skill of our author. It has been said of Blackstone that he was the first to make the law speak the language of the gentleman. Mr. Hugh Childers makes it speak the tongue of the *littérateur*. If any one doubts this, let him compare the first chapter of this volume with a recent article on the same theme by an eminent teacher of law. Prof. C. S. Kenny, writing in the *Law Quarterly Review*, under the title of "The Mystery of Elizabeth Canning," tells lucidly the story of this extraordinary trial, and discusses with judicial impartiality the contradictory evidence as well as the mystifying conduct of various persons connected with the case. From the trial he draws the lesson "that it is dangerous to permit judicial proceedings to be influenced by mob violence or even by party feeling—a lesson," he declares, "increasingly necessary in our days of sensational newspapers, a widespread franchise, and a plastic House of Commons." Mr. Childers entitles his chapter The Great Alibi; deftly selects from the vast mass of evidence given at the trial and from the many pamphlets inspired by it such parts as suit his purpose, and weaves them into a drama of unusual power. He draws no lesson from the trial. He makes no attempt to instruct the lawyer or to act the part of the moralist. His story is offered as a work of art.

This is true of each of Mr. Childers's stories. Take, for example, The Trial of Disraeli. In fact, there is no trial. Disraeli was indicted, it is true, for criminal libel, but he "allowed the proceedings to go by default, and submitted himself to the court's judgment." He admitted that he had been mistaken in thinking that Mr. Austin, whom he had libelled, had used the language attributed to him; withdrew the libel in terms of ample apology, and no sentence was imposed. Small substance here for a legal disquisition, but material enough for a clever character sketch of the handsome young novelist and political free lance, who was destined to be Prime Minister. With equal skill Mr. Childers discourses of the trials of The Lowestoft Witches, of William Penn, of Tom of Ten Thousand, of Beau Fielding and the Duchess of Cleveland, of the Macaroni Parson, of the Robbers of the Lyons Mail, of Jean Peltier, of Abraham Thornton (which led to the formal abolition of the wager of battle), and of Lord Cardigan for duelling.

In a sketch covering 77 concise pages, Prof. H. S. Canby presents a fairly comprehensive and not uninteresting "Study of the Short Story" (Holt). The development of the short story is recounted from the Middle Ages to the present. Following the text are eleven representative examples—two from Chaucer and from Poe, one each from Addison, Johnson, Scott, Hawthorne, John Brown, Stevenson, and Kipling. The book is intended to displace the author's "The Short Story," and to serve as a complement to his larger work, "The Short Story in English."

"The Science of Etymology" (Oxford), by the late Rev. Walter W. Skeat, sets forth clearly the principles of etymology in general and of English etymology in particular, and includes entertaining chapters on certain words and on linguistic errors. The book is equipped with a full table of contents and an index of words, arranged according to language.

"Public Speaking: Principles and Practice" (Macmillan), by Prof. I. L. Winter, of Harvard University, is a substantial volume of four hundred pages, containing a brief discussion of the main principles of platform delivery and a large number of selections suitable for five-minute presentation. The selections are arranged in two groups, those for use in "technical training" and those for use in "platform practice," and each of these groups is divided further. The after-dinner speech, the occasional poem, and the anecdote receive considerably more attention than is usual.

The Rev. Leander Trowbridge Chamberlain, D.D., died at Pasadena, Cal., on Friday. He was born at Brookfield, Mass., in 1837, and graduated from Yale and from the Andover Theological Seminary. For several years he preached in Chicago and later in Brooklyn. He was active in evangelical work and in political reform, and was connected with philosophical and scientific societies. Among his writings are "A Short History of the English Bible," "The State, its Origin, Nature, and Functions," "The Colonial Policy of the United States," "Patriotism and the Moral Law," "The Evolutionary Philosophy," and "The Suffrage and Majority Rule."

Francis Fisher Browne, since 1880 editor of the *Dial*, which he founded, died on Sunday at Santa Barbara, Cal. He was born at South Halifax, Vt., in 1843. During the war he served in the Forty-sixth Massachusetts Volunteers, and later studied at the University of Michigan. He was the author of "Every-Day Life of Abraham Lincoln" and a book of poems, "Volunteer Grain," and edited several collections of verse

Science

The Interpretation of Dreams. By Sigmund Freud. Authorized translation by A. A. Brill. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

Professor Freud's work in psychotherapeutics, and the effective results gained in connection with his "psychoanalytic method," have attracted wide attention among psychiatrists and the medical fraternity. This method consists in inducing a patient to avoid all attempt at guiding his thoughts, and to report the images and ideas which spontaneously appear to him under these conditions. Many of the images, etc., which thus arise in the patient's mind evidently relate to experiences long since forgotten, which the practitioner is able to recall to the patient by skilful questioning. Our author and his followers hold that we are able by this method to discover the basis of certain obsessions and phobias, the evil effects of which may be removed by what may be called a cathartic treatment. In the course of his many psycho-analyses Freud has been much impressed by the important fact that the forgotten experiences resuscitated by this means bear a striking resemblance to the con-

tent of dream life, and this has led him to adopt the theory of dreams presented in the work before us. The drift of the author's argument is far from clear, being obscured by great diffuseness and occasional elusiveness of statement. Readers are therefore in danger of being led by his abounding self-confidence and enthusiasm to accept without question his clever interpretations which are given with great wealth of detail, and to accept without due criticism the dream theory which these interpretations are supposed to substantiate.

Stripped of all illustrative material, the theory may be stated as follows: Our author's main interest is centred upon the thesis that every dream is the fulfilment of an unconscious wish. He conceives of this wish as an active entity which strives to rise into full consciousness and to effect its realization, this being thwarted by the action of another entity which he designates as the "censor." "The psychic activity in dream formation resolves itself into two functions—the provision of the dream thoughts" which are unconscious, "and the transformation of these into the dream content." This latter activity is "peculiar to dream life and characteristic of it, . . . something qualitatively altogether different from waking thought, and therefore not in any way comparable to it. It does not, in general, think, calculate, or judge at all, but limits itself to transforming. . . . This product, the dream, must at any cost be withdrawn from the censor" (p. 401 f); this being accomplished by a variety of devices. The dream under his view would not occur unless it had a special function, which is thus described: "The dream has taken it upon itself to bring the liberated excitement of the unconscious back under the domination of the fore conscious; it thus affords relief for the excitement of the unconscious, and acts as a safety valve for the latter" (p. 457 f.).

Before examining this theory in detail we may well call attention to two contributions to psychology made by Professor Freud in other works, and brought into prominence in the book before us. It is, of course, no discovery of his that there exists an elusive psychic field, commonly spoken of among us as "subconsciousness," which is quite beyond the limits of awareness, and which has its influence upon the psychic field of which we are aware (our author's "fore-consciousness"); but this fact has only of late years gained adequate attention from psychologists, who, in the face of the phenomena brought to view by Freud's investigations, can no longer ignore its significance. His results also force upon our notice the fact, of which again, however, he is not the discoverer, that consciousness is a complex system of psychic systems, even as the nervous system whose activities correspond with consciousness is a complex system of minor nerve systems. Here again psychologists must acknowledge that the emphasis laid upon the "unity of consciousness" has led them to overlook facts which our author's studies compel them to take account of.

This latter point leads us at once to the consideration of the doctrine of the "censor" to which our author gives so great prominence. This "censor" is spoken of as a psychic system or clever psychic entity which resists the "penetration to consciousness of the dream thoughts" (p. 409), and which our author likens (p. 419) "to the Russian newspaper censor on the frontier, who allows to fall into the hands of his protected readers only those foreign journals that have passed under the black pencil." When the censor fears that the dream thought will escape his vigilance he resorts to all sorts of artifices to forestall its persistency. He changes the dream so that it becomes repugnant rather than attractive (p. 135). He moulds the dream by distortion (p. 226); by displacement and condensation (p. 286 f.); by substitutions (p. 314); by the suppression and inversion of pleasure-pain and emotional reactions (p. 375); by making it appear foolish and disconnected (pp. 339 f., 419 f.); by forcing us to forget it upon awakening (p. 410 f.). Never, indeed, should we have a dream but for the fact that "the sleeping state makes dream formation possible by diminishing the endo-psychic factor" (p. 416).

The layman certainly must see in this conception much that will appear to him fantastic, if not absurd. The psychologist must see in it the building of a huge structure upon a very slim and unstable foundation. It is to be agreed, of course, that the psychic system of which we are aware in waking life, moulded as it has been, and is, by the social influences that surround us, prevents the fruition of desires and frustrates the development of thought trains which are inimical to our welfare as social beings. But this acknowledgment does not warrant us in holding that this wide-awake consciousness is an entity so separate and diverse from the other psychic systems within us as our author would have us believe. All the evidence before us leads to the view that consciousness is fundamentally of the same nature through and through: that differences of systemic form occur within it; but that these are always in some measure correlated and are constantly more or less influential in determining the nature of that field of consciousness of which we are aware: this being quite compatible with the fact that when we feel consciousness to be less than fully alert prominence is gained by other psychic systems than that which is evidenced in moments of full alertness.

Passing over the final labored and obscure elaboration of this censorship (p. 426 ff.), which points to another censor governing "the transition from the fore-conscious to the occupation of consciousness" (p. 490), we may turn to the main thesis, viz., that "the content of the dream is the fulfilment of a wish; its motive is a wish" (p. 100). This thesis is based on the author's analysis of dream contents which, if allowed to develop, very frequently, if not usually, bring into prominence some wish which in the dream is felt to be realized. This fact none will deny, but question at once arises whether this is a special characteristic of dream consciousness. It surely is true that the development of the thoughts which arise in everyday wide-awake life also constantly yields wishes that are immediately followed by pictures of the consequences of their imagined fulfilment. In this characteristic of dream life we therefore find no unique psychic functioning.

But in dream life, as in wide-awake life, there are many cases where wishes are not observable. This fact, however, does not balk our theorist, who warns us that his "doctrine does not rest upon the acceptance of the manifest dream content, but has reference to the thought content which is found to lie behind the dream by the process of interpretation" (p. 114). And here he displays extraordinary ingenuity in ferreting out dream wishes where none at first appears, by methods which, by the way, would yield very similar results if applied to normal waking consciousness. In his other writings our author has given evidence of a morbid tendency to over-emphasize the potency of erotic influences in all of experience, and in the field here considered the results of this preconception are conspicuous, leading him to improbable and revolting explanations. It may be true that these influences are very powerful in our adult lives; true also that they have been powerful in infantile life, and by their early activity have resultants which are felt as we come to mature. It is to be noted, however, that the traces thus left are likely to appear in wide-awake life when we allow our thoughts to flow without restriction, as well as in dream life, which latter is so closely allied with our uncontrolled waking states that we are led to speak of the latter as "day dreaming." All this may be granted, however, without forcing us to follow our author in his insistence that virtually all such dream wishes must have this origin. The illegitimacy of his method is evidenced in many directions; notably, for instance, in the interpretation of dreams of "dental irritation" (p. 234). It may

be illustrated by reference to his explanation of dreams which picture the death of beloved parents. He is unable to "use the dream as a proof that" the dreamer "wishes them dead *now*. The theory of dreams . . . is satisfied with concluding that the dreamer has wished them dead—at some one time in childhood" (p. 211). The antagonism of children to parents who punish them is thus made to explain certain of these death dreams; but the largest proportion of them he would account for as due to infantile erotic influences (p. 216 ff.). The man dreams of the death of his beloved father because in childhood he had felt sexual attraction towards his mother, and had wished for the death of his father who was his effective rival. Apart from the forced and repulsive nature of this explanation it can evidently apply only to dreams where the dead parent is of the same sex as the dreamer, and is negatived by the fact that these death dreams frequently refer to parents of the opposite sex. He agrees that this sometimes happens, but contends that it is exceptional, without attempting in any way to substantiate this claim.

Finally, when we turn to our author's thesis that the dream has a special function, we find ourselves naturally led to assume a skeptical attitude by the fact that throughout the whole of his studies evidence constantly appears which leads us to note the closest of relations between our wide-awake and our dream consciousness. This our author accepts or denies as occasion requires. He agrees "that all the material composing the content of the dream in some way originates in experience" (p. 7); that "the experiences of the previous day furnish the immediate material for its content" (p. 192); that the dream thoughts "are usually found to be a complex of thoughts and memories of the most intricate possible construction, and to possess all the properties of the thought processes which are known to us from waking life" (p. 289); and even goes so far as to say that Aristotle was correct in holding that "the dream is a continuation of thinking in sleep" (p. 436). Yet, as we have seen above, he bases his theory upon the assumption that there is an activity in the transformation of dream thoughts into dream content which is "something qualitatively altogether different from waking thought, and therefore not in any way comparable to it," and he finally asks us to believe that "it is quite impossible to explain the dream as a psychic process" (p. 405).

One cannot close this book without a sense of depression. The author is a man of great ability, who has won distinction in connection with his use of the psycho-analytic method, and who is believed to have done great service in his special field by a large group of his professional brethren, not all of whom, however, agree that his theoretical positions are valid. But his mode of thought as displayed in this book is indicative of a total lack of the characteristics which lead to scientific advance. In it he portrays himself as one whose scientific judgment cannot be trusted, and this must lead even his most enthusiastic followers to question whether they are not overestimating the value of his work in other directions. He presents an example of the dangers connected with the extreme specialization characteristic of the educational systems of our day, which fails to strengthen the sense of logical values so important to the development of a true science. Their appreciation would have led our author to use caution in the adoption of doubtful hypotheses, and to hesitate to take the attitude of a special pleader who emphasizes all evidence favorable to the hypothesis adopted, and minimizes, if he does not overlook entirely, all evidence that is unfavorable. The value of his practical work in relation to hysteria and kindred problems will be remembered long after his theory of dreams has been forgotten.

"Air Resistance and Aviation," a book announced by Constable, is a translation from the French of G. Eiffel, who has an experimental laboratory at Auteuil.

Macmillan has in press "Travers' Golf Book," by the present national champion.

Following an ingenious paper by Watts in 1903, in which the ledges of ancient rocks in Charnwood forest, emerging from the lowlands of central England, were shown to be parts of a long-buried and recently uncovered desert landscape, T. O. Bosworth has lately published the results of eight years' minute investigation, under the title "The Keuper Marls around Charnwood" (Leicester), which fully confirm Watts's conclusion and add many new details. It appears to be demonstrated that this now humid and fertile district was a desert in Triassic time, and that the wind-carved rock surface of that period was gradually buried by the accumulation of stratified deposits under an arid climate, where evaporation greatly exceeded precipitation The direction of ripple marks in some of the sandstone layers, probably the deposits of temporary shallow lakes, indicates that the prevalent winds were from the southwest, as they are now; but a strong mountain range must then have enclosed the Charnwood district from the moisture of the Atlantic.

"Industrial Chemistry: A Manual for the Student and Manufacturer" (Van Nostrand), edited by Allen Rogers and A. B. Aubert, in collaboration with thirty-four specialists, is well printed, excellently bound, and carefully proof-read. It is a composite treatise, being made up of a series of chapters written by various chemists and engineers on a great variety of subjects, all, on the whole, ably presented; but there is a decided want of uniformity in scope and a marked variance in the method of presentment. The book does not meet the needs of the manufacturer, but, on account of the excellent treatment of principles, it is well suited as a student's manual, and as such will be welcomed by teachers of applied chemistry. In some of the chapters—as, for instance, in T. T. Gray's excellent account of The Petroleum Industry—the literature of the subject is freely referred to, while in others—as in that on The Destructive Distillation of Wood—no authorities are cited. The editors did not adopt the official abbreviations of the American Chemical Society in the case of periodicals; in fact, they failed to preserve any uniformity at all, and, as a result, the reader may be puzzled by some of the references, as that on p. 826, namely, "J. Soc. Chem."

At the recent annual meeting of the Naples Table Association for Promoting Laboratory Research by Women, the use of the Table supported by the Association at the Zoölogical Station at Naples was granted for the coming year to Dr. Rhoda Erdmann, of Berlin, Germany, and Dr. Caroline Thompson, professor of botany at Wellesley College. The Ellen Richards Research Prize of $1,000 for the best thesis written by a woman on a scientific subject embodying new observations and new conclusions based on independent laboratory research in biological, chemical, or physical science, was awarded to Miss Ida Smedley, London, England, D.Sc., London University, who has been working for the past four years in the bio-chemical laboratory of the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine. The subject of the winning thesis was: "An Investigation into the Methods of Formation of Fatty Acids from Carbohydrates in the Organism." Ten theses were submitted in competition.

Dr. Louis Adolphus Duhring, an authority on skin diseases, died last week at his home in Philadelphia, aged sixty-seven. He graduated in 1867 from the University of Pennsylvania, in which institution he was later made professor of dermatology. He was the author of "Atlas of Skin Diseases," "Practical Treatise on Diseases of the Skin," and "Cutaneous Medicine."

The death is reported, in his fifty-ninth year, of Prof. Fritz von Bramann. From 1887 to 1890 he was assistant to Bergmann at the Berlin Klinik, which he left to become director of that at Halle.

Drama and Music

An authorized translation by Mrs. Emil Pohli of Arthur Schnitzler's latest play, entitled "Professor Bernhardi," is announced by Paul Elder & Company.

Of the three pieces in the second series of plays by John Galsworthy (Scribner), "The Eldest Son," "The Little Dream," and "Justice," the first two have been the subjects of comparatively recent notice and do not call for further comment at this time. The third, "Justice," which was played some months ago in London with only moderate success, is worthy of the author's reputation, in respect of literary and theatrical craftsmanship and realistic characterization, but is too plainly a case of special pleading to carry conviction with

it as an arraignment of the judicial system against which it is directed. The theme is the irretrievable ruin which is too often the fate of a first offender—of a moral weakling betrayed into unpremeditated crime by stress of circumstance or sudden temptation—for the lack of reasonable opportunity of reformation. It is a lamentable fact, doubtless, that the way of the penitent transgressor is often made unnecessarily hard. But in the special instance used as a typical illustration by Mr. Galsworthy, two points instantly suggest themselves. The first is that the offence committed by the young clerk, Falder, was not only forgery, but a double forgery—which he must have known would excite suspicion against an absent and innocent acquaintance—and the second is that after conviction, imprisonment, and release, almost the first use he made of his liberty was to forge papers in order to procure employment. It may be admitted that the conditions surrounding him were of a most distressful nature—Mr. Galsworthy, of course, has taken good care of that—but the fact remains that his conduct throughout is indicative of innate degeneracy rather than impulsive, amorous folly. His melancholy story is told with plausible and poignant simplicity, and provokes compassion, but it is difficult to escape the reflection that his sufferings and tragic end—for he kills himself at the last as the easiest way, perhaps, out of a dramatic dilemma—were quite as much the logical result of his own defective character as of any process of law. Such an impression is necessarily fatal to a thesis play of this kind, especially when the legal action is represented with the scrupulous moderation and accuracy which are characteristic of nearly all Mr. Galsworthy's work. The chief trouble with him, as with many other philanthropic enthusiasts, is that in his zeal for the reform of existent social wrongs and abuses, which, however undeniable and deplorable, are steadily if slowly diminishing before the growth of education and enlightenment, he is apt to overlook the necessities of social order.

"The Chaperon," by Jocelyn Brandon and Frederick Arthur, which is said to have made a hit at the Strand Theatre in London, appears to be an irresponsible farce, not too delicate in texture. A member of Parliament, entertaining a famous actress, is surprised by his wife, and gets out of the difficulty by introducing the lady and a casual acquaintance as Mr. and Mrs. Jones. The wife is charmed with her new friends, and insists upon taking them home to dinner. Unforeseen accidents lead to highly embarrassing situations, which are solved in theatrical fashion. Ethel Dane, as the actress, repeated the success which she made some time ago in "The Glad Eye," and Cyril Keightley enacted the Chaperon with humor and veracity.

The governors of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon realize that the endowment fund will have to be substantially increased if the annual Shakespearean festivals are to be maintained hereafter upon the same scale of artistic excellence and comprehensiveness which has characterized them during Mr. Benson's administration. The hope of keeping the company up to its present high standard lies, the governors have concluded, in the possibility of sending the players on tour to America and South Africa. Success abroad would serve not only to raise necessary funds, but to advertise the festivities at Stratford.

Young singers of merit have no difficulty in getting engagements. The place hunts for them. Speaking of Covent Garden, Mr. Legge, of the London *Telegraph*, writes:

The singers are collected from practically all parts of the world. The Royal Opera syndicate have agents in every likely, and in some unlikely, spots, whose duty it is to report on the rising of any bright, particular star, and when the report comes, then off goes Mr. Henry Higgins, the chairman of the syndicate; Baron D'Erlanger, a member of it, or Mr. Percy Pitt, the musical director, any one of them, or all three—off to hear if the report is well founded. In this way are new stars brought to earth.

Wolf-Ferrari, whose "Secret of Suzanne," "Donne Curiose," and "Jewels of the Madonna" have been sung at the Metropolitan, is said to be putting the finishing touches to a light opera based on Molière's "L'Amour Médecin."

Paris is still talking about a wonderful performance of "Rigoletto," in which Melba sang, with Caruso and Renaud. That was four years ago. Two weeks ago Mme. Melba reappeared in Paris, this time as a concert singer. Her voice was found to be "as rich and flexible as ever."

Forty-seven composers, including three Americans, figured on the programmes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra's home concerts during the season just ended. Beethoven was represented thirteen and Wagner nine times. Mozart and Brahms each had five hearings, while Liszt, Schubert, and R. Strauss had four each. The number of pieces played was 101. The complete list of composers follows:

Bach, C. P. E., Bach, J. S., Beethoven, Berlioz, Bischoff, Borodin, Brahms, Bruch, Bruckner, Chabrier, Chadwick, Charpentier, Debussy, Dukas, Dvorák, Glazounoff, Gluck, Goldmark, Haydn, Holbrooke, Klughardt, Lendvai, Liszt, Loeffler, MacDowell, Mahler, Marcello, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Mraczek, Pfitzner, Reger, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Schumann, Sgambati, Sibelius, Sinding, Smetana, Strauss, R., Strube, Tchaikovsky, Vivaldi, Volkmann, Wagner, Weber.

During the past season in Boston sixteen Italian operas, including the operas of Mozart and Wolf-Ferrari, had sixty-four performances; nine operas by French composers have had twenty-seven performances; three German operas, eleven performances. Puccini had four operas to his credit and seventeen performances. Verdi was represented by five operas and nineteen performances. Wolf-Ferrari was represented by two, the remainder by one each. The complete list follows:

"Aïda," 6; "Barber of Seville," 2; "La Bohème," 5; "Cavalleria Rusticana," 4; "Tales of Hoffmann," 5; "Coppélia," first act, 2; "Djamileh," 1; "Don Giovanni," 3; "Faust," 3; "La Forêt Bleue," 3; "The Jewels of the Madonna," 7; "Girl of the Golden West," 4; "Hänsel und Gretel," 5; "Louise," 5; "Lucia di Lammermoor," 4; "Madama Butterfly," 3; "Martha," 2; "Otello," 3; "Pagliacci," 4; "Pelléas et Mélisande," 2; "Rigoletto," 3; "Samson et Dalila," 1; "Secret of Suzanne," 4; "Thaïs," 3; "Tosca," 5; "Traviata," 4; "Tristan und Isolde," 4; "Trovatore," 3.

The late Joseph Bayer, director of ballets at the Imperial Opera in Vienna, was in a special sense, as a correspondent writes, a Viennese composer; he had gauged with accuracy the Vienna taste, and by his composition of the ballets "Puppenfee" and "Wiener Walzer" he made his name famous far beyond the limits of the Austrian Empire. Numerous other ballets and operettas owe their origin to him, all having the same peculiar Bayer physiognomy and original coloring, and all bearing the unmistakable stamp of their composer. Bayer was one of the quickest musical writers imaginable; what he composed was written on the spur of the moment, and, when in his instrumental mood, the most experienced copyists could scarcely keep pace with him.

Bach's widow died in the poorhouse, and in the last years of his life Bach had been obliged to sell the copper plates of some of his compositions for which there was no demand. A few weeks ago the MS. of his "Well-Tempered Clavichord" was sold at auction in Berlin for $5,000. At the same sale the sum of $600 was paid for the MS. of Gluck's "J'ai perdu mon Eurydice." The fragment of Wagner's juvenile opera, "The Wedding," brought $3,000, while $600 was paid for his pianoforte sketch for a second symphony.

A German opera by H. W. von Waltershausen has been produced in London. It had previously been staged at Frankfurt. Its name is "Oberst Chabert," being an adaptation by the composer himself of Balzac's "Colonel Chabert." The London *Times* welcomed it as "a sincere and skilful work containing moments of strong feeling and some (rather too few perhaps) of distinctive beauty. It is the work of a man who knows the stage apart from the opera house."

In memory of the late William F. Apthorp, formerly Boston's leading musical critic, the Cecilia Society of that city at its last concert sang Palestrina's "Tenebræ factæ sunt." Elgar's new choral work, "The Music Makers," had its first Boston hearing on this occasion, under the direction of Dr. Arthur Mees, who goes from New York to Boston regularly to conduct the St. Cecilia's concerts.

Art

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, May 1.

There is no better exponent than the Royal Academy of the official art that has helped to drive artists to Cubism and Futurism and other foolish excesses. Officially, its summer exhibition is the most important given in London; artistically, it continues to be the least representative. Whatever change there may be within the Academy in its membership, whatever change without that body in the tendencies and movements of the day, the exhibition at Burlington House never rises above its dull standard of mediocrity. One after another the Academicians who were the great popular masters of a quarter of a century ago, when I first went to an Academy, have died and their place has been taken by the younger men, but the exhibition in quality seems neither to have lost nor profited. Artists, once the leaders of opposition and revolt, are gathered in the fold, promptly swallowed up

in it, to disappear, as far as any signs of their influence can be found upon the Academy walls. Other galleries may be all astir with new experiments and new departures, the Academy calmly continues to uphold its old exhausted conventions and formulæ, to persevere in its old system of hanging and arrangement. Lately, attention—a good deal for England—has been given to mural decoration, but never a hint of the fact would be gleaned from a visit to the Academy. There is what the dealers call a "boom" in etching, there is a vigorous revival of lithography, and in the Black-and-White Room the selecting and hanging committees would seem to have been preoccupied with nothing but to preserve uniformity in the neat gilt frames. Monuments are wanted for the heroes of the day, and in the Sculpture Galleries the same listlessness reigns as in the others. Really, at the press view yesterday I rubbed my eyes and looked again and again, wondering whether this was the twentieth century or whether I had been somehow carried back to the late eighties and early nineties of the nineteenth. Constancy in a better cause would have its virtue.

My friend, the critic, who used to search the Academy for one picture that amused him, and, having found it, hastened away, saying his article was written, would this spring look in vain for the one peg worth hanging his criticism on. Sargent for long could be relied upon to send a portrait, or a portrait group, or a fragment of his decorative series for Boston, that would arrest you as you passed, force you to look at it, to study it carefully. Sargent, however, is now content to exhibit only four fairly small studies. One, Rosa Maine, is a half-length of a girl, her face fresh, alert, alive, so that in her presence the near large and labored portraits fade into lifeless shadows, into mere pigment. It is always this suggestion of life, this vitality, that seizes you in Sargent's work when seen against the inanimate Academy background. It is more insistent still in a vigorous, brilliant sketch of the picturesque Hospital at Granada. The sunshine flooding the loggia is full of life; the patients lying or lounging there are alive in their suffering and their pain, in every pose, every turn, every movement of their poor, tortured bodies; there is life in the very quality of the plain whitewashed walls and the old, dark paintings hanging upon them. Apparently, Sargent painted just what he saw when he looked down the long perspective of the loggia, for his work, whatever subtlety of design may be concealed in it, always gives the effect of a direct, rapid transcript from Nature, but one that, if rapid, retains the essential, the vital spark that the mechanical snapshot, supposed to be the most accurate, because the most rapid and direct, period of all, never can capture. He has a third study, abounding in the same animation, and the same rapidity and sureness of touch, of a group of Spanish Gypsies, their low white houses brilliant, dazzling, in the hot Spanish sunlight, the yellow shawl of a gypsy girl who crouches by the roadside singing out riotously, shamelessly from the decorous Academy walls.

It is astounding how this one small sketch can overpower the surrounding canvases, twice, four times, ten times, its size. For example, a painting by Charles Sims, the R.A.-Elect, who has been straying for his motives into the woods and the wilderness beyond the World, hangs close to the Sargent, but the light that never shone on sea or shore, as he imagines it, is tame and dead compared to the blinding radiance of Sargent's Spanish hillside. These sketches are not great masterpieces; they might not tell at all in the salons or in many an exhibition given in the old days by the International, but they are the work of a man who can see for himself, who can paint for himself, and this is the reason why they stand out so strikingly in the midst of the feeble, anæmic reëchoes and the patient repetitions of old time-honored formulæ that jostle one another on the Academy walls.

In size, at all events, Lavery has attempted to rival Sargent's earlier achievements, and he has been commissioned to paint royalty—though not by royalty—which is the height of most Academic painters' ambition. Indeed, he has been quick to arrive officially since his election as Associate a couple of years ago. This year he has the largest picture in the Academy, and it hangs in the chief centre of the chief gallery (No. III)—it has been approved by royalty, it has been presented by its owner to the National Portrait Gallery. But to arrive officially is not usually to conquer artistically. Royalty seems to have oppressed Lavery, as it has many other British painters for whom it has condescended to sit. In this case the sitters are the King, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Mary; and the first impression the canvas gives is that he has been sorely puzzled to know how to group them. He has never before undertaken a large important group, and it is clear that his talent does not lie that way. A photographer might have hit upon a happier arrangement. The Queen sits in one corner of a sofa drawn up across the foreground of a large, spacious room, presumably at Buckingham Palace, the Princess is on a low stool or ottoman at her feet, the Prince of Wales stands behind the sofa, and at its other end stands the King, in admiral's uniform, staring straight out of the canvas, his pose as wooden as a mannikin's. The difference of planes hardly accounts for the scale of the figures; one trembles for the King and Prince, hopelessly dwarfed as they would be, were the Queen and the Princess to rise. The difficulty of covering the enormous canvas has evidently been no less serious a problem to Lavery, and he seems to have turned for help to the scene-painter, though he might have learned from Velasquez that the secret of making a room look big is to fill it with atmosphere, and that the modelling of the heads need not be coarse nor the draperies put in with too heavy a brush in order to give the figures their right proportions in it. Nor is the color, a dingy gray, of the background pleasant, though architectural dignity is given by the perspective through an open door to an apartment beyond, and still beyond to a blue vista. The way this blue is repeated in a touch here and there on the uniform of the King, the dresses of the Queen and Princess, and the decorations of the Prince, suggests that Lavery had a definite design, a definite scheme of color. But he has not known how to carry it out; and the result is another proof of the timidity of the modern painter when facing the subject that inspired some of the greatest masters of the past to their greatest triumphs.

Few other portraits reach even the level of Lavery's. There is the usual array by Academicians—by Herkomer and Ouless, who mistake coarseness or brutality for vigor; by Dicksee, who thinks to achieve delicacy by vapidity, and whose women have about as much flesh-and-blood reality as the beauties of the handkerchief and chocolate-box cover; by the president, Poynter, who hopes to attain genius by industry in detail. Already Orpen seems to be chastened by his Academic dignity, and his one Portrait—of a woman—has but the greater vivacity in the rendering of a curtain behind the figure and the orange-hued flower at her waist to serve as reminder of the days when he was accepted as a prophet from whom un-Academic things were expected. Another sitter as strong in character as Phil May would be the best of tonics to J. J. Shannon, who betrays his weariness in his painting of women. There is a charm of pose in his Mrs. E. Wynne Chapman seated under an eighteenth-century tree, but his interest in the sitter herself, as in his others, seems light and languorous. The one really animated passage in all the five portraits he shows is a pot of flowers in the background to his Mrs. Hope, the textures and the color so directly and dexterously expressed that you almost feel his relief when he found himself painting it.

George Henry has gained no more than Orpen from Academic honors, and his portraits grow prettier in conception and sleeker in execution. This year he varies them with an outdoor group that,

at a glance, has a delightful gayety, as if the painter were rejoicing in his escape from the studio and studio properties into the open air. But it is the gayety more appropriate to the hoardings than to a picture gallery, and it does not stand over-well a closer study, for it is impossible not to see how artificial the composition is, strive as the painter may to pass it off as a piece of realism. Three girls are grouped immediately in the foreground, so immediately that little more than their heads and shoulders are seen. Above them is a vast expanse of sky, a long white cloud fills one side of it, and is balanced on the other by a tall tree. The three heads are put in with spirit and sympathy; the tenderness with which the light falling on cheek or chin gives the modelling is happily found. But the placing of the figures so low on the canvas is deliberately eccentric, and unpleasant, too, for they seem to be falling out of the picture, and make you long to push them well up into it again; the cloud is nearly as solid as the tree; the lines are too rigid for rhythm or for nature. It is the note of gayety where gayety is at a discount—even if it be the gayety of the poster—that is the charm of the canvas. The only other portraits that need be mentioned are a cleverly modelled head of a woman by Clausen and a vivacious presentment of a girl in Spanish costume by Lambert.

The landscapes explain as eloquently as the portraits that gayety, vivacity, is usually the last quality the British painter seeks in nature. Those sent by Academicians are as ponderous as the Academicians' portraits, with an occasional exception. Painters like Hughes-Stanton and Bertram Priestman can build up a composition on large, effective lines out of a motive found in the dunes of France or the hills of Yorkshire, but they cannot quite conceal the bones of the construction. Arnesby Brown knows how to place his train as it creeps—if it does not stand still—through a flat countryside or his group of cattle in rich pastureland. Mark Fisher is never uninteresting, though of late he has done little more than repeat his earlier themes. Here and there the sweep of a passing cloud or the golden glow of the sun low in the heavens may redeem an otherwise commonplace arrangement. But, all told, the exceptions are few. Among the few I may note George Clausen's impressions of London on a frosty morning. Probably no effect is more difficult, more elusive, and I cannot with truth say that Clausen has been entirely successful. He has seen how the London atmosphere can transform London ugliness into beauty, can give mystery and tenderness even to so prosaic a motive as the low grimy walls separating one little London garden from another as, looked down upon from a high window, they form a succession of rhythmical lines, one beyond the other, until the farthest fades into the mist; he has seen the dim splendor of the winter sun trying to break through this mist, in the effort tinging it with rose and gold and making a space of pale gold here and there on a homely roof; he has seen, too, the delicate pattern of the bare branches of the London trees silhouetted against the low sky. Any one who knows the loveliness of just such frosty mornings in London, and has watched the sun struggling through the thick atmosphere, can understand the impression Clausen has endeavored to put down on his canvas, and this power of understanding throws a glamour over the canvas. But his harmony is disturbed, as it never is in nature, by the little pin-points of frost glinting on walls and in gardens, and in one painting a discordant brown tree, rising straight and tall in the foreground, must be forgotten before the harmony is discovered.

The old Academic performances, archæological, mythological, historical, to which Leighton and Tadema and Long gave so great a vogue, have for the moment gone out of fashion. Even the old-fashioned subject picture is rare, though I have an idea the crowd will gather in front of Edgar Bundy's Finance, which represents a group of men, mostly Jewish in type and reeking of the City and the Stock Exchange, sitting over their cigars at an elaborately and richly decorated dining table. The attraction is not any special merit in the painting, for I could find none, except, in a lesser degree, the merit of the big Salon machine, it is rather, now that Marconi rumors and Marconi inquiries are always with us, the meaning each person in the crowd will read into the group—a meaning that has nothing to do with art. That such a picture should be noticed at all explains the curious lack of invention, the distressing inability of painters to find anything to say for themselves, characteristic of an Academy exhibition. The schools are turning out an army of men and women with a fair amount of technical knowledge and skill, but without an idea as to what use they are to make of it. It is pathetic, the way the achievements of the successful man are frankly imitated.

In the Sculpture Galleries I was impressed chiefly with the absence of Alfred Gilbert. The Academy should have made every effort to retain a member who added so greatly to its distinction. There is plenty of efficient work, but nothing very distinguished. I confess frankly that I do not know what little masterpieces may lie buried in the Water-Color Room, but to look for them on walls and screens plastered from top to bottom with small frames packed in as tight as they can fit, would be more hopeless than hunting for the proverbial needle in the haystack. Strang and Cameron and Short contribute to the Black-and-White Room, the chief end of which seems to be, however, as it ever has been since I have known the Academy, to give the least possible idea of what is actually doing in illustration, etching, lithography, and engraving. Some schemes in the Architectural Room are of public interest; for instance, Sir Aston Webb's design for the new façade to Buckingham Palace, and C. E. Mallows's plan for the improvement of South London. Nothing could be worse than the east front of the palace as it is, so that at least the proposed pseudo-classical façade will not mean the destruction of old beauty which was the price paid for the refashioning of the Mall. The plan for South London includes an Embankment on the south side of the Thames from Westminster to Blackfriars and further. But the old works and breweries and shot towers and chimneys that now border the riverside are not without their value in the London atmosphere, and hitherto London has owed whatever beauty it may have to chance rather than design.

N. N.

An interesting discovery is announced from Greece, where Lieut. Bakopulos, while carrying out military observations, remarked on the sea bottom, to the east of the Island of Lemnos, some ancient ruins which were perfectly visible and prove the existence of a town of about three miles in circumference. The exact spot is that marked on the British Admiralty charts under the name of the Pharos Bank, the depth being from five to twenty-five metres. Orders have been issued by the Ministry to carry out scientific researches on the spot.

The Egyptian collection of Prof. W. M. Flinders Petrie, which has been exhibited on loan for a number of years at University College, London, is now offered for sale to that institution for $29,925. The option to purchase the collection expires in June of this year, and if University College is not in a position by then to accept Professor Petrie's offer, it is possible that the collection may find a home elsewhere. The collection, though it contains few important specimens of the higher arts, is asserted to be the best teaching collection in England. It is especially strong in the branches of pottery, beads, and scarabs. It also contains a fine selection of prehistoric objects and an interesting series illustrative of the technical arts of ancient Egypt, such as glass-making, weaving, stone-working, metal-working, casting, building, etc. Among others may be mentioned an architect's drawings for a shrine, giving the elevation of the front and side. There is also a general collection of statuettes, stone-work, amulets, and textiles dating from various periods.

The interest which has of late been taken in Hittite research is again illustrated by a course of lectures on "The Hittites"

given at the Royal Institution in London by Prof. J. Garstang, of the University of Liverpool. A general review of the researches made in Asia Minor and Syria during recent years was given, with special reference to the three excavations that have been recently made on Hittite sites—at Boghaz-Keui, in Central Asia Minor, by Dr. Winckler; at Carchemish, upon the Euphrates, by Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Woolley; and at Sakje-Geuzi, in North Syria, by Professor Garstang himself.

Sir Coutts Lindsay, artist and founder of the Grosvenor Gallery, died a week ago in London. He was born in 1824, the son of Lieut.-Gen. James Lindsay, and was a captain in the Grenadier Guards, 1846-50. He was a patron of the arts, and numbered among his friends the founders of an important art cult. It was this cult which was satirized in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Patience." The Grosvenor Gallery lost much of its vogue when Burne-Jones ceased to exhibit there, sending his work instead to the New Gallery, in Regent Street.

Finance

CONJECTURES.

For most of the past week, the stock market, to whose upward or downward fluctuations the American business man has the habit of looking for a hint as to how events are moving, has absolutely ceased to move. On several of those days, hardly as many shares changed hands as are dealt in on a midsummer Saturday, or on the eve of the Fourth of July or Labor Day. In this negative expression of complete uncertainty, of belief in an even balance of good influences and bad, the Stock Exchange may be said to have expressed the feeling of the business community.

Yet even in that community itself, one must judge by averages. Wall Street is "bearish"; it talks gloomily, shakes its head over the "slow bond market," over Union Pacific's troubles with its Southern Pacific holdings, over the "tariff unsettlement," over "Rumely," over the gold exports to France. But what perplexes, and may almost be said to irritate, the speculative community, is the irrepressible optimism of the Western and Southern visitors at this market, who not only keep harping on the grain crop outlook and the railway traffic, but who persist in smiling incredulously at the gloomy diagnosis of Wall Street, and who, at the moment when all the evidence of evil has been carefully recited, answer by patting the narrator on the back and bidding him cheer up. It is quite within the possibilities that Wall Street is right and "the interior" wrong; but such mutual attitude at least makes it troublesome to feel sure.

From one point of view, the present position of affairs, in American finance in general and in the Stock Exchange in particular, might be described as a blockade of the machinery. Such lack of facilities might arise from the general public's refusal to buy securities on the usual scale at a given time. It might arise from the fact that banking institutions were already so well "loaned up" that people with plans of aggressive business expansion in their minds were obliged to cut down their requests for capital, even where circumstances of their trade would fully warrant the outlay.

In either case, the explanation of those conditions would go far towards clearing up the financial and industrial situation generally. In years like 1910 and 1906 and 1903, when somewhat similar conditions prevailed, the explanation was not difficult to find; it was found in the extravagant overdoing of a financial and industrial boom, particularly in the United States.

But it is precisely because that familiar explanation does not fit our present case at all, that the existing situation so greatly puzzles the most experienced observers. It is because it does fit Europe's case—especially when a period of prolonged expansion has coincided with such fear of war as has caused an almost unprecedented lock-up of cash and capital owned by private European citizens—that the general drift of opinion in America has been that the embarrassments in our own situation are directly caused by the state of affairs in Europe, and not by those at home. Even the gold export from New York to Paris, occurring at a time when gold was not normally moving out of the United States, owing to redundant currency or business stagnation or an adverse balance of foreign trade in merchandise, only serves to illustrate again the fact on which European economic critics have for months been laying stress—that this has been a season in which the New York market was in the strongest position of any market of the world, and in which it was therefore called upon to help out hard-pressed financial Europe.

But it is not always either comfortable or convenient to be required to give up money resources, which we could use at home, in order to get other money markets out of a present scrape. The result in such cases is apt to be that the stronger market is pulled down in proportion as the weaker market is raised up. At a given point, the market which is extending such continued help under these conditions may find its own condition troublesome. It also usually follows that any unpleasant event or possibility is regarded, under those conditions, with more attention than the agreeable incidents of the day.

It is not unnatural that, under such circumstances, the tariff should hold the centre of the stage. Whatever any one's economic views may be, the reduction in the duties is necessarily an experiment; the delay in deciding finally, just what the new rates are to be, is necessarily disconcerting to business plans. Furthermore, our people, who are subject to financial and business traditions as few other communities are, cannot be wholly blamed for thinking occasionally of the revision of 1894.

Yet, when this is said, the simplest and least experienced observer cannot have failed to notice that the underlying situation, as the trades confront the new tariff regulations, is altogether different and vastly more propitious for the experiment than at any other corresponding period in the life of the present generation. There will be inconveniences and difficulties. Some industries will probably have to change their general methods; it is not impossible that a few lines of trade will be curtailed, if not abandoned. But that this will occur on any really extensive scale is a probability by no means uppermost in the mind either of home producers or of their foreign competitors. Mr. Underwood's veiled threat to look into concerns which shut down needlessly was in some ways a trifle absurd, but it was also probably superfluous. Manufacturers might conceivably go out of business purely because of irritation that the tariff had been reduced. But if so, they would present some faint analogy with the legendary rich man who gave away all his property because of the pressure of the income tax.

Whether the financial community has before it also a Congressional season of extravagant agitation, eccentric legislative proposals, and excited oratory, is a question somewhat more undetermined than one might have supposed, a little while ago, that it would be at this time. The legislative sessions in the States have certainly suggested the presence of influences making for such commotion at the national capital, and yet the course of events to date has seemed to show that the unruly elements at Washington have been surprisingly well held in hand.

It is an interesting experiment, under interesting general circumstances. The course of political agitation has been known to take sudden and unexpected turns on past occasions of the sort, and sometimes the surprise has consisted in a quite unpredicted return to everyday common-sense. At any rate, the explosive fancies of excitable public men have had for a year the kind of vent which often relieves the pressure. The statesmen who, in the paraphrase of an ingenious wit, stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord knows what, will sometimes take a rest from their own sheer exhaustion or the exhaustion of their audiences. But, of course all

that remains for the not very distant future to determine.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrews, C. E. Richard Brome: A Study of his Life and Works. (Yale Studies.) Holt.
Bacheller, Irving. The Turning of Griggsby. Harper. $1 net.
Bascom, John. Sermons and Addresses; Things Learned by Living. Putnam.
Bellezza, P. Curiosità Dantesche. Milan: Ulrico Hoepli.
Blow, Susan, and others. The Kindergarten. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Brown, J. D. A British Library Itinerary. London: Grafton & Co.
Chester, G. R. Wallingford in His Prime. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1 net.
Costello, F. H. The Girl with Two Selves. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Crane, E. G. The Necken: An Original Play in Two Acts. New York: The Author.
Curwood, J. O. Isobel. Harper. $1.25 net.
Dargan, Pegram. Alms for Oblivion. New Orleans: The Author.
d'Auvergne, E. B. Godoy: The Queen's Favorite. Boston: Badger.
Davis, C. B. In Another Moment. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.25 net.
Dykes, W. R. The Genus Iris. With forty-seven colored drawings by F. H. Round, one colored plate of seeds by R. M. Cardew, and thirty line drawings by C. W. Johnson. University of Chicago Press.
Embury, Aymar, II. The Dutch Colonial House. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
Everyman's Library, No. 616, Frankenstein, by M. W. Shelley; No. 629, Kalidasa: Translations of Shakuntala and Other Works, by A. W. Ryder. Dutton. 35 cents net, each.
Fowler, N. C., jr. How to Obtain Citizenship; The Knockers' Club; The Art of Letterwriting. Sully & Kleinteich. $1.50 net; $1 net; 50 cents net.
Fullerton, W. M. Problems of Power. Scribner. $2.25 net.
Griffith, A. M. M. The Stars and Their Stories. Holt. $1.25 net.
Harvard College Observatory. Annals, Vol. 72-5.
Holmes, Arthur. The Age of the Earth. Harper's Library of Living Thought. Harper.
Home University Library, Nos. 65, 66, 67. Holt. 50 cents net.
Honan, J. H. What Heart Patients Should Know and Do. Dodd, Mead. $1.20 net.
Hooper, C. E. Reclaiming the Old House. McBride, Nast. $2.50 net.
Hopkins, Alfred. Modern Farm Buildings. McBride, Nast. $3 net.
Howe, F. C. European Cities at Work. Scribner. $1.75 net.
Huneker, James. The Pathos of Distance. Scribner. $2 net.
Jewish Literature, Studies in. Issued in honor of Prof. Kaufmann Kohler. Berlin: Georg Reimer.
Lankester, Ray. Science from an Easy Chair. Second Series. Holt. $2 net.
Laurvik, J. N. Is it Art? Post-Impressionism, Futurism, Cubism. The International Press. 50 cents.
"Like English Gentlemen": To Peter Scott, from the Author of "Where's Master?" Doran.
Martin, E. C. Our Own Weather. Harper. $1.25 net.
Maunder, E. W. Are the Planets Inhabited? Harper's Library of Living Thought. Harper.
Meynell, A., and Chesterton, G. K. Samuel Johnson. Chicago: Browne & Co. 90 cents net.
Middleton, Richard. The Day before Yesterday; The Ghost Ship and Other Stories; Poems and Songs. 4 vols. Kennerley.
Monvel, R. B. de. Eminent English Men and Women in Paris, 1800-1850. Trans. by G. Herring. Scribner.
Neil, M. H. Candies and Bonbons and How to Make Them. Phila.: David McKay. $1 net.
Nethersole, S. C. Wilsam. Macmillan.
Ordway, E. B. The Etiquette of To-day. Sully & Kleinteich. 50 cents net.
Parker, Gilbert. Works. Vols. XI, XII, XIII, XIV. Scribner.
Pennsylvania Society Year-Book, 1913. New York.
Report of the U. S. Life-Saving Service for the Fiscal Year ended June 30, 1912. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Ritchie, Wallace. Advice to Violin Students. Scribner.
Roe, V. E. The Heart of the Night Wind. Dodd, Mead. $1.30 net.
Ross, E. H. The Reduction of Domestic Flies. Philadelphia: Lippincott.
Ryan, M. E. Pagan Prayers. Chicago: McClurg. 60 cents net.
Ryan, M. E. The Woman of the Twilight. Chicago: McClurg. $1.35 net.
Saylor, H. H. The Book of Annuals. McBride, Nast. $1.20 net.
Sill, E. M. The Child, its Care, Diet, and Common Ills. Holt. $1 net.
Sinclair, Upton. Sylvia. Philadelphia: Winston. $1.20 net.
Smith, B. C. Elements of Latin. Boston: Heath.
Stage Guild Plays. Dust of the Road, by K. S. Goodman; Pageant for Independence Day, by K. S. Goodman and T. W. Stevens; Chaplet of Pan, by Wallace Rice and T. W. Stevens; Cæsar's Gods, Ryland, The Daimios Head and Others, by T. W. Stevens and K. S. Goodman. Chicago.
Tho, Man E. Womania. Yonkers, N. Y.: Hilton Pub. Co.
Thompson, T. E. Minimum Essentials: Sheets of Graded Questions in Arithmetic and Language. Boston: Ginn.
Underwood, J. J. Alaska: An Empire in the Making. Dodd, Mead. $2 net.
Verrill, A. H. Harper's Book for Young Naturalists. Harper. $1.50 net.
Warren, C. F. Little Topsy Thistle. Phila.: David McKay. 50 cents net.
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The Week

Much has been said about the failure of President Wilson's trip into New Jersey, and it is unquestionable that it is not yet clear just what will be the outcome of his appeal for the new jury law he desires. But one thing stands out very prominently, and that is the defeat in the Jersey City primaries of Assemblyman Walter L. McDermott. This is the man whom the politicians confidently expected to win. He is also the man who assailed and attacked Mr. Wilson when the President met some of the New Jersey legislators to talk over the situation. The only inference is that the people of Jersey City have a very thoroughgoing belief in the rectitude of Mr. Wilson's position. It was a personal tribute to him of which he may well be proud. Aside from this, the most striking fact of the election for Commissioners is that the candidate who made the best run in the primary was ex-Mayor Fagan, Progressive Republican.

Among the records already broken by the present Administration must be that of the number of Legislatures addressed by a member of the Cabinet during his first three months in office. Capitals as far apart as Harrisburg, Springfield, and Sacramento have heard the voice of the silver-tongued Secretary of State within the past ten weeks. And with all this oratory, Bryan the Dictator is still below the horizon. It is a mellowed agitator that now philosophizes to his fellow-citizens. The Chautauqua platform has done its perfect work upon one of its most prominent representatives. "When I was a young man," remarked Mr. Bryan at Harrisburg, "I was impatient. I thought because a thing was right it ought to be secured at once. But I have learned to be patient. I have found that only those who are in error need to win at once. Those who are right can wait." These most amiable sentences the speaker illustrated by the triumph of the amendment for the direct election of Senators. They should be worn as a frontlet by all persons who are trying to make the world better.

The recommendation in favor of Government construction, ownership, and operation of railways in Alaska, made by Secretary of the Interior Lane, will carry weight. It is in line with the position taken by his predecessor, Secretary Fisher, with the approval of President Taft, though it goes further and is more unqualified. So far as regards the construction of one needed line of railway at least, there is little room for doubt that the Government must undertake this to meet the circumstances existing in Alaska. As for the question of the construction, ownership, and operation by the national Government of an entire railway system for the Territory, it is too large to be disposed of without the fullest consideration. For one thing, it affords a better chance than can be had in any other way for experimenting with the possibilities of Government ownership of railways under our system; the difficulties in the way of it would be at a minimum in Alaska, and the considerations in favor of it at a maximum. The subject should receive early and serious consideration at the hands of Congress.

The people of Columbus, O., have declared by a vote of three to one in favor of the drawing of a new charter, looking towards greater freedom of self-government. That is one way of putting it, and a way quite in harmony with the prevalent idea that the masses are today filled with a firm determination to rescue the agencies of government from the few and take them into their own hands. But another possible statement of the same fact is that the masses of Columbus voters demonstrated, by staying away from the polls, that more than three in every four felt no serious concern whatever as to whether the city should have a new charter or not. Though the city papers ardently promoted the movement in the name of Progressivism, barely ten thousand votes were polled from a population of considerably above two hundred thousand. And now the same papers, possibly chagrined by their own inability to call into being an interest that did not exist, are proposing dire legal penalties upon the citizen who does not go to the polls whenever the privilege is offered to him.

The experience of Columbus is only typical of what is occurring in all the States which have recently smoothed the way to a multiplicity of popular votes on matters in which there is no popular interest. The only ballot from which we are entitled to a good hope is that which expresses a real interest, and such an interest must exist before it can be expressed. If the laws of Ohio had required a really significant vote in order to make the result valid, the various individuals and groups desiring a new charter for Columbus would have been forced by the danger of failure into making a preliminary campaign of sufficient vigor to develop and crystallize a genuine public sentiment on the question. As it is, the drafting of a new charter has been ordered by a comparatively insignificant minority of about one voter in six, and the chances are fair that the document when drawn will be adopted in much the same manner. And this is what one brand of "Progressivism" has to offer to the American voter under the guise of government by "the people." It is obvious that shrewd demagogues on the one hand and "special interests" on the other will have fine opportunities for "slipping things over" with machinery of this kind at hand.

Gov. Ferriss of Michigan ought to be an impartial witness on Republican and Progressive relations in his State. His intimation, therefore, that he will not try for a second term, because the chances of a Democrat are now lessened by the drift of Progressives back to the old ship, is of genuine interest. He is quoted as giving figures to sustain his belief. As many as seventy-five per cent. of the third-party volunteers, he says, will be found voting the Republican ticket next year. Here is his diagnosis of the trouble: Most of the Progressives joined the party "because they thought they saw a chance to win, and when this did not materialize they went back to their party." This is saddening, but

not altogether surprising. We remember that the turning to Roosevelt was justified on the ground that the Colonel, unlike any of his progressive rivals, was a "winner." Even more significant, perhaps, of the Progressive state of mind just now is the position of the Chicago *Tribune*. Far from protesting that reunion of the Republican party is impossible, this organ holds that if a Republican convention meets, eliminates "the corrupt bosses," and selects "leaders of advanced thought," these leaders and leaders of the Progressives "can take counsel together how best to promote the general welfare." And it adds this pointed remark: "The natural tendency of multitudes animated by the same purposes to work together will be stronger than the efforts of individuals to hold them apart."

The revived movement in the Florida Legislature looking to a division of the State reflects a strong though local public feeling. Ever since Florida was brought into prominence as the seat of military concentration for our movements against Spain in Cuba, there has been a vigorous campaign in favor of a division, with the Appalachicola River as the boundary line. The seven counties west of the river have not developed as have the thirty-eight east of it, and have resented the domination of the more prosperous section. Geographically, as well as economically, the westernmost counties belong rather to Alabama than to Florida, and the former State would welcome their annexation, with their gulf harbor of Pensacola, if eastern and central Florida would let them go. Bound up more or less with the division movement has been the question of shifting the capital of Florida from Tallahassee, which, after enjoying the dignity for ninety years, is to-day the smallest incorporated town in the State, to Jacksonville, which is the largest and still growing. Tallahassee is in Leon County, as nearly in the centre of the State as possible, if we measure from east to west, while Jacksonville, though near the Atlantic Coast, is more truly central by virtue of its position in the angle between the western and the southern extensions.

The days pass and leave Mr. Gaynor a sadder man, as he reflects on the deplorable obstinacy of the human race in fixing its attention on the trivial and the temporary to the exclusion of the permanent and the universal. Take his recent letter in reply to an inquiry from an out-of-town manufacturing establishment which is short of labor:

> The entire population of this earth, if brought into the city of New York, could be given two feet square each, which would enable them at least to stand up here. And if they were brought to Texas they could be given three acres each. And yet as small as the population of the world is, compared to the area of the earth, we have congestion of the population in some places with all the evils thereof. The question is a great one, but very few are thinking of it. It does not excite as much attention here as the case of one policeman who takes graft.

Such is the weakness of human kind. It will go on reading about graft without giving a moment's thought to the fact that the Irrawaddy River rises in the highlands of Assam and flows into the Bay of Bengal. It will grow excited about the exploits of a handful of East Side gunmen and show no interest in the fact that light travels at the rate of 192,000 miles a second. It will display vulgar curiosity in the doings of grand juries, while all the time about us any two sides of a triangle are persistently longer than the third side.

The fight against unnecessary noise has been taken up in Chicago, where the Health Committee of the City Council has been instructed to report an ordinance dealing with the suppression of this nuisance. The chairman of this committee, who introduced the resolution, put the matter in a most serious light. Not only was industrial efficiency reduced by unnecessary noises, in his opinion, but the public health was injured through their effect on the nerves. Nor was his presentation wanting in definiteness. Steam whistles, factory, marine, and locomotive, came in for criticism, along with engine bells, street-car gongs, and "flat wheels," rattling of wagons over rough pavements, automobile horns, roar of elevated trains, and vibration resulting from careless packing of heavy or metallic merchandise, and from poor anchorage and adjustment of machinery.

One would say, offhand, that there was no important relationship between scholarship and shoes; but that would merely reveal one's limitations. To the Bureau of Business Research at Harvard, the relationship is sufficiently close to justify the expenditure of considerable time and effort; and, as any one might have foreseen, the outcome is an official decision that the cure for the ills of shoe-selling is more scholarship. Who would have prophesied even a few years ago that the humble college professor would one day dare to lift up his voice in criticism of the haughty American business man? Yet the very bookkeeping of shoe-salesmanship was found to be so haphazard that one of the first things the Bureau did was to devise a system which bears the proud name of the Harvard System of Accounts for Shoe Retailers. This invention was not sold, but offered as a bribe to dealers in shoes, in return for information about their business. Such is the prestige of scholarship in our era that this arrangement worked like a charm. Figures regarding every phase of the trade poured in upon the canny professors, who have now made them public, with the warning that other businesses are under investigation. In this way, business will be kept so busy applying the principles of scientific management to itself that it will have no time to urge its application to universities.

Scientific management is almost invariably taken to mean the scientific management of the worker. Mr. George P. Brett, in the *Outlook*, argues that there is need of applying scientific management to managers. Taking the probable effect of tariff reduction on business as a text, he maintains that one way of preparing ourselves for a renewal of competition with the outside world is by eliminating waste in high places. It is not the bricklayer alone who makes too many motions. The man who finances the making of the brick, the man who advertises it, the man who sells it, the men who market the brick in its final form as the component part of a skyscraper, all need attention. Our industries, Mr. Brett argues, are overburdened with high-priced managers and high-priced salesmen:

> There has arisen in the business world a tendency to extravagance and lavish and unnecessary expenditure in the sales departments of business concerns, and a tendency to overload corporations with ornamental officials. . . . It is even claimed in certain business circles that a company's

officials may best serve its interests by spending the major part of their time at meetings of directors of other corporations, or in participating in public affairs and attending banquets.

It is the fallacy, in other words, which regards "bigness" as the mark of success, without regard to the enormous cost at which bigness is attained. It is the blind adherence to the new gospel of economy by concentration, which results in a hatred of the very idea of competition, and which leads a railway, for example, to stifle competition by taking losses greater than competition would have involved.

Recent developments in the magazine field might have been cited by Mr. Brett in support of his case. It was the fight over the proposed withdrawal of second-class mail privileges from the magazines that first drew general attention to the fact that many of our popular monthly and weekly publications were not the gold mines they were supposed to be. Mr. Hitchcock forced the magazines into virtually asserting that only the favor of the Post Office stood between them and ruin. To a foreign publisher, accustomed to moderate circulations and advertising rates, it must have seemed puzzling that publications enjoying a circulation well beyond the half-million mark should find difficulty in making both ends meet. The explanation, of course, was in the enormous scale of operating expenses. Huge subscription lists were built up only by means of huge commissions to subscription agents. The advertising solicitor ate up a large portion of the gross income from advertising. While boom times lasted, even such extravagance paid a dividend.

The third President of the Republic of Cuba has taken office in the person of Gen. Mario Menocal. He was the candidate of the Conservatives. In his own character and, apparently, that of his Cabinet, the soberer, better educated, and more prosperous elements of the Cuban people find representation. Gen. Menocal's inauguration, to that extent, marks a political overturn. His predecessor came into office as the leader of a successful revolution and leaves office under a cloud. The Gomez Administration has certainly not been a very economical Administration and has generally been accused of being something worse than that. Allowing for the exuberance of the sub-tropical political imagination, it is undoubtedly true that practical politics were very much to the front under Gomez, and that graft was not far away around the corner. On the other hand, it is only fair to say that Gomez himself came into office as the leader of the democratic masses of Cuba, with whom the feeling was widespread that they had borne the toil and dangers of the long war against Spain, only to see the reins of government under the new republic pass into the hands of the Conservative classes under Estrada Palma. One has only to recall the fierce party animosities of our own first years of independence in order to make allowance for much that has happened in Cuba during the Gomez Administration.

At the time of this writing the point of the protest of the Japanese Government against the measure signed by Gov. Johnson of California, and the reply of our State Department, are not known, and it would be foolish to say that the question is in an "acute" stage. The whole difficulty may be resolved by friendly representations and by patient diplomatic negotiations. Meanwhile, it is not a little amusing to note that Gov. Johnson seems to be afraid that a dose of his own medicine will be given him. We mean a referendum on the anti-alien law. This act will, by its terms, not go into effect for three months, and in the meantime may be suspended if 5 per cent. of the voters sign a petition to have the whole matter referred to the people. This referendum provision is one of the features of the new California Constitution which nobody has more highly lauded than Gov. Johnson himself. The Legislature might make a mistake. It might pass a law inimical to the best interests of the State. But here was a remedy placed in the hands of the citizens. They could come forward with their referendum petition and automatically prevent the law in question from going into effect until it had been approved by the voters. Well, it is proposed to apply this Progressive device to the anti-alien law, but Gov. Johnson cries out in alarmed protest. "No man," he declares, "who really wishes an anti-alien law will sign a referendum as to this law." And then he points to the horrible alternative: "To tie up the present law means no law until November, 1914"! But we fancy that California could survive for a year.

A new American college is to be established in Turkey. And the impulse for the institution comes as much from the natives of the region affected as from the missionaries who have been laboring there. The district concerned is in the extreme eastern part of the empire, with its centre in the old city of Van. Here for some years has been a high school, now having an attendance of nearly a thousand pupils. The inhabitants of the district, instead of opposing this alien educational activity, have been asking more and more insistently that the school be erected into a college, the present arrangements to be continued under the form of a preparatory institution. There is no college within ten days' journey of Van. A commodious site has been obtained, ample, it is thought, for twenty years of growth, and a building to be used for the central administration has been completed.

Nicholas of Montenegro began the war in the Balkans almost exactly half a year ago. His acquiescence in the decision of the Powers with regard to Scutari marks the passing of the last chance of war in the peninsula. Draft treaties are already in preparation in several capitals of Europe. The guns are silent, but there is no rest for the diplomats. Only the hard work that awaits them will be carried on under no such tension as they have experienced the last six months. There will be bickerings and disagreements, but the shadow of a general war has passed away. Two men among European statesmen have rendered true service to humanity by their labors to avert a murderous struggle among the Powers. Sir Edward Grey has deserved well of his fellow-men, but his efforts, being in the open, are more easy to estimate than the part played by the Kaiser. Of William II it may be said at once that he has once more given proof of the sincerity of his contention that the maintenance of peace lies closest to his heart. It is a subject to which it will be worth while to return, this transformation of the ardent young War Lord of Germany into a ruler solemnly conscious of his responsibilities.

THE TARIFF IN THE SENATE.

Washington dispatches differ rather strangely in their forecasts of the outlook for action on the tariff by the Senate. Some of them predict a long-drawn and dubious struggle. Others prophesy a speedy collapse of the Republican opposition and the passage of the bill by the Senate, doubtless with many minor amendments, before the end of July. The latter prediction will prove, in our opinion, nearer to the fact. This judgment is based upon the vote in the Senate of last Friday. Its full significance has not been widely perceived. It was, in appearance, merely a vote on the question whether the Finance Committee of the Senate should hold an indefinite series of public hearings on the Tariff bill. But in reality it was a test vote going to the very marrow of the party situation in the Senate. And by it the Democrats showed conclusively that they are going to act together with almost complete solidarity, and that the party majority may be counted upon with certainty to put through the tariff bill upon which the party has agreed.

So clear was this to all on the spot that Senator Clark, of Wyoming, frankly stated, as a Republican, his conviction that the Underwood bill was to all intents and purposes already a law. He deprecated this, of course, but said that the fact might as well be faced. And Senator Clark had also some hard things to say of those Democratic Senators who were going to submit to the "edict" of the party managers and vote for many items in the bill to which they were at heart opposed. But this kind of attack was plainly nothing else but a confession of the invincible position of the Democratic majority. And that was what the crucial roll-call, 41 to 36, completely demonstrated.

No one supposed that the Republicans really cared anything about more public hearings on the tariff. To give them has not been the custom of the Senate. There were no public hearings before the Senate Finance Committee on the Payne-Aldrich bill. Neither were there on the Dingley bill, the Wilson bill, or the McKinley bill. The move this year to procure them was purely tactical. Senator Penrose offered the amendment obviously in the hope of embarrassing and dividing the Democrats. Speaking of embarrassments, it is pretty awkward for the Republicans that they have to put themselves, in the tariff fight, under the leadership of Penrose. As the ranking member of the Finance Committee on the Republican side, it falls to him to make the motions against the plans of the majority. It must be hard for many Republicans, especially the Progressive Republicans, to march behind the Penrose banner, yet they did it to a man—with the exception of Senator Poindexter—last Friday. Bristow and Clapp and Cummins and Borah and even La Follette supported the Penrose amendment, with what inward feelings may be imagined. For there was pressure upon Republicans as well as upon Democrats in the party alignment of that day. Penrose's strategy was thought to be the one chance of weakening and breaking up the Democrats at the very beginning. This is why the plan was so earnestly debated and pressed for several days, and why the final vote on the proposal is to be regarded as definitely foreshadowing the final result. It is now the accepted fact in Washington that the Tariff bill is to be made law as a party measure, and that the Democrats both have the power to do it and are willing to take the responsibility.

This conclusion is now so unquestioned that Republican Senators are understood to be disposed to reach the end as quickly as possible. They are no more fond of Washington in hot weather than other people. All that they think it necessary to do is to put themselves formally and officially on record as opposed to the Tariff bill, root and branch, and then yield to the inevitable. There will be, of course, a good deal of violent speechmaking and dire prediction of ruin to a beloved country; but even the Senate cannot forever prolong consideration of a bill which it is known will surely pass.

There is, however, one qualification that should be made in predicting the wind-up of tariff legislation before August 1. It will depend very largely upon the possibility that a currency bill may also be brought forward in the extra session of Congress. If that is done, and the Republicans in the Senate make up their minds that it will be good party tactics to oppose it, they will be likely to begin by holding up the Tariff bill. This would be a way of setting up a general blockade. In consequence of it, the passage of the Tariff bill might be much delayed. But these are at present only possibilities. The certainties just now are that a united party is at the service of President Wilson in carrying out his pledge of moderate and cautious tariff reduction. His positive declaration last week that he should admit of no compromise on any of the vital points of the bill as it passed the House, had something to do with strengthening the backbone of a few vacillating Senators, and gave the country definitely to know that President Taft's unconscious signing of his own political death-warrant, when he signed the Payne-Aldrich bill, is not to be imitated by Woodrow Wilson.

GOVERNMENT AND INDUSTRIES.

Certain recent statements by Mr. Underwood and Secretary Redfield, if regarded as deliberate announcements of a clearly thought out policy, would justify severe criticism. They have very much the sound of a design to assume for the Government the power to pass judgment on every kind of ordinary business enterprise and to put it under the ban if found wanting as an instrument of social service. We can find no fault with the *Tribune*, as a protectionist paper, for wishing to make the most of the matter; though it is obviously going too far when it likens the procedure indicated by Mr. Redfield not only to a boycott, but even to that form of it known as the secondary boycott, against which, as used by the Federation of Labor, the Supreme Court has passed its decree.

If we are not inclined to take the matter quite so seriously, this is owing to two or three circumstances which put it in a different light. In the first place, it is evident enough that the Democratic leaders regard themselves as being very much in the position of the player in a game of which the outcome turns largely on the question of greater or less success in a competition of bluff. They think—whether rightly or wrongly—that the protected manufacturers are going to play the cards they hold, or can make the country think they hold, for all they are worth, and more. The biggest card is that of wage reduction. Mr. Underwood and Mr. Redfield may be thinking more of the threat of wage reductions as a club by means of which the protected interests may expect to

strengthen the position of the recalcitrant Democratic Senators, whose vote is necessary to the passage of the Tariff bill, than of actual wage reductions after the bill is passed; and over against the vague terrors which the manufacturers hold out, the Democratic leaders place the equally vague possibilities which lurk in the Government's investigating powers. In the one case, as in the other, the bark may be worse than the bite; but in the one case, as in the other, it is the bark that counts just now, the actual fierceness of the bite being left open to the play of the imagination.

Another element that enters most significantly into the case is the historic relation of the tariff question to the wage question in this country. Whatever Mr. Redfield may have said in an *obiter dictum*, it is fair to assume that essentially what he had in his mind related not to manufactures as such, but to manufactures as presenting claims to tariff favors. The one predominant reason by which protection has been justified to the American people by its advocates, these fifty years and more, has been that it inures to the benefit of the wage-worker—that without it payment of the American scale of wages would be impossible. When, therefore, the cutting down of the tariff is instantly made the occasion of a cut in wages in any given industry, this must necessarily be regarded as an assertion of precisely that necessity for the protective duty which had all along been the professed ground of its imposition. But this is a question not of private business only, but of private business in its relation to a specific governmental policy; and if the facts do not sustain the claim put forward by the parties affected, it is a legitimate exercise of governmental activity to establish the truth in regard to them. Intelligent self-interest should dictate to manufacturers—and we believe it will, in the great majority of cases—the wisdom of not attempting to reduce wages except in cases of unmistakable necessity; but it is not impossible that the temptation so to do, in the first flush of ill humor at the diminution of a long-standing privilege, might prevail in many instances. By way of check to that impulse, as well as to any more sinister purpose such as Messrs. Underwood and Redfield seem to have in mind, the promise of searching investigation into industrial facts may serve a useful purpose.

Finally, there is a consideration which is not at all in the nature of a justification, but which is nevertheless a reason for not getting too solemn over the affair. A certain looseness of language is the fashion of the time. Men in the very highest places of government and politics are given to making sweeping assertions and declarations on large questions. Perhaps this is a natural incident of a time of rapid change. Perhaps the caution which was formerly observed as a habit by high officers of government and by the leading representatives of political parties was in some sort a reflection of the prevailing conservatism. In that case, it may be said that it would have been a good thing if the talk of our statesmen had been somewhat bolder and more unrestrained in those days of general inertia, and that it would be a good thing if their outgivings were more circumspect, more accurate, in these present times of general flux. Certainly there is to-day a splendid opening for the man who, while able and courageous and progressive, should steadily cultivate the virtue of careful and well-weighed utterance. So accustomed is the public ear to the shriller and louder sounds which are the vogue of the time, that a firm and accurate and quiet note would have all the impressiveness that contrast could give it.

LABOR AND THE LAW.

The conviction of Patrick Quinlan, the I. W. W. agitator, by a Paterson jury last week, was followed by the usual outcry among the members of that organization. So far as their avowed grounds of protest are concerned, the issue they raise turns on a question of fact. The indictment charged that Quinlan on the opening day of the silk strike last February made a "motion" in a meeting of strikers that they should "go to the silk mills, parade the streets, and club the workers out of the mills—drag them out, no matter how they got them out." On the question of fact, the jury pronounced its verdict when it found Quinlan "guilty as charged in the indictment." His I. W. W. associates declare, with all possible vehemence, that he said nothing of the kind, that the whole thing is a "frame-up." With this sort of thing all the world is familiar in every criminal case that touches on a great public interest. The police officer Becker's friends here in New York said the like. The four "gunmen" sentenced in his wake were not without defenders who made the same protest. "I know Quinlan is innocent," says Elizabeth Gurley Flynn; "I can swear it with my life if necessary."

But everybody knows in his heart that the matter really at issue is not a question of conflict of testimony as to facts. Whatever the facts might have been, the conviction of an I. W. W. leader for incitement to violence would have been followed by precisely the same kind of outcry, the same kind of accusation, the same kind of threatenings of vengeance. "This verdict is a class verdict," says Miss Flynn. "They shout for law and property," cries Tresca, "but for human life they say nothing. It is an outrage, an outrage; that is what it is." Does any one imagine for a moment that their attitude is in the least affected by the question whether Quinlan did or did not incite to violence? Does not everybody know that they believe violence to be justifiable, that they welcome it whenever it can promote their purposes? The issue really before the people of New Jersey is not whether Quinlan is guilty, but whether the law is supreme. From the jury's verdict, from the Judge's sentence, there will be an appeal to higher courts; but an appeal to public sentiment is made at once, and upon that appeal it is possible for public sentiment to pass immediate and peremptory judgment. It should be made as clear as possible, through every channel in which that sentiment expresses itself, that there will be no trifling with the power of the law, no concession to the mouthings or the threats of revolutionists.

What is true of Paterson is equally true of many other places in the country. Nor is there anything new about this necessity for the law-abiding citizenship of the country to assert itself. It existed, on a gigantic scale, at the time of the railway troubles of 1877. It rose to extraordinary dimensions during the disorders of 1894 which had their centre at Chicago, and which at one stage seemed to menace the peace and security of the whole country. View-

ed from the standpoint of external magnitude, there is nothing apparently in prospect now that is at all comparable to those experiences. But there is one respect in which the present situation offers new and serious ground for solicitude. The movement for far-reaching legal and administrative changes bearing upon labor conditions has been accompanied by a widespread relaxing of fundamental convictions concerning the status of the law itself and of the instrumentalities for its enforcement. With this great movement, on its broad lines, we are in hearty sympathy; but the confusion of thought and the weakening of civic *morale* that have so largely gone with it constitute a serious danger. Before this has gone to any extreme length, the sound sense of the people and their well-grounded loyalty to the basic institutions of the country will, we are confident, triumphantly assert themselves; but in the meanwhile much mischief may be done.

To what a pass a nation may be brought if the law, whether through the unfaithfulness or the impotence of the Government, fails to assert its supreme power, the plight of England in the face of a handful of "wild women" affords a sufficient warning. Whatever underlying differences there may be in the two cases—and there are many—there is one essential point that is common to them. The suffragettes' power for mischief is what it is because they do not recognize the right of the law to control them and because as a matter of force the law has thus far been powerless against them. The labor agitators of the I. W. W. type have not a particle more of respect for the law than have the "wild women" in England; and the only possible check to their capacity for mischief resides in an inflexible upholding of the law whenever they violate it. This is what gives its greatest importance to such a question as that involved in the Sundry Civil bill rider. Of the Representatives and Senators who voted for it, very few, we are sure, would subscribe to the abstract doctrine that it may occasionally be right to decree, by indirection, that one class of citizens shall be exempt from the operation of a general law; they have merely weakly sanctioned what they regard as a harmless little concession to the feelings of the labor people or the farmers. But in that broad legislative issue, as in the more specific issue arising whenever law and lawlessness come into conflict in connection with a strike, there is involved nothing less than the fundamental question of the supremacy of the law and the safety of the nation.

A QUESTION OF AMERICANISM.

The Tap Day happenings at Yale last Thursday are of an importance far transcending those of the usual undergraduate activity. A gratifying spirit of revolt against the senior societies has been abroad in the land of Eli all the winter, and the results were plainly visible. The pomp and glory of the old Tap Day disappeared; the faculty weaned itself from the spectacle, and, having nothing else to do, went to a thrilling tea in the Forestry Building—faculty teas are always thrilling. The insurgent sophomores who have been making things warm for the senior societies boycotted the whole affair, and went out to play baseball. A few curious freshmen looked on from dormitory windows, and, worst of all, not a girl was present to witness the joy of the tapped and the breaking of the hearts of the untapped. Altogether, it was a great day for Yale and for the democracy of our American colleges.

To appraise the credit for this breaking away from a senseless tradition is not altogether easy. The insurgent undergraduates are highly to be commended; that these underclassmen have publicly demanded changes is the healthiest sign of all. No outsider can, of course, estimate the extent of the quiet influence exerted by the faculty, in which Dean Jones has been an outspoken leader. The great fact is that here is one college community which has taken in hand one of the serious problems of our American college and university life—the controlling of the spirit of luxury which, in the East at least, tends to separate the institution from the better life of the nation. It was precisely along these lines that Woodrow Wilson fought at Princeton, and it is the same evil situation at Harvard which led President Lowell to take the lead in the establishment of the freshman dormitories. The protest of the sophomores at Yale went straight to the point in that they denounced the Tap Day elections because the successful were chosen in the main for wealth or social position. And this same state of affairs has arisen, or has threatened to arise, whenever the undergraduate societies have been permitted to flourish in unchecked license.

As one looks back the wonder grows that trustees and faculties have been so blind as to what was coming. Take Harvard, for instance. The growth of the "Gold Coast" of luxurious dormitories was gradual. It did not come overnight. But faculty and overseers did nothing. No effort was made to compete by modernizing the college dormitories, and no special campaign was made to induce the graduates to erect new ones. The attitude assumed was one of hopeless impotence. If capital *would* invest in Cambridge, and parents would pay the high rents—why, what could the president or any one else do? It never occurred to them that they might check the whole thing by building proper dormitories themselves, and by refusing to permit students to reside in buildings whose appointments were not in keeping with the best traditions of our universities. With despotic power in their hands, trustees have not dared to use it, and when things went wrong the blame was passed around the circle of trustees, faculty, graduates, undergraduates, and outsiders, each group pointing accusing fingers at the next. There is Williams College. Her beautiful street is adorned by an ideal president's house, exquisite in its colonial simplicity and dignity, but grievously marred by a row of chapter houses usually hideous in taste, and at best without architectural relation to the beautiful Williamstown country, or to the spirit of the college itself. The dignity and good taste of the president's house have been flouted by houses that would look out of place in many a city.

The explanation offered for this ill taste is that the rich graduates did it. What would you? At Lafayette College, at Easton, the offending has been worse, and the excuse is the same. There, in this small rural college, to which come chiefly sons of farmers and small professional men, the finest buildings on the campus are those of the Greek-letter societies. In these live many undergraduates relatively as luxuriously as Fifth Avenue clubmen, in a state of comfort far surpassing that from which

they have come and to which they must, for a time at least, return. And always it is the rich graduate and his friends on the board of trustees one hears blamed. The best places on the campus have been freely given way, and no one has dared, apparently, to suggest that something better could be done, such as the raising of the $2,400 professorial salaries and providing teachers with adequate homes and working quarters.

Now the responsibility for all this—it is merely another phase of the same disease they began to cauterize at Yale last week—cannot be shirked by trustees and faculty. Their power is too evident; their shortcomings of the past too clear. The day cannot be far off when enlightened public sentiment will compel these gentlemen to move, if their own consciences do not. The side-show, to use President Wilson's expressive phrase, must not be allowed to overshadow the circus; it is no excuse to say that our colleges are but cross-sections of the nation's life. They were not created and are not maintained for that purpose; but to uphold the standards of simple living, free from snobbery and luxury, which are inseparable from scholarship and the truly intellectual life.

THE FULNESS OF EXISTENCE.

If the task of writing the biography of Samuel June Barrows had fallen to any one else but his wife, it is not at all likely that the writer would have hit upon the title which Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows has chosen. Such a writer might have called his book "A Useful Life," or "An Intense Life," or "A Noble Life," instead of "A Sunny Life," which the memoir now bears. It was chosen with intention. It was the writer's expressed purpose to show that a career filled with struggle, with never-ceasing endeavor, and with notable achievement, carried with it nothing of the bitter price of narrowed sympathies and of hard disillusion which must so often be paid for success. It is the story of a career which revealed an astonishing capacity for labor, with an exceptional capacity for happiness; of a nature which grew in three directions—upward and outward and inward; of one who knew how to do the work of the world, and at the same time to nourish the life of the spirit.

But in a very real sense the title of Mrs. Barrows's book is even more appropriate than she could have imagined. It is indeed the chronicle of a sunny life, but not of the life of Samuel June Barrows only. His wife and historian has written herself into the book, and it is from the frank and fervent account of their mated lives, illumined by love and perfect comradeship and sympathy, that the quality of sunshine emerges. To have faced the world together in defiance of the prudential reasons that a newer generation finds so hard an obstacle in the way of marriage; to have worked side by side for the individual development of both; to have realized, each with the loyal aid and by the sacrifice of the other, their temporary purposes; and, their separate educations completed, to have devoted, in faithful coöperation, their talents and opportunities to the service of the community—this is a record which we have grown so accustomed to associate with the ideal life which is portrayed in "books," that one experiences a shock of surprise at finding it set down in a real book as the history of something not imagined, but lived and enjoyed. The story deals with people of an old-fashioned outlook upon life, but it might very well be used as a textbook for the New Man and the New Woman.

Samuel June Barrows was that rare person, a native of Manhattan Island. He was born in 1845, on Columbia Street, on the lower East Side. It requires imagination to picture the East Side of seventy years ago. There were gardens on Columbia Street then, and Baptists. The boy was three years old when his father died. When he was seven or eight a serious illness incapacitated him for school work, and he found employment in the Hoe printing-press works, the owners of which were kinsmen. Blood relationship may account for the fact that, with time, he rose to a salary of two dollars a week for fifty-nine hours. The religious spirit was strong in the Barrows family, and as a mere lad Samuel June gave all of his leisure time—twelve hours on Sunday and five evenings—to church work and the missions. He negotiated a loan of two dollars with a member of the Hoe firm and bought a textbook on stenography. At eighteen he entered upon his new profession. The work was exhausting, particularly as he had lost the use of one eye through an accident. At the end of a year he broke down, and went to take the water-cure at Dansville, in western New York. He remained there a year and a half, and when he left he was betrothed to Isabel Hayes Chapin. They were married in 1867.

Newspaper work in New York city was followed by an offer of the post of private secretary to William H. Seward, Secretary of State. Mrs. Barrows had been studying medicine. Her husband now insisted that she should spend a year in the University of Vienna. "You must go," said young Barrows, "if I have to live on pea soup and sleep in a coal-box." Mrs. Barrows and Mary Safford were the first women to attend the medical courses in Vienna. On her return she took up practice in Washington, and then it was her husband's turn. All his life he had been looking forward to the ministry. In 1871 he entered the Harvard Divinity School, for which he had been preparing by special courses in Latin, Greek, and philosophy. His religious views had broadened. Before he left Harvard he was well on the way towards Unitarianism. At Harvard he earned his way by working as private secretary to Agassiz and by newspaper correspondence. In vacations he travelled for the *Tribune* in the Far West, and saw Indian fighting. In 1875 the family went to Leipzig for a year, where Mr. Barrows took courses at the University. Then news came of a bank failure and the loss of the family fortune of three hundred dollars. Mrs. Barrows had already sailed for Scotland on a visit to relatives. Barrows had only money enough for a steerage ticket to Leith.

It would be impossible here even to trace the entire career of the man—his four years' ministry at the First Church, Dorchester, where, 240 years before, Richard Mather had been installed; his sixteen years' work as editor of the *Christian Register*, which was less an editorship than an active participation in many fields of humanitarian effort—negro education, prison reform, charities, international amity, duties which took him on many journeys in this country and to Europe; his sojourn in Washington in 1896-98 as that rare specimen, a clergyman-Congressman; and, finally, his crowning work as secretary, for ten years, of the Prison Association of New

York, the P. A. N. Y., or "Panny," as it was affectionately known in the family. It is a record of labor carried on with high courage and in high spirits. The specialist never crowded out the man. His hours were portioned out, but to an astonishing variety of uses:

> Seven he devoted religiously to sleep, one to dinner, half an hour to luncheon. . . . The day began with an hour of Greek—Homer or the tragic poets for week days, and Plato for Sunday; then a little German, French, or Spanish, till eight o'clock; then practice on the organ till time to open and answer his mail.

A full life, such as we have learned to look upon as impossible in an era that calls for concentration, and a joyous one. The pages are alive with laughter.

To a great many people of New York, of different race and creed, who now live in the very streets where he was born and spent his boyhood, the memory will always be vivid of what Samuel June Barrows and his wife did for the cause of Russian freedom during the dark years following the collapse of the late revolutionary movement. When Nicholas Tchaikovsky and that valiant martyr of freedom, Madame Breshkovsky, the "little grandmother," were cast into prison, the Barrowses began a campaign in their behalf in this country. Tchaikovsky was released on bail. "But Babushka (the little grandmother), dear Babushka, was still fast in the dreary fortress, and word came secretly that she was failing, and likely to die." So Mrs. Barrows sailed for Russia to intercede with M. Stolypin. She failed in her mission. While she was in Russia, death came to her husband. From her Siberian prison Babushka has written: "I am happy and proud to have known even a little of the blessed soul of Samuel June Barrows."

FRENCH FICTION.

PARIS, May 9.

"La Maison brûle" (Plon; 3.50 francs), by Paul Margueritte, is the fifteenth novel produced by this indefatigable author since he ceased writing in collaboration with his brother Victor. Together these two sons of Gen. Margueritte, a hero and victim of Sedan, who had himself written books on his military experience, published twelve novels and ten other works. Their series of four books, from "Le Désastre" to "La Commune," is of lasting historical importance; and Victor Margueritte last season added to these a novel of his own, "Les Frontières du cœur"—the tragedy of a French woman whom war found married to a German man. Besides his novels, Paul Margueritte has also to his own credit fifteen other books—short stories, plays, impressions, and remembrances. Thus he occupies a large space in recent French literature, and an honorable one.

His present novel strives, by sheer force of example, to drive deeper an idea which he has long tried to impress on his countrymen. His hero is imbued with the immemorial French tradition that the individual owes sacrifice of self to family and respect to the laws and customs and principles of the community. He has taken to himself a woman from an inferior social condition, with none of his instinctive feelings; and she proves a faithless wife and bad mother. How long shall he endure, for her own and for their child's sake and for the family name? And how shall he procure a legal right to rid himself of her and safeguard their child? For his scruples and compassion have put the evidence against her out of his hands, and she holds him in the grip of the law with the tenacity of a woman fearing the end of her career of ruthless self-indulgence. She consents to the loss of husband and child, which she has risked so long and wilfully, only after her conquest of a Parisianized American who gives her his name and the enjoyment of his riches. And then, just as the heavens brighten for him with new love, fate blasts for ever the chances of happiness of this French husband who for so long has watched his house as it burned.

All this "downfall without remedy, this unjust and abominable fatality," is told with the sharp and swift economy of words, and of all ideas but those needed to tell the story, which constitutes the cutting, powerful style of the writer. He has used it once more to attack a grave problem of the modern family, at least wherever the progressive obliteration of Christian religion renders Christian marriage laws illogical and unpractical. In particular, it enters into the two brothers' campaign to make marriage dissoluble in France at the reasonable demand of one only of the parties and in the teeth of the other's unreasonable opposition. The present law only allows the twain together to agree for a last time in demanding the dissolution of their contract. When this last irksome restraint of the new French divorce law was first discussed in the living persons of Paul Hervieu's cruel play, "Les Tenailles," its fast hold on the guilty husband excited approbation. Here the innocent husband suffers from it—until it is too late. Paul Margueritte does not reason—he cinematographs and phonographs a tragic fact, which holds us no matter how we reason about it, and which must be taken into account in any morality of law.

"Filles de la pluie" (Bernard Grasset; 3.50 francs), by André Savignon, won the Goncourt prize of the year. It fulfils the curious tradition of that literary prize, that language shall serve for the portraiture of particulars of life. It is easy and even reading, like Pierre Loti's seaport stories, but with less sentiment. Like them, the book might be difficult to accord with English reading morals, though its stories are told without passion, and we, too, of late have broken down many moral barriers. These "daughters of the rain" are women of the island of Ouessant (Ushant), which has been notorious from all time in the route of vessels skirting the dangerous Atlantic Coast. Their loves and marriages in their age-long isolation have kept much that is prehistoric; and these stories show lamentable combinations with the modern world represented by colonial troops stationed in barracks on this ocean-swept island where nothing ever happens except to individuals one by one.

"L'Ordination" (Emile-Paul; 3.50 francs), by Julien Benda, lost the coveted prize by a casting vote of the president of the Goncourt Academy—with no little heart-burning as a consequence. It is the work of a pure *intellectuel*, that is, it realizes in language a purely abstract conception of present-day society, with none of the shades of thought and feeling and instinctive moral sentiment which the French child derives as a part of its being from immemorial family traditions and mental habits. This lack is characteristic of not a little cosmopolitan literature in the French language in these latter days; and the French, who are sensitive to their heredity, might well apply to it the touching New England phrase—it is not of "our folks." This is the reason why many brilliant works become better known to foreign readers of French than at home in France. Such is the long series of Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," which is now finished, and the plays of Henry Bataille and Bernstein.

"Le Duc Rollon" (Calmann-Lévy; 3.50 francs), by Léon de Tinseau, is likely to be a "good-seller" in French (there is a simultaneous English edition). Like the forty other books which this author has been writing for thirty years, the story is told in language worthy of a gentleman and scholar and man of the world of to-day; and it may be read *en famille*. In fact, Count Léon de Tinseau is descended from the last governor of the "free and imperial" city of Besançon, before Louis XIV annexed it to France with the rest of Burgundy and Franche Comté. He was himself a subprefect in French administration during the years when the Third French

Republic was conservative. The present prophetical romance begins in the year 2000 in Washington, with the fiftieth anniversary of the "Columbian Empire."

"C'était à Berlin" (Pion; 3.50 francs) has a married *jeune personne* for its heroine. She is a refined young Parisian who accompanies her husband, a portrait painter, to the German capital, where he loses his head to more than one of his fashionable sitters. There follow scenes of Berlin flirting, which have at least the local color to which a French eye is sensitive:

> At Berlin she had learned to know treason and tears—and yet she had found there nobility and goodness.

"L'Inde éblouie" (A. Colin; 6 francs), by Judith Gautier, is at once history and romance. It takes up the story of those adventurous Frenchmen of the eighteenth century who all but succeeded against England in founding a French empire in India—Dupleix and De Bussy and La Touche. Parts of it have appeared in two previous publications, but it now forms one handsomely printed and illustrated volume of lasting interest. As is to be expected from the experienced daughter of Théophile Gautier, there is abundance of local color; and, as in her other Oriental books, a sympathetic part is given to native characters. The book is strongly romantic; but it also lights up an important drama of real history which is little known compared with its incalculable effects on the course of the world.

"Les Chauffeurs de l'An VIII" (Flammarion; 3.50 francs), by Goron, former chief of the French detective service, has for a sub-title "l'ancienne manière." This is because its publication was timed with the trial of this and last year's bandit chauffeurs. Those of First Consul Bonaparte knew not automobiles, but were simply brigands left over from the seething of revolution. Their name came from their heating their victims' feet, to extort money. The story is very French in conversation, scene, police detection. And it may serve a more important use than amusement if it calls attention to this existence in the subterranean world of an obscure army of men and women leading violent lives parallel with the changing civilization of the surface. In them is the explanation of some of the direst problems of French revolutionary history; and it has been too little studied.

The advance sheets of the new novel of Marcel Prévost, "Les Anges gardiens" (Lemerre; 3.50 francs), show the emigration of this Dreyfusard, who has the credit of converting Zola, to the new Nationalism which is now blazing so fiercely. It portrays the inconveniences resulting to French families in their genuine spirit and comfort from the introduction of foreign governesses and teachers into their daily life and intimacy. No doubt, the French race has a hard fight on its hands to keep sacred its inmost shrine, which has always been the family, as that of Englishmen has been their home. The fear of a loss of political independence before an aggressive Germany can only strengthen this temper, which should not be set down too lightly to reaction. In any event, this writer about ultra-modern French young women now appeals with more honest passion, if not so divertingly, to French mothers. The book is but one of many signs of the times, arising directly from a personal element in passing literature—but the temper may not pass so soon. S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The third portion of the Huth Library, E to H, comprising 1,335 lots, will be sold in London, by Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge, June 2 to 6 and 9 to 12. This part contains a wealth of English poetry and drama, early German and Spanish books, Americana, and a long series of Books of Hours, manuscript and printed. Among the few Continental Incunabula, or books printed before 1500, are a fine copy of the first edition of Homer (Florence, 1488), with all the preliminary leaves; two books of Wolfram von Eschenbach, the "Partzifal" and "Tyturell" (Strasburg, 1477); the first edition of Euclid (Augsburg, Ratdolt, 1482), and the first edition of the "Gesta Romanorum" (about 1472). A series of editions of the "Eulenspiegel"; two editions of Escobar's "Quatrocientos Repuestas"; two editions of the "Toison d'Or" (1517 and 1530); a collection of the editions of the works of Erasmus; and the first Aldine Horace (1501) are other notable items from Continental presses.

The English books begin with Gower's "Confessio Amantis," printed by Caxton, in 1483, but with fifteen leaves in facsimile. Of about the same date is the St. Albans Chronicle "Fructus Temporum, or the Fruit of Times," the first edition, and the only copy known printed on vellum. These are followed by the first editions of Hilton's "Scala Perfectionis" or "Ladder of Perfection," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1494, and the same printer's edition of Higden's "Policronicon," printed in 1495. The first of these contains an account of the book, in verse, of which the following are the most interesting lines:

> Infynite laude wyth thankynges many folde
> I yelde to god, me socourying wyth his grace
> This boke to finysshe whiche that ye beholde
> Scale of perfeccion calde in every place
> Wherof thauctor Walter Hilton was,
> And Wynkyn de Worde this hath set in prynt
> In Willyam Caxstons hows so fyll the case.
> God rest his soule.

Among other books from De Worde's press are Hawes's "Example of Virtue" (1530), several of Bishop Fisher's sermons, and a unique poetical piece, "The Four Leaves of Truelove." The first edition in English of Froissart's "Chronicles" has both volumes from Pynson's press and is described as a fine large copy. The first edition of Foxe's "Acts and Monuments of these Latter and Perillous Dayes, touching Matters of the Church" (1563), generally known as the "Book of Martyrs," is a book of the greatest rarity when perfect, though imperfect copies are readily come by. The Huth copy lacks no leaves, though two of the separate woodcuts are slightly defective. John Heywood's "The Spider and the Flie" (1556) and the same author's "Works," editions of 1576, 1587, and 1598; a series of first or early editions of the writings of Robert Greene, Gabriel Harvey, George Gascoigne, Abraham Fraunce, and Stephen Gosson and the first editions of the Chronicles of Grafton, Hall, Harding, and Hollinshed are notable sixteenth century English books. The Huth copy of George Herbert's "The Temple" is one of two known examples with a specially printed title-page, without date, perhaps prepared for presentation. Herrick's "Hesperides" (1648); Hookes's "Amanda" (1653); Hannay's "The Nightingale Sheretine and Mariana" (1622); Fletcher's "Purple Island" (1633), on large paper; Gordon's "Famous Historie of Robert the Bruce" (1615), and several early editions of Chapman's Homer, are a selection from many important volumes of English verse.

Many notable items of Americana are included in this sale, chief among them the original quarto edition of Thomas Hariot's "Briefe and True Report of the New Found Land of Virginia" (1588), the first book in the English language relating to any country comprised within the present United States. There are two copies in this country, one in the New York Public Library, the other owned successively by Kalbfleisch, Lefferts, and Church, in the Henry E. Huntington collection. "A Relation or Journall of the Beginning and Proceedings of the English Plantation Settled at Plimoth in New England" (1620), generally known as "Mourt's Relation," is slightly less rare though scarcely of less interest. Higginson's "New Englands Plantation" (1630); Hubbard's "Present State of New England" (1677); "A Good Speed to Virginia" (1609), attributed to Robert Gray, and Hilton's "Relation of a Discovery lately made on the Coast of Florida" (1664), actually the first book on South Carolina, are other thin volumes which are now much sought after by the Americana collectors. Older books of importance are the "Globus Mundi" (1509), Enciso's "Suma de Geographia" (1519), and Hakluyt's "Voyages," editions of 1589 and 1599-1600.

Correspondence

THE SANCTITY OF CONTRACTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: There is a deplorable tendency in our country to minimize the importance of strict observance of treaty obligations. In the current discussions of the Panama tolls and the Japanese land questions this tendency is all too plainly observable. There are some who would have us look only to our own self interest in determining whether we shall keep our treaties or not. That we should comply with demands made upon us by other nations to carry out the provisions of treaties seems to such persons a yielding of our proper independence and self-respect. Furthermore, it has become fashionable among certain writers upon international law to regard international

contracts as binding only in a loose and limited sense. This arises from the fact that treaties possess no sanction. There is no overruling power to give them a force not their own. While granting this, we may nevertheless insist the more firmly upon the moral sanction. It can be asserted without fear of contradiction that a state which executes its contracts to the letter will be more trusted and honored internationally than one upon whom its obligations sit lightly.

Hall, in his work on International Law, lays down the principle which ought to guide nations in the voiding of treaties. "Neither party to a contract can make its binding effect dependent at his will upon conditions other than those contemplated at the moment when the contract was entered into, and on the other hand, a contract ceases to be binding so soon as anything which formed *an implied condition* of its obligatory force at the time of its conclusion is essentially altered." The implied conditions mentioned are, first, that the treaty shall be observed in its essentials by both parties to it; secondly, that the treaty shall remain consistent with fundamental rights of independence and self-preservation; and, thirdly, that the circumstances and conditions under which the treaty was made shall remain substantially unaltered. The altered circumstances and conditions which would void a treaty include the extinction of a state, its subordination to another state, or its entrance into a confederation. If these tests be applied to the treaties at present under discussion, it will be found that neither of them is in the least susceptible of being voided either in whole or in part.

In the case of the Japanese treaty a conflict is at present imminent between that treaty and a law of the State of California. It may be asked whether such a conflict would constitute an altered circumstance or condition which would justify the United States in voiding the treaty. The reply must be in the negative. That conflicts between treaties and the laws of States were possible was understood at the time the treaty was made, and always has been understood by states who have made treaties with us. Yet no state has ever admitted, or ever will admit, that on that account we can be forgiven for laxity in keeping faith. A state which is limited in its power to make treaties or which, having made treaties, finds itself unable to enforce them, lacks an essential element of sovereignty. In order that a state may stand on an equality in negotiation with other states, it must possess adequate powers of contracting and enforcing its contracts. Is it true that the United States as a contracting party is deficient in this respect? We think not. Whenever the Supreme Court has spoken upon this point, it has left no doubt that treaties are to be taken as paramount over the laws of States. In the treaty of 1783 with Great Britain it was agreed between the parties that "creditors on either side should meet with no lawful impediment in the recovery of hona fide debts heretofore contracted." The States of Virginia and North Carolina had passed laws during the Revolutionary War sequestrating and confiscating respectively such debts. In the cases of Ware vs. Hylton (3 Dall, 199) and Hamilton vs. Eaton (2 Martin's N. C. Reports, 83) the Supreme Court of the United States in the one case and the United States Circuit Court for North Carolina in the other asserted the supremacy of treaties over legislative acts in no uncertain terms, even to holding that the effect of the treaty of 1783 in rendering null and void acts of States repugnant to it, was retroactive. Only a sentence or two from Ware vs. Hylton can be quoted:

It is the declared will of the people of the United States that every treaty made by the authority of the United States shall be superior to the Constitution and laws of any individual State, and their will alone is to decide. If a law of a State contrary to a treaty is not void, but voidable only, by a repeal or nullification by a State legislature, this certain consequence follows—that the will of a small part of the United States may control or defeat the will of the whole.

To the present situation in California, this language is especially applicable. All questions are subsidiary to the one whether a State, by its acts, may bring the United States into disrepute because of violation of faith with a foreign state.

That there are evils connected with the Japanese ownership and leasing of land may be quite true enough, although the facts have been grossly exaggerated. It is agreed by jurists and writers on international law that treaties are to be interpreted according to their tenor and spirit and not by the literal rule, as in the case of statutes. We must look to the end to be accomplished by the treaty rather than to the mere wording of it. Judged by this rule, the act of the California Legislature is still in violation of our treaty obligations to Japan. On both constitutional and moral grounds, the country has a right to demand that California give way. The Union of States cannot sacrifice peace and honor at the behest of a single State and an extreme faction within the State at that. The main question, I repeat it, is one of keeping faith.

FRANCIS W. DICKEY.

Western Reserve University, May 13.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EDWARD DOWDEN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Yeats's recent letter on Edward Dowden (*Nation*, April 24) was a striking reminiscence of a most attractive man—one whose hospitality under the apple trees at No. 1 Appian Way, Dublin, on a Sunday afternoon, will be counted by many a student and stranger as among the unforgettable privileges of his life. One could not forget the impression he made of subtle and modest greatness that was warm with a humorous quality and an almost yearning sympathy.

In his home circle his playful humor was of the delightful kind that gets much enjoyment out of simple things. I recall sitting at the table with his family—his son and daughters and dog "Lord Randolph Churchill"—and what delight he took in tossing tidbits to the insistent "Randy," who clamored for sweetmeats, much to his own future detriment, for he grew almost as broad as he was long and was threatened with early death through luxurious living. The political affiliations of Professor Dowden at the time of my visit years ago were shown by Randy's little trick of contemptuously turning his head away from a juicy piece of roast at the word "Parnell," but at the sound of Balfour's name of snapping it up in the twinkling of an eye. In a letter expressing my appreciation of Professor Dowden's innumerable courtesies, I enclosed a few lines to Randy, who had become my fast friend, and his master replied that they could never reach him:

They allege that I am guilty, and I cannot deny that I indulged myself in indulging his love for things sweet. Randy grew a very portly gentleman, and then for months was affected with a dreadful cough, and then with attacks like temporary paralysis, and a drop of prussic acid was the end of all.

In this letter also he refers to a favorite cat:

The cat's politics, I think, are those of a mugwump. (I forget what a mugwump is, but if it means one who sits on a fence, Dodo could certainly play the part.)

Professor Dowden took personal interest in following closely every change or achievement in your intellectual life, as is well exemplified in one of his letters:

Since you were in Dublin I have had students from the University of Lille. One of them is now undergoing a year's soldiering in France. Another will be a professor, and I hope a distinguished one. He is writing on S. T. Coleridge and translating into French Shakespeare's sonnets.

In speaking of his own personal work, he wrote from Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was giving a series of lectures as the Clark lecturer in English literature:

I am now half through my little course of lectures. They have given me spacious old oak-panelled rooms with a great carved chimney-piece and a ceiling decorated with emblazoned arms of the Harcourt family. This decoration was done by Sir William Harcourt when he occupied these rooms. My audience is larger than it was in October, and I am more at home with them. This Sunday morning, instead of going to church, I sat in delicious air at the back of Trinity and listened to the wood-quests cooing. The spring foliage is exquisite, and the flowering shrubs are in great perfection, especially in the beautiful Fellows' Garden of King's College. This afternoon I go to service in King's College Chapel. Last night there was a dinner at the Master's, and Archdeacon Farrar and Sir John Seeley were among the guests.

In the last letter I received from him, dated February 20, 1912, he incidentally mentions his critical work on Shakespeare, which has done so much to deepen a love and appreciation of great dramatic literature:

I think Shakespeare study has taken a turn away from my line of criticism, but still the old point of view shows important things, and I hope I did some service.

When, years ago, I said good-by to Trinity and Dublin, W. Macneile Dixon, one of Professor Dowden's favorite students, who is now professor of English literature in the University of Glasgow and the author of "English Poetry from Blake to Browning," put into my hand William Sharp's little anthology, "Sonnets of This Century," in which I found a sonnet by Edward Dowden that shows the high confidence of his attitude towards death and his essential quality as a poet:

BROTHER DEATH.

When thou would'st have me go with thee, O Death,
Over the utmost verge, to the dim place,
Practice upon me with no amorous grace
Of fawning lips, and words of delicate breath,

And curious music thy lute uttereth;
Nor think for me there must be sought-out ways
Of cloud and terror; have we many days
Sojourned together, and is this thy faith?
Nay, be there plainness 'twixt us; come to me
Even as thou art, O brother of my soul;
Hold thy hand out and I will place mine there;
I trust thy mouth's inscrutable irony,
And dare to lay my forehead where the whole
Shadow lies deep of thy purpureal hair.

HORACE SPENCER FISKE.

The University of Chicago Press, May 10.

"THE DISCOVERY OF THE FUTURE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have permitted so much discussion of Wells's "The Discovery of the Future" that I hesitate to encroach upon your space.

That the essay had been published in the Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution for 1902 and in the London *Nature*, as stated in John P. Lamberton's generous letter in your issue of May 1, was new to me.

This is how I came to publish it: An Indiana University professor ran across the essay in two old numbers of the *Scientific American Supplement* and brought it to the attention of Mr. W. K. Stewart, a cultivated bookseller of Indianapolis, who, with gratifying intelligence, promptly told me of it. Mr. Wells agreed to revise the essay, which is now published with his authorization and to his profit. Thus it has been rescued from oblivion and is obtainable in convenient form and at a cost lower than that of the back numbers in which it appeared.

B. W. HUEBSCH.

New York, May 13.

"BUSINESS AND WAR."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an editorial entitled "Business and War," in the *Nation*, April 24, the statement is made: "The publication of this story of increased purchases of guns by France and similarly belligerent articles in the *Figaro* and other Paris newspapers, was followed by the extension of the two years' compulsory service in France to three. Thereupon Germany answered with its tremendous war-levy and an increase of its standing army and navy to no less than 870,000 men."

In justice to the *Figaro* and to France, and in fair play with regard to Germany, I respectfully think this statement should be modified. First, the editor of the *Figaro*, M. Gaston Calmette, has challenged any one to find the least trace of such articles in that newspaper. Dr. Liebknecht, whose speech in the Reichstag had been inaccurately reported, has very loyally declared that he did not state the *Figaro* had published the article in question, but simply that in the "instructions given to the Paris agent" the *Figaro* was named as a desirable newspaper to persuade to print such an article. The telegraphic agency which made the report has corrected it.

Secondly, the publication of "similarly belligerent articles" could not have been "followed by the extension of the two years' compulsory service in France to three." The Government bill asking for such an extension is not yet before Parliament, and is not even out of committee. Consequently, it cannot be true that "thereupon Germany answered with its tremendous war-levy, etc." In point of fact, when Germany announced its increased armaments, no one having the slightest political authority or influence had yet spoken of "extending the two years' compulsory service in France to three."

War Minister Millerand, at the end of 1912, when asked about the extension of service in the cavalry, where its need has long been recognized, answered that there was no question of it. And there was no question of bringing back anywhere the three years' compulsory service, which was reduced to two only in 1905, whether in Government or Parliament, or in any influential part of the political press, until after Germany had published to the whole world her determination to make her "tremendous war-levy." That German newspapers should have tried to justify this increase in armaments before the people by throwing the blame on France is true; but American newspapers which have not that reason should certainly publish the facts in the order of dates—particularly in a matter concerning so deeply, not only the good name of France, but the lives and happiness of the French people as well.

STODDARD DEWEY.

Paris, May 5.

THE POPULARITY OF COURSES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have read with interest the article in the issue of May 15 entitled "Asking Students to Decide." You say that a vote by the senior class to determine the most satisfactory course is an influence to make instructors popularize their courses at the expense of the standard of scholarship and the amount of work done by the students. It is true that where the broad elective system exists the courses must compete in attractiveness not only with one another, but with extra-scholastic activities. But it is not true that the easiest courses to pass are the most popular. The subject, the treatment of it, and the personality of the instructor most of all, are what determine the genuine popularity of a course. The amount of work required is not a consideration with four out of five students. If it were they would not take thesis or laboratory courses.

If a teacher prepares his lectures, delivers them well, and doesn't repeat himself, the morale of his class will be high, and his students will work hard, and it will seem like play. But if he comes unprepared, delivers his lecture in incoherent bits addressed to the walls or his own whiskers, or repeats constantly, the morale will be low and whatever work is done is done grudgingly. Here at Harvard we are subjected to a lot of abominable lecturing, and I suppose it is the same elsewhere. Frequently lecturers do not prepare, but read from their own textbooks as a guide to a disjointed and careless lecture. Often lectures are filled with facts, but they are so incoherently arranged as to be impossible to note in a satisfactory way. Occasionally an instructor knows so much about the subject that he cannot decide what to talk about in the short space of an hour, and a vacuity results. There are lecturers whose speech is so poor that they cannot be heard beyond the fifth row. These men demoralize their classes after the third week. If the standard of work in colleges is to be raised, the standard of lecturing must be maintained upon a scholarly plane.

MURRAY T. QUIGG.

Cambridge, Mass., May 16.

"SABOTAGE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The writer of one of the editorials in the *Nation* of May 8 seems to me to have misused strikingly one of those words of mushroom growth which, after pervading the columns of the French journals, have been adopted by the American press. The word in question is the French noun *sabotage*.

Now, when a people has taken a foreign word, and assimilated it more or less thoroughly, there must have been a very well-defined gap for it to fill. Should not such a word, then, preserve its full identity? Does it seem well to say "to sabotage a mission" when that expression must inevitably suggest, to a person familiar with the French papers—and there is an increasing number of these in the United States—the astonishing locution "to wanton destruction" it?

MILDRED R. BISHOP.

Detroit, May 13.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you allow me to raise a word of protest against the implied slanders of American women which are contained in your article on "The Custom of the Country" in the *Nation* of May 15? I have no doubt that the kind of woman which is described in Mrs. Wharton's latest novel, and which your article seems to regard as typical of America, exists. If she does exist, however, it must be in the conspicuous but fortunately not very numerous class of parvenus displaying their crudity and vulgarity in New York and other large cities. I am sure that no one conversant with life in the cities of moderate size and in the country districts of America would recognize the type as anything but an exception. Undoubtedly, there is a large class of women whom unfortunate social and economic conditions have torn away from their moorings. Some of these find a substitute for a real life work in various sorts of more or less useful, but also often mere sham, activities, in women's clubs, suffrage associations, and similar organizations. In addition to them, there are a number, and perhaps a large number, of wives and daughters of men who have recently become wealthy, who find themselves without other occupation than that of "spending." But the overwhelming majority of women to this day have real work to do in managing their families and homes, and if Mrs. Wharton can find anywhere in the world a more efficient and reasonable type of woman it would be interesting to have her describe it.

The hardships of what you call "the pioneer woman" of the last generation probably look far greater in the eyes of a well-to-do New Yorker than they ever did to those persons who had to undergo them, and I can assure you that the great majority of women in the United States still do sub-

stantially the same work that those women of the West of "a generation ago" did cheerfully and efficiently. The actual physical hardships may have been mitigated by the progress of economic development, but in this servantless country it is nothing short of a slander to say that American women merely spend what their husbands have earned and contribute nothing to the actual life work of society.

ERNEST BRUNCKEN.

Washington, D. C., May 17.

Literature

MODERN GERMANY.

Germany and the German Emperor. By Herbert Perris. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $3 net.

Pan-Germanism. By Roland G. Usher, Ph.D., Associate Professor, Washington University, St. Louis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

Mr. Perris's book is an interesting example of the impressionistic way of discussing historical topics now so much in vogue. He gives us a series of observations on such loosely connected subjects as The Four Regions (a geographical and ethnological survey of Germany), The Rise of Prussia, The Free-Trade Basis of Modern Germany, The Bismarckian Transformation, The Unconquered Church, The Red Peril, Hohenzollern Ideals, England and the Alliances, The Bagdad Railway, The Tariff and the Trusts, and The Next War. Various kindred topics are touched upon, and between the political chapters—to the detriment of the whole—there is a superficial sketch of A Tragic Cycle of German Genius (why tragic?), dealing with German philosophy from Kant to Nietzsche, literature from Lessing to Hauptmann, and music from Handel to Wagner. On his main theme Mr. Perris writes with considerable knowledge and, on the whole, with good judgment, though not wholly without an English bias. He pictures, occasionally with Carlylean touches and epigrammatic antithesis, the social conditions which produced political upheavals in the past or seem to presage them in the future. He frequently contrasts Germany and England, without striking a decided balance between comparative good and evil. The reader, now swayed to one side, now to another, by the author's rhetorical skill, is left to draw his own conclusions. This peculiar method can best be illustrated by a few quotations. Thus, after passing rapidly over the two centuries between Luther's death and Napoleon's birth, Mr. Perris, turning to the period of transition from German feudal particularism to parliamentary representation, remarks:

> Prussia, which had given the world the most elaborate expositions of the world of pure thought, was an infant school in affairs political. An earnest and widespread demand undoubtedly existed for parliamentary institutions as a reward for the sacrifices of a devoted nation. But nobody seems to have known exactly what parliamentary institutions were, or how they were to be obtained. In literature strong impulses had reached Germany from England; in politics, none at all.
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> Thirty years later Germany was still divided by religious and class antagonisms into many small and widely scattered groups, each with its peculiar standard of civilization. England presented a striking contrast.
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> Without the stimulus of a hundred little culture-centres, without any system of state instruction, her activities swept powerfully along in a few great channels. Every constituency offered a ladder to the supreme height of the House of Commons; every political association would carry its platform, if need be, into Hyde Park. Lancashire and Yorkshire concentrated the inherited skill of a million operatives upon two or three industrial processes, building up not only a world market, but a system of democratic combination. With ships upon every sea, and continents crying for the spade, opportunities and rewards, if unequal, were abundant, and all the horizons were open to the poorest man. It was a universal premium on initiative and bold personality, if also on the smug ethic of Mr. Samuel Smiles. In Germany the level of instruction must have been immensely higher. Literature and philosophy, just because they offered the sole fields for the play of wits, exercised a wider influence upon the popular mind. No sudden plunge into machine industry forced the pace of political development.
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> The appearance, in the political arena, of Otto von Bismarck gave a new impulse to German thought and character: "Woe to doctrinaires and weaklings who cross the path of this man in the days that are coming." The call comes to him as it came to Cromwell, "the call, however, of tyranny, not of freedom."
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> Bismarck was, indeed, as Mr. Perris says, the most powerful individual agent in the transformation of the Germany of Goethe into the Germany of to-day. But if his triumphs were great, no less so were his defeats. As summarized by the author:
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> He went out to humble the Roman Church, and within eight years had to acknowledge a humiliating defeat at the hands of that shadowy power. By maiming the liberal spirit which is the strength of progressive states, he stimulated the growth of a revolutionary Socialism; and, when he turned his instruments of repression against this extremer foe, he only hardened the resistance of what has become the largest and strongest of German parties. He invented the protective tariff to meet the state's share of the cost of his other creation, the militarist system. Which represents the greater oppression it would be hard to say.

The author is at his best in the chapters dealing with the modern economic changes in both Germany and England and with the movements from country to city life. The transformation, as regards Germany, is expressed in the simple fact that in 1876, when the population of the empire was forty-three millions, three-fourths were still engaged in agriculture. To-day, of sixty-four millions, only one-fourth depend upon the land. His comments on the educational differences between the two countries are sane and illuminating. He concedes that Germany is still ahead of England in the number and equipment of her admirable technical institutions, and that "the whole school system is more homogeneous, and commands a more single-minded loyalty. England has made great strides forward in the last twenty years, especially in secondary education; and in the elementary schools she has an advantage in the larger proportion of teachers to pupils. German critics find the intellectual level lower, but the good relations of teachers and pupils higher, in England. They cannot understand the toleration of many uninspected and often grossly incompetent private schools, and of a very low leaving age in the public schools; but they appreciate the cult of games, the variety, freedom, and encouragement of individuality in British education. In a word, the two systems reflect much of the best of the two national characters; and it is increasingly recognized that mere imitation would not be good in either direction."

With all its splendidly equipped educational establishments and vast modern industries, the Government of Prussia appears to our author essentially based on an anachronism. "It rests uneasily upon the support of a feudal-minded nobility, who fill the upper ranks of the army, and exercise there a wide influence, a numerous, well-drilled bureaucracy, and a class of commercial magnates who now share with the landlords the privilege of tariff 'protection.'" Where Bismarck ruled with a rod of iron, there is now a ceaseless struggle between monarchical and parliamentary forces. "The Imperial Government of Germany, brave as is the front it presents to the outer world, is stricken with a deep impotency."

A critic of this sort, it is needless to say, does not take kindly to the militarist view of the future of Germany and England. What he says, in a semi-humorous vein, of the German fire-eater cannot be applied to the legitimate successors of the Moltkes and Roons, but it does hit off the Bernhardis who succeed in making considerable noise nowadays. *Mutatis mutandis*, his remarks may also be turned against a number of British military and naval Jingoes. "The German officer is frequently a highly in-

structed man—that is, he is familiar with the histories of Treitschke and other academic Jingoes, and popularizations of pseudo-Darwinian biology. He has been taught from the cradle to believe that force made the nation, and that, if it be now in danger, it is from peace, not from war. When he lays down the sword, and takes up the pen, he displays the floridity characteristic also of Berlinese sculpture and architecture. His politics are those of the fire-eaters whom Prince Bülow told that Bismarck's greatness lay not in his clinking spurs, but in his just measure of men and things."

Mr. Perris draws a vigorous and not unsympathetic sketch of Emperor William. He has consulted to good purpose the best sources available—Klaussmann's "Kaiserreden," Liman's "Der Kaiser," Arren's "Guillaume II," as well as the columns of the daily press. Frankness he regards as the Emperor's most characteristic trait, and he believes that with passing years he has grown. "But a generous impulsiveness, a love of throwing ideas broadcast upon the four winds, an indomitable energy and heat of mind, remain constant traits." "He 'hustles around'—not quite as cheerfully and boisterously as Mr. Roosevelt, but with an occasional plaint as to the 'enormous labor and crushing responsibility' of one in whose hands lie the destinies of sixty million souls. If he is evidently young for the rôle, and cannot look venerable, he must look fiercely energetic and of relentless will, overcoming a thousand difficulties, as Frederick the Great overcame his enemies, by self-confidence and rapidity of movement." All in all, "the Emperor is a true Teuton in his idealism, his sentimentality, his strenuous devotion to duty as he sees it, and his kindly anxiety to model the nation on the old-time patriarchal household. But he is only too evidently out of harmony with much of his surroundings. . . . He himself wishes to provide schools and universities, factories, farms, and fleets with the latest scientific equipment; but whoever looks with scientific eye upon absentee landlords, the Prussian electoral system, or divine-right monarchy, is in his eyes a dangerous enemy of an inspired order."

The book is written with considerable care and on the whole with great accuracy. There are but few minor blemishes. The Thirty Years' War did not begin "with the murder of the Vienna envoys by the native method of 'defenestration' (throwing out of windows) at Prague." There was no murder committed. Slawata and Martinitz landed upon a heap of refuse and escaped unhurt. Bismarck is spoken of (p. 355) as the "nonagenarian," and Pius X appears as "Leo X" (p. 375). "Jolly Bojar" (p. 198) stands for "Bajuvar," or possibly for "Bojer," which, however, in the context is inapplicable.

Professor Usher's "Pan-Germanism" offers, we regret to say, the greatest possible contrast to Mr. Perris's graceful pages. The American work is a mass of dogmatism and prognostication. It is made up of a number of essays, some of which have seen the light before in various periodicals, and the repetitiousness and contradictions may partly be accounted for in this way. But the lack of coherence has a deeper cause. The uncertainty begins with the very title of the book. Professor Usher's "Pan-Germanism" is now one thing, now another. One definition is, "a coalition of coalitions" among "Germany, Austria, Hungary, the Balkans, and Turkey." At another time, as we shall see, other states enter this coalition. Pan-Germanism is thus only partially German in its composition. What is its purpose? Professor Usher is careful to tell us that he does not give us his own view. He attempts to describe "Europe and Germany, as the Germans see them, as the necessary prelude to a brief statement of the progress Germany has made towards a realization of her scheme and a description of the attempts of her 'victims' to frustrate it." He warns us repeatedly, as he warms up to his task, that he is trying "to expound the German view of the situation rather than what he believes to be the truth." In reality, he gives us only what he imagines the Germans (what class of Germans is never specified) to be thinking. All the tremendous changes which the world is to see before long inevitably result, in this view of the case, from the fact that "Pan-Germanism is merely self-preservation. This new individual (!), who entered the world through the travail of the nineteenth century, is conscious of his sturdy strength and of his growing needs, is ambitious to improve his own condition and to leave to those who come after him a solid guarantee of immunity from the suffering and privation that he has endured."

It seems, however, that the sturdy youngster "cannot hope finally to achieve success without the hearty co-operation of Austria, of Italy, of Turkey, of Persia, and, above all, of the Balkans." We have come to the point where Italy and Persia have entered the coalition, while Hungary is left out. And why must all these allies go to war "for the purpose of executing (*sic*) Pan-Germanism"? Primarily, because "England, Germany hates, disdains, and despises." "When the victory is won" (particulars wanting), the allotment of territory will be such "as to satisfy the ambitions of the various parties without vitally offending any other equally essential party. *Divide et impera.* In all probability, Austria is to get the Adriatic" (does she not now own Trieste, Fiume, Ragusa, Cattaro, etc?), "access to the sea through the Balkans, and Egypt and Palestine; Italy will certainly expect the rest of the North African littoral, while the Balkan States, European Turkey, and Persia will insist upon a guarantee of their autonomy so far as their own local affairs are concerned. Germany, therefore, will surrender the Mediterranean to her allies in exchange for India, the rest of Africa, and the East and West India Islands," Cuba, of course, included.

Still, Mr. Usher by no means underestimates the difficulties of the task of downing England. "It is far from true that England is isolated in the world; she possesses three immensely powerful allies in France, Russia, and the United States." The United States, as a matter of course, "would promptly declare in favor of England and France, and would do her utmost to assist them." As a good American, Mr. Usher muses on the part his country is to play in the future world struggle. "It has been truly pointed out that the Japanese might successfully land an army upon the Pacific Coast, or the Germans land an army in New York or Boston practically without opposition." "*Sed cui bono?*" he wisely asks. "However seriously the capture of New York might cripple our commercial and railway interests, the difficulty, even at its worst, could be easily overcome by shifting the centre of business for the time being to Chicago, and the possession of New York would certainly not permit a foreign army to conquer the country, even if it were possible for any nation to maintain an army so far from its real base of supplies in Europe."

What, indeed, may not triumphant Pan-Germanism do when once on its, or, as Professor Usher might say, his, feet? Grant that Belgium and Holland are disposed of, and what still remains there for Germany to do? "Another prerequisite of final success would be the seizure of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. With them in her hands, the Baltic would be to all intents and purposes hers. Russia would be squeezed into its furthermost corner."

Professor Usher is by no means oblivious of the rôle which money plays nowadays in diplomatic and economic matters. "The greatest economic strength of England and France comes from their possession of the greatest individual aggregations of capital in the world. The vast Rothschild fortune, known in Europe as *The Fortune*, is one-twentieth of the total wealth of the French nation, and is not, like so many American fortunes, the estimated value on the stock market of certain securities which, in case of a financial panic, might almost lose all value, but consists of houses, land, railways, solid tangible assets which could be destroyed

only by the destruction of France. In London, there is a group of individuals who between them control nearly as considerable and almost as solid fortunes. There are no doubt in Germany and Austria wealthy men." Indeed there are, and the Rothschilds, Mr. Usher might have added, have in Austria invested their money just as wisely as they have in France.

We cannot go any further into these wild speculations, nor point out specifically the basis of knowledge from which they spring. Suffice it to say that Professor Usher speaks of "Slavs *and* Croatians," and that his definition of the Balkans (he uses the term interchangeably for both the countries and the mountains) is as follows: "The great stretch of mountain, tableland, and valley, extending from the heights of the Tyrolese (*sic*) and Transylvanian Alps to the Ægean and the Mediterranean, has long been loosely designated, from political rather than geographical reasons, the Balkans." The author's endless threshing of mere straw reminds us of nothing so much as of the "Politisirerei" of aimless talkers over their evening beer—the speculating about war and war's alarms, when, to quote from "Faust,"

> Hinten, weit, in der Türkei
> Die Völker aufeinander schlagen.

CURRENT FICTION.

V. V.'s Eyes. By Henry Sidnor Harrison. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Virginia. By Ellen Glasgow. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Queed" and "The Miller of Old Church" hopelessly upset the Southern novel's long established rules of precedence. Their heroes were "self-made"; their "sons of best families" were reduced to secondary importance, and convicted of a deplorable lack of moral stamina. Indiana fiction could not have been more radically proletarian. Now at the hands of the same authors the old ideals of Southern womanhood undergo a pretty thorough sifting. In the process it develops that the real point of departure for both of these iconoclasts is not a revolt against an old code, either of morals or of art, but a growing unconsciousness of sectional differences. Unlike their predeccssors in the same field, they are not observing local types to rejoice in their localisms, but to place them in national movements. The Southern belle, to them, is merely the point at which they broach the woman question.

Mr. Harrison manfully attacks his subject in full glamour. He particularly requests your attention for the belle in full blush, the reigning queen of hearts, with parti-colored lashes an inch long and "gay" golden hair. Carlisle Heth is the superfine flower of successful commercialism; her father smokes better cigars than he makes; Mamma's social enterprises are managed on the strictest business principles, and the damsel's own costumes bear the sign manual of the metropolitan modiste. But envy not her specious triumphs. Mr. Harrison, whom none of these things deceives, is about to reveal her to herself and us as nothing more nor less than a social parasite. Trained only in the pursuit and allurement of the opposite sex, she is expected to provide handsomely for herself thereby. Failing a brilliant match, she becomes, in Mamma's plain English, a burden to her parents. The preservation of her social prestige costs an undesirable suitor's reputation and subsequent suicide. Her maintenance in the matrimonial market strains father's cigar factory (long and justly denounced as a homicidal institution) to the point of actual collapse. While this three-headed indictment is formulating, Carlisle (like Mr. Wells's Ann Veronica) tests her tether in various directions and is brought smartly up against her filial obligations, her practical ineptitude, and the inveterate obtuseness of an "ideally" eligible *parti.* A religious flavor is imparted to these humiliating revelations by the unworldly character of the apostolic V. V., more formally known as V. Vivian, M.D. He is lame, and from a confirmed habit of giving to him who asks, perpetually shabby. His friends claimed for him the second largest practice in town, although admitting that his habit of sending no bills might have something to do with that. On editorial pages his initials appeared appended to fiery denunciations of local factory conditions; but in personal encounter with the reprehensibly wealthy, compelling influences of childlike faith emanated from V. V.'s persuasive eyes—that self-same hypnotic confidence in the "better self" in which we were taught to believe in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." By this modern incarnation of redeeming love, Carlisle is called to repentance. His sacrificial death, in the very act of instituting the long-needed factory repairs completes her conversion, as it were, and we end with a pietistic note of sacred emotion—"Ecce Homo!"

Thus our romantic moralist, who for the most part is very practical and brisk—although, perhaps, not quite so crude or vigorous, so amazing in invention or droll of phrase, as when in "Queed" he cured an unusually bad case of ingrowing knowledge. He has learned how to forget at least part of the table decorations in dinner scenes, but still keeps his unaffected American interest in price-marks. What's it worth? is the question with him, from wine labels to philosophies of life. And, be sure, he introduces no question which he will not undertake to fit with a ready-made answer.

Miss Glasgow's moralizing is of the scientific sort. Mr. Bennett, in his Five Towns, is not more alive than she to the historical aspects of personality. Indeed, she pushes the mode a point further, and seems rather to resemble the botanist who writes the history of a particular region's flora. As his pages explain the succession of varying growths in the same location, and the relentless supplanting of one botanical species by another, so hers account for the rise of new social types and the dying out of old ones on Virginia soil. In "The Miller of Old Church" a vigorous new type of rural manhood was springing up in the place of the old landed aristocracy. In "Virginia" a belated specimen of the old-fashioned Southern lady lingers on into the era of feminine self-assertion—the fine flower of a vanished social order, by a miracle of spiritual force sustaining itself in a hopelessly altered habitat, only to fade at last among the encroaching ranks of a lustier, more aggressive womanhood, unregarded except by an affectionate son. Her daughters are modernly self-sufficient. Her husband, who belongs as completely to the future as she to the past, finds himself at forty-seven still a young man and very much at home in the intellectual atmosphere of the day. An unappreciated playwright in his twenties, he is now a popular one. Then he had adored his gentle, uncritical wife, now he discards her for the actress who has shared his success. If the reader were to trust his own impressions, he might conclude that he was witnessing a martyrdom. But Miss Glasgow betrays none of the natural indignation of the martyrologist. Does Virginia's suffering wring your heart? It is the pain of extinction in a vanishing type. Only at the last she halts a little, torn between recognition of her subject's essential beauty and the determination to justify its fate, and her study of a social type, like Mr. Galsworthy's in "The Country House," becomes, in effect, the reverently executed portrait of a lady.

The reader might be puzzled to put his finger upon any point of likeness in two women so dissimilar as Carlisle Heth and Virginia Pendleton, had not their authors agreed in tracing the sins of the one and the sorrows of the other back to the same root, the old "orthodox" social dogma that woman was made solely for matrimony. Selfish or unselfish, they do but develop along different lines the same fallacious principle of feminine dependence. And both eventually find themselves, as the representatives of an obsolete ideal, weighed and found wanting against the needs of a modern world. All that is involved in the adjustment of woman to the new demands Mr. Harrison does not care to

inquire. His speculation is quick to claim sanctuary. But Miss Glasgow, soberly dissecting things as they are to discover the seeds of the future, is willing to ponder a whole new scale of ethical values. Old convictions concerning marriage are crumbling fast. New ones have not yet taken definite shape. For the present she is content to suspend judgment. But, like the maiden aunt in "Milestones"—that sorrowful progenitor of the new woman—from time to time she may be heard to observe distinctly and firmly, "This self-sacrifice is all wrong—all wrong."

CHRISTIAN DOGMA.

The Fundamental Christian Faith. By Charles Augustus Briggs. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The sub-title of Professor Briggs's latest volume is "The Origin, History, and Interpretation of the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds." Were this the only title, and had the author confined himself to historical and exegetical criticism of the two principal symbols of early Christianity, notice of the volume might be confined to exhibition of the dogmatism with which the purest speculations are asserted as historic fact and the conclusions of careful critics are dismissed with unmannerly epithets. But Professor Briggs entitles his book "The Fundamental Christian Faith," and he declares repeatedly, explicitly, and with Athanasian earnestness that he that believeth not each particular article of the classical symbols, in the precise meaning intended at the time of their origin, has no part in Christianity. A man must accept the virgin birth, the resurrection of the body, and one true and only church, or he must reconcile himself as best he may to the estate to which the father of orthodoxy consigned the unbelievers of his time.

On the doctrine of the virgin birth Professor Briggs is especially strenuous. As he confesses, he is eager to "hunt the opponents of the virgin birth out of all the holes and corners in which, like rats, they take refuge." One of the "rats," whom he pursues with particular vehemence, is Professor McGiffert, his colleague, the supposed errors of whose volume on "The Apostles' Creed" he appears to take particular delight in exposing.

Professor McGiffert explained the clause in question, not as an assertion of supernatural generation, but as an identification of Jesus as the offspring of a particular mother. Doubtless sympathy with the difficulties of modern doubt pressed the historian's judgment at this point, but Professor McGiffert explained how the article as he interpreted it was called for by the unbelief of the time, the gnostic heresy, whereas Professor Briggs has no explanation of how this, or any other article of the creed, came into being as a creedal statement.

It is just this lack of ability to see that every assertion of a creed, as well as the symbol as a whole, must have had some reason for its origin, either by way of declaring some fact or truth which had been denied, or testifying to an experience felt to be of great value and importance, which reveals Professor Briggs's inadequacy as a teacher of symbolics. For him a creed comes out of the skies, fixed infallibly to its last accent in the councils of the Trinity. He discerns behind it no human need, no strife of parties, no gradual and painful approximation to the best truth available to a particular age. The neophyte in theology would imagine from his volume that the Nicene symbol might have had its birth in the age of Hildebrand, or Thomas Hobbes, or Leo XIII, so far as its forms of thought are concerned, as naturally as in the fourth century.

Yet the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, so interpreted, are set forth as the final and sufficient expressions of the Christian faith, binding in all their literalness upon the conscience of every man who would keep within the Christian fold. "All the decisions of the ancient church," says Professor Briggs, "are closed questions." The title of the volume was chosen deliberately and intelligently. This dogmatic exegesis of a few pages of creedal formulas from the times of Irenæus and Athanasius is supposed to be a definition of Christianity. How far it comes short of it, the richness and fulness of the religious life which Christianity has attained in this and many other ages bear sufficient witness, to say nothing of the wealth of power in the Christian gospels and the letters of Paul which finds no expression in the products of the creed-makers.

Because Professor Briggs has stood as a representative of liberal Christianity, clear statement of his wide divergence from the thought and method of really enlightened theologians is demanded. Instead of occupying an advanced position, he seems now to be even superstitious in Biblical interpretation. He is inclined to hold to the perpetual virginity of Mary, and asserts that in all probability she was Joseph's second wife. He knows that Luke talked with Peter and Paul about the virgin birth, and that Luke journeyed from Rome to Palestine to escape the Neronian persecution. The presence of such absurdities may perhaps serve the good purpose of warning the unwary that the volume in which they occur is not history, but dogmatism exercising itself *ad libitum* in one of its favorite fields.

William Lloyd Garrison. By John Jay Chapman. New York: Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Chapman's book might easily be made the text for a considerable discourse, not only upon Garrison and the Abolition movement, but also upon such topics as the current methods of studying and writing American history, or the place of the moral hero in the drama of progress, or the deadening influence of wealth on the individual and social conscience. One does not expect from Mr. Chapman, of course, a work of erudition, nor even, perhaps, of wide or particular information. Aside from the biography of Garrison by his sons, the writings of Samuel J. May and one or two others, and the history of Mr. Rhodes, the narrative gives, superficially at least, no evidence of extended study. Indeed, it does not pretend to be either a formal biography or a history of a period. "I have given the foregoing sketches," says Mr. Chapman, at the opening of his fifth chapter, "almost at random, and, where possible, in the words of others, in order to call up the decade between 1830 and 1840 without myself feeling the responsibility of a historian, and without asking the reader to give a chronological attention." So far as recognizing any conventional "responsibility of a historian" goes, the same disclaimer might with fitness be offered for the work as a whole.

Slight as is the basis of formal narrative, however, the direction of Mr. Chapman's interest is clear. With two things only is he concerned: the essential characteristics of Garrison as a man and a reformer, and the evaluation of the moral temper of the age. One does not need to read more than half a dozen pages to perceive that, to Mr. Chapman, Garrison is a moral hero, a fearless and clear-sighted opponent of national sin and a champion of social righteousness. Nowhere has the moral ascendency of Abolition and its great leader been more unqualifiedly or brilliantly urged. Yet it is in no spirit of thick-and-thin hero worship that the picture is drawn. The personal weaknesses and inconsistencies of Garrison, his violence of speech, his free use of personalities in attack and defence, and the narrow range of his intellectual and social interests, are all frankly exhibited. To Mr. Chapman, however, these admitted blemishes appear, not as blots on the 'scutcheon, a warp of smallness and baseness crossing a woof of gold, but as natural and inevitable defects of the quality. To him, Garrison was narrow because he was devoted, uncompromising because slavery was a moral wrong, vituperative because what is sinful ought to be destroyed. Until he entered the lists, slavery had met all comers and had won; but under his leadership, and with the weapon which he

forged, slavery, instead of being mitigated or restrained, was destroyed.

On this point Mr. Chapman, with all his enthusiasm for his hero, claims for Garrison no more, perhaps, than has at times been claimed before. His scathing arraignment of the North, on the other hand, for its long-time subservience to the South, throws down the gantlet to all those historians who, with ill-concealed contempt for Abolition as a moral issue, have sought to explain the fall of slavery on political or economic grounds, and who would like, apparently, to forget Garrison and his followers altogether The twistings and turnings of political expediency and legal technicality; the gradual dulling of the moral sense of the North under the combined influence of Southern threats and Southern cotton; the silence of the churches and the press; the open apologies for slavery by men otherwise respectable; the persecution and social ostracism of Abolitionists—these things, set forth with vivid and almost brutal frankness in Mr. Chapman's pages, are among the truths of history which it is not pleasant to have recalled. We have not accustomed ourselves to think of the North as, morally, rather the greater sinner in the long struggle with slavery. Yet nothing can be clearer than that such was in fact the atmosphere in which Garrison long had to live, and such the weight of opposition which he had to overcome.

Quite aside from its interpretation of Garrison's personality, therefore, Mr. Chapman's book commands attention as a social study, an examination of the growth of public opinion and ethical consciousness in ante-bellum America. To the historian it is at once an exposition and a challenge.

Notes

The American publication early next autumn of "The Magic Formula," a third collection of studies by L. P. Jacks, editor of the *Hibbert Journal*, has been assumed by Holt.

Duffield & Co. have in preparation "The Correspondence of Goldwin Smith," selected and edited by his literary executor and secretary, Arnold Haultain, who has added a bibliography of Goldwin Smith's various writings.

The same house announces a book of poems by Madame Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi, and a new novel by the same writer.

The following titles are among Putnams' announcements: "The Thunderhead Lady," by Anna Fuller; "Sunia: A Himalayan Idyll," by Maud Diver; "An Unknown Lover," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey; "New England and New France," by James Douglas; "Mysticism in English Literature," by Caroline F. E. Spurgeon, and Schiller's "Die Braut von Messina," edited by Prof. Karl Breul, the last a Cambridge publication.

Among the volumes soon to be published by the Columbia University Press in the Studies in English and Comparative Literature are: "Gnomic Poetry in Anglo-Saxon," by Blanche Colton Williams; "Aaron Hill," by Alice D. Brewster; "Learned Societies and Literary Scholarship," by Harrison Ross Steeves, and "Chaucer and the Roman de la Rose," by Dean S. Fansler. In the Studies in Romance Philology and Literature two new volumes are soon to appear: "Uncle and Nephew in the Old French Chansons de Geste," by W. O. Farnsworth, and "Diderot as a Disciple of English Thought," by R. Loyalty Cru.

In a new volume, promised shortly by Macmillan, Mr. James Bryce, late Ambassador to Washington, says by way of introduction: "During six years spent in Washington it has been my duty, and also my pleasure, to travel hither and thither over the United States, responding, so far as time and strength permitted, to requests to address universities, chambers of commerce, boards of trade, citizens' associations, commercial clubs, and other public organizations in the greater cities. Out of the many such addresses delivered to these bodies or in commemoration of some person or event, I have selected a few, the topics of which seemed to possess a more than passing interest, and of which I had happened to keep some notes, enabling the substance to be reproduced. In revising them for publication, some few additions have been made, while matters of a local or purely occasional character have been omitted."

Dr. H. B. Gray, who has had years of experience in secondary education in England, and who was a member of the Mosely Education Commission to the United States in 1903, is bringing out immediately "The Public Schools and the Empire." Williams & Norgate are his publishers.

Count Gobineau's "Renaissance," in a translation by Paul V. Cohn, will be issued shortly by Heinemann. There is an introductory essay on the Count by Dr. Oscar Levy.

Two important Riccardi Press books are announced—"The Canterbury Tales," with thirty-six water colors by Russell Flint, Vol. I (to be followed by Vols. II and III in the autumn), and "Marius the Epicurean," in two volumes, the first long work to be set in the new "11-point" of H. P. Horne's Riccardi type.

The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady, D.D., has in the press of Dodd, Mead & Company a book entitled "The Fetters of Freedom." It discusses the trials of the early Christian church.

Forthcoming publications of Sturgis & Walton include: "Lanagan, Amateur Detective"; "Little Mamselle of the Wilderness," a juvenile by Mrs. Augusta Huiell Seaman, and "Glooscap, the Great Chief, and Other Stories," a collection of Indian legends retold by Emelyn Newcomb Partridge.

A Concordance to the poems of John Keats is in progress at Cornell University. The editors make this announcement to avoid the possibility of duplication in the work. If any one else is engaged in this enterprise, he is requested to communicate at once with Dr. L. N. Broughton, Ithaca, N. Y.

The University of Chicago has just added to the resources of the Harper Memorial Library the Durrett collection of Louisville, Ky. This well-known collection of material treats, in the main, of Southern and early Western history. It was brought together by Col. Reuben T. Durrett during the period from 1856 to the present time, and it contains some exceedingly important manuscripts, newspaper files, and books. The newspapers cover closely the history of the Ohio valley during the period from 1798 to 1860, the most important files being the Lexington *Gazette* and a Maysville, Ky., paper which was generally regarded as the organ of Henry Clay. Other files include those of such papers as the Louisville *Courier* for several years prior to the Civil War. These ante-bellum newspapers are particularly important for students who work in Chicago because, owing to the great fire, there are few such files in any of the libraries of the city. The books, like the manuscripts and newspapers, deal mainly with Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, and the Ohio valley. On Kentucky Col. Durrett had gathered, it is thought, every item known to be in print and a great deal that was in manuscript; so that the University now has the best library of Kentuckiana in existence. On general American and European history there are many books and periodicals of importance; and on religious, educational, and social problems, and economic questions such as slavery, tariff, and internal improvements, there are pamphlets, reports, and public documents.

The April number of the *American Journal of International Law*, just received, opens with a paper by Prof. Eugene Wambaugh, on "Exemption from Panama Tolls." He declares that the contention that "no tolls shall be levied upon vessels engaged in the coastwise trade of the United States" is tenable, in view of the general law of England and the United States. Still, irrespective of legal principles recognized here and in England, the treaty itself, he says, deals expressly with the matter, and it seems conclusive, on a review of the whole matter, that we should give the services of the canal without discrimination and on reasonable terms. This paper is followed by an elaborate and convincing discussion of the new Moroccan protectorate, by Norman Dwight Harris, who gives evidence of great familiarity with the whole North African question. A protectorate seemed a necessity; the sufferings of the masses, under a long rule of misgovernment, corruption, and oppression, required the intervention of a strong, honest Government. A condition had arrived in which France could no longer act merely as a friendly adviser; she must, to fulfil her obligations in a moral sense, carry through long-delayed reforms, and give an efficient administration. Mr. Harris recounts the various negotiations of recent years among the European Powers having interests in North and West Africa. Students who are interested to know the precise condition of Canada and her international relations, will find material for study in John S. Ewart's paper, "Canada—Colony and Kingdom." The author's

closing sentence is significant: "Both political parties in Canada have agreed that there can be no war-obligation on the part of Canada, in the absence of her participation in the diplomacies which involve war." He cites three paragraphs of the Canadian Constitution, 55, 56, and 57, concerning which he says the understanding is fairly complete that they shall not be acted on. The 56th refers to the right of the Queen, in Council, to disapprove, at any time within two years, any act of the Canadian Parliament. The declared understanding goes far to fortify allegations of Canadian autonomy. An instructive paper by Dr. Hans Wehberg, on restrictive clauses in international arbitration treaties, is intended to indicate definite bounds within which such restrictions may fairly be assumed to be just, and reasonably applicable.

Royalties and pseudo-royalties have developed a penchant of late for writing "startling disclosures" concerning their relatives and contemporaries. The ex-Countess Marie Larisch (now Frau Brucks) is the latest to enter this field with a volume of reminiscences under the suggestive title of "My Past" (Putnam). The author is the daughter by a left-handed marriage of Duke Ludwig of Bavaria with an actress, Henrietta Mendel, and is a niece of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria. The ostensible *raison d'être* of her volume is to clear up the mystery of the tragedy of Meyerling, the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria and the Baroness Mary Vetsera, and to demonstrate to a slanderous world the innocent part which the author herself played in that tragedy. How far Frau Brucks has succeeded in her endeavor can only be gauged by the internal evidence of the book itself. The Meyerling incident will probably never be fully explained, and the account of it here given is likely to be accepted with considerable reserve by the historian. In the earlier chapters of the book the ex-Countess appears so obviously actuated by a desire to calumniate the character of the Empress Elizabeth, the aunt whom she professes to have adored, that her statements on any subject can hardly be accepted as unbiassed. At the best, even according to her own account, she seems to have been pretty much what she declares Prince Rudolph once called her, the "go-between" for the Empress and the objects of her affection; consequently the accusation, which she endeavors to rebut, that she acted in a similar capacity for the Empress's son and his paramour, is at least understandable. In view, however, of the general animus that marks her attitude and of the fact that some of her statements concerning the Empress are easily disproved by a reference to dates, it seems only the part of common decency to regard all of them with suspicion. The book as a whole strikes any impartial critic as a peculiarly unsavory attempt to calumniate the dead for motives of personal revenge. The author tells us that she has been induced to write it because her daughters' lives "have been embittered" by the rumors that have gathered around her name in connection with the Meyerling tragedy. The revelation of the maternal character contained in these pages is hardly calculated to mitigate the bitterness of those unfortunate lives.

Miss Mary Mills Patrick's "Sappho and the Island of Lesbos" (Houghton Mifflin) is an attractive little volume, richly illustrated with reproductions of coins, marbles, vases, and terra-cottas, photographs of scenes in Modern Mitylene, and an old engraving of the Leucadian promontory. Seven chapters treat in a readable, if somewhat amateurish, style, of the age of Sappho, the poets contemporary with her, the island of Mityiene in ancient and modern times, Sappho's life, her school, her poetry, and the praise of Sappho in later literature. An eighth chapter adds a prose translation of the fragments, including those recently discovered. Miss Patrick defends the virtue of Sappho with all the enthusiasm, if not quite all the erudition, of Wilamowitz and the scholar whose name she prints as "Welcher." It is an inspiring theme, but the intensity of their conviction inevitably provokes the question of the witty French woman in a similar case, "Comment faites-vous, Monsieur, pour être si certain de ces choses-là." Miss Patrick adds two original arguments: First, Sappho was president of a women's college of music and deportment, and "the fact that a man or a woman has been able to hold the position as head of an educational institution has always been considered without question a sufficient proof of integrity"; secondly, Aristotle refers to her as an arbitress in other matters besides versification, such as ethical standards and logical reasoning. But surely a grave logician may quote a lady's logic without thereby vouching for her as an authority on that subject. Miss Patrick's familiarity with the modern life of the Ægean islands adds greatly to the interest of her work. Curious, if true, is the statement that the Æolic of Sappho is easier than the mixed dialect of Homer to one who approaches the ancient language through the modern. In the ode to Aphrodite Miss Patrick refers ποικιλόθρονος to the variegated marbles still found on Lesbos.

"The China Year Book, 1913" (Dutton), a volume of 728 pages, is remarkable for the amount of valuable information which it contains. The compilers, H. T. Montague Bell and H. G. W. Woodhead, acknowledge their indebtedness to the President and other officials for assistance and information, and call attention to the wider scope of this second issue of the work. A general description of the Republic, its fauna, flora, people, products, manufactures, commerce, and roads and railways, is followed by a detailed account of the central and provincial Governments with a lengthy chapter on the financial conditions. A list of the principal officials and noted men is to be found in the "Who's Who" chapter, and under the heading "Miscellaneous" much information is given on many subjects, and especially on opium. Education is treated very briefly, as the disorganization of the educational system by the revolution has made it impossible to procure any statistics for 1912. We regret that nothing is told in regard to the Chinese literature of the present time and the numerous additions to it of translations of foreign classics. A portrait of the provisional President is given, and a large map showing the products of the different parts of the Republic.

Mr. Charles Whibley comes nearer, perhaps, to making a perfect match of those quarrelsome partners, cleverness and dignity, than does any other of the living British authors. Nor is this faculty wanting to his "Essays in Biography" recently published in this country by E. P. Dutton & Co. In the first three essays, dealing with Sir Thomas Overbury, he has an opportunity of telling one of the strangest and most baffling tales of crime and vengeance in English history, and he succeeds in giving a kind of life to those incomprehensible creatures of King James's court. Another subject peculiarly suited to Mr. Whibley's scholarly but never pedantic pen is George Buchanan, the Scotch poet of Mary Stuart's days. Then follow sketches of Edward Hall, John Tiptoft, John Stow, the Admirable Crichton, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Sir Thomas Browne. It is all good reading.

"Papalism, A Treatise on the Claims of the Papacy as set forth in the Encyclical *Satis Cognitum*," by Edward Denny, "sometime Vicar of St. Peter's, Vauxhall," is mediæval in thought and scholastic in method. Being a commentary, it lacks even the merit of a systematic presentation of the development of the Papal claims. In one feature alone does it possess a certain value, and that is the grouping of quotations from the Fathers bearing on such aspects of the question as, for instance, the words of Christ to St. Peter. In his discussion of the question: "To whom did Christ commit the Supreme Authority in His Church?" the author says:

> As God of One Substance with the Father the Lord possessed essentially the supreme power; as Man He possessed that supreme power by delegation from His Father. It is this latter to which He refers in the text just quoted and which He in turn committed, unimpaired and unrestricted, in all its fulness in the commission, "As my father hath sent Me, even so send I you." His mission from the Father is an abiding one, and the power which He as Son of Man possesses by the mission, He delegates to the Apostles. They were not the recipients of some new commission deriving its origin, power and extent from Himself.

After reflection on the certainty displayed here with regard not only to the relationship between Jesus and the Creator, but also to the exact nature and intent of his actions, the reader may safely be left to form his own notions as to the limitations in point of view from which the book suffers. The book is published by Rivington, of London.

With the same scrupulous regard for accuracy and exact detail which characterized her biography of King John, Miss Kate Norgate has continued her minute examination of early thirteenth-century English history with a volume on "The Minority of Henry III" (Macmillan). It covers the eleven years from John's death, in October, 1216, until January, 1227, when Henry III, who had then passed his nineteenth birthday and had already since 1223 been exercising much of the power of a king, emancipated himself wholly from all minority restrictions and ordered all his tenants to come before him, the King, to receive confirmation of their holdings and privileges. Miss Norgate explains clearly the reasons for the omission from the re-issued Charter of 1216 of numerous and important clauses which had been exacted from John at Runnymede only the year before. Otherwise,

the chief interest of the constitutional history of this period lies in the establishment of precedents in regard to a regency and the other arrangements during a minority, and also in regard to the amount of personal influence which individual rival councillors, like Peter des Roches or Hubert de Burgh, might acquire over the mind of the new young king. These questions Miss Norgate analyzes soberly and thoroughly, and in the most minute detail. By reason of her intimacy with all the Latin and the barbarous Norman-French chroniclers, as well as with the less amusing public documents in the various series of "rolls," she is able to quote largely the picturesque phraseology of the age and thereby lend life to what otherwise would be but a dull narrative.

In the preface to "Marie-Antoinette, Her Early Youth, 1770-1774" (Macmillan), Lady Younghusband frankly states that her book is not for historical specialists, "but for the many who, taking a genuine interest in Marie-Antoinetto and her surroundings, have neither leisure nor opportunity for seeking out and studying the best authorities." Her curious dedication, "To the unfading memory of a misty day in winter on the far borderland of the Empire," together with other indications in her book, suggests that Lady Younghusband takes up her pen chiefly because she finds the composition of historical biography a pleasant pastime for lonely hours. She fills considerably more than five hundred pages with the narrative of the life of Marie-Antoinette before she was nineteen years old, that is, before she became Queen. It is a rather pathetic tale, this story of the little Austrian archduchess married for reasons of state at the age of fourteen to a clumsy, unappreciative booby like Louis XVI, separated at a tender age from her mother and brothers and sisters, and thrust into the vile atmosphere with which Louis XV surrounded his last debauched years. Lady Younghusband understands her subject and writes entertainingly with many interesting though irrelevant anecdotes and reflections of her own; and she succeeds in making Marie-Antoinette a very definite human being of real flesh and blood. The author's sources of information are chiefly the Mercy-Argenteau correspondence and the well-known works of De Nolhac, Funck-Brentano, Boutaric, De Broglie, Geffroy, and De la Rocheterie; and these she has used carefully and conscientiously.

The Bostonian Society Publications, Vol. IX, contains a contribution to our Revolutionary history of much interest. In February, 1775, Gen. Gage sent two of his officers, "disguised like countrymen, in brown cloaths and reddish handkerchiefs round our necks," to go to Worcester and Concord to find out the state of the provincial magazines there, and to make a "sketch of the country" through which they passed. The narrative of one of these spies, Ensign D'Berniere, is given, together with many illuminating notes by Mr. J. C. Hosmer. There is also an account of Madam Sarah Knight, by the Rev. A. Titus, in which much light is shed on the social and economic life of two centuries ago. Born in 1666, she was a schoolmistress, who taught Benjamin Franklin to write, and was also a copyist of legal documents, for "she appears as a witness to a hundred or more deeds of the leading firms and families of Boston." A journey to New York in 1704 is described in her diary, the route taken on horseback being over the "Old Colony Path" to Providence, and thence by the "Pequot Path" to Westerly and Stonington. In the latter part of her life she was a leading merchant of New London.

William Henry Larrabee, editor and author, and one of the oldest graduates of De Pauw University, died last week at his home in Plainfield, N. J. He was born at Alfred, Me., in 1829. In 1862 he became editor of the *Methodist;* in 1890 he was made assistant editor of the *Popular Science Monthly*, and for more than thirty years he contributed to Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia. He was the author of "How the World Was Made," "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," "History of the War in the East" (with A. J. Schem), and other books.

John Hays Gardiner, who for several years was a member of the faculty of Harvard College, died a week ago at Boston. He was born in 1863, at Gardiner, Me., and graduated from Harvard in 1885. In 1892 he was appointed an instructor in English, and in 1900 was made assistant professor. Three years ago he retired to devote himself to literary work. Professor Gardiner was author of "Forms of Prose Literature," "Elements of English Composition," and "The Bible as English Literature." He had given courses of lectures at the Lowell Institute, and was at work on a history of Harvard University at the time of his death. He was an occasional contributor to the *Nation.*

The death at seventy is reported from Paris of Alfred de Foville, a well-known French economist. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor and permanent secretary of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. He was a prolific writer on the subjects of transportation, agriculture, and the increase of prices.

In the death of Prof. Hugo Winckler, which occurred a short time ago at Berlin, Germany loses one of her most productive Orientalists. Beginning his career as an Assyriologist, Dr. Winckler gradually extended his sphere to include the Old and New Testaments and Arabic, as well as the Himyaritic of Southern Arabia. His activity was phenomenal. Besides many volumes of cuneiform texts, he published for many years at regular intervals of a few months an entire volume containing results of miscellaneous studies, which he entitled "Altorientalische Forschungen." His chief work, however, was in the domain of history, and it was while engaged in the preparation of his volumes on Babylonian-Assyrian history and on the history of Israel that he began to unfold the theory which developed into "Pan-Babylonism," with which his name will always be connected. In many monographs, as well as in addresses and popular articles, Winckler set forth his theory of the "Altorientalische Weltanschauung," as he called it, which aimed to show that the astral-mythological basis of the religion and culture of Babylonia and Assyria became the dominant point of view in the ancient Orient, and spread far and wide, leaving its traces in Egypt, Greece, Rome, and even in mediæval Europe. Gifted with a facile pen, Winckler knew how to present his views in an attractive form, and be succeeded in gathering numerous adherents, chiefly among the younger scholars. While it is more than doubtful that the theory in the extreme form advocated by Winckler and his most brilliant adherent, Alfred Jeremias, of Leipzig, will meet with general acceptance, there can be no question of the stimulus exerted by Winckler's researches upon the study of the ancient Orient. Many were the important discoveries made by him in the course of his career, by which knowledge has been permanently enriched. A few years ago he undertook excavations at Boghaz-Kiöi, an important centre of the old Hittite empire, and succeeded in finding thousands of texts in cuneiform characters, among which it is still hoped by scholars there may be a bi-lingual inscription which will finally settle the vexed Hittite problem. Had Dr. Winckler lived, the publication of this valuable material would have devolved upon him, but his health began to fail about five years ago, probably as the result of too strenuous work, and he passed away on April 19 at the early age of fifty years.

Science

The Building of the Alps. By T. G. Bonney. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.75.

Professor Bonney, long esteemed one of England's ablest and most active geologists, but now retired, has brought together in a readable volume a summary of his observations extending over many years of travel in Switzerland and the Tyrol. Fifty-seven years ago he first saw the Alps in the summer after taking his college degree, and almost yearly since has passed his days of recreation amid their summits. Few could bring to bear upon the subject so long and so detailed an experience.

The book is a well-written and interesting outline of the natural history of the "playground of Europe." It begins, as it should, with the geology. In the descriptions of the rocks the contrasts of older and younger are emphasized and certain mooted questions are set forth, together with the author's own opinions. The structural geology follows, and a reader who has never gazed upon the wonderful folds and faults will gain an excellent idea of them. Professor Bonney adheres to the older views of compression, but might perhaps have mentioned the later suggestions of the slipping of great masses from gravitational pull, with attendant crumpling. The movement of mountainous bodies of which we have learned in later years, across many miles of underlying strata from their original positions, has been one of the most impressive suggestions of recent investigation.

The sculpturing of the mountain crags by the erosive agents supplies a striking theme, and the accumulation of snow to yield glaciers furnishes anoth-

er. The elusive cause of glacial motion is clearly summarized, although again added interest would have been given by the description of the curving path, followed by a particle of ice or of rock, which first enters the glacier at its upper end; is buried by later falls of snow in the accumulating area, and emerges at the foot, where the dissipating influences are all-important. We have learned in later years some new and interesting facts along these lines. The chapter on ice action is followed by one upon the work of water, both on the surface and underground; by another upon the work of avalanches and floods; and by an outline of the curious meteorology of the mountains, set as they are, along the northern Mediterranean.

Although a geologist, Professor Bonney, like many another who has climbed the mountain-sides, has not been unmindful of the plants and the animals. The wonderfully beautiful Alpine flowers and the no less attractive ferns add scarcely less to the observant traveller's enjoyment than do the peaks themselves. Professor Bonney gives a running commentary on the species, and notes those familiar to him in England. There are some plants, also, which are old friends of lovers of American mountains, and which have reminded them of home uplands when scrambling Swiss trails.

The chapter on the Alps in Relation to Man is not the least valuable in the book. Some of our best relics of prehistoric peoples come from their caves and lake bottoms. The "lake-dwellers" receive more attention than do the cavemen, and yet Professor Bonney might perhaps have found matter of exceptional interest to a general reader in the discoveries of a few years ago in the grotto, behind the shrine at Wildkirchli, with their convincing evidence of inter-glacial man in the Alps. With men of late date the Alps are also intimately associated. The mountains offer heroic settings for heroic achievements.

Finally, Professor Bonney reviews the changes which have taken place in nearly sixty years of his own recollection, and closes with a purely scientific appendix.

Les Sociétés Primitives de l'Afrique Equatoriale. Par Dr. Adolphe Cureau. Paris: Armand Colin. 6 francs.

A French colonial governor of scientific training, Dr. Adolphe Cureau, has summed up his twenty years' experience of the Congo in a remarkable book. It is not a book of travel, but a study of human society among "primitive" peoples, whom Montaigne defined with exactness: "They are wild just as we call wild those fruits which Nature produces of herself and in her ordinary progress." Our author takes these words to express his point of view, although he seems at times to give in to the unprecise formula that such peoples who are behind in human progress are therefore "witnesses" and "survivors of primitive humanity." He grasps clearly the only work to be done by science from actual observation such as his own:

> Under the rising wave of European invasion . . . their original customs are changing, their unmoral simplicity of soul is being depraved, and the ancient foundations of their societies are crumbling. . . . Haste must be made to record what is passing away in all that is exterior and grossly sensible, and particularly in its deep and psychological causes—for coming centuries will be less and less apt to understand the primitive soul. . . . My programme of a general view will expose me to criticism from experts in African things, whom occupation or the chances of an exotic career have specialized in a corner or a tribe. I should have exposed myself to gross errors if I had depended on my own single observations and impressions. A check was necessary—and I have sought it in the experience of a number of persons, civil functionaries and officers, missionaries and traders, who have been willing to answer my list of questions. . . . The plan I follow is simple, in three divisions—the geographical and human environment of the social phenomena which I have to describe; the psychological individual, the element of society—finally, the society which is the chief object of study. In this last sociological part, my plan is to follow, in the order of their complexity, the successive stages of negro societies, from the biscxual couple up to the highest social organizations observed in tropical Africa.

It must not be thought that a plan so scientific has been written out in technical language. The book is extremely readable and is of palpitating interest for many of our own most burdensome problems. The rare use of reason, the consequent impermanence of sentiment among peoples without past or future, but living by the present sensible impulse, should lay down the law of missionary operation; and, by way of comparison, it should aid to the practical study of our own impulsive degenerates or "criminaloids"—who have nothing psychologically in common with his primitives, our author maintains. Here also appears the cruel error of an unscientific philanthropy which would transfer American negroes, products of essentially different progress, back to what are foolishly supposed to be their racial surroundings, as an anti-Home Ruler might wish to transplant Irishmen to some Himalayan cradle of the Celtic race. The comparison with the physiological and psychological changes in the race after one or two centuries under American civilization would also prove instructive. These the reader has to make for himself, in accordance with his own good faith. Dr. Cureau even declines to treat the influence of Mohammedanism on certain negro tribes towards the Sudan, as being outside his object—which is a synthesis of race facts as they have existed until now:

> How is it that these primitives who, for long centuries, have been cast aside from the rest of the world, show in their customs and beliefs the most characteristic traits of peoples completely unlike them in race, differing in intellect and character and area of expansion?

In July Sturgis & Walton will issue "A Reader of Scientific and Technical Spanish, with Vocabulary and Notes." It is edited by Col. C. De W. Willcox, professor of modern languages in the United States Military Academy.

An illustrated two-volume work on "Popular Botany," by A. E. Knight and Edward Step, is promised this month by Holt.

"Submerged Forests," by Clement Reid, is a Cambridge manual announced by Putnams.

The "Geography of Missouri" is treated by F. V. Emerson in the "University of Missouri Bulletin" (Educational Series, Vol. I, No. 4). Ten introductory pages briefly tell of the rocks of Missouri and of the "physiographic processes" that have acted upon them. Ten more pages describe the chief "physiographic provinces," namely, the Ozarks, the prairie plains, the Mississippi lowlands, and the river lowlands; all these receiving explanatory treatment, in terms of rock structure and external process. Soils and climate occupy about twelve pages; settlement and industries nearly thirty more—the slow settlement of the fertile prairies is a curious historical fact. Many diagrams, although rudely drawn, are very helpful to the reader. Similar bulletins concerning other States would be serviceable.

"School and Home Gardens" (Ginn), by W. H. D. Meier, contains compact and thorough directions concerning most of the plants which schools and homes require. Indeed, considering the temporary character of children's gardens, the book goes further than would ordinarily be expected, by including the care of trees, shrubs, and vines, and the work of grafting. The study, transplanting, and cultivation of wild flowers are encouraged by the book, which, with its clear print, attractive illustrations, and straightforward style, is in some ways a model of its kind. We cannot, however, recommend it for one of its intended uses, as a textbook for the grammar grades. For such a purpose the book seems unsuitable for two reasons: first, it assumes in the child a pretty complete knowledge of garden theory and practice, no explanation of which is given; and secondly, its vocabulary is too mature. The book is thus very decidedly "above grade," and would for school purposes need a skilful teacher, such as is unfortunately not yet provided except in some of our very best schools.

Stephen Dudley Field, inventor, died on Saturday at Stockbridge, Mass. He was a nephew of Cyrus and Dudley Field, and was born in 1846. His first important inventions were the multiple-call district-telegraph box, 1874, and four years later the electric elevator. In 1878-9 he built his first trolley car, in which undertaking he was a pioneer. It was not until several

years later that other inventors began to make improvements on the Field system. He sold his rights to the General Electric Company and the Westinghouse Company in 1896 to avoid the expense of litigation. In 1880 he made the first application of dynamo machines to telegraphy. Previous to this, the electricity was stored in batteries, which was cumbersome and expensive. He invented the stock ticker in 1884. In 1909 he made his last important invention, which was a cable quadruplex permitting four messages to be sent over cable wire at the same time. Mr. Field was a member of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers and the British Institute of Electrical Engineers.

The death is reported from Rhodesia, South Africa, on April 5, of William Harney Brown, naturalist. He was fifty years old. After his graduation from the University of Kansas in 1880, he had charge of the United States National Museum at Cincinnati. He took part in the expedition to St. Paul de Loanda to observe the eclipse in 1888-9. Later he went to Africa to collect specimens for the Carnegie Institution. For his part in the Matabele war he received from the British Government 13,000 acres of land.

Drama

We have before us a reissue of T. F. Ordish's "Shakespeare's London" (E. P Dutton & Co.), with an additional chapter on Westminster and Whitechapel and an itinerary for the benefit of those who wish to visit the places in London that are associated with the poet's memory. The book is a readable work of popularization, and, as such, has done good service, but we must regard as altogether inadequate a new edition, like the present, which takes no account whatever of Dr. C. W. Wallace's discoveries. Is this due to sheer ignorance or to the conspiracy of silence that seems to prevail in England in regard to Dr. Wallace's work? We have no desire to condone the faults of taste that have disfigured the articles in which the American scholar has put before the public the results of his investigations, but it involves a self-stultification for any writer on Shakespeare at the present day to ignore these researches. In Mr. Ordish's book there is not even a passing allusion to Shakespeare's residence at the Mountjoys' and the interesting affair in that family with which he became connected. But surely the spot where, in all likelihood, "Othello" (and doubtless even "Hamlet") was composed has at least an equal right to mention with the poet's conjectural residence in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate.

Lewis Waller, who arrived in London recently from a Canadian tour—which he reports as very successful—will sail almost immediately for Australia, where he will open in July with "Henry V." Madge Titheradge will be his leading lady, and in his company will be Evelyn Beerbohm, G. S. Titheradge, and Charles Quatermaine. He has new plays by Sydney Grundy and William Devereux, and the version of "Don Cæsar de Bazan," which was done at the Duke of York's Theatre, in London, some years ago. He expects to resume management in London next autumn.

When "Within the Law" is produced at the London Haymarket, under the joint management of Michael Faraday and Sir Herbert Tree, the part of the heroine will be taken by Edyth Goodale.

Miss Horniman has opened a season at the Court Theatre, in London, with a revival of Galsworthy's "The Pigeon." This will be followed by "The Whispering Well," a piece new to London. Other plays to be given are "Jane Clegg," by St. John G. Ervine, and "Elaine," by Harold Chapin.

Sir Sidney Lee, chairman of the executive committee, was the principal speaker at the annual meeting of the trustees of Shakespeare's Birthplace, held at Stratford-on-Avon, the other day. After referring to the loss which Shakespearean criticism and scholarship had sustained in the death of Professor Dowden, he announced that a visitor from America, Mr. Cooper-Prichard, of New York, had promised to complete at his expense the specimens in New Place Museum of the coins mentioned in Shakespeare's plays or in use in the country in the dramatist's day. Referring to the Royal Commission on Public Records, of which he is a member, he said that probably the most exacting and difficult of all the functions of the Commission would be to report on public records in local or private custody. That field seemed limitless, but for the Birthplace Trustees it was peculiarly promising. A thorough survey of local archives ought at any rate to bring to light some new Shakespearean clues. In that branch of inquiry local voluntary effort was especially to be desired, to supplement public central effort. He wished a great archæological society would arise in Warwickshire, thoroughly to catalogue and to coördinate all extant records bearing on county affairs through the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He did not admit that the amount of documentary evidence regarding Shakespeare's career was at present scanty. An exhibition of some twenty original Shakespearean documents among the national archives was organized by his friend, Dr. Martin, at the Public Record Office, a week or two ago. The trustees had also in their custody many original Shakespearean documents, and they intended to exhibit, at the side of their own documentary testimony, a complete series of facsimiles of documents which were at the Public Record Office or elsewhere.

Forbes-Robertson has just made his first London appearance as Shylock, in Drury Lane Theatre, and appears to have been greeted with fervent demonstrations from a brilliant and friendly audience, but he does not seem to have impressed the critics very deeply.

The Royal Naval and Military Tournament in London this year will include an uncommonly elaborate historical spectacle, entitled "The Restoration, 1660." There will be five scenes. In the first, "The Rule of the Rump, 1659," will be seen a typical seventeenth-century crowd in the narrow streets of London, buying and selling, or watching such sports as wrestling, cudgel-playing, and cock-fighting. A dour figure on a white horse appears from Whitehall. It is Hudibras — the creation of Samuel Butler—the earnest Puritan who cares neither for applause nor for unpopularity. The second scene, "The Gates of London, February 9, 1660," shows how the wrath of the populace is excited by the appearance of soldiers under Gen. Monck, who performs his last service to the "Rump" by breaking down the city gates because of the refusal of the citizens to pay the taxes imposed by the Parliament. In the third scene, "Monck signs for a Free Parliament, February 11, 1660," the General announces to the Lord Mayor that he has decided to "advise" the Rump to dissolve and summon a new Parliament. The next scene, "The Roasting of the Rump," shows the rejoicing of the populace, and leads up to the final scene, "King Charles enters London, May 29, 1660," a grand military pageant, in which Monck, who brought about the Restoration, is a conspicuous figure.

Music

THE WAGNER CENTENARY.

When Richard Wagner was born, on May 22, 1813, Haydn's grave had been closed only four years. Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber had not yet written their best works, Berlioz was only ten years old, Mendelssohn four, Chopin and Schumann three, and Liszt two, while Verdi was born the same year as Wagner, five months later. All these composers not only created masterworks, but exerted a wide influence on the world of music, yet none of them brought about such thorough changes as Wagner. As a boy he seemed to have talent for poetry, but not for music; his piano teacher, indeed, told him frankly he would never become a musician—and up to his death there were critics who maintained that the teacher's prediction had come true! Thirty years have since elapsed and barely a trace remains of the old rancor. Everywhere Wagner now plays first fiddle, in the concert halls no less than in the opera houses. The surest way to fill an auditorium is to announce a Wagner programme, even though he wrote so few pieces for the concert hall that his operas have to be drawn on therefor. Undoubtedly, much is lost by thus dissociating the music from the action and scenery; but if the public is satisfied with half a loaf of Wagner and prefers it to a whole loaf of other bread, what are you going to do about it?

Truth to tell, even those who enjoy Wagner's art-work in the opera house fall far short, as a rule, of understanding its full significance; particularly the subtle interdependence of the poetry and the music. Thousands to whom these operas have become old stories would be astonished, awed, and thrilled, as never before, if they could once distinctly hear every word that is sung, and note how it is mirrored in the

music, bar by bar. When Wagner brought out his "Tannhäuser" in Dresden he was disappointed because the audiences seemed to be more impressed by its operatic melodies in the olden style than by its musico-dramatic innovations. The fault, to be sure, was not all on the part of the hearers; the singers, and the players, too, were groping in the dark, dazed by a style that was new to them, and unable to show it off to advantage. That was in 1845. He had outstripped his generation; but instead of waiting for it to catch up with him, his astonishing originality impelled him to compose his "Tristan" and his Nibelung's Ring, in which he went beyond his own "Tannhäuser and "Lohengrin" by as big a stride as that which separated those works from the old-fashioned operas.

Singers, players, and audiences have learned much since 1845, yet a great deal remains to be done before the "art work of the future" can fully come into its own. The Bayreuth festivals have undoubtedly degenerated in important respects; the singers, in particular, are not always as carefully chosen as they were by Wagner in 1876 and 1882, the only two festivals he superintended; but his son has done the art-world a great service by carrying out at those festivals most conscientiously Wagner's directions regarding the interdependence of the scenic effects and the music, which are as subtle as the correlation between the poetry and the music. The time will doubtless come when justice will be done in our opera houses to every phase of Wagner's composite art; unless, indeed, it should prove that his demands are beyond human achievement; which is the case, it is to be feared, with regard to absolute distinctness of enunciation in so large an auditorium as his operas require.

While his quintuplex art-work (an amalgamation of music, poetry, painting, architecture, and sculpture, in action) has in a way conquered the world, it is clear that he was grievously mistaken in his egoistic idea that this kind of composite art-work was the only one which had a future. Notable things have been achieved in music and the other arts, separately, within the last half-century. So far as music alone is concerned, it must at the same time be admitted that, while some individual masterworks have been created, there has been no epoch-making achievement like his own in the music drama, or Beethoven's in the symphony, or Liszt's in the symphonic poem, or Chopin's in piano music, or Schubert's in lyric song. In the main, what Ferdinand Pfohl wrote many years ago, is still true: "Wagner is the oxygen, the atmosphere which modern opera breathes." Attempts to go beyond him have resulted in little more than exaggeration and caricature, as in the case of Richard Strauss. How much more ingratiating is Humperdinck's frankly Wagnerian "Königskinder" than "Elektra" or "Salome"!

Undoubtedly, the composers have been chafing for years under the tyranny of Wagnerian influence. A great sigh of relief was heaved when Mascagni brought forth what soon proved to be a *ridiculus mus*. A shout of joy went up when Debussy created a new "atmosphere" for himself and his imitators to breathe. Unfortunately, the chemistry of this new atmosphere was so simple—a whole-tone scale and certain augmented chords—that it staled in a few years. The crashing dissonances of Richard Strauss "made school" for a time; and encouraged by the ease with which a sensation and money can be made by such crude audacities, Schönberg and others have made cacophony the be-all of music. The funniest thing about it is that the perpetrators of these atrocities are benefiting by the very fact that Richard Wagner was assailed by the critics for his free use of discords. In view of the utter discomfiture of his enemies, many critics now are afraid to expose themselves to the future pillory by castigating Strauss, Schönberg, Scriabine, and the other "cubists." They do not see the great difference in the cases. Wagner, to be sure, enlarged the means of dramatic expression by the poignant use of discords as no one before him had done; but with the instinct of true and sincere genius he applied these discords only in tragic moments, whereas the cacophonists make no difference, musically, between love and murder. They offer cayenne pepper to those who ask for bread.

In our concert halls the Wagnerian atmosphere is almost as noticeable as in the opera houses. Liszt himself, who gave to concert music its protean new forms, called symphonic poems or tone poems, was largely influenced in doing so by Wagner's method of giving organic unity to the music of an opera by means of recurring leading motives. With Liszt, also, Wagner shares the honor of having brought about a revolution in the reading or interpretation of orchestral works of all periods. The "prima donna" conductors of our day, who earn almost as much as the dramatic sopranos and tenors, are, like them, the artistic offspring of Wagner and Liszt. It was they who taught the art of putting life, vigor, expression into symphonies and overtures, or into sonatas, by suiting the pace to the emotional character of the melody at every moment, thus revealing the secret of musical eloquence.

Putnams bring out late this month a collection of "Latin Songs; Ancient, Mediæval, and Modern, with Music," arranged by Calvin S. Brown.

The Philharmonic Society of New York makes the important announcement that they have obtained the services, as concertmeister, of Leopold Kramer, who formerly held the position of concertmeister of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, Chicago, and of the Chicago Opera Company.

"The Merry Widow" had its 5,000th performance in English by the Henry W. Savage Opera Company a few weeks ago at Portland, Ore. It seems to be as popular to-day as it was when first produced. The royalties from it have made Lehar a millionaire. What is expected to be the successor of "The Merry Widow," "Das Fürstenkind," by Lehar and Leon, is to be brought out here by Mr. Savage next season as "King of the Mountains." He will also present "The Gypsy Chief," by Emmerich Kahlmann, the composer of "Autumn Manœuvres."

The Bach Festival at South Bethlehem, Pa., will be celebrated next week. The St. Matthew Passion will be sung entire on Friday afternoon and evening, May 30, while the following afternoon and evening will be devoted to the Mass in B minor. The Philadelphia Orchestra will coöperate with the local chorus of 200. The performances will take place in the Packer Memorial Church, Lehigh University. Inquiries as to hotels and boarding houses should be addressed to Mrs. E. F. Gray, No. 110 Church Street, Bethlehem, Pa. The general bureau of information will be the A. C. Huff Music Store, No. 57 South Main Street, Bethlehem, Pa.

A "bird music" concert was given a few weeks ago in Philadelphia by the Matinée Music Club. Among the pieces on the programme were Schubert's "Hark! Hark! the Lark," Cyril Scott's "The Black Bird's Song," Lehmann's "The Cuckoo," and "The Nightingale," by Ward-Stephens. Another unusual concert in the same city was one given by the chorus from the Pennsylvania School for the Blind. It included about fifty singers. The programme embraced the first part of Mendelssohn's unfinished opera, "Loreley," and the performance was highly praised for precision, tone quality, and sympathetic understanding of the music.

Canada's greatest choral society, the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, may make a tour of Europe. It will take $75,000 to do it, but prominent men have assured the conductor, Dr. Vogt, that that sum will be available.

Mention was made in this column a few weeks ago of the fact that Joseph Stransky, the conductor of our Philharmonic Orchestra, edited and completely remodelled Berlioz's opera "Beatrice and Benedict," first produced in 1862 and never a success anywhere. In Stransky's version it won immediate approval, and already sixteen German opera houses have accepted it for performance.

Paderewski's recent tour in Poland was the occasion of a most extraordinary display of sentiment on the part of his country-people. Madame Paderewska writing recently to a friend, said: "Mr. Paderewski was received in Poland—not like a king, but as a sacred emblem of the nation. It would be impossible to relate the poignant

emotion with which he was received. It was grand, sublime. Even Paderewski can live but once moments like that." In Warsaw Paderewski had a curious experience with the Russian officialdom. On the night of his concert there were several cartloads of flowers, wreaths and the like, to be handed over the footlights. The head of the Russian police said he had no objection to the demonstration—only all the ribbons of national colors must come off the flowers before they were taken through the audience. This was done without lessening the enthusiasm of the people in the least.

Art

The Old Colleges of Oxford: Their Architectural History Illustrated and Described. By Aymer Vallance. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 34+ 134 pp. folio. $35 net.

The Story of Architecture in Oxford Stone. By E. A. Greening Lamborn. London: Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.

There are books aplenty about Oxford, but none that gives just the record of the growth of the college buildings which is to be found in this volume by Mr. Vallance. And it is a book most desirable to have. "In spite, then, of all the devastating changes it has undergone, Oxford still remains beautiful beyond compare. And whether in winter time, when its immemorial walls rise sombre by contrast to the whiteness of the fallen snow; or in the spring and early summer, when they stand embowered in lilac and laburnum, chestnut and may-blossom; . . . or in autumn, when pinnacle and buttress, turret and battlement, are incarnadined with banners of scarlet creepers—no matter in what mood, in what season, in sunshine or mist, the University city preserves its unique, unfailing fascination." It is Mr. Vallance's task to show in what way the buildings which are the chief source of this fascination were designed, and enlarged, and, too often lamentably, restored. To this end the book contains a large number of full-page illustrations, besides innumerable cuts in the text, reproducing in really superb form a great variety of drawings, paintings, engravings, and photographs, old and new. To the Oxford man who carries into the world "the vision of her august, transcendent personality," and even to the stranger who has passed through her gates, these pictures will bring a kind of homesickness, like the *desiderium Romæ* which haunted Erasmus. But the illustrations are by no means of sentimental value only. Many of them reproduce building details or notable bits of sculpture and metal work. Indeed, Mr. Vallance has succeeded throughout in mixing science and æstheticism in due proportions.

After the preface there follows a long introductory chapter which deals with the architecture of the University in general and in its broader outlines, and the customs, religious and educational, which were the causes of its specific development. Naturally, the author has been struck by the peculiarly conservative character of the Oxford style:

> Strange though it may seem, it is the fact that Oxford contains scarcely any work that can be entitled Renaissance in the strict sense of the term; that is, as applied to the early Italian revival. . . . It is incorrect, at any rate as far as Oxford is concerned, to regard Humanism and the Italian Renaissance as allied phases of one and the same thing. For while the University cannot in fairness be accused of reluctance to adopt the New Learning, nevertheless foreign art novelties met there with little sympathy. True to her character of the home of lost causes and impossible loyalties, Oxford clung with a tragic desperation to her ancient garments of Gothic pattern, hugging them about her until, worn to rags and tatters, they dropped off, and she was constrained to clothe her nakedness with the sole contemporary dress available in the eighteenth century, to wit, that sheer Palladianism into which the illusory "New Birth" movement itself had by that time degenerated. Thus it befell that Oxford architecture never passed through the normal gamut of successive phases of declension from the sixteenth century onward, but that between the perfection of English mediæval masoncraft, as practiced by Wykeham, Chicheley, and Waynfleet on the one hand, and the corrupt fashion of Trinity, Queen's, and Worcester Colleges on the other, there was no intermediate stage but that of the so-called "Oxford Gothic."
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> In this style almost all the outward lineaments of Perpendicular were retained: the arches were four-centred; walls were crowned with gables or battlements, and their surface relieved by moulded panel-work or string-courses; windows were hooded by labels and always mullioned, and sometimes were enriched with tracery.

Elsewhere Mr. Vallance describes this Oxford Gothic as a "picturesque hybrid, . . . neither mediæval on the one hand nor Renaissance on the other." It was not in the purpose of his book, but he might with profit have digressed here to show how this mongrel, but fascinating, style of building is typical of that strange wedding of the classical and the mediæval which gives to the University its unique spirit—unique, at least, in the intensity with which it expresses the paradoxical nature of our whole civilization with its double source.

It is owing to a misunderstanding of this peculiar development at Oxford that some of the most censurable restorations have been made. Mr. Vallance calls attention to the evil influence of Ruskin's attempt to introduce Venetian Gothic, which is quite out of harmony with the spirit of the place. And naturally he has even harder words for the extraordinary lack of knowledge and taste that has led to such vandalism as the demolition, in 1857, of the Perpendicular chapel at Balliol "and the substitution of the streaky new building by Butterfield."

After the introduction Mr. Vallance takes up the individual colleges chronologically. We cannot here follow him in these successive chapters, but can recommend the book as a whole for the interest of its text and the beauty of its manufacture.

By the side of Mr. Vallance's magnificent folio the little volume by Mr. Lamborn looks modest enough, but it is an excellent treatise for all that. "Architecture," says Mr. Lamborn, "has too long been the plaything of the antiquarian; it is time that it was recognized as a matter of vital concern for every citizen." It is in that spirit, we take it, that he has composed this manual.

"A History of the Metropolitan Museum of Art" (The Museum), by Winifred E. Howe, has the sobriety and objectivity of an official record. Even in this impersonal form the story is a sufficiently inspiring one. Between 1870 and 1905 a feeble volunteer enterprise emerged as a great museum splendidly manned and with funds far exceeding any of its older European rivals. Such a growth is elsewhere paralleled, though not equalled, only in the museums of Boston and Berlin. An audacious initiative marked the early stages. William T. Blodgett, a cultured layman and trustee, bought on his own judgment two hundred thousand dollars' worth of old masters and bought them well. Gen. Cesnola patriotically imposed upon New York the Cypriote treasures for which European museums were bidding. When the collections were moved to the Park the trustees packed and unpacked the boxes with their own hands. In the late eighties Henry G. Marquand and Catherine Lorillard Wolfe inaugurated the tradition of princely gifts and bequests which in late years have come in an unfailing stream. The long backwater of Gen. Cesnola's later directorship is hardly mentioned for evident reasons. It was marked by the shrinking of many activities along the line of popular education. Such impersonality befits an official chronicle. Yet when one thinks of the outstanding men associated with the Museum: Prime, Marquand, Johnston, Blodgett, Morgan, one fairly craves a personal history of this great enterprise. In such a book would be abundant human nature to reward the annalist, and wherewithal to tax his sympathy and tact. Meanwhile Miss Howe's book fully meets the public needs of the case.

Ludwig E. Faber, a portrait painter, died last Friday in Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia. He was a charter member and for seven years president of the Sketch Club and vice-president of the Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters. He was fifty-seven years old and was born in Philadelphia. He studied art in France and Germany eleven years. Many of his works are in the public and private galleries of Philadelphia.

Finance

HIGHER RAILWAY RATES.

Officers of the Eastern railways on Wednesday of last week filed with the Interstate Commerce Commission their petition to be allowed an average increase of 5 per cent. in rates imposed for carrying all freight. This is the first application of the sort since 1910. In June of that year, shortly before the new law was enacted, under which the Commission was to possess the power of vetoing a change in rates, the Eastern railways announced an advance averaging 10 per cent. That action was opposed by Attorney-General Wickersham and enjoined by the Federal courts; the purpose of that interference being to restrain the roads from establishing higher rates until, under the new law then pending in Congress, the proposed rates should have been reviewed by the Interstate Commission.

The railways having yielded, their case was heard by the Commission in the autumn, and in February of 1911 the petition for higher rates was denied *in toto*. Stated generally, the grounds for the Commission's action were that the railways had not sufficiently established their need of such higher rates; that revenue from freight transportation was not decreasing, and that the railways had not adequately tested the possibilities of reducing their expenses through more economical management.

Since that judgment was affirmed, three different influences have been actively at work on the finances of the railways. One is the substantial and reasonably continuous increase in both gross and net earnings, which came with the return of better times and the great harvests of 1912. Another is the increase of wages, especially for the Eastern locomotive engineers under the arbitration board's award of last November, and for the Eastern railway firemen under the award of a month ago. The third dominating influence has been the heavy expenditure for additions, improvements, and new rolling stock, made largely out of earnings, but involving also extensive borrowings which, in a security market grown somewhat overburdened, entailed a progressive increase of annual fixed charges.

The petition presented to the Commission last week sets forth, and the railways undertake to prove, that their cost of conducting business "has been, and is being, steadily increased by increases in capital charges, increases in wages, increases in taxes, increased burdens imposed by legislative enactment, such as extra-crew laws, employers' liability and compensation acts, elimination of grade crossings, either in part or in whole at the expense of the carriers, and in various other respects, and that existing rates are insufficient to afford just and reasonable compensation and return to the carriers, and are unreasonably low in view of the value of the service afforded thereunder." They further undertake to show that large additional sums of money should be expended for enlargement of yards and terminals, additional tracks, block signals, additional shops, and so on—these being expenditures which are "demanded by existing and future transportation conditions," and which must be made if the railways "are to satisfy the needs of the public."

This presentation of the case is both temperate and impressive; it stands in altogether favorable contrast with the outcry against the Government's injustice and with the threats of business ruin which for a time made the episode of 1910 all but farcical. No one is likely to be very profoundly convinced by the recent published statement of President Rea, of the Pennsylvania, to the effect that a 5 per cent. all-round increase in freight rates would mean only 8 cents a month to every American citizen. The thing cannot be reasonably figured up in any such way, and if it could, it would still remain to be proved why that 8-cent charge should be imposed, any more than 16 cents, or 4, or none at all. But Mr. Rea does not finally rest his case on such an argument, any more than does the formal petition to the Interstate Commissioners. "Reduced to the simplest terms," he concludes, "the question involved in the proposal to increase freight rates is this: Are the people willing to pay the railroads sufficient freight rates to enable them to render the service which the people demand and should have?"

This is a fair and proper statement of the argument. Public opinion demands a certain grade of railway facilities; it has, through the arbitration boards, very generally increased railway wage scales; the public authorities have increased railway taxes. If the resultant enlarged running expenses and fixed charges press too closely on the revenue at the present transportation rates, it is reasonable for the companies to ask for a higher rate. Not even the fact that some railways may not urgently need the higher rate, while others do, is a conclusive argument against the request; for the Interstate Commission itself requires uniformity as between the competing railways, and if the Commission did not require it, conditions of railway competition would, since an advance in rates by the weaker lines alone would simply mean loss of their chance in competition.

The question for the Commissioners to decide is whether the proposed 5 per cent. advance, taking the petitioning railways as a whole, is right in itself or not. That must be settled in the light of the past two years' experiences, of the tendencies of the present day, and of such other considerations as the existing higher price of borrowed capital and the need for a larger margin, against less favorable business times, in the railways' own gross earnings.

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Albanesi, E. M. The Glad Heart. Fourth edition; The Beloved Enemy. London: Methuen.

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Buchanan, Uriel. Spiritual Life. Fenno.

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The Week

President Wilson's plain words about the pressure of selfish interests upon Congress to defeat the moderate reduction of the tariff proposed by the Underwood bill, are significant both for what they say and what they imply. It is known that for some time specific evidence has been coming to him of the truth of what he asserts. But his blunt utterance will of itself do a great deal to thwart the secret efforts of which he speaks. His deliverance will have a double effect. It will serve notice on the tariff lobbyists that their schemes are under close observation. And it will be a constant warning, and a kind of useful external conscience, to members of Congress who are exposed to temptation. They will know that any swerving on their part will subject them to the most odious suspicion. And behind all there is seen the obvious readiness of Mr. Wilson to be "a talking President" in this matter of tariff revision; one who will blurt out his opinion about men as well as about measures, and who will, if necessary, go straight to the country with his appeals.

There are lobbyists and lobbyists. By no means all of the men who go to Washington to get a hearing on the tariff rates affecting their own business are either dishonorable in their motives or subterranean in their methods. Some of them go openly to committee rooms to make their errands known. And when they do this in the spirit of offering information for the framers of the bill, pointing out, perhaps, oversights or inconsistencies or injustices or unworkable provisions in the measure as it passed the House, they not only are entitled to consideration, but are doing a public service. It is, however, to wholly different procedures that President Wilson alludes. The men whom he has in his eyes are, first, those gentlemen who, without any visible occupation, live well in Washington hotels and profess to have political "influence" at their disposal. There is no question of open corruption. Only, the "right" man is to be employed to get the matter properly presented to the committee, or to see that the thing is considered privately—and, of course, disinterestedly—by the Senators who will have most to say. Then there are the gentry who have advantageous personal relations with important legislators. In addition, there are the agents who ply the press with arguments and advertisements. And, lastly, far away from Washington there are the little organizations in Boston and New York and Philadelphia and Chicago and San Francisco that quietly raise money and have their meetings and send their letters and telegrams to Washington, all in the belief that if only the weakest point in the line of resistance can be pressed upon hard enough, the Administration's tariff plans may be brought to the ground.

Republican reorganization and harmony are approaching rapidly—on paper. Senators of both wings of the party are daily and amicably conferring, and the National Committee is favorably considering a plan to have a National Convention next year, at which the question of the representation of Southern States may be settled, and as many other roots of bitterness removed as possible. On all sides the disposition is to forget past differences and to unite for the future. Even those who do not believe in the need of the proposed party reforms are keeping civil tongues in their heads. Chairman Barnes was expected to make an angry retort to the suggestion that he should take himself out of the way of the chariot of progress, but he contents himself with a dry statement of his intention to call a meeting of the State Committee directly after the extra session of the Legislature. From Washington, where the chief get-together efforts are under way, all is grace, mercy, and peace, with a dash of new hope for the future. All the reports indicate that the Republican lion and lamb are preparing to lie down together. But where is the little child that shall lead them?

Wherever the Highland chief sits is the head of the table, and whatever Col. Roosevelt does has a way of getting at the head of the newspaper column. Hence it was inevitable that a great deal of space, with big headlines, should be given to his journey to Marquette, accompanied by a carload of friends and special correspondents, where he has gone into court to prove that he is not an habitual drunkard. This ought not to be a difficult task. The cloud of witnesses with which Mr. Roosevelt has compassed himself about on his journey can scarcely be intended merely to confound the one rash editor whom he is suing for libel. The Colonel's intention must be so to mass testimony concerning his drinking that the lurking stories and club-corner gossip about his frequently indulging to excess may get their quietus. That they were ever widely credited there is no reason to believe. Certainly no one who has had occasion to see Mr. Roosevelt often, or who knows the prodigious amount of physical and mental labor he gets through, could fancy that he was anything but an abstemious man who took the best care of himself. And to suppose that his is a temperament that requires vinous exhilaration is absurd. Get him interested, throw him into a fight, place him before huzzaing crowds that drink to him only with their eyes, and he will not ask for wine.

Organized labor's demand that Ambassador Page be recalled from London because of his hostility to the trade unions is somewhat perplexing. Organized labor ought to take pleasure in having its enemies sentenced to a long period of exile from the country, even if it is what some people might regard as an honorable exile. If Mr. Page is indeed a foe to democracy and a power for evil, the best place for him is three thousand miles away from Mr. Gompers's country. We cannot but regard this clamor by the unions as a very bad piece of tactics on their part. What they should have done is to interpret Mr. Page's appointment as a punishment instead of a compliment. They should now be arguing that President Wilson, anxious to rid himself of the embarrassing presence of an enemy of labor, has put him where he can do no harm.

Where except in California could the people be sure of having a Governor able to sum up the work of the Legislature before it adjourned? In that State, however, it is the custom for the Executive to send a farewell message to the lawmakers, and, performing that duty this year, Gov. Johnson recounts their mighty works. But first he pays his respects to "the organized conspiracy of detraction that for the last four months has been endeavoring to poison our people." The "special-interest press" of the State is the poison-scatterer. But it has been all in vain. "To-day," exults the Governor, "there is presented to California a record of accomplishment by this Legislature which, if accomplished in any other State in a decade, would be a matter of wonder and pride." As Johnson was chiefly responsible for the programme of legislation, the accuracy of his estimate can no more be called in question than can its modesty.

Mayor Gaynor's veto of the bill creating a Department of Public Welfare, to have control of the subject of gambling and prostitution in this city, has met with general approval. His message indicated a certain degree of sympathy with the general purpose in view, but took strong exception to the particular bill upon a number of grounds. Among those opposed to the bill, there are many whose opposition is based upon reasons other than those assigned by the Mayor. Of these reasons, perhaps the most weighty is that which rests on the fact that the proposal was put forward without full consideration of the experience of other great cities. It had also been urged upon the Mayor that the eve of an exciting Mayoralty election was inopportune for the inauguration of such a change. In the course of the next twelvemonth, it may be expected that much new light will be thrown on the whole question.

When a city is "cleaned up," in a moral sense, what becomes of the refuse? Where do the unfortunate women and the evil men who live upon them go? They usually go to some other city. Philadelphia's Police Department has been carrying on a rigorous quarantine of the local Tenderloin. Warned by previous experience, the police authorities of Philadelphia are seeing to it that the expelled denizens of the Tenderloin do not scatter over uninfected districts. When that object is attained, the local police are content. The head of Cleveland's police used to boast that he had "cleaned up" the city by driving its outlawed population—to Cincinnati. Philadelphia cleans up by starting an exodus in the direction of New York. New York cleans up by making it more comfortable for the practitioners of vice to take a train for Chicago. The trade of vice thus takes on an itinerant character. This or that city finds temporary relief, but what is the effect on the moral well-being of the nation as a whole? And what is the lasting outcome in the city immediately affected? These are questions not yet intelligently answered. It is certain that no cleaning-up process can be permanently effective which merely sentences vice to six months' exile.

Other States may be at their wits' end to raise as much money as their Legislatures wish to spend, but not Minnesota. Its Constitution permits loans from the State Treasury to municipalities, and both St. Paul and Minneapolis are looking to this source for 4 per cent. money. Within the next decade, it is prophesied, the income from the State school trust fund will reach five million dollars. This is due to the policy which the State has long followed of not selling the public lands which came to it as resources for its schools. These lands have become extremely valuable, owing in a measure to their timber and stone wealth. The income from this fund at present is stated to be about two million dollars. Iron-mine royalties paid the State five millions last year. The State Auditor is quoted as estimating that within forty years Minnesota will have an income of $200,000,000! Whatever discount may have to be made from this rosy estimate does not impair the moral that the time to conserve your natural resources is while you have them.

On the day when Indianapolis voters were dodging the polls, a city a hundred miles to the east of it was setting a very different example. Flood-submerged Dayton may not yet have got to her feet again, but she has recovered strength to adopt the form of city government whose invention gave Galveston a place in history. A committee of fifteen, headed by John H. Patterson, overwhelmingly defeated a committee nominated by the Democratic organization, and consequently will frame a commission government for the city. The vote was only slightly less than that cast at the Presidential election. Mr. Patterson scored a rare triumph, his election being virtually unanimous. In some wards, he received every vote. The scheme favored at Dayton seems to be a combination of the commission-government plan and the city-manager device. Five commissioners are to be elected in the city at large, and ward lines to be done away with; but these five men, instead of looking after various departments of work themselves, will appoint an expert in city management who will be the active administrator. The election was under the new Ohio law, which gives cities liberal powers in framing their charters.

"Taggart Man Nominated," ran a newspaper headline the other day. And the last sentence in the dispatch reads: "The vote was the smallest in recent years in Indianapolis." Cause and effect are seldom so neatly linked. This outcome of a contest for a Mayoralty nomination is the old story of the Boss Who Stays on the Job. Bell, the Taggart candidate, opposed Wilson at Baltimore. His leading opponent, Holtzman, was not unknown to his fellow-citizens, for they had made him their Mayor as recently as 1905. In that office he established a record for efficiency. A treasury which, at the beginning of his Administration, was penniless, he left two years later with above $200,000 in it. He brought about the first track elevation in the city. He managed to obtain a reduction in the price of gas from 90 cents a thousand feet to 60. The system of medical inspection of schools adopted under him is now to be found in every city in the State. He stood forth as specifically a Wilson Progressive. Yet the city which gave Wilson almost as many votes as Taft and Roosevelt combined, did not take the trouble to strike a second blow at bossism in either the Republican or the Democratic camp. It was too soon after the first one!

Everybody has long known that the tariff affected almost everything that

one could eat, drink, or wear, but it has been reserved for the Hon. Caleb Powers, of Kentucky, to discover its connection with the permanence of friendship, the secret of old age, and Browning's table-talk. It is just like the *Congressional Record* to bury this jewel of debate in the back pages of an unusually thick number, but, like murder, it will out, nevertheless. Mr. Powers first introduced an amendment to the Underwood bill as follows:

Par. 172½. Rough lumber, $1.25 per thousand feet board measure.

Par. 172¾. Railroad ties, 10 per cent. *ad valorem.*

He then obtained leave to print a recent speech of Chauncey Depew, modestly withdrawing himself from the arena for the sake of "putting before the general public one of the ablest speeches" he had read in a good while. Mr. Depew might have related his remarks more directly to rough lumber and railway ties, but perhaps he did not foresee that they would figure in a tariff controversy. At all events, he began by saying: "With each recurrence of these anniversaries, I am more impressed with the permanence of friendship." Even in reference to this item, however, he gave no hint whether it should be taxed specifically or *ad valorem*. Nor did the Hon. Caleb Powers. Browning, according to the entertaining Mr. Depew, had once been hailed by the Shah of Persia as a fellow-poet; but here again, both he and his Kentucky admirer fail to tell us whether Shahs or poetry, or both, should be admitted to this country at a specific duty or *ad valorem*.

The Institute of Arts and Sciences which is organized under the auspices of Columbia University will not attempt extension teaching in a specific sense, since the programmes to be offered by the Institute carry no academic credit and, of course, involve no obligatory attendance. What the University authorities are doing is to systematize the rather inchoate mass of lectures and courses, some of which are at present free to the public. Exchange professors came and went, interesting lecture series by the members of the local faculty were carried on, but little trouble was taken to acquaint the public with the advantages which were to be had on Morningside Heights. The Board of Education has advertised its free evening lectures much more efficiently than Columbia has done. The case of Henri Bergson is a brilliant exception. However, systematization is now to come. The change from an uncoordinated lecture system to an Institute of Arts and Sciences is radical to the extent that there will be a single fee of ten dollars for access to facilities which have hitherto not been related. That is not an excessive price for more than 250 lectures, concerts, readings, and recitals in a single season.

The French Government is now aware that the enactment of the proposed three years' law of military service is not a business to be disposed of with a turn of the hand. The garrison mutinies in Paris and along the German frontier have shown that the General Confederation of Labor is more than prepared to back up the Socialists' opposition to the project in Parliament. The bill will in all probability become law; but in order to do so it must have behind it the solid support of all parties outside the extreme Socialists. That is the significance of the interview between President Poincaré and M. Clemenceau, at the President's solicitation. The two men are political enemies, but M. Clemenceau has declared himself ready to cooperate with the President on a matter affecting so intimately the vital interests of the nation. The veteran Radical leader is now having his revenge. When Poincaré became President there was altogether too much talk of him as a "strong man" and as a "national" President who would stand above party, the implication being that at length the Radical ascendency in Parliament and the country had been broken. M. Poincaré is now making confession that no revolutionary change of opinion has occurred in the country, and that without the consent of the Radicals nothing can be done.

The Mikado's serious illness comes at a time when Japanese politics is in a highly nervous condition, this being in turn the symptom of profound changes that are going on in the national life. Under the traditional conception of the Mikado as a divine being who stands aloof from the mere concerns of the moment, the actual personality of the sovereign counts for little in its effect on the public mind, and a change of rulers hardly touches the national life. But Japan to-day is in a state of sharp transition. The forces of democracy are asserting themselves against domination by clan oligarchy as embodied in the group of Elder Statesmen. Some of the members of that famous group have passed away. The authority of the survivors has weakened. Their influence, for example, was not strong enough to keep in power the late Premier Katsura, standing as he did for the maintenance of class rule, as against a Parliament truly responsible to the nation. The death of the Emperor Yoshihito would thus have significance because any event of such importance as the accession of a new sovereign would be bound to be made the occasion for increased efforts by the opposing parties in the nation.

In the complex play of international politics at Peking, it would be difficult to trace the exact effect of Mr. Wilson's action in withdrawing from the six-Power loan negotiations, followed by our recognition of the Chinese Republic. But even as a coincidence, it is worth recording that not more than two months after the President's secession from the six-Power group, the loan, which had been in painful suspense for more than a year, became a fact. More than that, although the precise conditions on which the loan has been granted have not been made public, it is apparent, from such accounts as have reached us of the proceedings in the Parliament at Peking, that the drastic powers of supervision and control originally demanded by the bankers must have been seriously modified, or guarantees of some sort must have been provided to allay the opposition of the Chinese democratic party. Now comes the report of a compromise between the Government of Yuan Shi-Kai and the democratic leaders by which a committee of Parliament is to supervise the expenditure of the loan. The eagerness with which London has been subscribing for Chinese bonds shows the world's confidence in the stability of the present Government. President Wilson deserves the credit of having given the cue. He undoubtedly rendered China a service, and we have still to learn what harm American interests have suffered in the process.

SOME ESSENTIALS OF A CURRENCY REFORM LAW.

It is quite generally understood, regarding the programme for legislation on banking and currency reform, that the actual measure to which the Administration will give its approval is still in a formative stage. It may also be safely taken for granted that a wide variety of particular plans and expedients, more or less inconsistent with one another, are pressed upon those in charge of the bill. A process of selection and rejection is therefore necessarily even now under way, and it will not have been completed, even when the committees have framed and reported their bills to the two houses of Congress.

At such a juncture it is useful to fix the mind on the primary essentials of such a measure. There are some definite purposes and provisions which are, so to say, the *sine qua non* of an effective currency and banking reform law, and the best means of judging the wisdom or unwisdom of other and more technical proposals is to study them with a constant view to these main objective points.

These primary essentials are fortunately, at the present time, generally agreed upon by all people who have given intelligent study to the question. The first, in our judgment, is provision for a centralized reserve, which can be used to safeguard currency issues based upon other bankable assets, and as a basis for rediscount of commercial paper in behalf of individual banks. The second essential is a system of "zone" or district supervision, whereby general oversight of the banking affairs of a given district shall be constantly exercised by a responsible committee chosen by the banks of that district. The third is possession and exercise of the power to regulate discount rates within due limits, with a view to the movement both of foreign exchange and of home requirements. The fourth is a system of circulating notes which shall be not only safe but absolutely elastic; which shall not only expand with the larger needs of a given season's trade, but which (unlike our present banknote system) shall automatically contract when the needs of trade grow smaller. The fifth is a system for the transfer either of lawful reserves or of circulating notes from the central repository to the individual banks, in response either to shifting needs of trade or to a sudden credit emergency. In addition to all these, it is unanimously conceded that the Government must have such representation in the central governing board as will give it a voice in the general policy pursued.

The Aldrich plan was skilfully contrived to meet these fundamental requirements; but it fell short of providing for several contingencies which, in this country more than in any other, would be likely to arise. We may best sum up those defects of the Aldrich plan, and may best point out some distinct problems with which a new plan will be confronted, by setting forth certain things which a satisfactory banking and currency law must provide against.

One of these, and the most obvious, is inflation of the currency; a danger more threatening in any new legislation from the fact that such inflation, in its earlier stages, is likely to be popular. This was in several ways the crux of the Aldrich plan. It was partly provided for by the proposed imposition of a 1½ per cent. tax on outstanding notes in excess of $900,000,000, not directly secured by lawful money—as against the present actual banknote circulation of $753,000,000—and by a 5 per cent. tax on an excess above $1,200,000,000. But the restriction was much impaired by the further provision that notes issued by the central organization, and held by an individual bank, might be counted as part of that bank's required reserve against deposits. This, in our judgment, made distinctly against the normal elasticity of the currency.

A second matter to avoid has to do with regulation of interest rates by any central governing board or boards. It would be easy, and popular, for such a committee to use the machinery of the system to keep down the interest rate. It might be very different if they took measures to force the rate up. Yet nothing has been more absolutely demonstrated, in the experience of all great central banks, than that one of the useful and necessary functions of such institutions is the raising of the official discount rate when the foreign exchanges need to be controlled or excessive home demands on credit need to be restrained.

Perhaps an advance in the rate by a central committee, with a view to moderating a gold export movement, might cause no complaint or irritation; but the fixing of a higher rate with the avowed purpose of blocking excited speculation, would be a new experience to Americans. Wall Street itself has been accustomed, in the not very distant past, to see the great private banks use every expedient, when a speculation had already reached the stage of extravagance, for keeping down the current money rate. Far different, and infinitely more in consonance with sound finance, was the action of the Imperial German Bank on repeated occasions of the sort, when, as in the autumn of 1905, the president of that institution, announcing the advance in its discount rate from 4 per cent. to 5, publicly referred to the speculation by the German "outside public," and declared that it "was the duty of the Reichsbank to put a damper on the movement."

A final and obvious consideration, among the results which a useful banking and currency reform plan must avoid, is undue influence over the policies of the central boards by outside interests. Discussion of the possibility of what is somewhat loosely described as "Wall Street control" has been familiar enough; but there are outside interests which have nothing to do with Wall Street, and yet which would quite as willingly use for their own ends their influence with a central committee or committees as would financial promoting interests. Such committees must be equally prepared to resist the pressure of the Western farmer associations, or the Southern cotton conventions, or the inland real estate operators, as to reject unwarranted urgencies of the Stock Exchange.

TALENT AND THE POPULAR VOTE.

It is confidently stated that Senator Root will retire at the end of his term. The report is that he does not care to seek reëlection to the Senate by popular vote—the method that will hereafter be necessary. We do not know whether this rumor is well founded or not, nor are we informed if the reasons given for Mr. Root's alleged decision to quit public life are published with any shadow of authority from him. What his friends say is that, all other motives aside, he is disinclined to enter into the hurly-burly of a contest for a party nom-

ination in the primaries, and then a direct election by the people as United States Senator. If all this is true, and if Mr. Root does in fact withdraw to private life, his case will undoubtedly be used as a taking argument against the new plan of choosing Senators, not by the Legislature, but directly by popular vote. Here, it will be said, is a man of outstanding ability, fitted admirably to represent his great State in the Senate, yet one of the first effects of the change in the Constitution is to deprive us of his services.

The matter, however, requires a little examination. If there is any feeling in this State adverse to Senator Root, and of such a supposed intensity as to make his election by direct vote seem improbable, what is it based upon? His exceptional ability? Are the people offended by the display of intellectual power which he has made in the Senate? Would they rather have a commonplace man in his stead? If Root would have a poor chance in a popular election, what sort of chance would Tom Platt have had, or Depew, or Ed Murphy, or Dave Hill? These questions answer themselves. The people of New York have no dislike of unusual talent or commanding leadership in their public men. They have been proud of the debating force and the statesmanlike grasp which Elihu Root has exhibited at Washington. It is not at all for anything that he has done there that objection to him exists—if it does exist in any marked degree. For the causes of that, one must go further back. We will not here go into them. Every one knows what is meant. It was implied in Mr. Roosevelt's famous question, when he was hesitating whether to make Root or Taft his successor: "Could a corporation lawyer be elected President?" But note well that this implies no jealousy of Mr. Root's brilliant powers. They are of the sort which, by themselves, the people delight to honor; and, for our part, we are not at all sure that he could not present himself to the voters and win another election, if he cared to try. However that may be, it is manifestly unwarranted to say that the retirement of Mr. Root would be a proof that the people will not directly elect a Senator taller from the shoulders and upward than most of his colleagues in the Senate.

It may be said that a certain fastidiousness goes with such high abilities as Mr. Root's. He would not be unwilling to take the steps necessary to be elected by the Legislature, but he has a Coriolanus-like shrinking from going before the crowd and asking each man for his vote. That may be. We have to take temperaments as they are, with the defects of their excellencies. But look at the thing in another light. If direct election of Senators prevents Mr. Root from being kept *in*, will it not also be a sure means of keeping worse men *out?* We will plainly put a case. There has been talk of Mr. Hearst desiring to succeed Root. The idea will seem fantastic, or revolting, to most of our readers; but if they were actually confronted with the threat of such a disgrace to the State, in what way would they think the likelihood of averting it greater—through election by the Legislature, or by direct vote of the people? By the former method, think of all the opportunities that Hearst would have to make his private arrangements with Murphy and other bosses in control of the Legislature. We saw how the thing worked two years ago, when the candidacy of Sheehan was suddenly sprung on the State, and was defeated only by heroic efforts and the narrowest of margins. Who would not prefer to take his chances of beating Sheehan or Hearst by a direct appeal to all the people, rather than by endeavoring to influence an intrigue-ridden Legislature? In our opinion, there is not a particle of doubt where the advantage would lie.

Of all States in the Union, New York ought to be the last in which to suggest doubts whether the people will rise to men of distinguished talents and weighty character. Go back forty years and ask who are the public men in whom the great confidence of New York has been most conspicuously manifested. At least three of the most notable of them have been as far as possible from the cheap and demagogic type. Tilden and Cleveland and Hughes—in all of them there was a certain austere quality, of the sort which is popularly supposed to repel the multitude. Yet we know how the hearts of the people again and again flowed out to these men. With such precedents in mind, it will require a great deal more proof on the other side than we yet have in hand, to compel one to believe that the voters will not be glad to choose distinguished men as Senators, if they have a chance. They may defeat a conspicuously able candidate, but that will be, we may feel perfectly sure, for some other reason than his ability.

THE WEST VIRGINIA INQUIRY.

It is now settled that a Senate committee is to take testimony regarding the labor troubles in West Virginia, and especially in the matter of the declaring of martial law in certain districts, with trials by military commissions. The committee will consist of five Senators, who will sit in Washington to examine witnesses. As outlined, the investigation would seem to be of a wider scope than is desirable. To look into the whole range of labor conditions in the West Virginia coal mines, to determine what rôle in the disturbances has been played by the railways, would lead the committee far, and into matters where the Federal jurisdiction is not clear. Probably in sheer self-defence the inquiry will narrow, as it proceeds. And, after all, the question of greatest interest, and the one with which Congress has the undoubted right to concern itself, relates to the way in which justice has been administered in West Virginia during the period of violence and rioting by the miners on strike.

It was the anomaly, to use no harsher word, of civilians being tried in West Virginia by the military, although the courts were open, which first caught the attention of the public. This it was which prompted Senator Kern's original resolution for an inquiry. All the other matters were collateral and subordinate. It may or may not be true that the West Virginia miners have been compelled to work under oppressive conditions. There may or may not be warrant for the assertion that railway companies have selfishly fomented labor troubles. Those things are important in their place, but it is certain that by themselves they would not have moved the Senate to act. What aroused concern and debate in that body, and what has finally led it to appoint a committee of investigation, was the fear that lawbreakers in West Virginia had been deprived of their Constitutional right to due process of law. The disorders are admitted. The need of bringing turbu-

lent men to justice is not denied. But the question which stirred some of the ablest men and best lawyers in the Senate was whether martial law in West Virginia had not overstepped its due bounds.

The substantial points at issue were clearly indicated in the speeches, and the running debate, of Senator Goff and Senator Borah. The former is from West Virginia, and undertook a thoroughgoing defence of the action of Gov. Hatfield, both in declaring martial law and in directing military commissions to try offenders. As one who had been on the Federal bench, Mr. Goff was naturally familiar with the judicial precedents, and cited several decisions of the Supreme Court upholding the action of military tribunals. But Senator Borah contended with great force that all these cases had to do with a time of war, or of military administration of a conquered territory. His argument was, and it seems to us weighty, that the military arm can and should be used by the Executive when the occasion demands it, but should be used as essentially a police force. When public order cannot be preserved by the ordinary officials, let the soldiery be called in without hesitation. Let rioting and insurrection be put down with the sternest hand. If the processes of the courts cannot be executed by sheriffs and constables, let them be executed by the militia. But, affirmed Senator Borah, martial law must stop at the door of the courtroom. The troops may run down and arrest criminals and hold them under guard; but when it comes to ascertaining their guilt and fixing their punishment, that is a work for judge and jury. For officers of the militia, untrained in the law, to attempt it, is almost certain to lead to actual injustice, and in any event creates an angry feeling that the ordinary processes of justice are arbitrarily set aside. Into such an obvious irregularity it is proper for the Senate to inquire.

It has been said that most of the pressure for this Senate investigation has come from labor unions in West Virginia. That does not affect the merits of the case. All of us are concerned in maintaining due process of law, against the mere argument of pike and gun. It may be true that laboring men are more directly interested than any other class in having this particular matter set straight. But with this interest, there goes an obligation. It is to recognize the general desire to have courts that are pure and impartial, and will do exact justice between man and man. Labor leaders praised the Massachusetts court that acquitted Ettor and Giovannitti; but too many of them were ready to break out in denunciation of the New Jersey court that convicted Quinlan. A "class verdict" was the epithet applied to the findings of the jury in that case. Justice can know no classes; and the multiplying evidence, such as that furnished by the coming Senate inquiry and by the resolute prosecution now going on in Massachusetts of employers charged with conspiring against their men, should convince honest workingmen that the outcries of the Industrial Workers against the courts are both unfounded and unpatriotic.

THE CASE OF OLLIE TAYLOR.

A few weeks ago the country was startled by the report that a ten-year-old boy had been sentenced to eleven years of penal servitude for stealing a bottle of soda-water. The Supreme Court of Georgia, it was set forth, had confirmed this monstrous sentence on technicalities, declining to interfere with its execution, since the procedure had been regular and this Court had no power to inquire into the merits of the case. At once, the flood-gates of comment were opened. Everybody, from editorial writers to clergymen, whose business it was to tell his neighbors how to order their lives, pointed to this decision as typical of the way in which justice was done in the United States in the twentieth century. Did any one doubt that our courts were completely fossilized? There stood the supreme tribunal of Georgia to demonstrate it. It is hardly going too far to say that for two weeks Ollie Taylor was the most conspicuous argument used to persuade his countrymen to adopt the recall of everything connected with our judiciary.

The facts in the case have now been published. They show that the boy was not sentenced to eleven or any other number of years for stealing a bottle of soda-water. He was not "sentenced" at all. He was brought into the Juvenile Court of Atlanta four years ago, at the age of nine, on various charges, including repeated stealing from grocery stores. Upon promising to behave himself, he was put on probation and allowed to return home. A year later, he was again in court, under the same kind of charges. One of these was purloining a bottle of coca-cola. This time, his father stated to the judge that the boy was wild and uncontrollable, and if permitted to roam the streets would become an out-and-out criminal. At his request, Ollie was sent to the Fulton County Industrial Farm under an indeterminate commitment. In accordance with the statute which provides that any such person shall be released on parole as soon as he shows education and character sufficient to warrant this course, or his home conditions become suitable, the boy was freed on parole. He went back to his former associations, and the parole was cancelled. His father, angered at this turn, now changed his attitude, and resorted to the courts for recovery of the person and "services" of his son—thus ironically runs the legal formula. It was this application which, denied in the lower court, and refused finally by the Supreme Court, made the troublesome boy, in the eyes of multitudes, a martyr to an antiquated system of legal procedure.

The facts, therefore, turn out to be about as nearly as is possible the exact opposite of the report. Instead of the boy being a victim of our judicial processes, our judicial processes have been strained to their limit to save the boy from being a victim of himself. Instead of his being removed from a sympathetic and helpful atmosphere to an atmosphere of hardened criminals who would only bring to maturity his evil tendencies, he had been taken from a corrupting companionship and placed in an institution whose object is to do what the home has failed to do. Instead of being punished by the infliction of a penalty out of all proportion to the crime, he was educated at the expense of society. Half of the day he spends in school; the other half he is at work. "All the information I gained personally in Atlanta," says Miss Julia C. Lathrop, Chief of the Children's Bureau at Washington, "from my own observation and from people with whom I spoke about the matter, convinced me that the boy is receiving proper care." To put

the thing bluntly, the laws and courts of Georgia have been slandered.

It is true that this misrepresentation, gross as it has been, was the result, not so much of malice as of ever-ready credence. But this fact merely shifts the blame from one of our weaknesses to another. What business had any one to believe without investigation or confirmation so preposterous a statement as that a ten-year-old boy had been sentenced to eleven years for stealing a bottle of soda-water? Whence comes this eagerness to accept reports which exhibit our greatest institutions as either hopelessly corrupt or hopelessly stupid? Do we fear that needed reforms have no chance unless we can prove that the structure we wish repaired is rotten from top to bottom? Or are we so impatient for improvement that we are willing that the most extreme misrepresentations should obtain currency? Or are we simply children once more when a lurid story comes our way? In the present instance, a piece of poetic justice in this aspect of the affair must not be ignored. The myth of Ollie Taylor first appeared in Hearst's Atlanta *Georgian*. At once, with no effort at verification, the other Atlanta newspapers printed it. It was not many days before they were employing all their resources in a vain effort to clear the name of Atlanta and of the courts of Georgia from the charges which were repeated in a hundred other newspapers, North and East, which had done nothing more than use the statements furnished them by these Atlanta journals.

IN THE BALKANS.

The nature of the news from the Balkans, since the cessation of hostilities, once more emphasizes the enormous handicap under which the cause of international peace labors. Peace is essentially undramatic. Peace conferences are interesting so long as there is a chance of their ending in disagreement. The character of the recent news from the late seat of war is easily described: there has been no news. As far as the press on this side of the Atlantic is concerned, the Balkan peninsula has just walked out of the door and disappeared like a respectable citizen under a sudden attack of amnesia. This is all the more strange because, while fighting was under way, the correspondents were at pains to remind us of the momentous issues at stake. The Cross was in battle against the Crescent, the Near East was to be remodelled, the European balance to be readjusted, the historic conflict between Slav and Teuton was entering on an acute phase. But somehow, as soon as the last gun was fired before Tchatalja, and Nicholas I had marched out of Scutari, the Balkans became dead "copy." The readjustment of races and kingdoms was completely blanked by Mrs. Pankhurst. Only as the possibility of trouble in the Balkans cropped up has attention once more turned in that direction. Now, if Bulgaria and Greece should really leap at each other's throats, that would be worth while writing about.

All this while, the business of drafting a treaty of peace has been going on. The delegates of the Balkan allies and of Turkey have for some time been at work in London. Actually, they found their work half done in advance. The preliminary treaty has been prepared by Sir Edward Grey on behalf of the Powers. It is preliminary in the sense that it leaves most of the details to be arranged by direct negotiation between the allies and Turkey and by the Financial Commission in its sessions at Paris. But as marking the close of hostilities the treaty is definitive, and it is to be ratified within a fixed period. Thus the European concert comes out of the affair with something of its prestige restored. That prestige was at its minimum when the Balkan nations first went to war against the earnest protestations of the Powers, and subsequently made a jest of the solemn declaration of the Powers that the outcome of the war would not be allowed to change the *status quo* in the Near East. Where the European concert has regained something of its reputation is in its valiant efforts to prevent the extension of hostilities beyond the Balkans, and, secondly, in the arrangement of the future of Albania. The Powers may still do useful work in facilitating a settlement among the Balkan victors, with regard to the distribution of the Turkish spoils. For the moment even the fate of Albania is eclipsed by the increasing rumors of friction between Greece and Bulgaria in Macedonia.

That relations among the Balkan States, with Greece and Servia lined up against Bulgaria, have reached a state of acute tension is plain from recent developments. Squabbling between the Greeks and Bulgarians near Salonica culminated last week in what was almost a pitched battle. Later dispatches spoke of an attack on the Greek fleet by the Bulgarian batteries at Kavala, on the Ægean. It would be wrong to speak of events approaching a breaking point, because it is as yet impossible to think of the Balkan States as plunging into war among themselves and thereby endangering the fruits of their victory over the Turks. The present difficult situation has arisen out of the fact that the nature of the victory has been so much more emphatic than the allies could have expected in their most sanguine moments; and, secondly, because of the unexpected showing of Greece and Servia in particular.

Their military prestige at the outbreak of the war was certainly not of the highest. The experts assumed that if the allies won, it would be because of what the Bulgarians would accomplish in Thrace. It was believed that Servia and Greece might even be unsuccessful in their campaigns, but that Bulgaria's advance on Constantinople would atone for all that. Actually, the achievements of the Greek and Servian armies, in the matter of Turkish territory occupied and Turkish positions captured, fall little short of what the Bulgarians accomplished. It may very well be that their work was made easier by the fact that Turkey deliberately weakened herself in Macedonia in order to make a better stand in Thrace. But it would be idle to expect that Athens or Belgrade should admit it as a fact. The Greeks and the Servians fought well, they won, and they are now in possession; and the last circumstance counts against an ally as well as against an enemy.

Salonica is the crux of the situation. Should the city go to Greece, the Bulgarian Government might well feel that the heaviest fruits of victory have fallen to the supposedly weakest of the allies. In actual square miles of territory annexed, Bulgaria will still be ahead. She will have Adrianople and an outlet on the Ægean. But if Bulgaria is to develop into a maritime nation, with a fleet and a Mediterranean trade, she will have to create the necessary harbors. Enos, the most considerable shore town

she may acquire, is a village of seven thousand people with a poor harbor. Kavala has less than five thousand inhabitants. Compare that to Salonica, with a population close to 200,000, and its very important trade already established. Add to this the acquisition by Greece of Crete and the greater number of the Ægean islands, and it seems plain that Bulgaria's leadership in the Balkans is by no means so secure as it has been hitherto assumed. As a matter of fact, the fighting strength of Greece was underestimated when reckoning was made of only her army. Her fleet, small as it is, rendered important service in the war. With the acquisition of Salonica and the islands, her naval strength may be expected to reach very impressive dimensions. If Constantinople is ever to be taken from the Turks, the Greek fleet is bound to play fully as important a part as the Bulgarian army. Finally, the loss of Salonica to the Greeks would come all the harder because it was lost by so narrow a margin. The Greek and Bulgarian armies engaged in a race for the city, and the former won by a matter almost of hours.

Here is where the mediation of the Powers may yet be necessary. The establishment of a neutral zone at Salonica has not averted collision. A Greco-Bulgarian commission which was for some time engaged in investigating the rival claims to priority of occupation found it impossible to carry on its work. "Instead of entering upon the discussion with unbiassed mind," says the London *Times*, "both sides seem to have determined to fix the desired ultimate frontier"—and both sides were aware that there was a great risk "that a permanent character would subsequently be attributed to any temporary concessions intended to alleviate the existing tension." It is as perplexing a problem as any the peacemakers will have to face.

GIUSEPPE BELLI, THE POET OF THE POPULACE.

ROME, May 10.

Last Sunday, on the fiftieth anniversary of his death, a monument to Giuseppe Belli, the Roman dialect poet, was unveiled in the Piazza d' Italia, on the outskirts of the Trastevere quarter, which still retains some of the peculiarities of the Rome of his day. The ceremony was attended by representatives of many mutual aid and amusement societies, some with the quaintest names, for it is essentially as a poet of lower-class life that Belli is famous. But there were speeches by the Mayor, Count Gnoli, one of the poet's editors and commentators; Professor Artioli, and others, and the event has given rise to a small crop of *Belliana* in the newspapers and reviews. Few foreigners, even among those interested in Italian literature, and not many Italians outside of Rome and beyond a small *coterie* of dialect specialists, now read Belli; but it is to be hoped that there will be a revival of public interest in his admirable verse. For Belli was, in his limited field, a really great poet, and his collected sonnets present a wonderfully vivid picture of the Rome and the Roman populace of seventy years ago.

It was, indeed, a strange city and a strange people, full of the most strident contrasts of comedy and tragedy, of the grotesque and the grewsome, of beauty and squalor. Professor Hermanin has had the excellent idea of arranging in the Galleria Nazionale an exhibition of drawings and prints illustrative of Belli's Rome. There we can see the city as it was when the Ludovisi and other gardens had not been destroyed and the land sold for building lots, when the whole of the Piazza di Termini, where the station now is, was encumbered with fragments of the Baths of Diocletian, when the Prati di Castello, instead of being laid out as a residential suburb with regular streets reminding one of South Kensington or Berlin, W., were real meadows, dominated by the great mass of Castel Sant' Angelo, and were a favorite haunt for sportsmen intent on shooting waterfowl. At that time the Tiber, which at many points within the city was crossed by ferryboat, was not checked by embankments, and frequently overflowed the low-lying quarters. In those days Goethe visited Rome, and Sir Walter Scott, Canova, and Thorwaldsen, and the German artists met at the Caffè Greco, where, if report speaks true, the waiters refilled the stodgy shells of the meringues with fresh cream every morning, the guests of the night before having eaten the cream only! The Albergo dell' Orso, said to be the oldest hotel in the world, was still the best in Rome, and continued to entertain ambassadors and other celebrities. There were many curious festivals, too: that of Cervara, where the artists performed their classical masque in the grottoes by the Aniene; the Corse dei Barberi, races run by riderless horses down the Corso, which continued until they were stopped some twenty-five years ago, owing to the many accidents; the water carnival in the Piazza Navona, which was flooded for the occasion, while the carriages of the great splashed about in the wet; the Giostra delle Vaccine, a sort of bloodless bull-fight, which has lately been revived, and which was held in the Mausoleum of Augustus, now a concert hall where we recently heard "Till Eulenspiegel" and the "Dance of the Seven Veils" conducted by Strauss himself. Then there were no trams, no omnibuses, no cabs, only the funereal-looking carriages of cardinals and the more sumptuous equipages of the Roman princes, whose descendants now fly across the Campagna in high-speed motors. And over all was the dead weight of the Papal Government and the splendors of the Catholic Church, with its gorgeous ceremonies, picturesque processions, and abominable administration.

Of that old Rome nearly everything has disappeared, but traces still survive here and there, if we know where to seek them out—in Belli's own beloved Trastevere, about the gloomy Monte dei Cenci, round the Piazza Montanara, where in the shadow of the frowning Palazzo Orsini, built over the theatre of Marcellus, the picturesque Campagna folk still congregate on market-days. No visitor to Rome should omit a walk through these quarters, which are also destined—shall we say alas or fortunately?—to disappear into the limbo of *Roma sparita*.

Belli was born in 1791. The circumstances of his early life made it necessary for him to consort with all classes of people, especially with those of the lower orders, among whom he collected the materials for his dialect poetry. His first literary efforts, however, were serious poems in classical Italian, but of the poorest description. It was in the thirties of the last century that he put his intimate knowledge of the Roman *popolano* to good use and began that marvellous series of sonnets in *Romanesco* which have won him fame. At first a few were circulated in manuscript among his friends; then they were read aloud, learned by heart, and passed on from mouth to mouth among the common people whose lives they described. For their keen wit, merciless satire, and vivid pictures of things seen were, and are still, appreciated by the ignorant carter or workingman, no less than by the man of letters. Belli's muse grew more and more prolific, and the sonnets poured forth from his pen in a torrent, sometimes as many as five or six being written in one day. In all, he wrote more than two thousand, and they gradually came to be known and appreciated all over Italy, while Schuchard and Tellenbach in Germany, and Sainte-Beuve in France, introduced them to foreign readers. Most of them, however, were not known to the public until after the author's death, in 1863, and, indeed, during his later years he wished to destroy them.

But in 1831, when he had written only a few score, he realized that he was engaged in painting a great picture of Roman popular life in all its aspects.

In reading Belli, as Count Gnoli said in his address, we see "a whole city spread out before us, the *piazze*, the streets, the narrow alleys; the shopman is selling his wares, the good wives chatter and whisper by the road, the boys play; the grown men work or idle; oaths are interwoven with religious faith, superstitions with ribald laughter; here we have the numbers of the lottery, there an ignorant preaching friar, processions and thefts, grumbling in the antechambers of prelates, heartburning and corruption in the law courts, vice and ferocity in the prisons, and in the background the executioner showing a bleeding head to the assembled populace." All this Belli describes with a masterly touch, this and much more. At times he is coarse and obscene—this part of his work is all included in one volume of Luigi Morandi's edition—but he wished to paint every side of the life of the people and could not therefore omit that aspect, and even the most indecent sonnets are witty and artistic.

A large part of Belli's work, that which is perhaps best known, is of a political character. In sonnet after sonnet he lashes the inefficiency, cruelty, and corruption of the Papal Government with merciless satire. No one did more than he to undermine the foundations of the Temporal Power, for his verses sank day after day into the minds of the people, and by making them realize what a monstrous travesty of government and justice it was, destroyed such vestiges of respect for constituted authority as remained in Rome. Yet he was a devout Catholic, and anything but a Liberal in politics; although modern democrats profess to see a precursor of their ideas in Belli, the revolution of 1848 found in him a bitter opponent. He hated cruelty and oppression, but he had neither national feeling nor civic spirit. The Roman Republic of 1869, with its high idealism and the lofty patriotism of its leaders, he regarded with horror. "In this period," he wrote, "were enacted all the most villanous, barbarous, and abject deeds which the depraved conscience of mankind ever dared to commit"! To him the heroes of the Vascello are mere brigands, the Liberals odious "Jacobins," Mazzini, Saffi, and Armellini vile assassins, and the French invaders who reëstablished Papal despotism "Catholic warriors, our fellow-citizens in Christ."

During the last years of his life his pen became ever less prolific; domestic misfortune, ill health, and the political changes rendered him a morose, gloomy recluse, and he died almost forgotten by his contemporaries. Belli was neither the first nor the last Roman dialect writer. Not to mention early mediæval documents, or the dialect translations of the *Liber Historiarum Romanorum* and the *Mirabilia Urbis Romæ*, there are diaries, sacred dramas, and comedies, and also many sonnets by eighteenth-century poets. But it was Belli who brought this vernacular literature to its perfection, and if other more recent poets have followed in his footsteps, none has surpassed or even equalled the bard of the Trastevere. These other poets have used the vernacular merely as a means of expressing their own ideas and thoughts, and they write in *Romanesco* because it is racy and effective; but they might almost as well have written in literary Italian. Belli, on the other hand, puts into the mouths of the Roman *popolani* their own ideas and their own ways of looking at things. This is his great merit.

LUIGI VILLARI.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Within little more than a year after the posting of the Ninety-five Theses, Luther's writings found their way to England. In October, 1518, Froben published the first edition of the Reformer's collected works, naturally at that time a small one. This he reprinted several times in 1519. On February 12 of that year he wrote the author that many copies were exported to England. One of them, now in the possession of Messrs. J. Pearson & Co., of London, is decorated with the arms of the Duke of Suffolk and the royal crown. This may indicate, as Pearson thinks, that it was once the property of Henry VIII, but is it not more probable that it belonged to his sister Mary, Duchess of Suffolk, whose former marriage to Louis XII of France had given her royal rank? A little later we know that she was strongly Protestant; indeed, when Bucer came to England in 1549, it was jestingly reported that this lady, now again widowed, might marry him.

But it was not only or chiefly by persons of rank that the German professor's works were read. The day-book of John Dorne, an Oxford bookseller, shows that many of them were sold there in 1520. And they promptly took effect. At Cambridge in the same year (Annals of the Academy of Cambridge, V, 499) a committee to examine the said works was officially appointed. Even in country districts they were read. Among the manuscripts of the Corporations of Shrewsbury and Coventry is a letter from G. Cowper to his father, Thomas Cowper, at London, dated March 3, 1520, containing the words: "As for newes ther ys none but of late ther was herytykes here which did take Luters opinyons." From this time on notices of Luther and his writings become quite frequent.

The popularity of the new works naturally stimulated the translation of them into English. The two earliest of these were noticed in a previous paper in the *Nation*, May 12, 1912. In the present article some information will be given about the six other tracts of Luther Englished during the reign of Henry VIII.

(1.) "De libertate christiani. The Liberty of a Christen man. Cum privilegio regali. Imprynted at the sonne by me John Byddell." This rendering of Luther's famous treatise of 1520 must have been published prior to 1544, as Byddell printed nothing thereafter. That it appeared later than 1531 is made highly probable by the fact that it is not mentioned in a mandate issued by the English prelates late in that year (Wilkins: Concilia, III, 720, wrongly dated 1529, see Calendar of State Papers of Henry VIII, V, app. No. 18), prohibiting by name all known English Protestant books. I believe the translator may be identified with John Tewkesbury, variously called a leather-seller and a haberdasher, converted partly by Tyndale's works, partly by the personal influence of a certain John Hacker (Foxe: Acts, ed. 1857, IV, 688; Strype: Memorials, ed. 1822, I, i, 116). In April, 1529, he was examined by Cuthbert Tunstall and Sir Thomas More, and under torture he recanted. Later he relapsed, and was burned December 20, 1531. More, who brutally calls him a "stinking martyr," says that the officers found on him in prison "a book of heresy of his own hand-writing, to wit, the book of Martin Luther, wherein he teacheth men under the name of Christian liberty to run into the devil's bondage." (More's Workes, 1557, p. 348h.) Was not this probably the translation afterwards printed? By 1530 Luther had published nearly three hundred separate tracts, and it would have been an extraordinary coincidence for two men to make independent versions of the same one. Tewkesbury's trial shows that he was not without learning, probably sufficient for the purpose. The only alternative to supposing that it was his own work, is the hypothesis that he copied it from the manuscript of a friend. This would have been remarkable, for, notwithstanding Shakespeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends," the circulation of works in manuscript was no longer common. Tewkesbury died just as the tide was beginning to turn a little in favor of the Protestants, and it is not improbable that one of his friends, or even one of his guards, obtained the work and had it published posthumously.

(2.) "A very excellent and swete exposition upon the two and twentye Psalme of David, called in latyn Dominus regit me & nihil. Translated out of the hye Almayne in to English by Myles Coverdale. [Colophon:] Imprynted in Southwark by James Nycolson for John Gough. Cum privilegio. 1537." This tract has been sufficiently noticed by W. C. Hazlitt: "Bibliographical Collections" (1903, p. 236), and by H. E. Jacobs: "The Lutheran Movement in England" (1910, p. 118). It is reprinted in Coverdale's Remains (1846).

(3.) "An exposicion upon the songe of the blessed virgine Mary, called Magnificat. Where unto are added the songes of Salue regina, Benedictus and Nunc dimittis. Translated out of latine into Englysh by Jhon Hollybush." This book is lacking in all the large libraries, even in the Bodleian and British Museum. The only copy known to me is that formerly owned by Mr. William Jackson, now in possession of the firm of Otto Harrassowitz, Leipzig. (See his Catalogue, 328, No. 1099.) It is a translation of the following: "Martini Lutheri in Divine virginis Mariae, Zachariaeque Odas, Magnificat puta & Benedictus, Commentarii. Argentina. 1526." As Hol-

lybush is otherwise known only as a pseudonym of Coverdale, used in his New Testament, published by James Nicholson at Southwark, 1538, it may be inferred that Coverdale was the translator, that Nicholson was probably the printer, and that 1538 was not far from the date of issue.

(4.) "The last wil and last confession of martyn luthers faith concerning the principal articles of religion which are in controversy, which he will defend and maintaine until his death, against the pope and the gates of hell, drawen furth by him at the request of the princes of germany which have reformed their churches after the gospel, to be offered up at the next general councel in their names & now published before that all the world may have an evydent testimony of his faith. . . . [Colophon:] 1543." Here we have a version of the Schmalkaldic Articles, written by Luther in 1536, and published in 1538. The name of the translator is unknown, as well as that of the printer. In the Catalogue of the British Museum Zurich is conjecturally proposed as the place of printing.

(5.) "The chiefe and pryncypall Articles of the Christen faythe, to holde againste the Pope and al Papistes and the gates of hell, with other thre very profitable and necessary bokes. . . . Made by Doctor Marten Luther. [Colophon:] Imprinted for Gwalter Lynne. MDXLIII." Besides reprinting "The chief articles," this contains: "ii. The Confession of Faythe of Doctor Marten Luther," "iii. Of the ryght Olde Catholyke Churche and the new false Church," "iv. Of the Symboles or Confessyons of the Christen faythe" (not by Luther, but the Athanasian, Ambrosian, and Nicene creeds), "v. A singular and fruteful maner of praying used by the famous clarke Doctor Marten Luther" (Eine einfältige Weise zu Beten, 1535), and "vi. A prayer against the Pope and the Turkes." It is possible that Lynne may have translated some of these himself, as he did another tract of Luther in 1548. He was a London printer.

(6.) "The dysclosyng of the Canon of the popysh Masse with a sermon annexed unto it of . . . D. Marten Luther. Apocal. XVIII. Printed by Hans hitprycke." The identity of both the translator and printer has hitherto baffled all research. Ames and Herbert ("Typographical Antiquities," p. 1557), conjecture that it may have been printed in 1545.

PRESERVED SMITH.

Correspondence

"SI VIS PACEM PARA BELLUM."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: While we are on the eve of celebrating a hundred years of peace between this country and yours, it might be worth while to recall how many narrow escapes we have had from a very different sort of celebration. My purpose, however, is not so much to recall these events as to contribute some personal reminiscences that may throw a little light upon the question whether the best way to preserve peace is, as many persons tell us, to prepare for war. It was not very many years ago that I heard Mrs. Livermore in Tremont Temple declare that the American fleet was the laughing-stock of the world, and she hoped that it always would be! But counsels other than these prevailed, and it was only a few years later that the white fleet began to make its appearance. An old sea captain who had been in many American ports and was familiar with the feelings of those among whom he moved, was fully convinced that the "final cause" of this fleet was the conquest of Canada, and there were not a few who believed with him that there was no other purpose for which it could be designed. Shortly after this appeared an article by Mr. Dicey in the *Contemporary Review*, in which he quoted the conversation of an intelligent Californian next to whom he happened to be seated at some social "function" in England, who assured him that the United States was "spoiling for a war," with England by preference, but, failing that, with any other country, it mattered not which, so long as it was war.

But perhaps the most significant fact is that of a conversation to which I can testify with a British sea lord—an admiral who was showing a company of us over his ship and explaining the way they worked the guns, how each group of gunners was separated from those in charge of the next gun, who might all be blown to pieces without creating panic in the neighboring groups, etc., etc. He concluded his lecturette with a little discourse on the folly of allowing the Americans to build up their big navy. Now was the time for England to blow it all to atoms before it grew strong enough to be a menace. I have no manner of doubt that he was a representative of his class and spoke the sentiments current among the officers of the fleet in those days. Thus it was that the "preventive measures" of the United States tended to provoke aggression, and the retaliatory preventive measures of our country, if these men had been allowed to have their way, would have produced the condition of eternal war and international hatred between these kindred peoples. And thus it ever must be that preparation for war is the guarantee of continued peace.

The truth is that the big-navy people and the gun-makers, whose prosperity is dependent upon wars and rumors of war, are, internationally speaking, the real "dangerous classes." The larger their fleets and armies the more influential they become, and therefore the more dangerous. It surely becomes those of us who seek peace and rejoice in the evidences of international good will to keep this element in its proper place, to discount its factitious fears of aggression, and distrust its interested counsels.

B. RUSSELL.

Halifax, May 19.

JOAQUIN MILLER AND JAPAN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of the Sierras," used to claim the name of the discoverer of the Japanese in America (by America he meant California), in the sense that Rossetti or Whistler was the discoverer of Japanese art in London. It was in early 1885, when the number of Japanese in California was insignificant, that he had two young students stay with him at the "Heights," where he had newly settled from the East. I believe it was the first time that he became intimate with the Japanese character, on which he had many occasions to sing and write. When Yone Noguchi, now the renowned Japanese poet, whom he affectionately called son, made his home of four years' duration with Miller in his early American life, Miller's name became known widely in the Japanese colonies. We Japanese looked upon him as the truest friend, and we felt we needed a true friend among Americans, as the anti-Japanese hue and cry already then began to disturb our minds. I heard once from an American farmer at San José, who only knew a wild sort of rumor about Miller's personality, that Miller's friendship with Noguchi was the only good record of his whole life; his love for the latter was simply beautiful. As Miller's general understanding of the Japanese came mainly through his knowing of Noguchi, there was perhaps one point of weakness in it; that was his too great idealization of our Japanese characters, for which we felt often quite uncomfortable. However, we friends of Noguchi, who were frightened, without any real reason to be frightened, by the huge sign "Japs Must Go" in San Francisco Street at the political agitators' season, were glad to spend a day at the Heights, where the freedom and democracy of Whitman's song prevailed.

Miller was, to begin with, a mind of romantic cast to defend the weaker side; anybody who knows the origin of his assuming the name of Joaquin from the so-called Mexican bandit, Joaquin Mureta, whose alcoholized head we used to see in the Golden Gate Museum, will never think it strange that Miller defended Chinese and us Japanese when unreasonably treated by Americans. Miller wrote one Japanese article in the *Call*, San Francisco, I believe, in 1895. That was the first time I saw his writing on a Japanese subject, in which, as in many other cases of Miller's prose as well as poetry, he walked from summit to summit (of his mountains of idealization); from the same attitude he sang on the "Fishes of Nippon" in the *Century*, many years later, when we fought with Russia. Somewhere in that song on the shepherd youth against Russia's Goliath, I find the following:

> But oh, beware his scorn of death,
> His love of Emperor, of isles,
> That boast a thousand bastioned miles
> Above the clouds, where never breath
> Of frost or foe has ventured yet,
> Or foot of foreign man has set!
> Beware his scorn of food (his face
> Is scarcely more than sweet sea-air);
> Beware his cunning, sprite-like skill—
> But most beware his dauntless will.

Although we know Miller stopped in Japan (at least, at Yokohama) on his way to Peking in that momentous time of the Boxers' uprising, quite many years ago, as an American correspondent, we have no hesitation to declare that his real knowledge of Japan was slight; perhaps he was a writer whose blindness to reality or fact, or whose objection to seeing it, gave him a great audacity for his free spinning of rhapsodic extravaganza. My sober mind thinks, when I read his early poems on the Arizona prairie or the Sierra Valley, that his poetical license was too great; even Mark Twain, in comparison with Miller, is more trustworthy. It seems that

the early Western writers of America had one trait in common; that was a melodramatic profusion or irregularity. Lafcadio Hearn wrote once to Chamberlain: "Take Joaquin Miller. No man has written at times more absurdly. But what divine surprises and jets of light he has at times!" That is a true estimate even the most severe critics should agree upon. When he stayed in poetry, even his absurdity often appeared wonderful from his turn of mind or fancy; but he was inexcusable when he overstepped into the world of prose, where the sense of fact should be protected in one way or another. We Japanese have seen Miller's absurdity in the prose article called the "Little Brown Men of Nippon," in "Japan of Sword and Love," he published in collaboration with Yone Noguchi, Tokyo, 1905. Take an example or two from the article.

It seems that Miller accompanied the American troops in the advance on Peking at the time of the siege of the Legations in 1900. On the first day's fighting on the march from Tien-tsin the hot July sun fell on the backs of the Japanese from ten o'clock till darkness. "This was their first fighting in leather shoes and little gold-rimmed caps in a hot country and season, and their last. So many collapsed from sunstroke that the Emperor telegraphed: 'Use the American hat.'" Whether it is true or not, Miller appears in the article as assistant to Gen. Bennett, head of the Red Cross, and it became his duty to beg, borrow, or pick up all the American hats that he could discover for the "suffering little brown soldiers." At bivouac it was found that the little balls of cooked rice which each soldier carried on his back had soured, and this, together with the muddy water of the Peiho, made hundreds ill. "Then another telegram: 'Use American bread.'" The King of Korea immediately sent ten thousand sacks of flour, "that came with incredible swiftness," and ever since then the Japanese have eaten bread instead of rice.

To show the above statement is false, however with all the good intention of Miller's characteristic idealization, it is quite sufficient to say that the Japanese soldier has been trained and even dressed and fed by the German method since 1883; Miller must have been thinking, when he wrote such an absurdity with much excessive adulation of Japanese characters in his article, surely of the "Mikado" or "Geisha," a comic opera, with all the caprice of beauty, if beauty there was, and all the impossibility which is altogether too charming to exist. But Miller's love of Japan and the Japanese cannot be denied, and his admiration is sincere, although it is, in most cases, expressed with an extraordinary touch of fantasy. And when his life shall be written in the future, which is a sure thing in this biography-loving world, a few pages on the subject should be spared. S. TSUSHIMA.

Kamakura, Japan, April 20.

SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Your review of "A Sunny Life" reminds me of the fact that Mr. Barrows was not merely interested in the work of the Prison Association of New York and the American Prison Association, but had also an intense interest in individual prisoners after their release. I saw him many times during the winter of 1892-3 in Athens. One of his great pleasures was writing to, and receiving letters from, former prisoners for whom he had procured work and whom he was constantly encouraging. Many of the letters he read to me. He was scrupulous in answering them. His piety was not of the "goody-goody" sort. As I saw him, his heart was close to that of the Nazarene.

DEMARCHUS C. BROWN.

Indiana State Library, May 23.

"ASKING STUDENTS TO DECIDE."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: My attention has been called to an editorial in the *Nation*, entitled, "Asking Students to Decide," which deals with the annual post-card canvass carried on by the *Illustrated*. The editorial asserts that this ballot placed in the hands of the seniors will tend to make the professors popularize their courses. If by popular courses you mean "snap courses," courses that appeal to the indolent student, I cannot agree. I do not think that this is the definition which these students who have answered our post-cards give to the courses. The courses which they consider the most satisfactory are those which, as they look back upon them after the work has been done, have made the greatest contribution to their mental make-up. If a course of study, difficult though it may have been to pursue, has filled their minds with many new ideas, opened up new fields of thought, or given them an understanding of some of the natural phenomena which are going on around them, they are sure to realize it and appreciate it.

Students are fundamentally serious, even though apparently frivolous. They are the first to complain if a professor does not give them food for thought in his lectures, or if his lectures are merely a recapitulation of the week's reading or of his previous lectures. If professors can be induced to "popularize" their courses according to this attitude, which I think is the true one at Harvard, many of the poor courses could be eliminated. After all, the audience must be consulted. If the professor cannot command the attention and respect of his classroom by a clear, concise, stimulating presentation of his subject, his efforts cannot be regarded as valuable.

The editorial, in judging of the value of the results, made the mistake of saying that they were insignificant because the larger courses naturally received the largest number of votes. A reading of the past articles on the post-card canvass would have shown that all the figures were reduced to an average enrolment of 100, or that allowance for the difference was made in some way.

But, however that may be, it seems to me that the editorial conveys the idea that the *Illustrated* is an outsider which, by carrying on this "impertinent" canvass, is undermining the value of the courses and championing the cause of the indolent student. "Loosely connected with the University" is the phrase used, I believe. The *Illustrated* is not, of course, an official publication of the faculty, or of the students as the *Graduates' Magazine* and the *Alumni Bulletin* are of the alumni. We are, nevertheless, as closely connected with the University as the *Crimson*, the *Advocate*, or the *Monthly*. We are as closely connected as any undergraduate publication could possibly be. Our editor-in-chief has a position on the Student Council by virtue of his office. The magazine takes an active part in all University movements, as you may have noticed in the formation of the Press Association and the New Gymnasium campaign. In fact, standing as we do shoulder to shoulder with the *Crimson* in the discussion of the problems of the University, we can be regarded as more closely connected with the University than either of the purely literary magazines.

W. O. FENN,
Editor-in-Chief.

Cambridge, Mass., May 21.

SCHOOLGIRLS' CLOTHING.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In spite of your well-directed criticism in the *Nation* of May 15 against the "queer" bills introduced in the California Legislature, there is one that strikes me as rather sensible. I refer to the bill "giving school boards power to regulate the dress of school children." Although most teachers would not go to the length of prescribing a uniform, they would certainly be grateful for any relief from the present horrors of the clothing—especially girls' clothing—which they are obliged to face every day. Forty or fifty bands and bows of clashing colors are not conducive to the instructor's mental repose. Thin waists, low-necked sailor blouses, and elbow sleeves, moreover, are not conducive to general health; for as soon as a window is opened, our delicate maidens shiver and demand that the supply of fresh air be cut off. These same pupils, of course, who insist upon a temperature of 75 degrees in the schoolroom all winter, are the first to complain of weariness and inability to study "on account of the heat" as soon as the thermometer outside strikes a general average of 65 degrees. Such a state of affairs, involving, as it does, health, beauty, intellectual training, teachers' health, and parents' pocket-books, certainly demands the attention not only of Gov. Johnson, but of his noted chief. Please do not oppose their efforts! ACADEME.

Boston, Mass., May 17.

INTEREST ON GOVERNMENT BANK DEPOSITS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I dislike to see the *Nation* make a mistake, as I am very fond of it, but I am sure, if I understand what you say on the first page of your issue of May 8 concerning depositary banks, that you do not comprehend all the work which some of the depositary banks are required to do by the Secretary of the Treasury.

My bank is in the West, and we have cashed as high as 800 Government checks in a single day, which reduced the Government balance $54,000 below the deposit of bonds, and it was twenty days before the balance was restored to amount of bonds. And we are compelled to transmit funds

without cost to the Government wherever the Treasurer may direct.

So you can see that the Government is not fair to all of its depositary banks when it compels them to put up bonds (largely United States bonds) at a low rate of interest, and then pay 2 per cent. on the average deposits that the Government carries with such banks. W. W.

Omaha, May 20.

[This case would certainly seem to present elements of hardship, if the bank were compelled to carry United States Government deposits, and if other national banks were also unwilling to pay the 2 per cent. rate because it was non-remunerative. But no bank has to accept such deposits if it does not choose, and the banks in general, so far as we are aware, have made no protest—though, naturally, all of them would prefer to pay only 1 per cent. on deposits thus secured, or to pay nothing. It was, in fact, a proposal of the bankers themselves, in 1908, that some interest should be charged on public deposits, and the statute merely prescribes a minimum of 1 per cent., any higher rate being discretionary. In the present money market, which Secretary McAdoo presumably took into reckoning, the average Government deposit with a national bank ought to be able to return a profit, even with 2 per cent. interest paid and transfers made free.—Ed. Nation.]

THE TARIFF ON BOOKS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In a letter on "The Price of English Books" in last week's *Nation*, it is stated that the tariff benefits no material interest. Now, the International Brotherhood of Bookbinders has two agents in Washington at the present time working to maintain the 25 per cent. tax on books. In view of the fact that American bookbinders get twice the wages of the best-paid European workers and that the tariff is partly responsible for that result, it should appear that some interests are served.

Though in general a free trader, I find myself condoning this duty because the increase in the cost of books, due to it, is so small in comparison with the greater ability of our people to pay as to be almost negligible. The scientific publications of a certain house in London, for example, can be bought here at a price which is in excess of the English list, net, by just about 25 per cent.—the amount of the tariff. The Tauchnitz Edition, similarly, costs but forty-five cents. What "Teacher" says concerning the difference in price in other series is perfectly true. But where the price is a hundred to two hundred per cent. greater than that charged in England, it is not due to the tariff, but to that principle of trade which operates in some other businesses, namely, that of charging what the traffic will bear. Why should we be charged seventy-five cents for the World's Classics, in red leather, which are sold in England for one shilling and sixpence, when a scientific book published in London for sixteen shillings net, can be bought here for $4.85? This difference is emphasized by the consideration that in the one case the greater demand should make for cheapness, while in the case of the technical book the small sale would be a justification for an increased charge. The fact is the American bookseller has to do with a different public, a public with more money and with less discrimination as to book values.

A certain well-known song occupies three pages of music. Most music publishers would issue such a song in a folder with a single sheet insert and charge forty cents, list, which, with half off to the professional, nets twenty cents. The publishers of this particular song padded it with two pages of advertisements and issued it with a folder insert. Songs of that length usually list at sixty cents. Half off to the professional makes the net charge thirty cents. The song sold by the hundred thousand, and should have become cheaper if anything on that account. But no, the public wanted it and must pay for it, and so the discount was lowered to one-third, making the net cost to the professional forty cents. The tariff does not enter into this case, and beyond the strict 25 per cent. tax it does not enter into the cases cited by "Teacher" in his letter to the *Nation*. Suppose Congress should abolish the tax on books; are we so very sure we could then buy foreign books at the home price plus the cost of shipment? Experience indicates no such result.

Henry Chequer.

Somerville, Mass., April 11.

Literature

A NEW EDITION OF THE GOLDEN BOUGH.

The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. Spirits of the Corn and the Wild. By J. E. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, Professor of Social Anthropology in the University of Cambridge. In two volumes. New York: The Macmillan Co. $6.50 net.

These volumes represent a part of the third edition of Mr. Frazer's now famous book, which, published a good many years ago, slowly worked its way to a position of high significance among the contributions which our age has made to the study of the earliest forms of human society and the earliest phases of human thought. It has grown in size by the accumulation of new facts drawn from the study of savage races, and a comparison of the beliefs and customs of these races with the records we have of the like customs and ideas in bygone times. The last published instalment of the book contained an examination of the figure of the Dying and Reviving God as it appears in the Oriental religions of classical antiquity. The two present volumes deal with another branch of the subject, viz., the spirits connected with plants and animals, especially those plants which bear a part in man's life in providing him with food and clothing, and those animals which he uses for food or for the purposes of agricultural labor.

The first topic taken up in these volumes is the ancient mythology of Dionysus as a Vine God and a Tree God, traces of which survive among the peasantry of Southeastern Europe to-day, and the similar mythology of Demeter and Persephone as the Corn Goddesses. Then follow the magical significance of games and rites in agriculture, the Corn Mother and Corn Spirits all over the world, and especially the personifications of the Corn Spirit, sometimes as a man (often a stranger), sometimes as an animal, a wolf, or dog, or fox, or cat, or goat, or bull, or horse, or pig, or bird. Next comes, in Vol. II, a treatment of the deities of vegetation as animals, of the practice of eating (in a sacramental sense) first fruits, and offering them in sacrifice, of the belief that the qualities of a living creature pass to one who eats its flesh, and of other kindred topics. On all these an immense mass of information is collected from all parts of the world, so that the book is a veritable treasure-house of materials for a history of the origin and primitive forms of savage religions.

How large and how interesting are the questions regarding primitive man, and indeed regarding man altogether, which these inquiries raise, need not be said. Whether or no we accept Mr. Frazer's explanations—and his immense wealth of knowledge as well as his acuteness entitles his theories to respect—we cannot but be grateful to him for the industry which has collected such a store of facts and arranged them in a form fit for the use of all students and thinkers. He has written one of the great books of our time, and may almost be called the creator of a new branch of inquiry, for although he has not himself been a direct first-hand observer, living among savage tribes, and although others before him, like Mannhart, had collected many significant facts, without which his own book could not have been written, still, in bringing together so many data from different quarters, ancient and modern, and tracing their connection, he has rendered a quite exceptional service to knowledge. It is a service which ought never to be forgotten.

We have not space here to enter on a consideration of his main theories, some of which raise controversy. They can be better dealt with when the remaining parts of the book have appeared. But there are certain lines of interrogation, or of reflection, which present themselves to the reader's mind as he follows the long course of Mr. Frazer's statement of the phenomena. Only

to a few of these can we advert. Some of them are suggested by the author in his Preface:

> The notion of the immortality and even of the resurrection of the lower animals appears to be almost as familiar to the savage and to be accepted by him with nearly as unwavering a faith as the obvious fact of their death and destruction. For the most part he assumes as a matter of course that the souls of dead animals survive their decease; hence, much of the thought of the savage hunter is devoted to the problem of how he can best appease the naturally incensed ghosts of his victims as to prevent them from doing him a mischief. This refusal of the savage to recognize in death a final cessation of the vital process, this unquestioning faith in the unbroken continuity of all life, is a fact that has not yet received the attention it seems to merit from inquirers into the constitution of the human mind, as well as into the history of religion.
>
> Few men are sensible of the sharp line that divides the known from the unknown. To most men it is a hazy borderland where perception and conception melt indissolubly into one. Hence, to the savage the ghosts of dead animals and men, with which his imagination peoples the void, are hardly less real than the solid shapes of which the living animals and men present to his sense, and his thoughts and activities are nearly as much absorbed by the one as by the other. Of him it may be said with perhaps even greater truth than of his civilized brother: "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue."

As one meditates on the facts set forth in the book, not a few other questions emerge which may be called the "by-products" of the inquiry. How, for instance, are we to explain the recurrence in different countries, among tribes which have ever since our knowledge begins been out of all relation to one another, of beliefs and customs almost identical? Does this point to a common origin, at however remote a date, or are we to ascribe it to the action of the same causes operating alike on different races; in other words, to deep-seated general tendencies in the human mind? The point is all the more interesting because a careful examination might throw light on ethnological affinities.

The superstitions or mythologies of various races, and the forms of ritual in which their ideas take shape, are of value as an indication of intellectual quality. If we compare the folk-lore tales of the Celts and Teutons with those of the black peoples of Africa, we are struck by the inferiority of the latter, though it is less striking than that which exists between the developed mythology of the Norsemen, for instance, and the rude fetichism of the negro. There is much more of an imaginative quality in the former. How far can the more or less of a poetical element in superstitious beliefs and usages be treated as a test of progress towards civilization? Another interesting question presents itself when we ask how far usages and folk-lore have been passed on by one race to another. In European Turkey we find customs very like those which existed long before the Christian era; yet the population has been affected by the incoming of not a few new tribes from distant quarters.

The suggestions which Mr. Frazer throws out regarding the connection between the sacramental killing and eating of a victim who is also an object of worship, and the Jewish Passover, with its influence on the sacraments of Christianity, raise another whole group of questions too large to be discussed here. It may well be doubted whether much of the primal ideas through which the Passover may have originally grown up can have still survived among the Jews at the time when Christianity arose. The persistence of ancient superstitious customs is indeed amply illustrated in this book. Even in England, France, and Germany there are plenty of such survivals to-day. But the original meaning and purpose of the custom has in most cases been long since forgotten.

This persistence seems to be now nearing its end, at least among the civilized peoples. Elementary schools will before long kill it out in the countries last mentioned, though it may remain for centuries among the aborigines of India and Siberia and South America. It is an interesting, though not a surprising, fact that the old usages do not take fresh root in new lands. One never hears that any of the agricultural superstitions and customs described with such fulness in these volumes have crossed the sea, even with Lithuanian or Italian immigrants, from those regions where they are still observed, so unlike are the conditions of migration in our age from those of the days when Teutons and Celts, Finns and Slavs, were wandering over all the countries between the Euxine and the Baltic. This is one of the many marks of the wonderful change passing over the world in our days. It is fortunate that such a record as these volumes contain of the former world has been now compiled, for fifty years hence many of the phenomena it describes will have passed away from popular use and memory.

CURRENT FICTION.

Wilsam. By S. C. Nethersole. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"Wilsam" is an Old English word surviving in Kent, the scene of this tale. It means "Goods driven ashore when no wreck or ship is visible, hence called Goods of God's Mercy." So is driven little Mercy Pardilow, a child of seven, whose mother goes down with a London-bound ship a mile or two off the Kent shore. A label on the child's clothing consigns her to Milly Gatehouse of Lucksboat Farm, Kent. Milly herself, as fortune will have it, is on the shore when "Wilsam" is delivered up by the sea. Milly not only is sister to Mercy's mother, but has borne, in youth and in secret, a child to Mercy's father. Providence has gently veiled her mind as to the past, and there are times when it gives way altogether. Her brother, Robert Gatehouse, of Sibert Wood, is a hard, narrow man, and his wife is a hard, jealous woman. They have two sons, the younger an amiable cripple and a poet, the elder a handsome but ruthless and ambitious lad, a son of his house. Milly's son is a consumptive.

Here, it will be seen, are all the necessary materials for one of those narratives of sordid rustic life which a certain school in fiction has made so much of the past decade or two. The good poet Michael loves Mercy, but Mercy loves Sibert, the elder cousin. Sibert, from his point, loves a butterfly, but, being jilted, comes to Mercy for life-partnership. He inherits his father's selfish absorption in money-making, sacrifices his wife and little son to the welfare of his hop-fields, and loses the child by one of those dreadful, hateful accidents of neglect which seem to make a mockery of life. Sibert Gatehouse succumbs to the family tendency, and goes mad for a season. Only for a season: here romance emerges, for the first time with any certainty of step, from our painful and grim "reality." The father gets back his reason, and when he gets it back, he is a changed man. His grasping ambitions are gone, his selfishness is gone. Much of his strength also is gone, and there is something rather painful in Mercy's contentedness that this should be so. "My husband is all mine, now; neither pig-headedness, nor the labor of money-getting, nor other love holds him—he is all mine. . . . Even if the strain of it tires me out before my time, it is my life, it is worth while, that always, all day long, I am the staff on which Sibert leans." A minor and plaintive strain of romance, a "dying fall," which hardly serves to cheer the reader after all the restless pathos that has gone before. The spirit of the book, as a whole, is enervating rather than bracing; it lacks the robust constitution of great fiction.

Unexpected Affinities. By Susan Taber. New York: Duffield & Co.

All the trouble in this story came directly from the theorizing of Mr. Hervey, who was a gentle, absent-minded paterfamilias in private life, and in public an inspiring "leader of advanced thought." Between what Mr. Hervey said about the equality of the sexes, and what he said about the ultimate neces-

sity of eliminating the capitalistic class, the poor man nearly "did for" both his daughters in a matrimonial way. For Rosalie, remembering father's sayings, instead of humoring an elderly husband when he showed himself a bit of a martinet, thought to assert her right to consideration by engaging in a flirtation with his cousin. And a young Irish mechanic, who had heard Mr. Hervey on "Labor and Its Relation to Capital," was for beginning at once on the elimination of the moneyed class, starting with the particular plutocrat who had offended him personally. And the victim of both these plots was none other than the world-weary multi-millionaire whom Alice Hervey had elected to love to distraction. Altogether the Herveys' Long Island sojourn was full of harrowing suspense that year.

While the events of the story are marching on to prove that Griselda is still the pattern of the "model wife" and that the best hope of the masses lies in the intelligent benignity of the conspicuously wealthy, the reader may stop occasionally to puzzle his head over sentences like these: "Alice was not impervious to her surroundings" and "The earth had the radiant appearance of a young girl fresh from her bath in the sea, and pausing to dry her wet hair and rosy cheeks upon the shore."

The Nest. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick. New York: The Century Co.

Mrs. de Selincourt says in her Preface:

> It seemed suitable when making a selection of short stories for publication in book form, to include my first attempt with my last, and therefore the very juvenile production—"Miss Jones and the Masterpiece"—finds a place with the others.

This is magnanimous, and even bold. The story of the priggish model, for the sake of whose qualms and charms a painter cuts to ribbons his masterpiece, is crudely told. It was written before Miss Sedgwick acquired the urbane style, the suave, hesitant, allusive, qualifying manner of presenting a story cultivated (though not invented) by Henry James. That manner is, we suspect, already obsolescent—the blunt and robustious style is to have its turn—but has been effectively used by various story-tellers of the past decade, notably Mrs. Wharton and Miss Sedgwick. Its danger is in lending an air of subtlety to simple and even commonplace materials. We are not sure that the substance of "Miss Jones and the Masterpiece" is really of less account than that of "The Suicide" or "The Nest."

The title-story is based upon a situation of dramatic possibilities, but its working-up is novel rather than original. A man is warned by a specialist that he has only a month to live. His instinct is to go home, to "the nest," for refuge; but he determines to spare his wife the shock of knowing his fate. The discovery that she is on the eve of flight with another man leads him to tell her, so that she may not spoil her future for nothing: she will have only a month to wait. The wife's passion returns; the month is a second honeymoon—and the end of it satiety on the man's part, the discovery that he is not going to die after all, and the wife's bitter resentment of both facts. "The Forsaken Temple" is in the same key. "The Suicide" and "The White Pagoda" are bits of lighter comedy.

The Heart of the Hills. By John Fox, jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

In a story which leaves a clearer impression of contemporary history than of personal drama, Mr. Fox records the passing of his mountaineers and shows Kentucky during the last years of the nineteenth century in the throes of transition. When coal lands began to be opened and small farms began to replace the great estates, the lordly days of the Blue Grass aristocracy were already past, and the picturesque days of half-savage mountain life were numbered.

All the changes that one generation can compass in the relations of the two sections are illustrated in the friendship of four representative young people who invade each other's territory—the Blue Grass boy and girl visiting the hills in their younger days and the mountain boy and girl later attending the Blue Grass college. Between the son of the mountaineer and the son of the gentleman farmer mutual respect gradually supplants the instinct of rivalry, as the consciousness of superiority on one side and resentment of it on the other are lost in the democracy of youth. Each comes near to stealing the other's sweetheart, but each in the end comes back to his own and casts in his lot among his own people. For although in a few years antagonism can give place to good will, the disparity between a century of gentle breeding and a century of semi-savagery cannot be overcome so speedily. It is the wisdom of the mountain girl that recognizes this intangible barrier and accepts the limits it imposes.

While all this is interesting as a social record, and there are, to boot, exciting passages in the civilization of the young barbarian Jason (he is even brought to trial for complicity in the murder of Gov. Goebel), there is nothing in the rest of the story to compare with the opening scenes of mountain childhood. In this case, as often before, we might easily have dismissed the author as an agreeably light-hearted romancer of rather conventional imagination, were it not for the partiality he knows so well how to enlist at the outset for his little men and women of the wilderness.

Sally Castleton, Southerner. By Chittenden Marriott. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Again the beautiful daughter of a Southern general falls in love with a Northern spy, and falls not vainly. From the moment when they first set eyes on each other it is clear that nothing is going to be able to part them, though the situation, outside of red covers, would be unpromising enough. The most original actor in the drama is a stove in which the wounded Confederate hides himself, while the spy, in a loud ringing voice, confides his name and his plans to a fellow-Yankee. The result is that our Capt. Radcliffe makes the rest of his journey to Richmond under the eye of Southern authority. He is also required to escort thither the fair Sally, who hates the enemy of her country, though she loves the man. Their adventures are in accordance with the best traditions of the theme: there is no more to say.

THE LAND OF PYGMIES.

Pygmies and Papuans: The Stone Age To-day in Dutch New Guinea. By A. F. R. Wollaston. With appendices, illustrations, and maps. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. $4.

The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies: An Account of the Story of a Pioneer Journey of Exploration into the Heart of New Guinea. By Capt. C. G. Rawling. With 48 illustrations and a map. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50 net.

The charm of Dutch New Guinea lies in the fact that it is now the least known part of the world, and that one finds there man in the earliest stage of human civilization, the Stone Age. It is almost inaccessible. For thirty miles inland it is a desolate tree-covered swamp, with an extraordinary network of waterways. Then come the foothills separated by deep ravines with almost unclimbable knife-edged ridges. These lead up to the Snow Mountains, whose crowning peak is higher than Mont Blanc, and which have many precipices, one of these having a sheer descent of 10,000 feet, the deepest in the world. Any party attempting to go inland must take every ounce of food along, and while below the foothills is at any time likely to be overwhelmed by the floods occasioned by the incessant rains. The difficulties of exploration by land or water are so great that a joint English and German expedition, under the leadership of Lieut. Graetz,

which has planned to start next October, will carry a dirigible balloon.

The wonderful fauna, and especially the marvellous forms of bird and insect life known to exist there, led the British Ornithologists' Union, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation, to undertake a zoölogical exploration. The scope of the expedition was broadened by the contribution of funds by the Royal Geographical Society. A liberal grant of money also was made by the British Government, and the Government of Holland not only supplied an armed guard at its own expense, but conveyed the expedition in a gunboat from Batavia to New Guinea. Early in January, 1910, a well-equipped company, the leaders of which were six Englishmen, collectors and surveyors, landed at the base of operations near the mouth of a river on the southern coast. From this point for fifteen months numerous unsuccessful attempts were made to reach the snow limit. Mr. Wollaston, who was medical officer, entomologist, and botanist of the party, writes the official account.

The failure was due mainly to the lack of efficient native carriers, to their dependence on canoes and rowboats instead of steam launches, and to the incessant rains. A stream that one day was so shallow that it was difficult to drag a canoe, might on the next be a raging torrent not to be faced. During a period of twelve months rain fell on 330 days; several nights more than six inches fell. Camps were continually overflowed and the food stores ruined, while the few native inhabitants had no settled homes. Notwithstanding the terrible monotony and unhealthfulness of the life, the fascination of the region and the longing to overcome the obstacles to its exploration are such that Mr. Wollaston, soon after his return to England, started on another expedition, and is now in New Guinea, having succeeded in reaching the snow on January 30 of this year. Several other parties are also engaged in exploration.

The scientific results of the expedition, though it failed in its main object, were of great importance. Many new and interesting forms of bird-life were added to the natural history collections of the British Museum, including ten species new to science and thirteen species of birds of paradise. The information obtained from intercourse with the Papuans of the coast region reveals the existence of a people so primitive that they are using stone axes and shell knives. They have no knowledge of pottery, and "water boiling they had never seen" until the white explorers came among them. They did not cultivate the ground on account of the recurrent floods, and the bulk of their food is sago.

In the foothill region a tribe of pygmies, called Tapiro, was discovered, the average height of the men being 4 feet 9 inches. Notwithstanding several visits to their village, a woman was never seen. They were more intelligent than the coast natives, their houses, built on piles, being greatly superior to the Papuan huts, and they cultivated the ground. Yet their only tools were stone axes and pieces of wood. Their apparatus for making a fire consisted of a split piece of wood, a long piece of rattan, and the tinder, sometimes a lump of a palm shoot, sometimes a piece of dried moss.

The birds were very numerous, but it was difficult to get sight of them on account of the density of the forest. At one place, says Mr. Wollaston, "the air of the jungle was heavy with the scent of the wild vanilla, and all around us were calling (but we could not see them) Greater Birds of Paradise; sometimes we were within sound of as many as six at one time. On that day, too, I first saw the Rifle Bird (*Ptilorhis intercedens*), one of the most beautiful though the least gaudy of the birds of paradise, whose long-drawn whistle can never be mistaken or forgotten." Notes on the 2,200 birds collected, representing about 235 species, are contributed in an appendix by W. R. Ogilvie-Grant. The pygmies are discussed in another appendix by the great authority on that subject, Dr. A. C. Haddon, while S. H. Ray gives notes, with vocabularies, on some of the languages of Dutch New Guinea. There are two maps and sixty illustrations, including six colored plates, reproductions of drawings of the stone axes, carved wooden clubs, ornaments, etc.

In "The Land of the New Guinea Pygmies" Capt. Rawling describes his experiences while attached as surveyor to the expedition to Dutch New Guinea. He succeeded in mapping 3,000 square miles of hitherto unknown land. Although he failed in his main purpose to reach the snow-line, his discovery of the Tapiro pygmies is important, especially for anthropologists. These people are evidently strongly attached to their own way of doing things, for when Capt. Rawling, after watching one make fire by rubbing a rattan rope against the sharp edge of a stick, showed how it could be done by a match, "the effect was disappointing as, after one gasp of surprise and a grunt of disapproval, he not only refused to accept the box as a present, but walked hurriedly away when the experiment was about to be repeated." Their dress, that is, of the men, for a woman was never seen, "consisted of a grass helmet with upright rims, and a projection at the crown into which a bird of paradise plume could be inserted."

Next to the pygmies and the Papuan natives of the coast regions, the birds were the most interesting of all the living creatures. Among the new species discovered was a bower bird,

so called because of the bowers or huts they construct for nesting purposes in a forest clearing. The huts are composed of moss, and are of elaborate structure, opening in front on to a lawn or garden, the whole laid out with great exactness and scrupulous care, and decked with brilliant leaves, flowers, and berries. On this dainty lawn the male bird dances and disports himself before his mate, or meets other males, who play and dance together. The flowers and berries are grouped or placed in lines, according to their colors, and are renewed as soon as they fade.

The value and attractiveness of the book are increased by the reproduction of 48 photographs and a map showing the results of the surveys.

The Daffodil Fields. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.

It is only a little while since every one was repeating that style is the sole preservative of literature. Without style, we were assured, anything like a work of permanent literary value is impossible. And now with these words still ringing in our ears we are asked to look upon Mr. Masefield's doggerel as portentous of a new and higher order of poetry. Not that Mr. Masefield cannot write as respectable verse as any one when he pleases. Much of his "Story of a Round House" would pass muster in any collection. Indeed, to a sane criticism the sea pieces in the latter half of that volume, together with a few descriptive passages in "Dauber"—for Mr. Masefield, be it said, is as descriptive as any decadent of them all—constitute his best work. But it is not such matters as these—nor even his odd fancy for the rhyme royal, which reappears in his latest volume, "The Daffodil Fields"—it is his violence, his licentiousness, in a word his barbarism, which is gleefully hailed, as the first fruits of a genuinely modern English poetry, by a chorus of enthusiastic admirers, who point triumphantly to his poetic atrocities as though they were so many spiritual qualities.

It is all very bewildering. But it would be much more so were it not for certain characteristics of the time, which serve in a manner to define if not to explain the puzzle. In the first place, there is the current optimistic fatalism which is closely allied with the modern doctrine of progress. On the one hand we cheerfully prate of eugenics as though the race, like a superior breed of cattle, were capable of indefinite improvement by its own efforts and by taking thought we might add any number of cubits to our stature. On the other hand, we sigh despondently over Socialism as though, however undesirable, it were ineluctable by any exertion on our

part. And all the time for the physical development of the species we can do but little, while the growth of Socialism is entirely within our control. But in whichever way our interests or the accidents of the moment lead us to express ourselves with regard to any particular subject, we all agree with Hegelian fatuity that whatever happens must happen for the best, since it happens fatally—that every step is necessarily an advance, that all motion is promotion—in short, that anything and everything is progress.

It is no wonder, then, that those whose daily thinking is pervaded with this genial philosophy, should apply it to Mr. Masefield as well as to Socialism. You may not like him, they declare with exquisite irony, his halting stanzas, his limping versification, his vulgarity of expression, his indecency of theme; but there he is, and that is the end of it. And yet may it not be permissible to suggest that, after all, Mr. Masefield is not inevitable; he is not one of the great elemental forces of nature? On the contrary, the success of his writing depends entirely upon our indulgence; and if we indulge his work, we do so, not because it is either fatal or superior, but because it is agreeable with our own temper and disposition.

That it is in harmony with certain ideas of the day it is impossible to deny. Above all, it falls in with the prevailing conception in accordance with which the term human has come to suggest all the vices, frailties, and errors of mortality. When we use the word humanity nowadays we imply, not the dignity of a creature made a little lower than the angels, but the debility of a species which has evolved a little from the brutes. Such is the connotation, a connotation little different from animal, with which science has gradually familiarized us—science, be it said, for it would not be fair to incriminate the sciences in detail, though some of them, pleasantly termed moral, are doing their best to confound the confusion and discredit even our noblest attainments by raking them back indiscriminately into the rubbish heap of our brutish origins. In this sense humanity has grown to signify the lower, baser, more instinctive elements of the race. And it is just this besotted humanity of which Mr. Masefield's verse is the living figure and illustration. The mean, the sordid, the degraded—these are the aspects of life with which he is the most concerned. In some respects, it must be acknowledged, his vision resembles Crabbe's; but it differs immeasurably in being totally devoid of moral atmosphere. His puppets are twitched by instinct and by instinct alone. They seem to have no inhibitions. Whether they are in for murder or conversion, they proceed spasmodically and without scruple, compunction, or reflection. Like the lower animals, they act out of the immediacy of their nature; their pathos, for there is a kind of crude pathos about them, is the pathos of brute or insensate things. One and all they might serve as demonstrations of Stirner; they are examples of "instantaneity." For this reason there is something curiously automatic and machine-like about them.

In this respect again Mr. Masefield flatters the inclinations of his time—in particular, its hankering for passion. Like every weak and febrile individual or generation, we have developed an ardent admiration for the more convulsive and elementary emotions. Nietzsche is an instance. Strength for us has become a paroxysm; sexual desire especially, as the most fitful and headlong of impulses, has come to exercise an uncanny fascination over our imagination. Witness the research of what our current literature calls passion. Under these circumstances we may congratulate ourselves that Mr. Masefield has rescued us from decadence by a resort to violence: the fact is that we have but exchanged one form of decadence for another. There are many forms of decadence; and if we are to have decadence at all, it is better to have the "comely decadence" of Walter Pater than the obscene and unseemly decadence of Mr. Masefield.

Youth and Life. By Randolph S. Bourne Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

The precocious young man writing of himself, in imitation of his elders, with insolent and piquant egotism, is neither an infrequent nor an especially alarming phenomenon; after a little sparkling and sputtering he usually goes out. The author of this book is indubitably a young man, but happily of a different family. Only in his last chapter, A Philosophy of Handicap, does he draw directly upon experience peculiar to himself, and that chapter is in effect a really stimulating and triumphant valediction to handicap—the maturest thing in the volume. For the rest, he is an earnest eulogist of five-and-twenty, discoursing fervently, solemnly, and almost impersonally through thirteen smoothly expository chapters on Youth and Life, written with tall capitals—the latter viewed pretty much in the rosy abstract. To indicate his position more precisely, he is a Galahad with sword girt on, kneeling in the chapel and consecrating his arms. This is equivalent to saying that he is in love with love, devoted to art, and ambitious to reform the world, and that he would probably look on becoming an alderman, writing a textbook, or marrying Susan as a base and ridiculous compromise with the existing order.

Such young men are useful and dangerous. They constantly renew the vigor of old and middle-aged men by threatening, as the phrase goes, to blow them off the "lid"—a corrective, doubtless, to senile apathy, but irritating to elderly patience. Mr. Bourne is probably right in insisting that the young men "see visions," but then, if we may permit ourselves the transatlantic expression, you have got to see a jolly lot of other things before your vision amounts to much. And you may have a nice measure of your age in the degree of impatience with which you read our author's remarks on the Virtues and Seasons of Life. The writer of this review, for example, regarded himself, on opening the book, as a man of uncertain age, but when he came to the author's advice on the rearing of children, he looked in the glass for gray hairs. "Life," says our philosopher, "will present so many inevitable necessities to the child when he gets out into the world that it seems premature to burden his childhood with a training which will be largely useless." This is directed at the moral and religious instruction imposed by parents on their offspring. This benevolent monster, life, as we are informed, "endows us with a morality that a mother and father with the power and the love of angels working through all the years of our childhood, could not have created within us. Trust life and not your own feeble efforts to create the soul in the child!" At this point the reviewer in a fit of senile irritation scrawled in the margin: "In heaven's name, are not, then, the efforts of father and mother a legitimate and desirable part of 'life'?" And, turning to another elderly person, he added, "So long as the young men propose to revise 'life' by omitting the nurture and admonition of parents, let us continue to sit quietly on the lid."

A sense that he had lost his immortal youth passed over the reviewer again while he was perusing Mr. Bourne's discourse on the Excitement of Friendship. Now this friendship prized by youth "is lived on a warm, impetuous plane" (*sic*), it languishes in absence, it has no place for "harsh criticism or fault-finding"; "for the secret of friendship is a mutual admiration, and it is the realization or suspicion that that admiration is lessening on one side or the other that swiftly breaks the charm." At this, it must be admitted, the reviewer yawned behind his hand, and felt like a member of a school board at a high-school commencement. "Mutual admiration" he vaguely recalled as the bond of feminine alliances and the earliest league of youth; the adult friendship stood rough knocks, was indifferent to separation, subsisted, indeed, upon a pleased mutual recognition of competency in the pursuit of interests external to the friends.

But to continue in this strain would be to write another homily on another of the seven ages of man; and Mr. Bourne will treat the period much more effectively when he reaches it. His presentation of the younger generation shows a pretty talent for analysis, somewhat overworked. As for the generation itself, it appears here to be a little deficient in gayety of heart, unduly confident in the strength of its insight, and amazingly disrespectful of its predecessors. In compensation it is fearless, honest, and terribly serious. Its vision —to tell the truth, we think its vision will improve with age. (We of "the generation which is fast passing away" do not so much envy your possession of that.) Its fine heat and passion, its sense of dedication—that is its sacred gift, which the cynic life will gamble for; something should come of that.

Writings of John Quincy Adams. Edited by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol. I. 1779-1796. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

The scholarly industry of Mr. Ford, lately exhibited with conspicuous success in the monumental edition of Bradford's "History of Plymouth Plantation," now promises to add another title to the already considerable list of definitive editions of the writings of American statesmen. The writings of John Quincy Adams have not, of course, been entirely unavailable hitherto. Besides the twelve volumes of "Memoirs," edited by his son, Charles Francis Adams, in 1874-77, we have his Presidential messages and proclamations accessible in various compilations, besides the indispensable record of the *Congressional Globe*. His extensive correspondence, however, has for the most part remained in manuscript, and no collection has been made of his occasional contributions to newspapers and his miscellaneous writings and publications.

Mr. Ford's editorial method is not likely, we think, to go unchallenged, and certainly invites comment. He does not, for one thing, as a rule, indicate the source from which the various papers are drawn, or make clear whether or not they have previously been printed. In the case of personal letters, the source is apparently the manuscript collections of the Adams family; but whether that is the case with the diplomatic correspondence is not stated. Further, he does not propose to reproduce all that Adams wrote, but only such a selection as will include "what is of permanent historical value, and what is essential to a comprehension of the man in all his private and public relations." The "Memoirs," itself only a selection, is to be used "only where needed to explain the text" of what is now to be printed. Apparently, therefore, the bulk of the contents of this edition is to consist of correspondence and state papers.

An examination of the present volume shows that, even within these limits, Mr. Ford has exercised considerable editorial latitude. Much personal matter has evidently been omitted. Of the three "Menander" papers contributed to the *Columbian Centinel*, in 1792, only one is given; and only three of the four "Columbus" papers on the Genet episode, published in the same journal in 1793. Letters deemed of minor importance have been relegated to footnotes, in extract or summary, though upon what principle is not always clear. A good illustration of this latter procedure is afforded by the last document in the volume, where a long letter to John Adams, dated June 24, 1796, and dealing with the likelihood of war between the United States and Great Britain, is followed by long extracts from letters of June 16 and 22 to the Secretary of State, on the same subject, and of apparently equal significance. On what principle Mr. Ford prints the personal letter in full, and the official letters, also in manuscript, in a footnote and in extract only, it would be interesting to know.

There will, of course, be no disposition to question Mr. Ford's assurance, in his preface, that nothing has been suppressed which can contribute to a knowledge of Adams in either his public or his private life, and that the texts are printed as written. The reëditing of so voluminous a work as the "Memoirs," too, might well give the most courageous editor pause. It is important to note Mr. Ford's method and omissions, however, because they serve to differentiate this edition of Adams's writings from recent editions of the writings of Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and others; and because what is "of permanent historical value" and "essential" in studying Adams's career can be seen only by using the volumes of this edition and the "Memoirs" together.

The present volume, extending to 1796, covers the years of Adams's boyhood in Europe, his student days at Harvard and law studies at Newburyport, his brief period of law practice in Boston, and the first two years of his diplomatic service at The Hague, to which post he was appointed in May, 1794, at the early age of twenty-seven. His earliest letters, written mainly to his father and mother, exhibit the precocity which went far to justify the remark that he "never grew up," but stepped full-fledged, even as a youth, into the field of politics. Barring a certain self-conscious positiveness, natural in one with his inheritance, and a style occasionally stilted after the manner of the age, his observations on men, institutions, events, and tendencies are singularly acute and sound. His aversion to monarchy and aristocracy is balanced by a profound distrust of democracy, at the same time that he sees some of the pitfalls in the *via media* of representative government.

In the Netherlands, where his main business at first was the negotiation of a loan, his letters on the military and political convulsions of the time show unusual powers of observation and description, marked skill in acquiring and sifting information, and, in the main, a sound but by no means friendly estimate of French policy. In England, on the other hand, whither he was sent in 1795 to exchange the ratifications of the Jay treaty, he found only "rancorous enemies" of the American Administration in power, declared to his father that "between the United States and Great Britain no *cordiality* can exist," and thought that "it is on our part [not] to be desired." Gouverneur Morris, who records that Adams, "in his wrath and indignation at the conduct of the British Government, seemed absolutely mad," was set down by Adams as "more decidedly English the more I see of him."

Mr. Ford's explanatory work has the skill and finish of a practiced hand. His notes, modestly said to be restricted "to the identification of individuals and indication of related material," are very full, including not only numerous extracts from other sources than the Adams papers, but also summary accounts or explanations of related events. The frontispiece is an excellent reproduction of the well-known Copley painting of Adams, done in 1795.

Notes

In "Jewish History and Literature under the Maccabees and Herod," B. H. Alford furnishes a continuation of a volume published in 1910 with the title, "Old Testament History and Literature." Longmans publish the work.

The following titles are promised by Putnams for June 3: "An Unknown Lover," by Mrs. George de Horne Vaizey; "Sunia; A Himalayan Idyll," by Maud Diver, and "The Letters, Speeches, and Correspondence of Carl Schurz," edited by Frederic Bancroft.

Books in preparation by Dutton include: "The Rubai'yat of Omar Khayyam," with seventy-five illustrations, by Edmund J. Sullivan; "Jane Austen," by William Austen Leigh and Richard Austen Leigh; "The Youth of Goethe," by P. Hume Brown; and the following numbers of the Channels of English Literature series: "The English Novel," by George Saintsbury; "English Lyric Poetry," by Ernest Rhys; "English Elegiac, Didactic, and Religious Poetry," by the Rev. H. C. Beaching, D.D.; "English Satirists and Humorous Literature," by Oliphant Smeaton; "The English Essays and Essayists," by Hugh Walker; "English History and Schools of History," by Richard

Lodge, and "English Criticism," by J. W. H. Atkins.

The Harvard University Press announces the following books as in preparation: "Essays on English Agrarian History in the Sixteenth Century," by Edwin Francis Gay; "Studies in Anglo-Norman Institutions," by Charles Homer Haskins; "Essays on Chaucer," by George Lyman Kittredge; "The Way of Salvation (Buddhaghosa's Treatise on Buddhism)," translated from the original Pāli into English by Charles Rockwell Lanman; "The Search for Salvation in the Greek and Roman World," by Clifford Herschel Moore; "Judaism at the Beginning of the Christian Era," by George Foote Moore; "The Works of Vitruvius," translated by the late Morris Hicky Morgau, prepared for publication by Albert Andrew Howard and Herbert Langford Warren; "A Bibliography of Municipal Government," by William Bennett Munro; "The Harvard Expedition to Samaria," by George Andrew Reisner; "The Priuciples of Business Policy," by Arch Wilkinson Shaw; "Cases on Constitutional Law," by Eugene Wambaugh, and "The Yoga-System of Patañjali, or the Ancient Hindu Doctrine of Concentration of Mind," translated from the original Sanscrit by James Haughton Woods.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are reprinting Joseph Conrad's books, "Youth," "Lord Jim," "The Point of Honor," and "Romance."

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the establishment of an educational department by the purchase of the Thompson Brown Co.

This week Holt is bringing out Rupin's "Die Juden der Gegenwart," translated from the second revised edition, with an introduction by Dr. Joseph Jacobs, and "The World Soul," by H. Fielding-Hall.

The new edition of Samuel Butler's "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and Canton Ticino," which Mr. Fifield is bringing out, has an introduction by R. A. Streatfeild, besides several additions which were found in Butler's manuscripts.

"By a small majority Congregation at Oxford has passed the preamble of a statute establishing a commercial diploma at the University." But, as the *Athenæum* goes on to say, "a preamble, as we know, does not mean any hurry about 'reform,' and we think it likely that Oxford will do without this one for some time to come. The city of lost causes is not yet the stronghold of loud cash."

The "New York Times Index," just issued, is a most useful and valuable record of all the important events of the first three months of the year, filling 272 large octavo pages. It will be helpful as a reference to any newspaper kept on file. If the amount of space given to any subject is the proof of its significance, then the American people are most interested in sports, for fifty-five columns are devoted to them, while President Wilson and Congress have only eight each, woman's suffrage six, and the Balkan war a little more than three.

An interesting and valuable contribution to "Eskimology" is Mr. V. Stefansson's account of the distribution of life in Western Aretic America, in the *Geographical Journal* for May. For more than five years, he has wandered in the Arctic, often with no European companion; he has made himself master of the Eskimo lore and traditions, and so revealed the human side of the region more fully than any other explorer. He calls attention to the deceptiveness of the figures of our census returns for northern Alaska, which show "that the Eskimo population of the country has remained approximately constant for the last thirty years." But these returns are concerned only with the coast people, whereas the people of the interior have become almost extinct since the introduction of firearms has destroyed the caribou, their chief food.

Retrospective views of the results of race-mixture in various lands, with special reference to the Indian and negro in America, are given by Prof. G. Fritsch, of the University of Berlin, in *Petermann's Mitteilungen* for April. As the result of his investigations he believes that not every intermingling of races necessarily implies a deterioration. In the military department are a description of the new Albanian State by Prof. A. Baldacci, of the University of Bologna, and a short account of Cheik-Saïd, an abandoned French Gibraltar, by Capt. E. E. Schulze. This is a town on the Arabian shore of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, at the outlet of the Red Sea, which was for many years in the possession of the French and was regarded by Napoleon as an important post, but is now abandoned.

The article most worthy of mention in the New International Year Book for 1912 (Dodd, Mead) is the one on the Presidential campaign of last year. It runs to fifty pages, one-fourth of which are taken up with the party platforms, printed in full. The editor's remark that especial pains has been taken to insure comprehensiveness and impartiality well defines the result. It is not only the best account of the complicated series of incidents which it follows, but the only adequate one easily accessible. Other topics which receive particular attention in this volume are the Titanic disaster, and the question of safety at sea; the Balkan war; the minimum wage; workingmen's compensation; syndicalism; the Panama Canal, and city planning. The thin paper, a feature introduced in last year's issue, adds materially to the ease of handling a book which many persons will have occasion to consult frequently.

The eighteenth revised edition of Baedeker's "Paris" is now ready for travellers who are turning in that direction. Like its gaudy and ubiquitous companions, it is published in this country by Scribners. Another volume from the same house is Ethel E. Bicknell's "Paris and Her Treasures," also a guidebook, not so exhaustively complete as its scarlet rival, but having a certain, doubtful, advantage of illustrations.

Three new volumes of the Loeb Classical Library (Macmillan) have come to us. Two of these, Vol. III of Horace White's text and translation of Appian's "Roman History" and Volume II of F. Storr's Sophocles, are continuations of authors whom we have already noticed. Besides these, there is the first of the three volumes which are to contain "The Works of the Emperor Julian," with an English translation by Prof. Wilmer Cave Wright. Of the Julian we shall have more to say when the work is further advaneed.

Dr. G. B. Grundy, of Corpus Christi, Oxford, has got together a volume of metrical versions from the Greek Anthology, which Henry Frowde (in New York) publishes for him as "Ancient Gems in Modern Settings." A considerable number of the epigrams are translated by the editor himself, and with no mean skill, as this example from Crinagoras may testify:

E'en shouldst thou live the quiet life, nor sail
The sea, nor travel on the land,
To journey into Attica thou shouldst not fail,
And on Demeter's nights of worship stand
Within her temple. Thus of life's dull care
Thou shalt be free: and, when thou goest where
We all must dwell, thy spirit shall not quail.

It is an attractive little book, though it must be confessed that very few of the translators have been able, like William Cory, with his wonderful version of Callimachus, to catch the real spirit of the anthologists, with their undertone of delicate pathos. It is true, as Parrhasius wrote in the quatrain with which Dr. Grundy closes his pleasant introduction:

'Twill sound a foolish boast; but still I make it,
We have attained the clear-set bounds of art.
Further man cannot go; but, yet I take it,
The critic still will play the critic's part.

Translation is a difficult thing at best, and translation of Tacitus is an impossibility. This is frankly admitted by W. Hamilton Fyfe in the introduction to his version of "The Histories" (Clarendon Press). "Because Tacitus is never a mere stylist," he says, "some of us continue in the failure to translate him." For a "failure" this effort is unusually successful. Mr. Fyfe renders the sense of the author accurately and in faultless English of a high order of stylistic merit. This involves, to be sure, a free handling of Taeitean sentence structure, but even so be approaches nearer to the spirit of the original than do former translators. Only rarely does he attempt to render epigram by epigram. A single sentence (I, 89) will show at once the difficulty and the measure of success of this translation:

Vulgus et magnitudine nimia communium curarum expers populus sentire paulatim belli mala, conversa in militum usum omni pecunia, intentis alimentorum pretiis.

Though the cares of state were too vast to arouse any interest in the masses, yet as the price of food rose and the whole revenue was devoted to military purposes, the common people gradually began to realize the evils of war.

This is of course not Tacitus, but it is good. A short introduction warns readers against criticising the Roman historian for not following modern historical methods, and defends his narrative against the modern tendeney to whitewash everything ancient, of which Ferrero furnishes so good an example, in his recent treatment of the women of the Cæsars, although Mr. Fyfe does not mention him. When occasion arises, necessary explanations are found in notes.

We have more than once called attention to the extraordinary flabbiness of a good deal of the popular biography produced in Great Britain and imported to this country at prices which may be warranted by the paper and binding of the books, but which from any other point of view are simply exorbitant. A worse specimen of this British product than Giberne Sieveking's "Memoir of Sir Horace Mann" (Dut-

ton) does not often reach New York. Mr. Sieveking's knowledge of history is measured by the statement that Walpole resigned in 1741, with no word to indicate that the February of this year is by the reformed calendar changed to 1742. His knowledge of eighteenth-century literature is shown by the insertion of a (*sic*) after the phrase "is wrote" in a letter. His own grammar is proved by this: "For between the leaves of some letters lie pressed the essence of a personality." And the general elegance of his style is illustrated, briefly but feebly, by this: "By 29th May the whole explosion of disturbance as regards the English ship which had been captured, is quieted, for the ship had been restored." The book, in a word, is simply illiterate. By what means books of this sort—and the present volume is only a bad specimen of its kind—get published in London we do not know; probably the publishers rely on pictures and thick paper and high prices to sell a certain number of copies in this country. Curiously enough this evil is particularly evident in the field of popular biography. It does much harm, since this is the field to which aspiring readers are likely to turn first from indiscriminate fiction.

"The Children's Reading" (Houghton Mifflin), by Frances Jenkins Olcott, answers sensibly a large number of questions that are frequently asked by parents. Each of the fourteen brief chapters (on Ways of Guiding Reading, Picture Books and Illustrators, Poetry and Rhymes, Useful Books, Religious Books, etc.) is followed by an annotated list of books. In her choice of verse the author is perhaps least helpful, including as she does such a difficult poem as Lowell's "Commemoration Ode." The appendix contains a graded list of 100 good stories, a detailed explanation of the mode of procuring books through public libraries and by purchase, and an extended list of editions of books available at moderate prices.

A notice in these columns last year of Miss Margaret E. Burton's "Education of Women in China" referred to the singular success of mission schools in reaching the submerged half of China's millions. The author has supplemented her first book by a second, "Notable Women of Modern China" (Revell Company), which assembles what French essayists would call the *pièces justificatives* of the earlier work. Of the half-dozen biographies here recorded, four are those of physicians now in charge of hospitals who have been professionally trained in America, one of a lady of wealth and distinction devoting herself to evangelization among women of the upper class in Foochow, and one of a Taoist nun whose conversion to Christianity at the close of her life was the result of her almost instant conviction of the futility of her asceticism after visiting her cousin Dr. Mary Stone's hospital. The resolute action of this lonely girl in abandoning her idols and violating the traditions of her people has a dramatic poignancy which recalls stories of the early Christian Church. Perhaps the most notable woman in this collection is Dr. Stone, who translated her Chinese name, Shih, into English for convenience when studying in the University of Michigan, thus reversing a practice not infrequently followed by Europeans when they assume Chinese names. Since 1901 she has been in charge of a hospital built by an American in her native town of Kiukiang, where the usefulness of her labors in relieving suffering and training women as nurses and efficient mothers has become celebrated throughout Asia. Her friend and fellow-student, Dr. Ida Kahn, owes her chance in life directly to the charity of a missionary. As the sixth daughter of parents who were only desirous of having a son, her fate was committed, immediately after her birth, to a blind fortune-teller, who declared that she must either be killed or given away if a son was ever to be expected. "The parents were not willing to end the little life, so they determined to engage the baby to a little boy in a neighboring family and give her to the family of her betrothed to bring up. But when they called the fortune-teller again to ask his judgment on the proposed betrothal, he declared that the little girl had been born under the dog star, the boy under the cat star, and therefore the betrothal was not to be thought of." Happily, the missionary was ready to adopt her, and after a thorough academic and technical training in America, she has a position and influence, as physician in charge of a hospital in Nanchang, second to no woman now living in China. The early experiences of these women emphasize the obstacles to female activity in China under former conditions, the crushing and pervading nature of which can be only dimly realized by Western readers. Among the most serious of these was the necessity of having a girl's feet bound if she was to move in respectable society. On account of their violation of this custom, the heroines of this little volume had to undergo in their early youth a social ostracism that required a fortitude rare in children of any country. One of them was stopped in the street by a girl of her acquaintance and ordered to kneel in the dirt to the young aristocrat's bound feet—a form of hazing which opens suggestive vistas to students in lands that have acquired a considerable proficiency of their own in the arts of petty tyranny.

As emblem of the new Napoleonic Empire various symbols were suggested—the historic Gallic cock, the traditional fleur-de-lis, the busy bee, which could sting as well as make honey, the mighty elephant with the motto *Mole et mente*, or a lion lying over the map of France with one paw ready to reach out across the Rhine. All these Napoleon decisively rejected and selected instead the figure of an eagle with extended wings about to take flight. Such eagles, made of brass about eight inches high, mounted on stout oaken staves, and surmounting new regimental silken flags, formed the new military standards which were to be the rallying point of the French from Ulm and Austerlitz to Leipzig and Waterloo. On December 5, 1804, three days after the coronation, in an impressive ceremony in the Champ de Mars, Napoleon presented more than a thousand of these new eagles to the representatives of the different regiments and ships-of-the-line, exclaiming with his usual dramatic effectiveness, "Soldiers! Behold your standards! These Eagles to you shall ever be your rallying point. Wherever your Emperor shall deem it needful for the defence of his throne and his people, there shall they be seen!" Mr. Edward Fraser, in "The War Drama of the Eagles" (Dutton), has waded through the Napoleonic literature with an eye for the picturesque, the dramatic, and the heroic, and woven together a very readable narrative of the occasions on which deeds of bravery were done for the defence or capture of these emblematic eagles.

Mr. H. E. Goldin's translation of "The Mishnah, Baba Meziah (Middle Gate), Treatise II" (Putnam) should make appeal to two classes; in the first place to members of the legal profession, interested in comparing so ancient a code as this of Israel's with modern legal codes, and in the second place to clergymen of every denomination, who will find ample corroboration of a popular theory that the ancient civil codes were as wide and sound as is much hastily devised procedure of to-day. There are, moreover, chapters of no little interest to the mere layman. Under "Articles Lost and Found," for instance, we discover a host of wise and useful laws, which equal, if indeed they do not surpass, modern procedure. The chapter on Usury is also of considerable interest to the layman, showing how strong was the law against usury, and this despite the oft-repeated charge against the Jew of favoring this practice. The difference between direct and indirect usury is of profound interest. The translator's supplementary comments are often valuable, for instance, his lucid explanation of the attitude of Jewish jurists towards the law of the Pentateuch which makes it legal for the Jew to lend to the Gentile, and not to the Jew. The appendix, giving an explanation of Jewish terms and some biographical details of the Jewish rabbis and jurists mentioned in the volume, is interesting and valuable, and there is also a good index.

"Siberia," by M. P. Price (London: Methuen), consists partly of a traveller's impressions of life in south central Siberia, in Krasnoyarsk, Minusinsk, and the vicinity, partly of a brief historic and economic account of Siberia, with an added chapter on the neighboring region of Mongolia. Without being noteworthy either as a work of art or as a scientific authority, the volume is always sensible and informing, and nearly always entertaining. In 300 brief pages Mr. Price gives a distinct impression of Siberia as a dwelling-place for normal, moderately happy humanity, a region destined to greater and greater economic importance as it is developed by the present colonizing policy of the Russian Government. His chapter on Mongolia is particularly useful at the present moment. Perhaps it is captious to quarrel with small errors in so modest a book; but a writer who speaks of using Russian sources and of conversing with Russian peasants ought not to print such abortions as "mirobny sud" (p. 123) for *mirovóy sudyá* (justice of the peace), and, still worse, "Pravo-Slavonic" (pp. 107, 108) as the name of the Russian Church and the language of its ritual. This last is a queer contamination of *Slavonic* with *pravoslávny* (orthodox).

"Social Forces in Modern Literature" (Ginn), by Prof. P. M. Buck, jr., is a fair example of a kind of book of which excellent examples are sorely needed. The au-

thor attempts, with undue brevity, to trace the development of fundamental modern ideas from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the day when romanticism burst into luxuriant bloom. Montesquieu, Rousseau, Lessing, Wordsworth, Goethe, and Shelley are centres of study. The bibliography at the close of the volume is full enough for most purposes, and shows discrimination, though Hettner's history of eighteenth century literature should certainly have a place in a list of twenty-five books of value in a study of Rousseau. "Rawnsby" (p. 248) is a misprint for Rawnsley.

"Le Tour de la France par Deux Enfants," by G. Bruno (Mme. A. Fouillée), is good reading for beginners in French. An illustrated edition of the work, with notes, exercises, and vocabulary by V. E. François, has just been published by Holt.

The same house has also brought out Molière's "Les Précieuses Ridicules" and "Les Femmes Savantes," in one volume, carefully annotated by J. R. Effinger.

Science

The Growth of Groups in the Animal Kingdom. By R. E. Lloyd. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $1.75 net.

To the earlier naturalists species of animals and plants, being the finite expression of divine ideas, were regarded as fixed and immutable. Possibly it is due to the inheritance of this view, much attenuated in transmission, to be sure, that the modern conception of species based upon plant and animal experimentation, has made such slow headway. Systematists regard all species as of equal value in classification, whether millions or few representatives are known. Furthermore, the conception of a species is largely an individual matter involving endless disputes and needless wrangling. Lloyd substitutes the word group for the much-abused term species in this book and means by it any aggregate of animals having common characteristics and differing in any degree from other aggregates. The groups may comprise only one individual or many millions of individuals, evolution being "the arrival of novelties into the world; each extinct species of animal or plant was in its early days a novelty." The view that he advocates is the growth of these smaller groups into larger, and the constant fluctuation in numbers of the individuals comprising them. The forms that were common yesterday become rare to-day and may disappear to-morrow, and conversely forms which did not exist yesterday and are rare forms to-day may become common forms to-morrow. The problem of species as thus conceived focusses upon the nature of those forms which did not exist yesterday and are rare to-day—upon their mode of origin and the factors instrumental in their further increase.

All of these matters are clearly brought out in Mr. Lloyd's excellent work. The force of his arguments is much enhanced by an unaffected and delightful naïveté of style, and the volume itself is a model of fine bookmaking. The arguments are all in favor of the origin of species through mutations and the admitted object of the book is to protest against the widespread belief in natural selection as a creative agency. His conclusions are drawn from observations made upon many thousands of rats that were killed in India in connection with the attempt to exterminate all rodents that might be carriers of the plague. In different regions, and always in some localized portion of the region, small groups were occasionally found with characteristic and well-marked differences from the normal rat type of the region. A number of such variants are described, and the author shows by deduction that each type must have arisen from some one ancestor which appeared first as a sport. From these he draws the conclusion that such small centres of original variations are the starting points of new species in nature. These small groups, fostered by the conditions of natural selection, are the forerunners of large groups in the future. The book is a plea, therefore, for the mutation theory of De Vries, and its original contribution is the description of small numbers of variants in an enormous population, the opportunity being rare for this kind of work on animals in nature. The conclusions are directly opposed to those of Tower, who, working experimentally on the potato beetle, was able to raise under artificial conditions an enormous group of one variety which exists in nature only as a comparatively rare sport. Tower's contrary conclusion, to the effect that such mutants or sports are crushed out in nature in the struggle for existence, and that actual species originate by natural selection, is clearly and logically handled by Lloyd in his seventh chapter, and he finds in Tower's experiments the very fulfilment of his own hypothesis concerning the mutant rats—rare to-day, common forms to-morrow.

A chapter is devoted to the rather novel bearing of the mutation theory in practical matters of disease. Its value in the breeding of plants and animals has been pointed out repeatedly, but not its value in pathology. He shows that if there is an evolution of animals there must be also an evolution of animal diseases, and that new ones are constantly cropping up as mutants to be crushed out of existence or sustained in the struggle for existence. Thus a pernicious habit among common harmless organisms may arise as a mutation, as when the common green bottle-fly acquires the habit of depositing eggs in the nasal cavity or ears of sleeping or intoxicated men, thus giving rise to the disease known as myiasis. Such a habit has arisen in a limited group of flies as a mutation and, were it general in the species, would make a menace of the ordinarily harmless green bottle-fly.

The concluding paragraph of the book is in keeping with the general protest against the selection theory, pointing out the danger from a belief in natural selection, "in what may be called the right of the spirit of competition which is daily invoked in order to smother those altruistic feelings that are an important part of the human mind."

Three science books are included in the announcements of the Harvard University Press: "Hyperbolic Functions of Complex Variables," by Arthur Edwin Kennelly; "The Scientific Work of Morris Loeb," edited by Theodore Richards, and "Architectural Acoustics," by Wallace Clement Sabine.

"The Principles of Science" (Holt), by William Forbes Cooley, is designed to be used as an introduction to philosophy. In many respects the book is satisfactory. On the one side the author shows that he has studied the metaphysicians: the authority of Plato, Descartes, Kant, and the other great masters, is freely and intimately given. But his knowledge of science is unfortunately shallow; how can he hope to treat adequately the modern scientific postulates of matter, energy, electricity, or relativity, when from his references we must judge that he obtained his knowledge from elementary textbooks and popular expositions of physics? The philosophy of science cannot be mastered until its teachers have studied and worked in science as well as in philosophy. Until that is true, their criticisms of science are not balanced. To any one who has a real knowledge of science, it is irritating to see Plato and Kant matched with quotations from Ganot's or Watson's elementary textbooks of physics. A single illustration, although many could be given, will suffice; the author in discussing Lord Kelvin's principle of the dissipation of energy says: "It will all be diffused to a common level or pitch, and nothing whatever will go on. The universe will be a uniformly warm (or cool) mass, henceforth, forever motionless and inert." Now if he had only cursorily studied Lord Kelvin's works or even the scientific definition of heat, that it is a mode of motion, he would have known that things will still go on in a uniformly warm universe and that it will not be motionless and inert whether energy is available or not. It is a bit presumptuous to discuss the principles of science when even the simple and fundamental facts are not correct.

Albert E. Wilkinson, investigator in horticulture at the New York State College of Agriculture, has contributed "Modern Strawberry Growing" to the Garden Library of Doubleday, Page & Company. As there is virtually no time in the year when something cannot be attended to or experimented with in the matter of strawberry culture, either natural or forced, so there

is no season in which the amateur or professional grower will not find something to help or interest him in Mr. Wilkinson's book. If he starts to read too late for the setting out of spring plants or too early for the autumn planting, he will turn naturally to the mid-season activities of potting runners and so on, and find just what is needed for the successful treatment of the strawberry bed. There is an excellent section on pollination in the chapter on breeding and propagation, careful reading of which would enable any novice, intelligent enough to raise strawberries at all, to do good work in selective propagation. It does not assume, as most books do, that every reader enjoying the thrills of his first summer in a garden knows all about the mystery of sex in plants. Then there is an alluring chapter on Alpine strawberries which, no doubt, will lead more than one enthusiast far from the humdrum of the commonplace varieties of fruit to the fascinating but doubtful venture with the smaller more fragrant berry that is not a thing of a week or two, but produces from June till frost. Incidentally Mr. Wilkinson has told his story of the strawberry with a freshness that is remarkable when one considers that everybody from Hesiod down to the latest writer for a garden magazine has had to say about the same things on fruits and vegetables, for the reason that the principles of growing them are the same to-day as in the beginning of agriculture.

William McMurtrie, who died in New York on Saturday at the age of sixty-three, was from 1882 to 1888 professor of chemistry at the University of Illinois and later served as consulting chemist for large business firms in New York. He was a chevalier du Mérite Agricole, France, and a member of several other learned societies. He was also the author of the following works: "Culture of the Beet and Manufacture of Sugar Therefrom," "The Culture of Sumac," "Grape Culture in the United States," and "Wools and Other Animal Fibres."

Prof. William Hallock, of Columbia University, died on Tuesday of last week at the Homœopathic Hospital in Providence, R. I. He was born in Milton, N. Y., in 1857, and graduated from Columbia in 1879; two years later he received the degree of Ph.D. from the University of Würzburg, where the following year he was assistant in the physical laboratory. For the next nine years he was attached to the United States Geological Survey. In 1891-2 he was the assistant in charge of the astro-physical observatory at the Smithsonian Institution. While connected with the Geological Survey, he conducted the investigation of subterranean temperatures in the famous dry well at Wheeling—the second in depth in the world—where the drill went down to 4,500 feet below the surface of the earth. His experiments were described in a paper read last year before the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was also for three years at work in the Yellowstone Cañon, investigating the phenomena of hot springs and geysers, and comparing results with those obtained by Professor Bunsen in Iceland. In collaboration with Prof. Carl Barns, of the Geological Survey, he worked for some time at New Haven, studying methods of measurement of high temperatures. Among the other topics to which he gave his attention were the effects of pressure on powdered materials and the thermal expansion of rocks. He returned to Columbia in 1892 as an associate professor in physics, and in 1902 was made professor. Four years later he was elected dean of the faculty of pure science, and held that office until all the graduate faculties at Columbia were merged, in 1909.

Drama and Music

New Irish Comedies. By Lady Gregory. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

Of the five plays in this volume, only two have any real dramatic quality; but all have positive value, though not in equal degree, as intimate studies of Irish life and character. In dialogue they are frequently, sometimes extraordinarily, felicitous, racy in expression, rich in quaint and characteristic metaphor, and strokes of spontaneous humor and simple pathos. Occasionally they exhibit flashes of imaginative eloquence and passion. But, on the other hand, they are often sorely in need of revision and compression in long passages where the author, with a fatal fluency, weakens a serviceable motive, whether comic or serious, by merciless reiteration. As this fault is chiefly observable in her more farcical interludes, there is a presumption that it is due to haste rather than to lack of ingenuity or invention. In her best moments she can be vigorous, concise, and dramatic, but, throughout her writings, a tendency to diffusiveness and over-elaboration is strongly marked. On the printed page, where the flavor of the speech exerts a peculiar appeal, this is a matter of comparatively minor importance; but on the stage, where action is all important, the effect is mischievous and frequently disastrous.

There is much capital reading in "The Bogie Man," "The Full Moon," and "Coats," but these pieces are the merest sketches, devoid alike of dramatic substance and reasonability. At the bottom of each of them is an essentially comic idea which might easily have been more skilfully handled. The personages are alive, and the talk humorous and quaintly characteristic, but perpetually revolving about the same point, which soon becomes blunted by repetition. "The Full Moon," based upon the old belief that "naturals" are sensitive to lunar changes, has more substance than the others, and is the most pretentious of the three. The panic created among a group of superstitious peasantry by the supposition that one of them may have been bitten by an imaginary mad dog and infected the rest, is described with humorous vivacity, but the whole thing is hopelessly extravagant. The one redeeming merit lies in its perfect Irishry. But "Damer's Gold" is a genuine if somewhat attenuated little drama, with the truth of nature in it. The central figure is a "sport," who, disheartened by his persistent ill luck in all sorts of gaming, has turned miser and amassed a golden treasure, which excites the cupidity of his relatives. He is a thoroughly human and Hibernian study.

But it is in the brief episode of "McDonough's Wife" that Lady Gregory exhibits her best dramatic and imaginative powers. It is a blend of sordid domestic tragedy and legendary fantasy. McDonough, a wizard of the pipes, who has been roaming the country round in joyous revelry, returns to find his young wife dead in his deserted hovel and awaiting a workhouse burial. He vows that she shall be carried to the grave with every honorable rite and fullest public observance. Sounding eloquent dirges upon his charmed instrument, he brings the whole countryside to the humble bier, and the people, under the spell of his music, vie with one another in their eagerness to do service to the corpse. With an actor capable of giving due emotional expression to the remorseful anguish and fiery wrath of McDonough, this sketch could not fail—it has never been acted—to create a profound effect in the theatre. Though written in prose, it is essentially poetic in its ideas, and is especially notable for the picturesque vigor, conciseness, and mingled realism and fancy of its literary form. The contrast between the direct homely speech of the old workhouse women and the no less direct but more pictorial utterances of McDonough, is particularly striking. It seems to be a pity that Lady Gregory should have devoted so much time to the development of her comic vein, which, though productive, is seldom precious, instead of the tragic, in which her "McDonough's Wife" suggests infinite possibilities. But even in her comedies her complete mastery of all the external national characteristics has been of incalculable value to the Irish Theatre.

The Ambassadors' Theatre is the name chosen for London's newest house of dramatic entertainment. The manager is Durrant Swan, who will open it with a new play by Monckton Hoffe, called "Panthea." The part of the heroine, a Russian who has suffered imprisonment on political grounds, has been assigned to Miss Lillemore Halvorsen, a Norwegian actress. The story is in four acts, the first of which takes place on the coast of Northumberland, the remaining three in a Continental city.

"We hope," says the London *Times*, in reviewing Martin Harvey's revival of "The Taming of the Shrew," in London, "that some careful chronicler is at work making notes of one of the most interesting things in the theatrical history of our time—the

return to common use of Elizabethan method of staging Shakespeare. For it seems pretty certain now that this is no piece of archæological affectation, but a movement that will spread, because it answers to a public demand." The whole play, Introduction and all, was over in two hours and a half.

Some time ago it was announced that the council of the London Academy of Dramatic Art had acquired a site adjoining their present premises for the erection of a theatre for the students. Architect's plans have been prepared, and the council will begin building as soon as the plans have been passed. A special committee, consisting of Sir Hubert von Herkomer, Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir George Alexander, Bernard Shaw, E. S. Willard, Dion Boucicault, and Granville Barker, has been formed to consider the details of the building. The natural presumption is that the theatre, when it has been finished, will be admirably adapted to its purposes. Whether it will ever add materially to the number of properly trained actors, of which the stage, on both sides of the Atlantic, is so badly in need, is another question. Possibly it may fulfil the most sanguine expectations of its promoters and directors, and rival the ancient authority of the Paris Conservatoire, but common experience tends to show that even the most richly equipped of dramatic academies fail to attract the best student material. Young men or women possessing special qualifications for the stage have little difficulty in finding an engagement which will enable them to acquire a certain amount of experience and make a little money at the same time. Too often it is the less-favored candidate only who is willing to give both time and money for instruction. If the capable tyro has the good luck to obtain entrance to a genuine stock company—not, of course, one of the commercial affairs which give two performances every day, and work every morning at rehearsals, but such an organization as that headed by Miss Horniman or F. R. Benson—he will encounter tests which will speedily discover his best faculties and give ample opportunity for improving them. Well do the speculative managers know—as Miss Horniman is learning to her cost—where to find recruits capable of doing good work. Mr. Benson, who for years has been stripped systematically of his chief performers, must have supplied half the principal theatres of England with their leading men and women. All managers realize, very thoroughly, that work in a repertory company provides the best dramatic schooling in the world. Until very recently companies of this description—once so common—have been few and far between in England, while in America they have been virtually extinct; but now they seem to be multiplying again, and their reappearance is a most encouraging phenomenon.

Dutton promises in the autumn, "Wagner, as Man and Artist," by Ernest Newman.

How Wagner astonished an audience in Berlin is related by Otto Lessmann in a German magazine. It was in 1871. He had lectured at the Royal Academy on the opera, and in his honor the "Verein der Berliner Musiker" arranged a performance of his "Faust Overture," under the direction of Prof. Julius Sturm. When it was over Wagner seemed to hesitate for a moment as to what he should do. Then he got up, thanked the musicians, and remarked that, as he had not been connected with an orchestra for twenty years, he felt impelled to show his gratitude further by an artistic deed. "You will understand my request," he added, "that you will repeat the 'Faust Overture' under my personal direction." What then happened made an indelible impression on all who were so fortunate as to be present. The spiritual revelation he made of the various moods of that tone poem stirred the hearers as they had never before been stirred. The difference between a genius and a mere professional conductor was made manifest. The musicians themselves were stunned by what they had done. "We looked at him, and we knew and did what he wanted," they remarked.

It is not often that two pianists play together in concert halls, although the public would doubtless enjoy an occasional duo. Many years ago Carl Czerny arranged Rossini's "Semiramide" overture for thirty-two hands. In San Francisco, a few weeks ago, this piece was played by sixteen pianists, and the audience of two thousand, we read, gave "unstinted applause."

Emma Calvé is said to have decided to devote the rest of her life to teaching, but she "will accept only young ladies of great promise." That will not prevent any one from applying.

Jacques Thibaud, one of the best violinists of the French school, is coming back to America next season. He will give three concerts with the Philharmonic, and will be heard with the other leading orchestras. He was born in Bordeaux, where his father taught him until the age of thirteen, when the boy was sent to the Paris Conservatoire. In 1886 he won a first prize. To supplement his modest means he played several years at the Café Rouge, where he chanced to be heard by Edouard Colonne, who at once offered him an engagement. Soon after, the leader being unable to play the incidental solo in an orchestral work, young Thibaud was entrusted with the task, and so well did he acquit himself that he was engaged as a regular soloist at the Colonne concerts, appearing fifty-four times in a single season. His fame in Paris established, he visited England and America, and then returned for further Continental triumphs, which have brought him both fortune and a unique standing among the masters of his instrument.

The well-known pianist, Bachaus, who will return to America for another tour next season, was born in Leipzig in 1884. He studied nine years with Reckendorf and one year with d'Albert, and at the age of sixteen made his first public appearance with the Gewandhaus Orchestra, Arthur Nikisch conducting. From that day Bachaus has advanced without interruption to the goal he has attained.

Harold Bauer also returns to this country next season. His manager expects him to surpass his last record here, when he played seventy times. Already he has been booked by seven of our orchestras.

Art

THE SALONS.

PARIS, May 17.

Nothing is more striking in the two Salons this year than the absence of a number of the men upon whom they usually rely for their chief distinction or notoriety. At the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts the list is long—Zuloaga and Anglada, those two Spaniards who were always sure to inspire any and every emotion rather than indifference; Sargent, Caro-Delvaille, Morrice, Blanehe, Charles Guérin, Louis Legrand, Maurice Denis, Hochard, whose death is just announced as I write; Zorn; Veber, who was invariably amusing whatever else he might not be and whose place can hardly be taken by Augustin Hanicotte, another modern striving to out-Breughel Breughel. At the Salon des Artistes Français the absent could be more numerous and there would be no very serious cause for regret. The most notable among them is Sorolla, who, though not the supreme master New York, in a moment of enthusiasm, discovered him to be, puts so much sunlight and vigor into his painting that it could not fail to tell on the dull, colorless walls of the older of the two exhibitions.

If the result of so many of the better-known men staying away was to bring forward any genuine new talent or reveal any promising new movement among the younger men, their absence would be more than welcome. The Salons nowadays seem to have a deadening influence upon regular exhibitions, almost equal to that of the Royal Academy, gradually reducing a mode of expression that was original at the outset into a hard-and-fast formula. Painters like Pointelin in the Old Salon or Lhermitte in the New keep turning out the same picture year by year until they might exhibit actually the same canvas again and again, and I, anyway, would not be the wiser. But, apparently, the younger men are not prepared to take advantage of the unexpected opportunity; they contribute little or nothing to make up for the loss, even though, in the Nationale, they are treated with a consideration never accorded them before.

The principal central gallery, heretofore reserved almost entirely for the older members of the Society, has been handed over to them, but no revelation of unknown genius, no menace of revolution, has followed as a matter of course. The place of honor is filled by Louis Charlot, who has a large group of peasants at table that shows close study of Cézanne, but none of the deliberate eccentricity of Cézanne's more strenuous disciples—a conscientious piece of work,

but drab and dreary in color, undistinguished in design, neither interesting as realism nor effective as decoration. And yet there is nothing more accomplished in the room, though it is overshadowed by Suréda's two huge canvases, in one of which a snake-charmer, in the other Jews mourning the dead in a cemetery, have served him as motive for a brilliant scheme of color carried out in large simple masses, with the different planes broadly indicated, a method that commands more immediate attention in a big exhibition than the subtler harmonies of a far more accomplished painter. But Charlot and Suréda are scarcely an improvement on Besnard, or La Gandara, or Zuloaga, or the others, whom they have succeeded for an interval, and this time, certainly, the game is not with the young.

The truth is, the younger men have seldom had so little that is new and, at the same time, worth while to say, though seldom has so much been made of their determination to say something and thrust novelty upon it. You have only to go to the Salon des Indépendants, on the Quai d'Orsay, to realize this. Here you have between three and four thousand works by the artists who, presumably, knock in vain at the doors of the two official Salons and who proclaim their independence in the name they give themselves. And what do you find? Three-fourths of the show made up of rank incompetence, banality, sentimental anecdote that even the Royal Academy in London would reject; a sprinkling of exaggerations or caricatures that would be more appropriate to the Salon des Humoristes; and the rest, a collection of the experiments and absurdities and trivialities of the different schools that are supposed to be the most advanced and that have recently been represented for the first time in America, where their work has excited so much talk that I know better than anybody the uselessness of my adding to it now. Of them all, the Cubists are most to the fore, and, without questioning their seriousness, without refusing absolutely to believe that a new development in art may eventually come out of their groping after they possibly do not know what, the fact remains that at the present stage of their research art is reduced to a geometrical problem. Even one of the initiated may not always be able to guess, unaided, what other Cubists seek to express by their cubes, and, this being the case, the rest of the world may possess its soul in patience until Cubism has progressed from experiment to actual accomplishment. In the meanwhile, my visit to the Indépendants has convinced me that, however mediocre the Salons of the Champs-Elysées may be, their mediocrity need not be attributed to contempt for, or neglect of, the most modern schools and movements. The Salon des Indépendants is by far the least interesting or stimulating exhibition I have been to this spring in Paris.

Two or three of the older men at the Nationale have apparently made an effort to break away from the conventions in which they had imprisoned themselves. It comes as a surprise to find, in the place of the super-elegant women yearly supplied by La Gandara, a large Don Quixote on a canvas of heroic proportions, the costumes correct according to Cervantes, the knight's visions hovering above him. The intention is evident to emphasize the ideal side of his character, just as La Gandara, in his portraits, strives to emphasize the real cut and textures of the last creations from the Rue de la Paix. But, as one looks, one remembers certain small canvases by Daumier, as much more modest in conception as in size, but with a tragic intensity in the figure of Don Quixote, a grim beauty in the landscape, and a fine quality in the painting that La Gandara does not approach. Le Sidaner, likewise out for adventure, leaves the familiar scenes of the earth where he has been wont to wander, and, in a series of six canvases, gives his impression of the heavens above him, of sunshine and clouds, at different hours and seasons. In each there is a low sky line, and then a vast expanse of sky, now cool and pure in the early light of a spring morning, now warm and golden in the splendor of the sunset, or again, with the storm clouds sweeping across in sombre fury, or drenched with moonlight. The sunset and the spring morning are particularly successful, full of light and atmosphere, but these, like the others, are, after all, only studies, memoranda of passing effects and momentary impressions, scarcely justifying the scale upon which they have been made.

Carolus-Duran's Crucifixion is almost as unexpected as La Gandara's Don Quixote, though he has more than once strayed from the beaten tracks of portraiture, and it is as melodramatic. It is curious to see how the habit of over-emphasis, which he has developed in painting the jewels and silks of his sitters, must still cling to him in his interpretation of so different a theme: a storm-laden sky may be used as a symbol of tragedy, but he has worked up his storm to such theatrical intensity that the tragedy itself is blotted out, just as often his sitters disappear in the magnificence of their costume and accessories.

But, on the whole, the most interesting work comes from men who are content to give only new variations of old themes and according to old recipes. In neither Salon is there a portrait of greater distinction than one of a lady by Boldini, at the Nationale. In it his mannerisms are modified, but they are still there. The idealized fashion-plate still seems to be his aim; there is still the effect of violent movement suddenly arrested in the inexplicable swirl of the draperies about the lady's feet and the tortured lines of the trees between which she walks, for Boldini has invented a new background and shows her coming through a wood, and has thus given himself the motive for a pleasant harmony. As the gray-black of her dress repeats the gray-black of the trees, so here and there, at her waist, on her skirt, a touch of vivid green reechoes the young green of the grass in the little wood. The result is a freshness rare in his portraits, whose color and atmosphere are more apt to savor of the boudoir and the drawing-room. The figure has life and spring, the face vivacity and charm, the feeling of youth fills the canvas. Boldini's other portrait is of a man who, it is clear, appealed to him much less and whose modish elegance, as Boldini has seen it, borders on the effeminate; nevertheless, few of the other portraits can be ranked with it. Besnard's, of M. Dubar, director of *L'Echo du Nord*, his only painting this year, is most disappointing, and, for him, a commonplace piece of work that might be easily overlooked were it not by an artist one never willingly overlooks.

Renouard makes his portrait of M. Bryois, Consul de France, almost a caricature, seeming to insist in it, though perhaps unintentionally, on the contrast between the face, which suggests the good, simple *bourgeois* of comedy, and the official gold lace of the coat with the array of decorations. But Renouard, as a painter, loses a good deal of the vivacity that distinguishes him as a draughtsman. The picture is heavy, academic in treatment, very different from his series of rapid sketches in the Courts of Justice that are shown with the drawings downstairs. Simon is not more inspiring in his portrait group, this time of a Famille en Deuil, as he calls it: a mother and four children, Bretons, gathered together in an interior as dull as their faces and their dress. Keen as is his eye for character, Simon has an unfortunate tendency to pose his sitters as if for the camera; when they are not interesting in themselves—and they are not in this new group—he is at no pains to lend them the interest of originality in his arrangement. We have long since learned the fallacy of naturalism in art. It is the very fidelity to nature of an able painter like Simon that enables us to understand why the Cubists declare the only possible error in art to be imitation. At the opposite extreme is the portrait group by Aman-Jean. No camera could record the exhaustion, the inanition that has overtaken the mother and daughter and

son—for such I take to be their relations—and the two dogs who are posed in a landscape as dim in form and color as themselves. They are outdone in weariness only by the figures in the two tall, narrow panels the same artist has painted for the Chilian House of Parliament, in one of which Law slumbers over her task, while in the other Force is far too languid to resist Temptation or to fall a victim. Aman-Jean and his sitters and models long since sailed away from this material world for the land where it is always afternoon. Of the other portraits, none calls for special mention. Cecilia Beaux has three, but they will not repeat the triumph of her painting of a child and nurse, so amusing in its ingenious composition and harmony of white, shown at the same Salon in its earliest years.

Gaston Latouche has not been more eager than these portrait painters to wander after fresh inspiration; he has made no effort to open the window and let into his studio the real light of day, or night, to illuminate his idyls. His scheme of illumination is again frankly artificial, but rarely has he used it to such admirable purpose as in the vine-covered arbor, where a slim, winged Love dissects a Satyr for the entertainment of a group of ladies met together for "the five o'clock." The subject is as sham-idyllic as in many a panel or vignette of the eighteenth century, but then it has much of the same grace and charm. Fragonard never painted a daintier figure than Latouche's Love, bathed in the golden light filtering through the foliage-covered lattice of the arbor, and few modern painters could rival the delicacy with which the detail of porcelain and silver is rendered. The painting gives to the exhibition the note of gayety it so sadly needs. Myron Barlow, as unadventurous, has not stirred from the restful gray rooms where his quiet women work and move in the simple round of domestic duties; but this year, in one or two, he has introduced a stronger note of color that sings out in the peaceful grayness—the vivid blue of a teapot and cups and saucers on a table, the scarlet of a woman's shawl repeated in a scarlet box close by. Cottet returns to his old haunts in Brittany, to find there a sonorous effect of light in the Port of Douardenez and a rhythmical pattern for a frieze in the costumes of peasants as they follow the procession at Plomodierne. Frieseke once more sees, and makes you see with him, the dainty beauty and decorative possibilities of a beautiful woman at her toilet, a theme Richard Miller, in the other Salon, treats with equal elaboration, but with greater strength of color and with such minuteness of observation and breadth of treatment in a little figure on the table near his model, that of this alone he might have made a picture few painters of still-life could surpass.

Alexander Harrison gleans no new secrets from the sea he has painted again and again during many years, nor has Willette much more that is vital, though it may reflect a later mode, to tell us of that side of Paris life to which he has returned again and again for subject and models. The same woman, eternally young, poses in front of the same sea on Louis Picard's canvas, and Melchers's mother and child seem to come from a land we already know. But if many artists in the Nationale repeat their method or their subject until it becomes difficult to write anything of their work one has not written before, at least their repetitions do not offend the eye, like those huge machines that, in the Artistes Français, Gervais and Rochegrosse and other painters less capable manufacture year after year with unabated enthusiasm and unimpaired ability, even though the fashion for that sort of Salon picture has had its day.

There is not much else to note of the painting at the Société Nationale when I have said that, probably for the last time, some of Boutet de Monvel's conventional panels may be seen, a trifle discountenanced by their alien surroundings; that there is a monumental dignity in Flandrin's young cavaliers grouped on a large canvas, though they are not much more than roughly blocked in; that it is interesting to find a younger Cazin and a younger Roll endeavoring to carry on, however imperfectly as yet, the family tradition; that the trail of Gauguin may be traced in the work of at least one exhibitor, Charles Dufresne; and that Cameron Burnside, Grace Ravlin, Koopman, Rolshoven, are among the Americans whose work stands out above the average. At the Société des Artistes Français, I recall no other paintings that struck me one way or the other, save the bold and brilliant Algerian subjects of Léon Cauvy, and the strong but somewhat coarse Lune de Miel by Carlos Vasquez, that, in the arrangement of the two peasants, seems almost a modern parody of the beautiful little Van Eyck in the London National Gallery.

When it comes to the section of prints, again one is struck with the number of men who do not show. It may be that artists begin to realize the hopelessness of exhibiting small prints, as well as small black-and-white drawings, in such a bewildering caravanserai. Or it may be that, for all we hear of the "boom" in etching, the true etcher is still, as he ever has been, in the minority. At the Société Nationale, Louis Legrand is sorely missed. But it would be useless to go through the list of the absent. Nor does the presence of Lepère Béjot, Beurdeley, and Webster help one to forget them. As for the color etching, it seems to be there for no other purpose than to reveal itself in all its iniquity, varying from the small elaborate plates used as illustrations and printed on the page with type as they never should be, to the large elaborate plates reproducing the artist's paintings, which is as little their mission. Lithographs make no braver showing, and this is the more extraordinary when one recalls all the good work being done by the Senefelder Club. I noted some amusing lithographs printed in color by James R. Hopkins, rather too frankly inspired by Japanese models, but the color used with due respect for the limitations of the medium; these few examples, however, were about all that interested me. The drawings in black-and-white or in color are not remarkable. To judge from the Salons, illustration might exist no longer. In the hodge-podge of water-colors and pastels, hung more or less abominably in both Salons, the work of Luigini, of Antoni, of a minority of others, may now and then catch the eye, the growing influence of the Japanese may seem more marked than ever. But when I have said this, I have said all that need be said. That an occasional masterpiece may be lurking somewhere unseen in the confusion is more than likely, but I doubt if there are eyes penetrating enough to detect it.

The sculpture never fails to impress by its efficiency, in one Salon as in the other. There is no lack of competent sculptors in France, and it is therefore the more difficult to understand why there should be so few fine modern pieces of sculpture. The French cannot be found fault with for refusing monuments to their great men, their heroes, but how often does the monument add beauty or distinction to the French town in which it is erected? Rodin has yet to find his rival in the Salons, but it is long since he has shown anything of monumental importance, though it is not now for lack of opportunity or commissions. He sends this year, as frequently before, only partly finished work. What one would like to have today is the completion of some of the works, the studies for which Rodin has allowed the public the privilege of seeing from time to time during the last ten years and more. N. N.

George W. Bricka, of New York, announces for publication on Juno 2, "Posters: a Critical Study of the Development of Poster Design in Continental Europe, England, and America," by Charles Matlack Price. The volume, containing 42 reproductions in color and 120 in monotone, is published in *de luxe* form. The text includes a discussion of the history and development of poster art from its inception to the present time. The edition is limited to 250 numbered copies.

Among the art books announced by Dut-

ton are: "Greek and Roman Sculpture," by A. Furtwängler and H. L. Uirichs, translated by Horace Taylor, and "The Masters of Past Time," by Eugène Fromentin, translated by Andrew Boyle.

Mr. Albert Hale has compiled a handsome volume of photographs of "Old Newburyport Houses" (Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.), which we can recommend to any who are interested in early New England architecture. In many cases details and interior views are given as well as the general exterior.

A. E. Gallatin's "Whistler's Pastels and Other Modern Profiles" (John Lane) has reached a second edition, and to grace the event the author presents a couple of inedited Whistler sketches, besides an additional handful of brief essays, of which those on Frieseke and Max Beerbohm may be particularized.

Finance

THE DEADLOCKED MARKET FOR NEW SECURITIES.

Two events of the past week, which had been expected to give an illuminating test to the mysterious investment market for new securities, were the almost simultaneous offerings of the $45,000,000 of New York city 4½ per cents in this market, and of $125,000,000 Chinese Government 5 per cents in Europe. The response of the public to those offerings had been awaited with great interest, because of its failure to respond in its customary form to a number of preceding offers of new high-grade securities.

The offer in New York, on April 14, of $30,000,000 4½ per cents of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, at 99½, evoked subscriptions of only $24,000,000, and the bonds sold at 99¼ on the Stock Exchange shortly afterward. Other expected bond issues, such as the $21,000,000 new Interborough Rapid Transit 5 per cents, were thereupon held back from market. In London, during the past few weeks, more than a dozen new security issues, most of them of high character, had failed to be covered by public subscriptions and had been left largely on the hands of the underwriters.

The offering, two weeks ago, of $55,000,000 5 per cent. Brazilian Government bonds at 97, elicited bids of only $3,300,000 from the English investing community, and the underwriters, among whom were the Rothschilds, were compelled to retain the remaining $51,700,000. Shortly before, an offering of $12,500,000 Madras & Mahratta Railroad 4 per cent. bonds at 99, guaranteed by the Indian Government, was covered to the extent of only 10 per cent. More recently, only $500,000 Montreal 4½ per cent. municipal bonds out of $2,000,000, offered at par in London, were taken.

A recent compilation showed the following results to the London offering of other high-grade securities: $10,000,000 Grand Trunk Pacific 4s, offered at 87, only $2,000,000 taken; $15,000,000 New South Wales 4s, offered at 98, only $2,400,000 taken; $5,340,000 City of Edmonton (Canada) 5s, offered at 100½, only $1,068,000 taken; $5,000,000 State of Bahia (Brazil) 5s, offered at 93, only $750,000 taken; $15,000,000 Union of South Africa 4s, offered at par, only $900,000 taken; $10,000,000 Western Australia 4s, offered at 98½, only $1,300,000 taken. Out of ten great London offerings, which asked for nearly $138,000,000, only $13,500,000 was taken by the public.

So unusual a series of unfavorable responses raised some questions. Was the supply of investment capital actually too deficient, through actual shortage or through use in other directions, to meet the demands of borrowing Governments and corporations? Or were investors so fearful of a great political or financial calamity, that most of them would not part with their capital on any terms? Or were they reserving their funds for other and still more important impending loans? Or had they reached the conclusion that, through increased gold production or for other causes, they must have a larger return for their invested money? Or were they merely convinced, because of one or two cases in point, that better bargains could be had by waiting until the new securities had failed to be covered at the sale and were left with the underwriters, to be disposed of on the best terms obtainable? Any of these hypotheses was plausible; it was hoped that last week's two large sales would indicate which of the suggested causes was really the main consideration.

It cannot be said, perhaps, that the outcome of the week's two offerings conclusively answered this question; still, the results were at least suggestive. The New York city bonds were 70 per cent. oversubscribed in Tuesday's bidding; but, in spite of their high rate of interest and their undoubted security, they brought on the average only a trifle above 100⅛. Thus they seemed to confirm the bankers' theory, widely asserted after the St. Paul bond sale, that for the present, at any rate, the market for all but the highest grade of new securities was on or near a 5 per cent. basis. The Chinese loan in Europe had a different result. Offered at 90, the $37,500,000 London allotment was more than fifteen times oversubscribed, and bidders received only 2 to 5 per cent. of their applications. The Berlin portion was covered at least five times over.

Now the Chinese bonds, at the offered price, yielded more than 5½ per cent. to the investor; but, on the other hand, the security for a loan issued by an experimental revolutionary Government was certainly not of the highest quality. Therefore the loan must be classed as a success, and inference is reasonably plain that capital can be had abroad, even with Europe's present deadlocked money markets, to meet these large demands. But in that regard, a not dissimilar conclusion may be fairly drawn from the New York city episode. At a price, borrowing corporations and Governments in good standing can get their money.

But at what price? That is the still unsettled question. Owners of capital are clearly both able to dictate terms and disposed to do so. But whether this is because a permanently new rate of return on such capital has now been somehow fixed, or because the immediate demands from such borrowers exceed the available increment of new capital, or because some investors refuse to lend at all, leaving the rest in control of the situation—these problems are still debatable.

It is probably true that the second and third of the above-suggested explanations, which would reflect a more or less temporary condition, are those most favored by practical authorities. The foreign situation is clearly abnormal, and largely dependent on political affairs. But there would still remain, even if trouble of that nature were to be removed, the simultaneous and enormous requisitions by the younger outside communities of the world, and by European states with ambitions for larger armaments.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, A. H. Collected Verses. London: Whitcombe & Tombs, Ltd.
Adams, A. H. London Streets. London: T. N. Foulis.
Adams, A. H. The Nazarene: A Study of a Man. London: Philip Wellby.
Adams, John. The Man Among the Myrtles: A Study in Zechariah's Visions. Scribner. 60 cents net.
American Antiquarian Society Proceedings, 1812-1849; Proceedings of Annual Meeting, 1912. Worcester, Mass.: The Society.
Bigelow, John. Retrospections of an Active Life. Vols. IV and V. Doubleday, Page.
Carden, R. W. Michelangelo. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3 net.
Churchill, Winston. The Inside of the Cup. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Clarke, J. F. William Hull and the Surrender of Detroit. Boston: Geo. H. Ellis Co.
Cole, Fay-Cooper. Chinese Pottery in the Philippines. Chicago: Field Museum of Natural History.
Collier, Price. Germany and the Germans. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Duffield, J. W. Bert Wilson's Fadeaway Ball; Bert Wilson at the Wheel. Sully & Kleinteich. 60 cents each.
Eastman, Max. Child of the Amazons, and Other Poems. London: Kennerley. $1 net.
Fairchild, H. P. Immigration. Macmillan. $1.75 net.
Fassig, O. L. Hurricanes of the West Indies. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office. $1.50.
Fox, S. F. A Chain of Prayer Across the Ages. Dutton. $2 net.
Getting Together: Essays on the Regulative Ideas of Religious Thought. Ed. by J. M. Whiton. Sturgis & Walton. $1.50 net.

Goethe's Poetry and Truth. Revised translation by M. S. Smith. 2 vols. (Bohn's Library series.) Macmillan. 35 cents each.
Halford, F. M. The Dry-Fly Man's Handbook. Dutton. $6 net.
Hamilton, Cosmo. A Plea for the Younger Generation. Doran. 75 cents net.
Henry, A. Peter and the Fairies. Chicago: Brothers of the Book.
Herms, W. B. Parasitology. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Hinkley, Holmes. Autobiography, edited by W. S. Hinchman. Cambridge: Riverside Press.
Hornblow, Arthur. The Mask. Dillingham.
Janis, Elsie. Love Letters of an Actress D. Appleton.
Jusserand, J. J. Ronsard. Paris: Hachette.
Kellog, P. D. Untravelled Paths (Sentiers inexplorés). Paris: Sansot et Cie.
Kneeland, G. J. Commercialized Prostitution in New York City. Century Co.
Lamb, Charles and Mary. Works, edited by E. V. Lucas. 6 vols. Macmillan. $9 net per set.
Lamszus, Wilhelm. The Human Slaughter-House. Trans. from the German by O. Williams. Stokes. 50 cents net.
Levine, S. W. The Business of Pawnbroking. D. Halpern Co. $3 net.
Loeb Classical Library. Quintus Smyrnæus. English trans. by A. S. Way. Macmillan. $1.50.
London, Jack. The Abysmal Brute. Century. $1 net.
McVey, F. L. The Making of a Town. Chicago: McClurg. $1 net.
Mapes, C. H. The Man Who One Day a Year Would Go "Eelin'." Putnam.
Marjoribanks, Thomas. The Sevenfold "I Am." Scribner. 60 cents net.
Marks, Jeannette. Vacation Camping for Girls. D. Appleton. $1 net.
Marriott, Charles. The Catfish. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Maurice, C. E. Life of Octavia Hill, as Told in Her Letters. Macmillan. $5 net.
Meade, G. G. Life and Letters. 2 vols. Scribner. $7.50 net.
Missionary Explorers Among the American Indians. Ed. by M. G. Humphreys. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Mitchell, P. C. The Childhood of Animals. Stokes. $2.50 net.
Moore, B. F. The Supreme Court and Unconstitutional Legislation. (Col. Univ.) Longmans.
Mumford, E. W. Out of the Ashes. Moffat, Yard. $1.25 net.
Openshaw, Mary. Little Gray Girl. Dillingham. $1.25 net.
Poore, H. R. The New Tendency in Art. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Pryce, Richard. Novels—Time and the Woman. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Richmond, Celia. America and England; Egypt, Greece, Rome. (School readers.) Boston: Ginn. 45 cents each.
Richmond, G. S. Mrs. Red Pepper. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Runkle, Bertha. The Scarlet Rider. Century. $1.35 net.
Scott, Morgan. The New Boys at Oakdale. Hurst & Co. 60 cents.
Sedaine's Le Philosophe sans le savoir. Variorum Critical Edition, based upon the second Paris edition of 1766, with introduction by T. E. Oliver. University of Illinois Bulletin. $1.75.
Smith, C. A. What Can Literature Do for Me? Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Sneath, E. H., and Hodges, G. Moral Training in the School and Home. Macmillan. 80 cents net.
Speed, Nell. Molly Brown's Senior Days. Hurst & Co. 60 cents.
Strindberg, August. Married. Boston: Luce. $1.40 net.
Strong, Josiah. Our World. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
Subandhu's Vasavadatta: A Sanskrit Romance, trans., with notes, by L. H. Gray. (Col. Univ. Press.) Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.
Taber, E. M. Stowe Notes: Letters and Verses. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
Tompkins, J. W. Ever After. Doubleday, Page. $1.20 net.
Van Saanen, M. L. Wild Grapes. Moffat, Yard. $1.35 net.
Van Vorst, Marie. His Love Story. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.20 net.
Watney, C., and Little, J. A. Industrial Welfare. Dutton. $2 net.
Whitelaw, Thomas. Jehovah—Jesus. Scribner. 60 cents net.
Withers, Hartley. Money-Changing. Dutton. $1.75 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1913.

The Week

For a long time there have been complaints in various parts of the country that the postal service has not been conducted upon that plane of efficiency and public convenience to which the people are entitled. It was strongly suspected that the good fiscal showing made by Postmaster-General Hitchcock—the wiping out of a deficit of $17,000,000—was obtained, in greater or less measure, by cutting expenditures at the cost of deterioration in the service. This suspicion is confirmed by the report made to Postmaster-General Burleson by a committee consisting of the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Assistant Postmasters-General and the chief clerk of the Department. In support of their conclusion a number of specific instances of unjustifiable saving are pointed out. Failure to make deserved promotions, and delay in filling vacancies, constitute one class of administrative delinquencies charged in the report; another class has reference to refusals of needed extensions of the rural free-delivery service and to temporary discontinuances or curtailments of star-route service. For this sort of policy there is no sound excuse. The true policy is that indicated by Postmaster-General Burleson. "The people," he says, "are more interested in good service than they are in any technical showing of surplus—especially if that showing is not justified by the facts of legitimate accounting. They want good service, and are willing to pay for it."

But, having said thus much, we feel bound to add that the report, or the official summary of it at least, is anything but a fair or judicial appraisement of the facts connected with Postmaster-General Hitchcock's administration of his office. Whatever fault may attach to his excesses in the way of retrenchment, the question remains whether he did not effect large and praiseworthy economies. The report does not expressly deny that he did; but it evidently seeks either to produce the impression that he did not, or at least obscure the fact that he did, if such was the fact. Surely, an official report, made by a formidable array of high-class administrators, should not leave out of sight all question of the relative magnitude of the things it deals with and the things it does not deal with. The instances of false retrenchment for which figures are given may be highly important in the matter of good postal service, but they go an extremely little way towards accounting for the improved fiscal showing made by Mr. Hitchcock. Thus great stress seems to be laid on the following:

> Records show that during the four years from March 4, 1909, to March 4, 1913, vacancies which were allowed to exist for periods of from one month to more than one year aggregated the equivalent of thirty-four clerks employed continuously during the above period.

Well, thirty-four clerks at $1,500 a year means $50,000 a year; and if Mr. Hitchcock kept places vacant, and created a big grievance, in order to effect this saving, he certainly showed extremely poor judgment. But the $50,000 in or the $50,000 out makes no perceptible difference in the wiping out of the $17,000,000 annual deficit which he found when he entered upon his office.

Col. Roosevelt's libel suit had the happiest ending possible. He obtained a complete vindication, and has forever disposed of the gossiping or malicious stories about his excessive drinking. This was his main object, and to attain it the trouble and expense to which he put himself were well worth while. For not only has he cleared his own reputation, but has given a needed public lesson on the folly of believing, without evidence, the reports of private scandals in the lives of public men. Not the least fortunate aspect of the suit was the decision of the defence not to present their side in court. The editor's lawyers were well advised in concluding that nothing they might produce in the way of evidence could break the force of the testimony given by so many who had had the best opportunity to observe Mr. Roosevelt's habits, to the fact that he indulges in intoxicants only with extreme moderation. After all this array of witnesses had been heard, there was nothing for the editor to do but make his apology and retraction and submit to the formal verdict against him. As this was all that Col. Roosevelt had sought, he was prompt in waiving any question of money damages, and left the courtroom with the justified sense of a good piece of work well done. He undertook it not only for his own sake and that of his family and his future fame, but in the public interest; and his course in the whole affair deserves nothing but praise.

The Massachusetts Legislature has passed an amendment to the State Constitution providing for what may be called the referendum, though it is not the institution made familiar by recent Western Constitutional changes. As the last Legislature also had passed it, the proposal will be submitted to the people in November. It would be misleading to call the proposed measure Progressive. The fact is that the Legislature was supposed to have the power of referring measures to the voters, as in most States amendments to the Constitution have always been so referred. A decision by the Massachusetts Supreme Court, however, held that the power was limited; an act applying to a city or a county might be referred to the unit concerned, but not acts in general. Thus, all that is now done to write into the Constitution explicitly what had erroneously been thought to be there. Proof of the essentially conservative character of the forces behind the amendment is found in the failure of an energetic attempt to couple the initiative with the referendum. Evidently, to ask the voters to say yes or no occasionally upon a measure of importance is felt to be one thing; to interfere with the functions of the Legislature by establishing an added method of making laws alongside of it, is quite another.

How far New York State has come since the days of Gov. Hughes is prettily shown by the shift that has taken place in the direct primaries issue. It is not now a question whether popular nominations are desirable, but who shall have the honor of presenting them to the voters of this State. On the one side

stands the Governor, grimly determined to serve the peepul no matter what sinister forces shall attempt to block his way. On the other side is unfurled the saffron banner of W. R. Hearst, equally reckless of personal fortune if only the enslaved masses may be lifted a step towards the light. The trumpet of neither gives an uncertain sound, but poor little Miss Direct Primaries halts between her two champions, utterly bewildered by their contradictory directions to her. She could be content with either high-minded leader, but how is she to follow one to the right and the other to the left simultaneously? The fault lies, of course, with the Governor. He represents the peepul in a merely official way, while his noble antagonist represents them by virtue of his very being. Mr. Hearst could not misrepresent them in their loftiest aspirations if he tried. It would be a psychical impossibility.

Georgia's name leads all the rest south of Mason and Dixon's line in the possession of automobiles. In fact, this only mildly expresses her supremacy in this respect, for she boasts nearly twice as many of these vehicles as any of her neighbors. Moreover, she is increasing her supply of them faster than any other Southern State, the number in Georgia having gone up in the past twelvemonth from 14,000 to 20,000. The Atlanta *Journal* endeavors to discover the reason for this distinction. Is it greater prosperity, or more reckless extravagance, or better roads? This last suggestion is significant. An automobile is peculiarly impatient of bad roadways. A highway which a conservative horse and driver will accept as an immutable decree of a mysterious Providence, a man in a motor-car will denounce as a contrivance of Satan, or, more likely, as an indication of the shiftlessness of the community. What the scorn and wrath of delayed outsiders have not availed to accomplish in making Southern roads more nearly what they should be, ought to follow in the wake of the 11,000 automobiles of Tennessee, the 10,000 of Florida, the 4,000 of Alabama, the 4,500 of Arkansas, the 7,000 of North Carolina, the 6,000 of Virginia, and the 7,500 of Kentucky.

The Board of Health of this city has adopted unanimously a resolution the effect of which is to put a stop, for the present at least, to the use here of the Friedmann method of treating tuberculosis. To meet the situation produced by the exploitation, past and prospective, of this alleged cure, the Board caused to be inserted in the Sanitary Code a new section forbidding the use of living bacterial organisms in the inoculation of human beings, "until after full and complete data" concerning preparation, dosage, and administration have been submitted to the Board, and permission shall have been granted by it. This action does not constitute a final condemnation of Dr. Friedmann's method; but it does suffice completely to justify the cautious attitude assumed by the medical profession of this city generally when Dr. Friedmann first presented his claims, and adhered to ever since. Those who saw nothing in this caution but professional jealousy, or a superstitious regard for professional rules, can hardly fail to see now that something much more respectable than this was at the bottom of the matter. Physicians know that when an issue of this kind comes up, far more is involved than the question of giving the new man, or the new process, "a fair chance"; the risk of incalculable mischief has to be considered, and considered with a most serious sense of responsibility.

So extreme a case of the obstinate juror as appears to have been presented in the Gibson murder trial at Newburgh is rarely met with. "One juror," the foreman is quoted as saying, "refused to have anything to do with us. He refused to answer questions. He refused to give his views. He refused to tell us where he stood on any subject. Except for him, we should have been back in court very shortly after retiring." But this is a risk inseparable from the jury system as it stands, with its requirement of unanimity; and that requirement, in criminal cases at least, is of such enormous value that we cannot afford to abandon it on account of occasional failures of justice which it may cause. It is true that a general laxity of feeling and opinion in regard to the execution of the criminal law may lead to a condition in which such failures become a frequent occurrence, and a serious menace to the whole system of criminal justice; but the cure for that is a toning up of public opinion and sentiment. Precisely this thing has taken place in recent years throughout the country, and most notably in this city.

People not of the Protestant Episcopal communion are puzzled at the agitation, by no means new, for a change in the name of that church; nor will they be helped to an understanding by the statement of the Bishop of Texas, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Kinsolving, that "we can be thoroughly Protestant and at the same time wholly Catholic." The ritualists or high churchmen, who are strong in some of the smaller dioceses, wish to emphasize their church's claims to catholicity and apostolic descent by calling themselves "the American Catholic Church" or "the Catholic Church in America." The broad churchmen, as represented by Bishop Perry, of Rhode Island, hold that "names must be rid of sinister associations that now attach to them. The word 'Protestant' must be cleansed of defiance and irreverence, if it be retained. The word 'Catholic' must be purged of spiritual pride and arrogance if it is adopted." Accepting these views, the diocese instructed its delegates to the next General Convention that, while there was need of making the title of the church more "truthful and historically descriptive," the mind of the church had not yet matured as to the best change to be made.

Even if W. Heinrich Schmidt, of Worcester, Mass., has failed to win the English golf championship, he is a made man in the field he has apparently chosen to take as his own. The player who carries Hilton to the nineteenth hole can afford to be judged on his merits only. But the romance of this New England boy's adventure will, of course, appeal to a sentiment that ranges far beyond the tee and the putting green. The case of young Schmidt is another illustration of how an aspiring American can impress himself on his countrymen by way of Europe. In the field of music it is too often the case that this country will not recognize an American artist until he has been brevetted by the Kaiser or Covent Garden. In literature, examples are not wanting. Josephine Preston Peabody, known only to a few of the elect here, was revealed to us by

the British. Theodore Dreiser's belated reputation came to him *via* Mr. Arnold Bennett and H. G. Wells. Mr. Edward Knoblauch set out from London to conquer New York. The same issue of the paper that recorded the achievement of young Schmidt announced the forthcoming presentation at Berlin of a play by Herman Scheffauer, of California. We cannot have too many such cases.

Some will say that Sarah Bernhardt is among the fortunate mortals whose fate it is never to taste the cruel fickleness of the crowd. The common notion is that nowhere are the vicissitudes of popularity so sharp and so rapid as in the theatre. This is an erroneous view. Every year undoubtedly brings the rise of new "stars," and witnesses the sinking of others. But Madame Bernhardt is by no means a solitary instance of the public's fidelity to its favorites, in spite of temporary wanderings of the fancy. In the case of the great Frenchwoman it would, of course, have been an utter disgrace to human nature if the crowd had failed to acknowledge eminence of such high degree. Her recent triumphs must be regarded as paid to the artist at the height of her gifts, rather than to the Bernhardt of to-day. It is hard to imagine vaudeville audiences succumbing at any time to the spell of even a golden voice, employed in a foreign tongue; and particularly to-day, when the magic of that voice has faded. All the more credit for recognizing the sentimental claims of the past. It shows us not such a terribly practical people after all.

In Canada the Liberal majority in the Senate has refused to be intimidated by Premier Borden's threat that, if the Government's naval plans were rejected, some way of mending or ending the upper house would be devised. By a vote of nearly two to one, the Senate did reject the Government bill appropriating the sum of $35,000,000 for the construction of three Dreadnoughts for the British navy. It was a practiced hand that drew the Liberal amendment upon which the Government was beaten. In asserting that "this House is not justified in giving its assent to this bill until it is submitted to the judgment of the country," the Opposition has made use of the formula employed by the Canadian House of Commons in voting down reciprocity with this country and voting Sir Wilfrid Laurier out of office. For this year at least Canada stands uncommitted to battleship building, and the experts who have been deciding Armageddon on paper will have to sharpen their pencils and try again. More foresighted was Mr. Asquith when, in reply to a motion for a vote of thanks to Canada for her offer of battleships, he suggested that Parliament had better wait until the gift had assumed tangible shape.

Coming so soon after the Liberal defeat at Newmarket, the increased Unionist majority in the Altrincham bye-election calls for an explanation by Mr. Asquith's supporters. The difficulty is that bye-elections in England are hard to explain on any other principle than that they usually run against the party in power. Local elections may be won on diverse issues. At Altrincham, which is an agricultural constituency, there was said to be dissatisfaction with the enforced contribution of four pence a week under the Government's insurance scheme. Yet it would be absurd to suppose that if a general election were fought on this issue there would be anything but emphatic approval for a policy to which, in fact, both political parties have subscribed. If any nation-wide trend is now running against the Liberal party, aside from the traditional swing towards the Opposition, the cause will be found in the Marconi disclosures, of which the popular interpretation is not necessarily the correct interpretation. It must be a poor Unionist orator who cannot draw a poignant contrast between Lloyd George rolling in wealth acquired through speculation, and the same Lloyd George depriving the workingman of his hard-earned pennies to support an insurance scheme which, like all Government schemes, is not at all what it might be made by a patriotic Opposition.

The question has been raised whether there will be a successor at all to the laureateship. Four years elapsed between the death of Tennyson and the appointment of Alfred Austin. This long interregnum is not to be entirely explained by the difficulty of finding a poet worthy to step into Tennyson's shoes. During three years out of the four the Liberals were in power, and the nomination of a poet laureate by a Liberal Prime Minister presents peculiar embarrassments. The party traditions are against imperialism and against the undue glorification of war. But what is a national poet without a touch of the jingo? The laureateship almost demands a Conservative, in an age of rapid transformation like the present. In addition to singing the nation's victories he is by definition expected to sing, as Alfred Austin did, of those institutions which have been the making of England's greatness in the past, the throne, the aristocracy, the great landed interests, that entire orderly system which presented itself even to Tennyson as embodying progress by broadening down from precedent to precedent. But it is hard to imagine any poet in whose appointment Mr. Lloyd George had a share chanting the praises of England's landed gentry.

The difficulty is one which even a Conservative Imperialistic Ministry must face. Alfred Austin's poetic qualifications appeared all the more meagre because Swinburne and Kipling were possibilities. But the author of "Atalanta" was impossible for a nation with whom Puritanism is not a tradition, but a fact. The Swinburne who sang of England's sea as no other poet before him, could not atone for the author of "Dolores" and "Faustine." Nor could Kipling's "Recessional," in itself a sufficient title for the post of national poet, obliterate the slang of the "Barrack Room Ballads." It is difficult to imagine a laureate who has referred to the Empress-Queen as "the Widow," however affectionate the intention may have been. Kipling's manner was revolutionary even if his political views were nationally sound, and a poetic revolutionary is out of place as laureate. One thing is certain, that Kipling as poet laureate would no longer be Kipling to the great majority of his admirers. Nor is it at all certain that to the great, mediocre mass of the English nation his astounding verve, his audacity, the very brilliancy of his heterodox genius would not be disconcerting. In its corporate sentiments every nation clings to the ancient forms and loves the ancient decorum.

LIVING UP TO TREATIES.

The significant news from Washington is that the clause of the Underwood bill allowing a rebate of 5 per cent. in the duties on goods imported in American ships is to be dropped by the Senate. It ought to be. The question is not one of encouraging American shipping, but of preserving American honor. What the discriminatory clause referred to undertakes to do, the nation has pledged itself not to do. Our treaty with Great Britain specifically binds both countries to charge "the *same* duties" on goods brought into the ports of either, whether carried in British or American bottoms. Mr. Bryan stated last week that the counsellor for the State Department, Mr. John Bassett Moore, was carefully examining our commercial treaties to discover if the discriminatory shipping provision was in violation of any of them. But really it is not necessary to go beyond the British treaty. This is perfectly clear and explicit; and all the countries with which we have "most-favored-nation" treaties—and the number comprises nearly every country in the world—would be at once entitled to claim the same treatment for their ships as for the English. In fact, it is admitted at the State Department that a score or more of formal protests by foreign Governments have been filed against the shipping clause.

The idea embodied in it has frequently been propounded in Congress and elsewhere. Its avowed aim has been that of restoring the American merchant marine. The argument has run that shipping subsidies are impossible. Time and repeated efforts have shown that the American people have a rooted objection to them, and that Congress will never enact a comprehensive system of paying ship-owners out of the public treasury. Hence the only alternative is to lay discriminating customs-taxes on goods imported in foreign ships. This, it is contended, would speedily throw the bulk of the importing business into American hands. It is a plan which was tried in the early years of our republic, and would certainly be successful, so its enthusiastic advocates assert, if put into effect to-day. This is open to serious doubt, merely as a question of fact. It seems to be innocently supposed that other nations would only wring their hands helplessly, while we were discriminating against *them*, and would never think of discriminating against *us*. But this is folly. It is virtually certain that the chief shipping countries would strike back. They might do it by laying a sur-tax in their ports on all goods imported in American bottoms, and leave us just where we were before. We may be sure that some form of the *lex talionis* would be applied. But all such speculation is beside the point. Whether or not the discriminatory clause of the Underwood bill would do anything to bring back the American flag on the ocean, the plain fact stares us in the face that we have solemnly bound ourselves by treaty not to discriminate.

"So much the worse for the treaties," a prominent Representative in Congress is reported to have said. But he could not have said it seriously. It is true that treaties are not absolutely essential to intercourse between nations. Take the instance of our present relations with Russia. The former treaty has been abrogated, and a new one not yet negotiated. Be it noted that the Russian treaty was abrogated in accordance with its own terms. Due notice was served, as therein provided. President Taft did not assume that he or the country was entitled to declare a treaty at an end whenever any of its provisions became irksome. But we are getting on very well with Russia without any treaty. This is because both nations are observing the ordinary rules of friendly behavior. We attempt no discrimination against Russian commerce, or the rights of Russian citizens, not because we have stipulated not to do so, but because it is sound policy not to do so; for we know that there would be instant retaliation. If this would occur even without a treaty, it is the height of absurdity to fancy that the United States could discriminate against a nation in the case of which it had agreed not to discriminate, without inviting immediate and severe reprisals.

The whole question comes down to one of good faith. It has been said by many, and some foreigners are saying it, that Americans are growing very careless about treaty obligations. The thing is spoken of in certain quarters as a new and threatening manifestation of democracy. A great people will do whatever it desires at the moment, regardless of what it has bound itself not to do. But we believe that is a view as shallow as it is cynical. There is no evidence that Americans as a whole do not mean to live up to their international bargains, whether they make a wry face over them or not. Certainly those public men who have the best title to speak for popular sentiment in this matter express no doubt on the point. Mr. Bryan has again and again insisted upon the duty of scrupulously living up to treaties; and we owe a debt to Mr. Roosevelt for his utterances of the same tenor. His advice to his countrymen is to be, indeed, very cautious about entering into treaties, but, once having done so, to abide by their terms religiously. It is this feeling, typically American we believe, which is certain to put the brand of condemnation upon every undeniable violation of a treaty. President Wilson's opposition to the discriminatory clause is in line with the best traditions of his office, and is only what was to have been expected of him.

THE RIGHTS OF PATENTEES.

For the second time in little more than a twelvemonth, the Supreme Court has passed upon an issue of the most fundamental character concerning the right of a patentee to control the selling of his product. In the case decided March 11, 1912, the issue involved was whether the owner of the patent could legally prevent the buyer of the patented article from using it in connection with any materials or adjuncts he might choose to employ; in the case decided last week, the issue was whether the owner of the patent could legally prevent the buyer of the patented article from selling it at a price lower than that fixed by the patentee as its retail or reselling price. The first case was decided *in favor* of the unrestricted control of the patentee over the use of his product; the second was decided *against* the unrestricted control of the patentee over its price.

That these two decisions are contradictory in spirit is evident. The right of a patentee to determine at what price his product shall be sold by others seems but a slight extension of his undisputed right to determine the price at which it shall be sold by himself; while the right to dictate what mate-

rials or accessories shall be used in connection with it opens up, theoretically at least, an unlimited vista of possibilities of domination over matters not in the least contemplated in the grant of monopoly as to the article itself. How, then, does it come that the same court which last year sanctioned the more remote and more extensive power, has now denied the more immediate and more restricted one? The answer is twofold. In the first place, it is not the same body. Both decisions were made by a divided court, four to three last year and five to four this year; and the four who constituted the majority in last year's decision are the same four judges that formed the minority in this year's. Chief Justice White and Justices Hughes and Lamar dissented from the broad-construction view in the mimeograph case; and now, in the sanatogen case, they are reinforced in the narrow-construction view by Justice Day, who was then absent, and Justice Pitney, who had not yet taken his seat on the bench, so that there was one vacancy.

There is, however, another element in the matter. Though the spirit of the first decision is in contradiction with that of the second, there is no direct inconsistency between them as a matter of law. Justice Day, speaking for the majority in the sanatogen case, seeks to reconcile the two decisions by pointing out that in the mimeograph case the control claimed, and sanctioned by the court, referred to the right to "use" the article, of which a monopoly is granted by the law to the patentee, while the claim in the sanatogen case must rest solely on his right to "vend" it; the idea apparently being that even if the right to "use" it may, by construction, be made to cover a somewhat complex and indefinite region, the right to "vend" it is a very simple thing, and terminates when the vending has once been accomplished. Whatever may be thought of the force of this consideration, it does not require a great deal of boldness to conjecture that if the mimeograph case had been decided by the full court as at present constituted, the decision would have been the reverse of what it was.

Important as these decisions are, and far-reaching as their consequences may be, it must be remembered that they should not be regarded as resting on any fundamental principles applying to the rights of property in general. Whatever policy Congress may desire to institute in regard to either of the questions affected by the decisions, it can establish without the least difficulty, and without the least objection in point of fundamental principle. Upon this matter, much confusion of thought seems to exist in quarters where one would not expect to find it. We cannot help thinking that such confusion is at the bottom of the view expressed by Justice Lurton when, in his opinion on the mimeograph case, he said:

> The market for the sale of such articles to the users of his machines, which by such a condition he takes to himself, was a market which he alone created by the making and selling of the new invention. Had he kept his invention to himself no ink could have been sold by others for use upon machines embodying that invention. By selling it subject to the restriction, he took nothing from others, and in no wise restricted their legitimate market.

It is neither true in fact, nor presumed by the lawmaker, that if a given inventor had "kept his invention to himself" the world would forever have gone without it; the grant of monopoly is given him by the law for an arbitrarily limited period, in entire consciousness of the fact that it will keep out of the field not only would-be imitators, but likewise other inventors who may have been just as meritorious as he in every respect except the one element of priority in time. The patentee has no natural right, nor even the ordinary kind of property right, in his invention; as a matter of specific expediency, such privileges are given him as, upon a rough computation of advantage and disadvantage, seem best calculated to encourage invention and progress; and he is not inherently entitled to any others.

Chief Justice White used extraordinarily strong language in depicting the dangerous possibilities which might flow from the decision in the mimeograph case unless Congress took action; and since that time the subject has been actively discussed, and a scheme for the revision of the patent law has been reported by the House Committee on Patents. The decision of last week limits in one particular the general rights hitherto claimed by patentees under existing law; but, whether this limitation be desirable or not, it does not reach the points of most concern in the question of the abuse of either legal or virtual monopoly advantages. Especially does it leave quite untouched the power of suppressing patents, which is at present at the disposal of any powerful corporation that may see its advantage in pursuing such a policy. Every country, or almost every country, in Europe makes the non-utilization of a patent for two or three years sufficient ground for its forfeiture; and it is difficult to see why this should not be our policy also. The character of last week's decision, and of the dissenting opinion of last year, is sufficient warrant for the belief that the time is ripe for a thoroughgoing consideration of the needs of our patent law in its relation to modern business conditions.

EUROPEAN CHANGES AND AMERICAN IMMIGRATION.

How is our immigration problem likely to be affected by the profound social and political changes now under way in those European countries from which we draw the bulk of our alien population? Is the problem one that, in the nature of things, can be dealt with solely on this side of the Atlantic, or does it involve certain factors not within our own control? Senator Dillingham reintroduced this week the Immigration bill passed in the last session of Congress and vetoed by Mr. Taft. In its new form the bill omits the literacy test which was the main reason for the Presidential veto. In its place we have a very extraordinary provision, which has, however, the merit of being sincere; it is frankly restrictive in intention. No immigrants of any one nationality shall be admitted in any one year to a number exceeding 10 per cent. of the total number of residents in the United States of that particular nationality. It is a device which smacks somewhat of the governmental methods found by Gulliver on the island of Laputa.

The spectre which rides behind Senator Dillingham is the steady decline of immigrants from Northwestern Europe and the steady increase in our Slavic and Mediterranean population. In the decade from 1860 to 1870 the annual immigration from Great Britain and Ireland was above 100,000; from Germany, nearly 80,000; from the Scandinavian countries, 12,500; from Italy, a little above

1,000; from Austria, less than 1,000; from Russia, less than 500. From 1880 to 1890 the average annual immigration from the United Kingdom was nearly 150,000; from Germany, almost the same number; from the Scandinavian countries, more than 65,000; from Italy, 30,000; from Austria-Hungary, 35,000; from Russia, 26,000. From 1900 to 1910 a noticeable change takes place. The annual average for the decade is: United Kingdom, 86,000; Germany, 34,000; Scandinavia, 50,000; Italy, 205,000; Austria-Hungary, 215,000; Russia, 160,000. Significant as these figures are, it will still be observed that the popular views on the subject are exaggerated. The impression goes forth that the North European immigration has virtually been submerged in the Slav and Latin tide. The fact is that as late as 1911, out of the 522,000 aliens added to our permanent population, nearly 180,000 were of the older immigration. This, added to the resident Anglo-Saxon and Teuton element in this country, would still postpone for some time the danger of a Slavicized and Latinized United States.

What are the reasons for the decline in the older immigration? Why did nearly one and a half million Germans land in this country between 1880 and 1890, and only 341,000 between 1900 and 1910? Why during the same period did the English influx drop from 657,000 to 388,000, and the Irish influx from 655,000 to 339,000? Is it a case of the inferior coin driving the superior coin from the market? Did the arrival of the Slav and the Italian render the United States less attractive for the North European? The true cause is found outside of this country. It is not that the United States has grown less attractive to the German, but that his own Fatherland has grown much more attractive to him. It is not that the Irishman finds the United States a less desirable place to live in, but that he is finding Ireland a much more livable place than it used to be. As for the Englishman and the Scotchman it is not their own home that is holding them back, but Canada draws them where formerly the United States took them. In other words, it was internal conditions in Northwest Europe that largely conditioned the older immigration to this country, and it is a change in such conditions that has reduced the volume of immigration. The Germany that rose after 1871 has shown herself capable of supporting her native increase. Ireland is rapidly tending in the same direction. The drain on her vital resources which in sixty years cut her population in half has almost ceased. Within a year or two a balance between gain and loss is predicted. Every reason leads us to believe that Ireland, under Home Rule, will send fewer and fewer of her sons across the seas.

The question arises whether the same causes may not be expected to operate within the countries from which the heaviest immigrant tide now sets in our direction. Southern and Eastern Europe is astir. Italy is experiencing an industrial and commercial renaissance. She has taken possession of an immense territory in North Africa. It is not to be expected that Tripoli will ever take care of Italy's entire surplus population, or that for years to come it will even offer serious competition with the United States and Argentina. But who would have predicted thirty years ago that an annual German emigration of more than 150,000 would dwindle to less than 35,000? What will be the effect of the political reconstruction of the Balkan peninsula? It is legitimate to suppose that under new auspices the Balkan national life will absorb many who now seek their fortunes in this country. In the Hapsburg monarchy the trend is unmistakably towards the enhancement of the Slav influence. Economic pressure is no doubt mainly responsible for the exodus of Croats, Czechs, and Galician Poles; but the redressing of the political balance in their favor, followed by a more vigorous national life, is bound to show results in a diminished emigration.

So with Russia, from which we now draw more than 150,000 emigrants every year. Here is no case of inevitable economic pressure driving out a surplus population. The empire is thinly populated. Its resources, counting in the scarcely touched wealth of Siberia, are enormous. Backward political institutions and racial repression have rendered emigration the only refuge for the population of the Jewish Pale. The immediate prospects of a favorable policy towards the Jews of Russia are not of the brightest. But confidence in the forward movement of civilization compels the belief that Russia, too, must become a more livable place for her people. In that case, this country is likely to register the change in a diminished immigration from that source.

FITS AND MISFITS IN OFFICE.

Mr. Gamaliel Bradford adds, in the June *Atlantic*, to his gallery of Confederate portraits an interesting sketch of Judah P. Benjamin. Materials for the study are scanty. Benjamin saw to that, destroying all the letters and personal records upon which he could lay his hands. Yet Mr. Bradford succeeds in evoking a fairly clear picture of the man, with the unusual result of going counter to the presupposition with which the author set out. The view of Benjamin with which he began was that he was a man of "remarkable ability, an adventurer of genius, but of little character." But, "now," concludes Mr. Bradford, "I am forced to the opposite conclusion, that his character was respectable, if not unexceptionable, but his ability mediocre." He speaks of Benjamin as "a small man placed in a great position"; but adds that "the crises of nations always exhibit such misfits."

They were certainly numerous enough in Benjamin's time, both North and South. He began as Secretary of War in the Confederate Cabinet, but so soon had everybody by the ears, particularly the generals in the field, that he was promoted to the State Department. Yet he could not have been a worse misfit than Lincoln's first Secretary of War, Simon Cameron. It was for something worse than incapacity that he had to be removed—or, rather, exiled to the American Legation in St. Petersburg. And anybody who has read Welles's Diary would be able to mention other square pegs in the round holes of Lincoln's Cabinet. As for the Union army, it required full two years to weed out the misfit commanders.

The misfortune of getting the wrong man for an important office, or of failing to get the right man—which often comes to the same thing—is not entirely to be blamed upon the appointing or electing power. In advance, it is impossible for the wisest to be sure of their man. Judged by all antecedents and likelihoods, Mr. Taft was ideally fitted for the Presidency. If it had been his lot to fail of election to it, every-

body would have said that he would have been one of tho most successful of Presidents. As it is, his friends can but renew the old sigh, *nisi imperâsset*. Great as are many of his qualities, and engaging as is his nature, he left office with the general verdict that he had not highly succeeded. And as the brightest anticipatory hopes, founded on apparently the soundest reasons, are sometimes dashed by the actual experiment, so are apprehensions of a display of unfitness occasionally proven needless by the event. It is much too soon to make any predictions about President Wilson's Administration, but already he has made certain vaticinations about his conduct in office appear ridiculous. It was said that he would be forever making speeches or lecturing, and that the crushing and unavoidable routine of the Presidency would be too much for him. What could a schoolmaster do in one of the most laborious positions in the world? Well, thus far Wilson has kept still and worked like a horse. His industry and dispatch are the wonder of Washington. An old Senator came away from the Executive offices with the remark: "It appears to me that this college professor is more of a man of business than any President I have known."

Truly, you never can tell. One reason is that the public, and even a man's friends, cannot be sure beforehand for what kind of work he is best fitted. Another reason is that the man himself often does not know until he has tried. It frequently occurs that men of unusual powers believe that they could have succeeded better in something else than the work they are compelled to do. Their confidence is ordinarily based on something more stable than that of Sir Godfrey Kneller, who was positive that he should have been a much greater soldier than artist, since he did so love the smell of powder! But the greatest minds have sometimes displayed a singular lack of correct self-judgment. Goethe seems to have thought that his work in optics—mostly mistaken, we believe—would carry his name further down the generations than his poetry. And as for the men who now and then step outside their chosen field, we know what sorrowful head-shakings they occasion, and what rebukes they invite. When Dr. Arnold began taking part in the political discussions of his day, his opponents said: "What a shame that the Head Master of Rugby should waste his time in writing pamphlets!" It is probable, however, that some of his admirers exclaimed: "What a pity that a man with such capacity for statesmanship should be compelled to teach boys!" Both were wrong.

It is not uncommon for men in high office to express regret that they had not devoted themselves to some other pursuit. Gladstone is said to have more than once lamented the fact that he did not follow his first inclination to the Church; in that case, he would undoubtedly have been Archbishop of Canterbury instead of Prime Minister. His great rival, Disraeli, once pretended to Matthew Arnold that he was sorry he had given up literature for politics. In both these instances, one suspects a certain affectation or insincerity. But neither was ever alleged against Lord Althorp, who did more than anybody else to get the Reform Bill of 1832 through the House of Commons. His aversion to public life was unmistakably genuine, and it was with real bitterness that he said that nature had intended him to be a farmer, but circumstances had compelled him to be a politician. Such complaints have been rare in this country! All would admit, however, that to condemn a man to the forced labor, and the cruel and unusual punishments, of an important political office, when his heart is not in it, and his tastes and his desires would drag him out of it, is one of the worst cases of misfitting.

FEDERAL ARCHIVES OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON.

There has lately issued from the Government Printing Office a volume, edited by Mr. Herbert Putnam, Librarian of Congress, entitled "The Archives of Government Outside of Washington." It cannot fail to stimulate the growing demand for a National Archives building in Washington. It comprises reports from various officers of the national Government throughout this country and abroad and shows the extent and character of their archives. In it are disclosed the damage and loss which the records have sustained from fire and flood, from the frequent moving of offices, from the ravages of vermin and insects, and, worst of all, from the neglect of officials. It is impossible to read Mr. Putnam's summary of the general conditions, and the condensed reports themselves, without a feeling of indignation that such ignorance and wanton carelessness should have been allowed to go unchecked, and even unnoticed, up to the present time. For many years past the deplorable condition of the Government archives in Washington has been made the subject of investigations and reports; but this is the first time that attention has been called to the condition of the Federal archives outside of Washington. The reports now published were ordered to be prepared by President Taft last summer, the duty of prescribing instructions for the reporting officers and of editing the reports for transmittal to Congress being assigned to the Librarian of Congress.

The most important of the archives outside of Washington are undoubtedly those in our diplomatic offices throughout the world; but the reports show that not one of our old legations has complete records. For instance, those at London begin in 1828, although the mission was established in 1785; those at The Hague in 1830, although we had a Minister there in 1781; and those in Denmark in 1841, whereas the mission was opened in 1812. The absence of some of these records is due to the fact that it was common, in earlier years, for a departing Minister to carry his records with him. Thus it happens that many documents which are really official are in the hands of descendants of diplomatic officers, and others are owned by collectors, while some are in historical institutions. They figure, too, in nearly all large auction sales of manuscripts.

Notwithstanding all the losses, the reports show that the Legations have a considerable amount of interesting historical data in their archives. Thus, the Legation at Peking has Caleb Cushing's account of his voyage to Macao and the making of our first treaty with China in 1844; in Bogota is correspondence with Colombia as early as 1834 on the subject of a railway at Panama and a canal across the Isthmus of Darien; at Rome there are letters of Garibaldi offering his services to the Union army when our Civil War broke out; at Madrid there is the record of the dispute with Spain over the boundary of Louisi-

ana. These are only examples of many rich deposits.

The reports from the offices under the Treasury Department show that, although the internal revenue districts were not established until 1862, their records are not complete in any offices except perhaps those at New York and Brooklyn. Some of the custom houses were established in 1789, but none of them has complete records. It is gratifying to notice that the early records of several of the oldest offices were rescued from impending destruction a few years ago and sent to the Library of Congress, where they now are. The reports from the offices under the War Department bring to light curious and unexpected historical data—a British admiralty chart of Mobile Bay, dated 1771, in the United States Engineer's Office at Mobile, for example, and the records of a firm of merchants running from 1754 to 1813, in the Depot Quartermaster's office in Philadelphia.

Perhaps the reports which plead most eloquently for a reform in the methods of caring for the archives are those from the clerks of the Federal district courts. Court practice is based largely upon precedent; old court records are constantly used if they are usable; the issues involved are grave questions affecting property, liberty, and even life. Here we should expect to find that the greatest care had been exercised; but the fact is that not one district court has all of its records. Many have been burned, but more have been lost through carelessness.

Fortunately, some of the records of the district courts of the Confederate States have survived and are at Birmingham and Mobile, Pensacola, Oxford, Miss., and Atlanta. Some of the courts do not know what records they have lost, for there are no inventories. The Clerk of the District Court at Concord, N. H., says the records are "of tremendous historical value," but that their arrangement is unsatisfactory; the clerk at Savannah, Ga. (the court having been established in 1789), says he has "priceless historical records in a chaotic state"; the clerk at Des Moines says: "No investigator could work to advantage with the archives in their present condition. It would first require an archæologist, in the sense of an excavator, to dig them out of the dirt."

Nearly all the reporting officers declare that they can accommodate an historical investigator, and that his presence in the office would be acceptable to them; but it is perfectly plain, as Mr. Putnam says, that all the archives which are not in actual current use for administrative purposes should be sent to Washington and find their final resting place in a new National Archives building. They should no longer be left to the care of officers who are in too many cases ignorant of their value and indifferent to their preservation.

BALKAN PEACE—AND STRIFE.

The treaty of peace between Turkey and her Balkan opponents was signed in London on Friday of last week. Whatever the immediate future may bring to the victorious allies, this event is definitive so far as the Ottoman Empire in Europe is concerned. Turkey in Europe emerges from the struggle a fragment of her former self. Constantinople and a mere hinterland of some six or seven thousand square miles remain out of her holdings of nearly 65,000 square miles at the beginning of the war. Crete and the islands in the Ægean are lost to her. Constantinople is more than ever dependent on the sufferance of the Powers, and the Powers are in turn no longer the free agents they were until half a year ago, when it was for them to issue orders and for the Balkan peoples to obey. Had peace been signed under other auspices than actually obtained, this would be the time to review the rise and fall of the Ottoman power in Europe, and, specifically, to examine the interesting problem why an empire which showed remarkable vitality under corrupt and despotic government should have been confronted with disaster as soon as it made the attempt to bring its government and its institutions into conformity with the principles of modern life.

Unfortunately, peace comes to the Balkans under gloomy circumstances. The same dispatches reported the signing of the treaty between Turkey and the allies and the imminence of war within the ranks of the allies. Between Bulgarians and Greeks actual fighting has taken place. The division of Turkish spoils is the issue. When the Balkan alliance was organized last year none of the partners to the agreement foresaw that victory would come to them so easily and in such full measure. It was assumed that the brunt of the war would fall upon Bulgaria, that the Greek fleet would play an important part, and that Servia might help out, but hardly more than that. Servia's military prestige had been at low ebb ever since her bad defeat by Bulgaria nearly thirty years ago. The showing made by the Greeks against Turkey in 1897 was not such as to raise large expectations with regard to the Greek army. In their anticipatory apportionment of Turkish territory, Greece and Servia, and particularly the latter, were content with a much smaller share than they now demand. The acquisition of the region known as Old Servia would have satisfied the Government at Belgrade. Both to the Servians and Greeks came amazing success in the field. The Servian forces overran northern and central Macedonia with ease. The Greek advance northward into Epirus and maritime Macedonia was almost as rapid. A revision of the preliminary agreement became inevitable.

What makes the problem all the more complex is the extraordinary intermingling of ethnic and historical claims in the disputed region. It is not as if virgin territory were to be carved out and the dispute were over the actual share of each partner, measured in square miles. Macedonia is a welter of races. Bulgars, Serbs, and Greeks live in the same villages, and often so evenly balanced as to leave a minority in control, no matter to which one Government the particular village should be assigned. So confusing is the racial patchwork in many sections that the suggestion was even brought forward for the erection of a self-governing Macedonia with guarantees of local autonomy for the different peoples. If the appeal is made to history, the claims become still more contradictory. The Greeks, regarding themselves as the successors of the Byzantine emperors, might formulate a title to the greater part of the Balkan peninsula. The Bulgarian Czars in their time ruled over what is now Servian territory. The Serbs under Stephen Dushan, back in the fourteenth century, extended their sway over Macedonia and Albania. Religious differences have been superimposed on the racial problem. The authority of the Patriarch of Constanti-

nople and of the Bulgarian Exarch have been in conflict among the adherents of Byzantine Christianity. In the Albanian districts the Catholics are in a heavy majority.

Conflicting historical claims running back a thousand years or more need not usually be regarded as insurmountable difficulties. The diplomats may throw them back and forth over the council table, but they can hardly have meaning to the masses of the people. Unfortunately, in the Balkans these historic claims find support in the persistence of very real racial animosities. Up to five years ago the Greeks, the Bulgarians, and the Serbs were engaged in bitter internecine war in Macedonia. The ills of that unhappy country were due in minor part to the wickedness of Turkish rule. It was in anticipation of the downfall of Turkish rule that marauding bands from the three countries turned Macedonia into a land of massacre, each nation trying to win a foothold before the Turkish collapse came. Recognizing that the time had come for a decisive attack upon the Turks, the warring nationalities laid aside their enmities. The conquest of self-government for Macedonia was the object contemplated by the allies. Had only that been obtained and Macedonia placed under a ruler probably nominated by the Powers, the struggle among the nationalities would have been renewed on the political field, until such a time as the ultimate disposition of that region could be effected either by agreement or by war. But the Turkish collapse has brought about the need of an immediate solution for what was regarded as a problem for the future.

GREECE REVISITED.

ATHENS, May 22.

The perennial charm of Greece to the classical scholar is not lessened even by a fifth visit. But the charm is not quite the same that it was forty years ago, when the late Professor Seymour, of Yale, and I came to Athens for the first time. The semi-Oriental picturesqueness of Greece and her people has nearly vanished, especially in the cities and larger towns. Athens is now a modern city. A good water supply is needed, and to provide this a commission has recently been voted by the Senate. There are a few parts of the city, particularly on the north and east slopes of the Acropolis, that recall the Athens of earlier days, where one may still see an old Greek with fez and fustanella or Turkish trousers serenely puffing at his nargileh.

The conveniences for travel in the interior have within a few years increased greatly. The inns at Delphi, Nauplia, Olympia, and other points are more than tolerable. By rail the tourist can travel from Athens by way of Argos and Kalamata to Olympia, and return thence by way of Patras, thus encompassing the entire Peloponnesus; and a train will take him through Thessaly to the vale of Tempe. You can go to Marathon and back by motor-car in an afternoon.

One of the most important gains to Greece from the present war with Turkey is the acquisition of territory in Macedonia long desired, through which to build a railway connecting Greece with the transcontinental line that runs from Vienna to Costanza. The distance to be covered is less than one hundred miles.

The splendid achievements on the field of battle by the Crown Prince, now King Constantine, and the tragic death of his father, King George, have firmly established the reigning house in the affections of the people. The immediate effect of the war upon agriculture is painfully apparent as one rides through the country. Everywhere are seen fields untilled or worked by old men, women, and children, whose husbands and fathers are in the army. After so long a campaign and such heavy expenditure, it is surprising to find Greece still so well equipped to prolong the conflict. A well-informed citizen told me that, if necessary, Greece could have put into the field a hundred thousand men who had not seen service. The credit of the country is unimpaired, and its paper money is equivalent to gold. One meets at every turn Greek soldiers from our own country who are eager to air their English vocabulary whenever they meet a "fellow-countryman." There are in all about 80,000 of them who came to fight for their fatherland, and he is the exception who does not intend to return to America.

Archæological excavations have not been possible this season, since nearly all available workmen have been enlisted in the war. In spite of this, however, interest in archæological studies is as keen as ever. At a recent public meeting of our American School, one of its members, a young woman who was graduated at Vassar, gave an account of excavations conducted by her at Halæ in Bœotia, where important remains of a prehistoric city were found. Professor Karo, of the German Institute, has recently given an account of his excavations at Tiryns, which revealed the existence of an earlier prehistoric palace which he dates at about 2000 B. C. lying beneath the later palace, dating from about 1400 B. C. The visitor to the Acropolis sees scaffolding erected before the east portico of the Propylæa, which is undergoing extensive repairs. The easternmost of the north row of the Ionic columns that formed the central colonnade, together with part of the architrave running to the north wall of the central portico of the Propylæa, has been skilfully restored from ancient material found lying about on the Acropolis. A similar restoration of the corresponding column and architrave on the south, for which the stones have been found, is also to be made. A partial restoration of the front colonnade of the southwest wing is also to be undertaken. These restorations are under the direction of Balanos, a skilful Greek architect, who has been aided, however, in finding the material by the brilliant young architect of our American School, Mr. W. B. Dinsmoor, whose investigations promise to give much new light on the ancient construction of this building, particularly of the roofs of the two wings at the west. Former visitors to the Acropolis who recall the ruinous condition of the north porch of the Erechtheum, are delighted to see this gem of ancient architecture so beautifully restored. The west wall of this building, with the windows and engaged columns of the Roman period, has been erected mostly from ancient material. How much has been added to our knowledge of this remarkable structure by the studies and discoveries of the architect, Mr. G. P. Stevens, now of the American Academy in Rome, supplemented by the researches of Dinsmoor and Mr. B. G. Hill, the director of our School at Athens, is too long and technical a story to tell here.

It may interest the readers of the *Nation* to know that the American School is preparing to publish in suitable form the results of the investigations of its architects and scholars into the history and construction of the Erechtheum, and that this volume is so far advanced that its appearance may be expected before the close of the present year. Slight repairs on the Parthenon are also under way. The great undertaking of reërecting the columns of the peristyle, whose *disjecta membra* are lying at the sides of the building, still waits for the requisite funds. That the Greek Government and its archæological society will some day undertake this task cannot be doubted. If it can be done with as much skill and good taste as the Greek architects have exhibited thus far in their restorations, there can be no doubt that this noblest monument of Greek art that has survived from the days of Pericles will impress the beholder with an added sense of beauty.

It is a great delight to see how well the Greeks are caring for the preservation of the monuments of the past. All ruins and sites of excavations are carefully guarded, and at every site one

finds small local museums for preserving and exhibiting fragments of sculpture and architecture found on the spot. In this connection it is worth while to observe how alert the Greek Government is to safeguard possible sites of archæological interest in the newly acquired territory in Epirus and Macedonia. Already ephors of antiquities have been appointed in these districts, and steps have been taken to organize museums and to preserve ancient works of art or objects of interest in the domain wrested from the hands of the Turks.

Coming from Italy, where there is an equal zeal for guarding and preserving objects of ancient art and monuments of historic interest, one cannot fail to observe the difference between the Greek and Italian authorities in their attitude towards the visitor. In Italy all sites and collections are made as far as possible sources of revenue. Perhaps the most flagrant case is found at Pompeii, where, after you have paid the admission fee of two and a half francs, you find that all the noteworthy things, with the single exception of the house of the Vetii, are locked away from inspection by gates and doors, which, to be sure, the guards are expected to open at your request without a fee. But this is rarely done ungrudgingly and without manifest discontent if a fee is not in sight. On the other hand, Greece, which is a much poorer country, throws open freely to the public all sites and collections of artistic and historic interest, taking pains even to post notices in the museums forbidding custodians to receive any gratuity. "Well," said the Greek of whom I made inquiry, "we Greeks are proud of the monuments of our past history, and if you foreigners think it worth the while to come so far to see them, we feel that we ought at least to let you enjoy the sight without requiring a fee."

Nothing is more gratifying to the American visitor to Athens than to find how greatly esteemed by the Greek scholars and by the other national schools of archæology is the work done by our American School. Its contributions to the history of the buildings on the Acropolis are recognized by European scholars as of the greatest value. The most recent of these has just appeared from Dr. Hill, on "The Older Parthenon," in which he shows that all previous reconstructions, notably that of Dr. Dörpfeld, are erroneous, and that the building destroyed by the Persians was a hexastyle, and not an octastyle, temple, and had a cella almost as long as the temple built by Pericles.

A much needed addition to the building of our School, providing more room for its library and for its students and instructors, is now in course of erection. A much needed addition to the permanent endowment of the School would be a great boon worthily bestowed.

MARTIN L. D'OOGE.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

Southey, when writing to Sir Egerton Brydges, says: "The paper upon Bunyan in the last *Quarterly Review* is by Sir Walter [Scott]. He has not observed, and I, when I wrote the 'Life' had forgotten; that the 'compleat design of a Pilgrim's Progress' is to be found in Lucian's 'Hermotimus.' Not that Bunyan saw it there—but that the obvious allegory had presented itself to Lucian's mind as well as to many others" (Brydges's "Autobiography," Vol. II, p. 285). This reference is also given in a footnote to the reprint in Southey's "Cromwell and Bunyan." The passage, although a striking one, has not, I think, been quoted in this connection, but it must be read with Southey's warning. In the excellent version of Lucian by H. W. and F. G. Fowler (Clarendon Press), it is thus given:

Lycinus. I conceive Virtue, then, under the figure of a State whose citizens are happy—as your professor, who is one of them, phrases it—absolutely wise, all of them brave, just, and self-controlled, hardly distinguishable, in fact, from Gods. All sorts of things that go on here, such as robbery, assault, unfair gain, you will never find attempted there, I believe; their relations are all peace and unity; and this is quite natural, seeing that none of the things which elsewhere occasion strife and rivalry, and prompt men to plot against their neighbors, so much as come in their way at all. Gold, pleasures, distinctions, they never regard as objects of dispute; they have banished them long ago as undesirable elements. Their life is serene and blissful, in the enjoyment of legality, equality, liberty, and all other good things.

Hermotimus. Well, Lycinus? Must not all men yearn to belong to a State like that, and never count the toil of getting there, nor lose heart over the time it takes? Enough that one day they will arrive, and be naturalized, and given the franchise.

Lycinus. In good truth, Hermotimus, we should devote all our efforts to this, and neglect everything else; we need pay little heed to any claims of our earthly country; we should steel our hearts against the clingings and cryings of children or parents, if we have them; it is well if we can induce them to go with us; but, if they will not or cannot, shake them off and march straight for the city of bliss, leaving your coat in their hands, if they lay hold of it to keep you back, in your hurry to get there; what matter for a coat? You will be admitted there without one.

I remember hearing a description of it all once before from an old man, who urged me to go there with him. He would show me the way, enroll me when I got there, introduce me to his own circles, and promise me a share in the universal Happiness. But I was stiff-necked, in my youthful folly (it was some fifteen years ago); else might I have been in the outskirts, nay, haply at the very gates, by now. Among the noteworthy things he told me, I seem to remember these: all the citizens are aliens and foreigners, not a native among them; they include numbers of barbarians, slaves, cripples, dwarfs, and poor; in fact, any one is admitted; for their law does not associate the franchise with income, with shape, size, or beauty, with old or brilliant ancestry; these things are not considered at all; any one who would be a citizen needs only understanding, zeal for the right, energy, perseverance, fortitude, and resolution in facing all the trials of the road; whoever proves his possession of these by persisting till he reaches the city is *ipso facto* a full citizen, regardless of his antecedents. Such distinctions as superior and inferior, noble and common, bond and free, simply do not exist there, even in name.

Hermotimus. There, now; you see I am not wasting my pains on trifles; I yearn to be counted among the citizens of that fair and happy State.

But there is, we are now told, a difficulty in finding a safe guide, and there are apparently many different and inconsistent ways, and the most respectable person at the entrance of each road has a welcoming hand and an exhortation to go his way. Here Lucian is on a fresh tack and the resemblance to Bunyan lies only in the passage quoted, and there are of course essential differences in the outlook of the Greek satirist and the English Puritan.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

Correspondence

THE ETIQUETTE OF HUMOR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A witty writer—was it Charles Lamb?—once said that "a difference of taste in jokes is a severe strain upon the affections." However true this may be, there are undoubtedly certain canons of good taste which are universally accepted by well-bred people as governing humorous expression of any sort. To twit any one upon his personal failings, physical or mental; to touch upon the low or obscene; to interrupt with ribaldry grave and earnest thought: all these, it may be assumed as granted, are taboo among true ladies and gentlemen—"Ladies are always present!" said a fine old army officer.

No less rigorous and indisputable, I conceive, is the ban against openly ridiculing sincere religious belief. "I do not think any man of modesty or thoughtfulness," said Ruskin, "will ever speak contemptuously of any religion in which God has allowed one good man to die, trusting." There are tourists who giggle at the ceremonial service, strange to them, in foreign cathedrals, mosques, and synagogues; to whom the devout Mussulman, prostrating himself upon his prayer-rug, is an object for jibes and merriment; but these ill-bred spectators have few defenders. The only excuse for their bad manners is their ignorance.

The law of good-breeding which applies to the spoken jest holds good, with even greater force, when wit and humor receive more or less permanence in print, inasmuch as the audience becomes immeasurably larger. If it be rude, unseemly, barbarous, to laugh at an act of religious service, how much more detestable is the offence when published and placed in the hands of countless readers, many of whom are sure to be wounded by the thoughtless witticism! Yet this is done openly and without rebuke, in our own country, almost every day in the year. There is rarely, for instance, an issue of the leading humorous weekly in the United States in which portions of the Bible, the liturgy, or the service of Protestant, Romanist, or Jew are not held up to ridicule in squib or cartoon. Some weeks ago the acme of this ill-bred jocosity was reached when the words of the dying Christ upon the cross, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!" were used to point a silly and banal joke;

and the proud contributor of the phrase was awarded a prize of one hundred dollars! Surely, the sacred words were applicable anow to the perpetration of this almost blasphemous piece of applied witticism!

But I am assailing such "jokes" as the foregoing not from the standpoint of ethics or religion, or personal grievance; I am merely endeavoring to apply to them the laws of good breeding; of the bearing and conversation to be expected of a gentleman in the society of others of his kind. The offence just referred to was committed, probably, out of pure ignorance of the feelings of many of the readers of the paper. Were the editor importuned to make fun publicly of the last words of his dying mother, or even to quote them with a jest, he would shrink with horror from such desecration of her memory. He simply did not realize that there are millions of people, thousands of his readers, to whom the scene of the Crucifixion in all its terrible details is sacred. The question is not—and herein consists the gist of what I have to say—whether their religious belief is true or false; nor does the editor, by his attitude, claim immunity for an excess of iconoclastic zeal. In a number of the same periodical, issued a few weeks later, there was on one page a shamefully gross caricature of the Hebrew prophet in the wilderness, fed by ravens, and on a closely succeeding page a picture worthy, from its tenderness, its lovely suggestions, its sweet helpfulness, to be framed and placed on the walls of every Christian home in the land. It was called, if I recollect, "A True Worshipper," and represented a little boy in his pajamas, kneeling beside a Pullman sleeping-berth to say his prayers, while two or three men drew back, hushed and touched by the sight of the little fellow's innocent devotions, and, it may be, the memory of their own childhood, when they bowed their heads at night upon their mother's knee. The editor who honestly desired to aim the shafts of his ridicule at religion would never have published that illustration. In his treatment of the story of Calvary, in his cartoons of Old Testament scenes, in his caricatures of the officiating clergy of almost every religion among civilized men to-day, he is simply trying, it seems, to "split the ears of the groundlings."

What is the remedy for this too frequent violation of the decencies of the trade of humorist? A remonstrance from a subscriber will receive the inevitable retort: "My dear fellow, we are not accountable for difference of taste in jokes!" The entire point of the objection, namely, the basic barbarism of special forms of humor under discussion, is of course disregarded. The managers of such a publication, I repeat, undoubtedly err from pure ignorance, for it is inconceivable that they should hurt, shock, repel the more thoughtful of their readers out of simple wantonness, or that they should wilfully overleap the bounds of decency and good taste.

For an example of these last *desiderata* they have not far to look. It is rather the fashion for us Americans to speak slightingly of the recognized organ of British humor. But, whatever our opinion of the liveliness of its wit, no one can deny that our old friend in Bouverie Street is always clean and kindly. Its humor is as sweet and wholesome as its satire is trenchant. It is never guilty of ridiculing sincere religious belief, whether held by a Hottentot or by a bishop or by an innocent child; it never prints salacious or suggestive pictures; yet it seems to have succeeded tolerably well in a business way, and, to quote one of its most familiar advertisements, to be "still going strong."

It is a great pity that we cannot have a humorous paper conducted, in so far at least, on the same lines; with a keen flavoring, if you will, of American wit; a paper that would appeal to the average American citizen, that would recognize the legitimate limits of the joke, that might mercilessly attack with the powerful weapon of ridicule not the sanctities of home or religion, but whatever it believed base, mercenary, hypocritical in our complex modern life, while it fostered what was good and of honest report; a paper of infinite jest, of unfailing good humor, of kindly wit; a paper of which one might say, with old Izaak Walton, "It is worth gold. I love such mirth as does not make friends ashamed to look up at one another next morning." WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Boston, May 30.

"HOOSIER."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The communication in your issue of May 8, from H. M. Kingery, as to the origin of the word "Hoosier," is a striking illustration of the fact that error crushed to earth will rise again. The "new account" of its derivation from the use of "hussar" by Col. Lehmanowski has passed the age of threescore years and ten in Indiana, and is as hopeless as other conjectural theories that have been commonly accepted.

A few years ago an autobiographical sketch of Col. Lehmanowski was published at Philadelphia, with the title "Under Two Captains," edited by Rev. W. A. Sadtler, Ph.D. In this Col. Lehmanowski expressly states his faith that he originated the word, as stated by Mr. Kingery; but in connection with facts that completely disprove his theory. Lehmanowski lived in the East until 1833, and did not reach Indiana until the spring of 1834. The first appearance of the word "Hoosier" in print, as applied to Indiana, was long supposed to be in a Carriers' New Year's Address of the Indianapolis *Journal*, on January 1, 1833. This poem, by John Finley, was above the average in merit, and attracted wide attention. The name was immediately adopted by Indiana people, and in the summer of 1833 a newspaper named the *Hoosier* was started at Greencastle, Ind., by ex-Gov. J. B. Ray.

Finley's poem, however, was originally written in 1830, and the word was in use in its Southern slang sense in Indiana at least as early as that time. But the poem put it in a new light, and nicknaming States was a popular fad at that time, so that no reproach attached to it.

It is noteworthy that discussion as to the origin of the word arose at once, and all of the theories that have since been elaborated, with one exception, were offered in print during the year 1833. Among them, the "hussar" theory was advanced by the Cincinnati *Evening Star* a year before Lehmanowski arrived in Indiana. Most of these theories are based on the erroneous assumption that the word was coined for the purpose of indicating a native of Indiana. In reality it was adopted, just as "Buckeye" for Ohio, "Sucker" for Illinois, "Red Horse" for Kentucky, etc.

The word is still widely in use in the South in its original sense of an uncouth rustic, and is applied especially to the mountaineers, from Kentucky to Georgia. It has often been remarked that English dialect is better preserved in our Southern States than in England, and that many so-called Americanisms are really English dialect. This is almost certainly the case with "Hoosier." Its most probable source is the Cumberland dialect word "hoozer," which is applied to anything unusually large, and which presumably comes from the Anglo-Saxon *hoo*, meaning "high," which is a common component of English place names.

The subject received full historical consideration in No. 2, Vol. IV, of the Indiana Historical Society's Publications; and this was continued in the *Indiana Quarterly Magazine of History* for June, 1911. Up to the present, the earliest use of the word in print that has been discovered is in a New Year's address of the *Indiana Democrat* for 1832, in which, in the course of jocular advice to the Legislature in connection with the public lands, it is advised to

> Ask for our "hoosiers' " good plantations.

As any discoveries of earlier printed use of the word will probably be accidental, it would be a favor if any one finding such use would inform the undersigned.

J. P. DUNN,
Secretary Ind. Hist. Soc.

Indianapolis, May 29.

BLAKE AND POST-IMPRESSIONISM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In an article in the *Nation* of March 6, entitled "Old and New Art," F. J. M., jr., calls attention to the fact that the platform of Post-Impressionism had been anticipated by certain maxims of William Blake. The affinity between Blake and the artists of the new school is not limited to theory alone. It is only necessary to compare Blake's designs in any one of his books ("Urizen" will serve admirably) with the canvases of Van Gogh or Matisse to see how thoroughly in accord they are. Everywhere in Blake one finds the "powerful distortions" and the "childish symbolism" which Professor Mather designates as the characteristics of the new art.

Perhaps some Post-Impressionist, Cubist, or Futurist will give us a logical interpretation of the "Prophetic Books"?

HENRY A. BURD.

Hiram College, May 23.

JEFFERSON ON THE BOOK TAX.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The following extract from the Minutes of the Board of Trustees of the University of Georgia may be of some interest, as showing the length of the lane which finally gives some faint hope of turning:

November 13th, 1821.

The committee to whom was referred the letter of Mr. Thomas Jefferson, dated at

Monticello the 28th of Sept., 1821, on the subject of existing duties on imported books, report, That your committee entirely coincide in opinion with Mr. Jefferson. That although our own manufacturers ought to be encouraged, the paramount interest of science demands that every facility should be afforded to the obtainment of books which are essential to the student and man of letters, and which are rarely if ever published in our country. The committee recommend the following resolution:

Resolved, That a respectful petition to the congress of the United States be prepared, to be signed by the President in the name and behalf of the Trustees of the University of Georgia, praying a repeal of the duty on imported books; and that an address, to be signed in like manner, be made to the Senators and representatives of Georgia in Congress, soliciting their aid to effectuate the object of said petition, and that a copy of Mr. Jefferson's letter accompany the said address.

W. D. HOOPER.

Athens, Ga., May 31.

Literature

THE NEW CHINA.

The Passing of the Manchus. By Percy Horace Kent, M.A. (Oxon.). With illustrations and maps. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4.20 net.

In attempting to write a general history of the recent upturn in China, the author of this volume has set himself a task without hope of finality. There are, however, compensating advantages; Mr. Kent shows himself to be qualified by temperament and training to discuss a situation not yet fully achieved; he lived through the turmoil at Peking, had access to unpublished documents, and enjoyed a personal acquaintance with the leaders in the struggle; he has written a book which, if not exhaustive, is wholly satisfactory and deserves much higher praise than that implied in the publishers' customary and rather meretricious adjective "timely." It is an effort of solid merit and good breeding, plainly told and entirely free from that "certain condescension" which is apt to pervade the writings of foreigners in other countries besides our own.

Mr. Kent's belief in the inherent soundness of the race which has weathered so many storms, while it does not blind him to the dangerous elements in the present outlook, implies the comforting conviction that the desire of the masses for an honest administration must assert itself in the long run. The people may respond less expeditiously than in other countries to the call of patriotism, but this is largely due to their habit of acknowledging a supreme Government in which they felt no responsibility. Their resistance to change has become a byword with us; but it was not the people who showed a prejudice in the past to unfamiliar institutions, it was the Manchu Government. The nation does not expect much from others; it has been trained for ages in a bitter experience of labor and sorrow—

With close-lipped Patience for its only friend—

Sad Patience, too near neighbor to despair.

It may bungle badly for a time under untried captains, but even here there appears to be material out of which statesmen are made, and with their well-known capacity for organization the people, after enduring confusion for a time, may be trusted to work out their political salvation. "There is," says the author sensibly,

a tendency for the West to be too harsh in its judgments of China. In its impatience to see a settled China ready for much business, it inclines to forget that revolutions must run their normal course. Again, peoples amongst whom representative institutions are part and parcel of life are apt to underestimate the great difficulties of representative government, and an infant deliberative assembly of untried men, unorganized and under no recognized leader, must inevitably prove a rudderless bark on the political sea. It does not follow that the material is bad material, and the closest observers have formed high hopes of many of the men who now occupy the stage. Despite immaturities and even absurdities, something of a spirit of true renascence is abroad. It is certain that great numbers of the leaders realize perfectly well the vastness of the task which lies ahead. They understand the radical differences between the new China, for which they stand, and the Old. They recognize the great gulf fixed between them, and frankly admit that the ideals for which the Republicans have striven are not to be attained short of many years. And, what is more important, they appreciate the fact that the most essential element in the requirements of progress is sound finance, with its handmaiden, properly organized administration.

Mr. Kent also furnishes the materials from which we are able to estimate several elemental factors that more or less condition the future—among them the military utility of their army, the personnel of their politicians, and their comprehension of the task of reconstruction.

The first of these is revealed in his account of the operations about Hankow. This was the only part of the Empire where the fighting can be described as serious or sustained. Many tales of the struggle have already been printed, but none of them is to be compared with the orderly and precise description of the entire campaign here related. It is no reflection upon the bravery of the rebels under General Li to conclude that the honors of these operations rest mainly with the Imperialist army. Had not the other provinces been utterly rebellious, the fighting qualities and leadership of this one army might ultimately have secured the Dynasty upon its throne. It met the best array of the rebels when they were in possession of the resources and strategic positions of the three cities, and in the recapture of everything north of the river it showed itself a fighting machine of a high order. The proof of this lies in its willingness to fight without any compelling conviction in the righteousness of its cause, while the rebels with all their enthusiasm became demoralized and retreated. But these operations, "if they had shown the strong points of the Chinese modern soldier, had also afforded a painful demonstration of his weaker side." The massacre which followed the recapture of Hanyang revealed, as in the similar case of the Japanese at Port Arthur in 1895, the common soldier still "lacking in the moral sense which goes with true humanitarian instincts and the higher forms of civilization. He has learned the mechanical side of his profession, but still has to learn the higher side, which only asks a fair fight and honors a vanquished enemy." Some reflections of this kind were made upon the moral fibre of the Japanese after their assault upon China, but another war proved that they could learn the other lesson of warfare, too. *Pace* the humanitarian, the main point just now is the question, Will the Chinese peasant fight to a finish? There is hope for China if her men of the future will fight for a better cause as resolutely as that one army fought for the decadent Manchus.

In his estimate of the leaders which the crisis has brought forward, Mr. Kent is commendably tolerant. It is clear that they cannot be fairly judged by the standards of an alien civilization, yet there are moral laws as generally recognized in Asia as in America, and it would be idle to deny our right to hold them up to judgment under these. It must be remembered that nearly all the actors in this drama are still alive and that the author has been long associated with many of them; also that the evidence in the case of a living man is never complete. The conduct of Yuan Shi-Kai is submitted to rigid but not unkindly scrutiny. He has been accused of opportunism and of playing false to his liege; but "the East is preeminently the land of opportunism and personal strife," and "he had neither reason nor desire to bolster up the Manchu Dynasty. What he was imbued with was a large and patriotic interest in the future of his country." We cannot stop here to examine the evidence, but his task was not that of a Cavour, and his decision to dethrone the Dynasty to save his country seems to have been an act of patriotism comparable to that of the Italian Minister. In the impeachment of Sheng, whose policy of railway concentration had aroused the strongest hos-

tility, a personal enemy of the future President was disposed of before he could encounter his opposition. He was able and corrupt after the fashion of his old master, Li Hung-Chang; but while the author might easily have depicted his career in severer terms, he is content to say that "the circumstances of his end excited emotions which obscured his faults, while he himself exhibited a composure in misfortune which, as Macaulay wrote of a far greater but scarcely more scrupulous Englishman, 'has half redeemed his fame.'" The episode is told with considerable dramatic force.

As to Sun Yat-Sen's part in the events of 1911, Mr. Kent admits that he was the father of republican aspirations in China, but writes him down as "a theorist, with many of the characteristics of the visionary rather than the cast of mind of the practical politician." Sun's elevation to the post of Provisional President appears to have been a happy accident rather than a result of either his own efforts or those of any party behind him. Another character about whom some mystery hangs is Gen. Chang Chao-Tseng, famous in the early days of the rebellion as the Dictator of Lanchow, a reformer, yet not a republican. When he had, apparently, the Court at Peking in the hollow of his hand and was ready to dictate terms of surrender, his nerve suddenly failed upon hearing of the assassination of his comrade, Wu, and he sought protection rather ignominiously in the foreign concession in Tien-tsin. The rôle of T'ang Shao-Yi as Yuan's emissary in the peace conference of January at Shanghai comes in for no such condemnation here as in Mr. Bland's recent book, for it is an open secret now that T'ang's republican proclivities were known to his chief, and were among the causes that got him his appointment. With his unhappy and costly attempt to negotiate the Belgian loan in March, 1912, while the Provisional Government was committed to deal exclusively with the Six Powers, the author is justly severe; the only explanation for this palpable breach of faith is T'ang's nervous breakdown under a family affliction. In the aggregate it is a very human company we have to deal with in these pages.

These are only a few of the galaxy of men whose political acquaintance must be made by any one who tries to understand the work of reconstruction now developing in China. Mr. Kent's sympathy with them and his appreciation of the extraordinary difficulties in the task before them—coupled, of course, with his intimate acquaintance with their careers—render his book the most important contribution to an understanding of the political situation that has yet appeared. Taken as a whole, one is inclined to conclude that the nation's best hope for the immediate future lies in the quality of its guiding minds. The prospect of reasonable control through legislative action is less bright. With their acute instinct for discussion and criticism, the Chinese will be long in learning to proceed with a legislative programme and to abide by the results of a majority vote. There is no real coöperation as yet between the representatives of the North and South, nor is there a proper understanding in the provinces of the necessity of checks upon provincial interference or of the organization of an Audit Department at Peking if the country is to obtain foreign loans. In their collective capacity the members of the National Advisory Council have wasted time in dangerous intrigues, and thus far little constructive work has been accomplished. "For the most part," we are told, "side issues in preference to great principles have engrossed the members, who have obstructed the executive and denied assistance to the President in his enormously difficult task." Against these distracting elements and the impractical nature of the ideas now afloat must be set the habit of the people accustomed to look to a strong central Government and their willingness to accept a compromise when convinced that the attainment of all their designs is hopeless. It is possible in the growing confusion of conflicting aims that Yuan may be compelled to "undertake a Cromwellian rôle," but in the author's estimation "before this point is reached it is to be expected that the idea of the chief power of the state continuing to lie in effect with Yuan Shi-Kai, as it undoubtedly does at present, will be acquiesced in." It has the appearance of a contradiction in terms—a republic under a Dictator—but there is a great and honorable work of national education to be carried on before China is fit for representative rule. In such work a career is open for every man of patriotism and training, and even the Kwangtung hot-heads must pause before they precipitate another revolution for the sake of a theory in the face of the passive demands made by the needs of the mass of the population.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Combined Maze. By May Sinclair. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The life of a clerk who spent the best part of his young manhood expiating the marriage into which honesty and exuberant youth had betrayed him, might easily have assumed the guise of a dingy tragedy. Miss Sinclair has made of it an heroic idyl of London youth. For not in the stuffy home of his apothecary father, nor in his mahogany pen in the furniture-store counting-house, can she be rightly said to have "found" her hero, but at the exhibition performance of his gymnastic club, where she chose him for his radiant preëminence on the parallel bars—"John Randall Fulleymore Ransome, . . . leader in Section I of the London Polytechnic Gymnasium." This J. R. F. Ransome is an uncommonly likable chap. In spite of the engaging Cockney turns of his speech, he cannot be said to belong exclusively to London:

> In all cities there are many thousand Ransomes, more or less confined in mahogany cages, but John Randall Fulleymore stands for all of them. He is one of those who, in a cold twilight on a Saturday afternoon, stagger from the trampled field, hot-eyed under their wild hair, whose garments are stained from the torn grass and uptrodden earth, with here and there a rent and the white gleam of a shoulder or a thigh; whose vivid, virile odor has a tang of earth in it. He is the image and the type of these forlorn, foredoomed young athletes, these exponents of a city's desperate adolescence, these inarticulate enthusiasts of the earth. He bursts from his pen in the evening at seven or half past, he snatches somewhere a cup of cocoa and a sandwich, and at nine he is seen, half pagan in his "zephyr" and his "shorts," sprinting like mad through the main thoroughfares. In summer some pitch, more or less perfect, waits for him in suburban playing fields; and the River knows him, at Battersea, at Chelsea, at Hammersmith, and at Wandsworth, the River knows him as he is, the indomitable and impassioned worshipper of the body and of the earth.

And as all cities have their young Ransomes, armored in cleanly instincts against the insidious dangers that lie in wait for their youth, so in every city, among the host of workingwomen, appear the two feminine types, opposed and sharply contrasted, of Winny Dymond and Violet Usher—slips of virginal independence "accompanying themselves" in perfect security at all hours of the day and night, and soft Delilahs piercing the masculine heart with their need of protection against the terrors of the crowded streets. On every side we see them multiplied, these three, children for an ancient game, actors predestined to their parts in the world-old drama of sacred and profane love.

No two pieces of fiction could be further apart in their subject-matter than "The Combined Maze" and its immediate predecessor, "The Flaw in the Crystal," this treating of what is most intangible and clusive in human experience, and that concerning itself with the obvious circumstances of everyday middle-class life. They are alike, however, in the proof they offer of their author's advance in artistry, alike in significant simplicity, clearness of design, and in

the magical propriety with which her rhythmic prose reflects an undercurrent of mystic meanings. There are times when this style seems in danger of becoming a curiosity. The pages look like prose, but many of them reveal in the reading something in the nature of a metrical chant.

With its favorite precursor, "The Divine Fire," the newer book has more in common. If we were to venture an observation or two without instituting a detailed comparison, we might remark that in her curiously feminine attitude towards her characters she has not changed at all. She still views them as a fond mother might, yearns over them with an excessive tenderness, watches them with tears in her eyes. This maternal emotionalism, except when her ecstasy takes a whimsical turn, is apt to provoke in the reader a defensive mood of critical reserve. Where she has changed is in a perceptible tightening of her hold upon reality. She has become more discriminating and less fastidious. To instance a single particular: When the genius of "The Divine Fire" was admitted to have dropped his "aitches," it was whispered with bated breath, and we all blushed together. In "The Combined Maze," without resorting to the redistribution of "aitches," she fairly revels in the niceties of middle-class speech, to the delight of the reader's ear and the tickling of his sense of humor.

The Candid Adventurer. By Anna Coleman Ladd. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Mrs. Ladd has come close to killing her hero with kindness, creating him not more a candid than a candied adventurer. Even when allowance is made for the fact that he is a painter, with a considerable talent in music, the demands of a "temperament" will scarcely account for this superabundance of the sweet and the precious. Though he is said to have the pulse to be sorely tempted by sin, the reader will feel that this is an attribute conceded to him by his earthly creator alone. Jerome Leigh has returned from study abroad to set up a studio in Cambridge. He occupies the stable of a place he has inherited, and rents the house to the rich Mrs. Osborne, a young Boston widow, whose excuse for residing in the college town is carefully explained. Thus hero and heroine are separated only by a hedge, and the courtship at once begins. This consists largely of the impulsive, often indiscreet, prattle of Jerome, who, though twenty-seven, is still a spoiled child. His indiscretions shock his Puritan acquaintances—so much the worse for Boston and Cambridge is clearly the author's inference—all except Mrs. Osborne, who recognizes his fineness and sincerity. Voyages to the other side twice separate the two, the second causing a misunderstanding which is only cleared up by the wisdom coming from the mouth of a little child. Mrs. Ladd evidently knows her Rome and Paris well.

POETIC MATERIALISM.

Winds of Doctrine. By George Santayana. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.75 net.

"The present age is a critical one and interesting to live in," writes Mr. Santayana; and in the book under review he gives us, in classic English, his impressions as an interested observer of the scene. His attitude is that of a cool and dispassionate looker-on amid the medley of warm philosophic controversies and intellectual tendencies, both technical and popular, which fill our age. But the fact that he preserves ever a kind of aloofness in his discussion does not imply that he has no theory of his own. His attitude is rather that of the conscious possessor of the truth who, with Puck, delights to note what fools these mortals be. Naturally and characteristically, he is not at all concerned to spread his truth abroad and make converts. Did all men understand the nature of reality as clearly as he, the rich variety of the human spectacle would be lost, and the unconcerned observer cheated of his intellectual enjoyment. Nevertheless, he makes no concealment as to what the true philosophy is, and those who wish may learn. It is, namely, materialistic naturalism, and from this pole star of truth all the winds of doctrine are to be judged.

The book is made up of six essays, entitled respectively: "The Intellectual Temper of Our Age," "Modernism and Christianity," "The Philosophy of M. Henri Bergson," "The Philosophy of Mr. Bertrand Russell," "Shelley; or The Poetic Value of Revolutionary Principles," and "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy." The essay on Bertrand Russell is clear and analytic, sympathetic and just, but also rather scattering—a collection of ruminations on various themes. The essay on Bergson, though less sympathetic, is better done and much more important. Naturally, Bergson stands, in the eyes of our author, as the type of most things that are false in our foolish world. In a series of brilliant pages Bergson's fallacies stand revealed. Notable among these is his identification of a kind of literary psychology with metaphysics, and the resulting attribution of what is true of his own consciousness to the universe at large. This latent subjectivism, according to our author, is at the bottom of most of Bergson's fallacies, and explains the self-deception of the whole Bergsonian school when they flatter themselves that they have avoided the difficulties of idealism. "Matter and mind, for these transcendentalists posing as realists, merge and flow so easily together only because both are images or groups of images in an original mind presupposed but never honestly posited." But it is, of course, Bergson's vitalism and his attack upon the application of materialistic science to life that seems to Santayana particularly mad. "If divination and eloquence—for science is out of the question—were to invoke nothing but a fluid tendency to grow, we should be left with a flat history of phenomena and no means of prediction or even classification. All knowledge would be reduced to gossip, infinitely diffuse, perhaps enlisting our dramatic feelings, but yielding no intellectual mastery of experience, no practical competence, no moral lesson. The world would be a serial novel, to be continued forever, and all men mere novel readers."

In fact, when dealing with the follies of M. Bergson, our author at times loses his usual philosophic calm and allows his cleverness to run away with his pen, as in the following witty and peculiarly unworthy thrust:

> M. Bergson would have us believe that mankind is what nature has set her heart on, and the best she can do, for whose sake she has long been making very special efforts. We are fortunate that at least her darling is all mankind and not merely Israel.

The three essays on "The Intellectual Temper of the Age," "Modernism and Christianity," and "The Genteel Tradition in American Philosophy" are less technical than the others and concern themselves with broad philosophical tendencies rather than with particular doctrines. The Modernist movement is regarded as one of the many anomalies of the times, and the Modernist is shown to be quite out of place, not only within the Catholic Church, but anywhere inside Christianity. For Christianity, in Santayana's opinion, means a certain ancient theory about supernatural intervention, with the practical corollary of fleeing from the world as the first duty of man. "Modernism is, accordingly, an ambiguous and unstable thing. It is the love of all Christianity in those who perceive that it is all a fable. It is the historic attachment to his church of a Catholic who has discovered that he is a pagan." And if Christianity is, indeed, no more than what Santayana thinks it, he is, of course, amply justified in his view of Modernism.

The intellectual temper of our age suits our author about as ill as does the genteel tradition in American philosophy. The latter, in fact, is only a part of the former. The genteel tradition in question is a combination of Calvinism and transcendentalism, and

we Americans have been keeping up the show of believing in both, while in reality we believe in neither. This contradiction between our official philosophy and our actual belief is another example of the many anomalies of the age. Still others that may be mentioned are our enthusiasm over nationality combined with our socialistic and levelling tendencies; the silly freaks of contemporary art; our modern craze for antiquity, and our cultured worship of vitality. "Having no stomach for the ultimate, they (our contemporaries) burrow downwards toward the primitive. But the longing to be primitive is a disease of culture; it is archaism in morals. To be so preoccupied with vitality is a symptom of anæmia." Closely connected with this is the glorification of irrationalism and the philosophical belittling of the intellect:

> Human intelligence is certainly a product, and a late and highly organized product, of evolution; it ought apparently to be as much admired as the eyes of molluscs and the antennæ of ants. And if life is better the more intense and concentrated it is, intelligence would seem to be the best form of life. But the degree of intelligence which this age possesses makes it so very uncomfortable that, in this instance, it asks for something less vital, and sighs for what evolution has left behind. . . .
>
> Anomalies of this sort will never be properly understood until people accustom themselves to a theory to which they have always turned a deaf ear, because, though simple and true, it is materialistic; namely that mind is not the cause of our actions but an effect, collateral with our actions, of bodily growth and organization. It may therefore easily come about that the thoughts of men, tested by the principles that seem to rule their conduct, may be belated, or irrelevant, or premonitory; for the living organism has many strata, on any of which, at a given moment, activities may exist perfect enough to involve consciousness, yet too weak and isolated to control the organs of outer expression; so that (to speak geologically) our practice may be historic, our manners glacial, and our religion palæozoic.

Certainly, there could hardly be a finer example of the modern tendency to "burrow downwards toward the primitive" than is Dr. Santayana's espousal of the materialistic philosophy. Its beautiful simplicity has been admired ever since Thales made the suggestion that not mind but water was the cause of all things. The Lucretian formula resolves us of all mysteries. Thought, aspiration, insight, the minutest variations in the life of the spirit, are, as Dr. Santayana will assure us, "perfectly explicable scientifically." Thus "the movement of consciousness will be self-congruous and sustained when it rests on continuous processes in the same tissues," etc. etc. Doubtless, it would be old-fashioned to intimate that this brilliant book is itself a refutation of the doctrine it teaches. But if all the wit and subtlety which one finds here are really the mere product of "continuous processes" in the brain, one is at least forced to conclude that Dr. Santayana must have very remarkable "tissues." And it might be set down as one of the anomalies of the age that so brilliant a defence of reason against the irrationalism and emotionalism of our contemporaries should itself be fundamentally a glorification, not of the brute, but of the inorganic.

A Keeper of Royal Secrets: Being the Private and Political Life of Madame de Genlis. By Jean Harmand. With a Preface by Emile Faguet. New York: Brentano's. $3.75 net.

In this book of upwards of four hundred pages the life is told of a remarkable woman who was conspicuous in the social, political, and literary life of the stormy years of the last quarter of the eighteenth century. She was one whose name was well known by everybody, by people of all classes; whose talents were recognized by her bitterest enemies, and they were many; whose hand was seen in political intrigues involving persons of the highest rank; whose books were widely read, and whose memoirs, written late in life, fill several volumes and aroused harsh criticism. But this singular person, always before the public of her day, has been forgotten until, as M. Faguet says in the Preface, "Mme. de Genlis has come to be only a name remembered with a smile, inasmuch as it evokes the idea of the most tedious author of a very tedious epoch; and for some the idea of a political *intrigante* of somewhat easy morals, who, in the witty phrase of another woman, 'made precepts of the virtues and practice of the vices.'" M. Harmand's book has for its aim to tell the truth about Mme. de Genlis and in a way to rehabilitate her.

Stéphanie-Félicité du Crest, whom we know as Mme. de Genlis, was born January 26, 1746, and died December 31, 1830. Her father, Pierre-César du Crest, was a member of one of the oldest families of the aristocracy of France. Her mother, a member of the family of Chaussins, was also of the nobility, though of less ancient lineage than the du Crests. Her early life was spent in the country on a family estate, for the du Crest family, though of the high nobility, was too poor to enter the life of Paris and Versailles. In a chapter upon her education the author shows how neglected were she and all other children of her kind. The catechism, a little writing and reading, that is about all. If Mme. de Genlis became one of the best educated women in France it was due solely to her own ambitious and indomitable spirit. As she grew to womanhood she made much use of her musical talent in her social advancement. In 1763 she married the Comte de Genlis, and a little later went to Paris and entered upon her first period of real brilliance. Here she first met Rousseau, whose ideas of life and especially of education had a powerful influence upon her future. Here she met the "Philosophers," most of whom she learned to detest, a feeling that increased with age.

And in Paris began her acquaintance with the family of the Duke of Orleans, which was to become an intimate relationship later, when she was appointed *gouvernante*, or tutor, to the children of the Duke de Chartres, who became Duke of Orleans at the death of his father. She finally supplanted the wife of this Duke in his affections and became his adviser in private and public affairs, so that she was often called by her enemies "the Maintenon of Orleans." Perhaps this did not displease her. In 1777 she withdrew from the circle in the Palais Royal and for the next fifteen years lived in the convent of Bellechasse near by, where she directed the education of the Orleans family. Though apparently in retirement, she was most active in politics and literature, advising the weak Orleans in the stormy years after the meeting of the States-General in 1789, writing essays, novels, educational and philosophical treatises, and realizing the fact that she was a celebrated woman. The chapters that treat of this period of her life are the most interesting of all; they give us an insight into the relations of the Orleans family to the Revolution not to be had in any of the formal histories.

As the time of the Terror approached Mme. de Genlis was obliged to separate from the royal family, much to her and their regret. The Duchess of Orleans also began to protest at last, and demanded her dismissal. Thenceforth for some years Mme. de Genlis wandered about in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, and England, making a poor living by her writings. She returned to Paris after the danger was past, after the Duke of Orleans, the Comte de Genlis, and a multitude of her old friends and enemies had lost their lives on the scaffold, and a new social and political régime had begun. In later years, like Mme. du Deffand, whom she had known in her youth, and Mme. Récamier, a contemporary, she took rooms in a convent in Paris. There she busied herself in writing her memoirs and in rewriting old pamphlets and romances and in meeting her friends. A vivid picture of her old age is given in one of the final chapters:

> Those who were good at gossip, including old Mme. de la Reynière, still in vigorous health and always hostile to Mme. de Genlis, said that she had gone there to end her days in monastic observances, "disappointed with the vanities of the world and

the false hope of celebrity." But if we are to credit Lady Morgan, Mme. de Genlis's room still blossomed strangely with the perfumes of the world. "Her apartment might pass for the oratory of a saint or for the boudoir of a coquette." The English woman thought she was in some region of romance. She mistook, it seems, for a "beautiful bedstead in the Greek style" the commonest of bedsteads in mahogany veneer, and for the "draperies of blue silk" an old bed quilt. But, after all, the beautiful gilded harp, always kept in tune, the alabaster vases, the fresh flowers everywhere, the piano heaped with new music, seemed elegant trifles beside the great crucifix of ivory that Pius VII had asked to see during his forced stay in Paris, and the chaplets and rosaries hanging on the walls, one of which was regarded as a precious relic because a few days before his death Fénelon had held it in his hands as he prayed.

In three chapters that form Part vi of his book, the author discusses, always in clear and interesting fashion, Mme. de Genlis as a moralist, as a dramatist, and as an educationalist. In her writings she is always moralizing, no matter what the subject may be. Her own life was that of her period, and most strangely inconsistent with her views and teachings. "The real Mme. de Genlis," in the opinion of M. Harmand, "stands somewhere between the blameless prodigy of virtue and the unscrupulous adventuress that were depicted by extremists." Several excellent portraits and a complete list of the writings of Mme. de Genlis add to the value of the book, but an index, much to be desired, is wanting.

Notes

Forthcoming books in Macmillan's list include: "A Prisoner in Fairyland," by Algernon Blackwood; "The Heart of Gaspé," by John M. Clarke; "The Country Church," by Charles Otis Gill and Gifford Pinchot; "The Church and the Labor Conflict," by Parley Paul Womer, and "The Influence of Monarchs," by Frederick Adams Woods.

Two books will soon be added by Longmans, Green & Co. to the American Citizen series edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. They are "Organized Democracy, an Introduction to the Study of American Politics," by Frederick A. Cleveland, and "Public Opinion and Popular Government," by A. Lawrence Lowell.

Lippincott brings out this week "The House of Thane," a new novel by Elizabeth Dejeans.

The next issue in the Scott Library (Walter Scott Publishing Co.) will be Newman's "Apologia pro Vitâ Suâ," in two volumes. It will include the controversy in letters with Kingsley.

Henry James Forman will publish in the autumn, with McBride, Nast & Co., "London, an Intimate Picture."

Among the books which Putnams are bringing out this week is "Ellen Key, her Life and her Work, a Critical Study," by Louise Nystrom Hamilton, translated by Anna E. B. Fries.

The following are among the books announced for publication next autumn by the Yale University Press: "Life and Letters of Nathan Smith," edited by Emily A. Smith; "Earth Hunger and Other Essays," by the late William Graham Sumner; "Trade Morals, Their Origin, Growth, and Province," by Edward Page; "The Ethics of Public Service," by Henry Crosby Emery; "Yale Readings in Insurance," edited by the late Lester W. Zartman, revised with additions by William H. Price, and "Lectures," by the Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst.

A selection of the "Poems by William Allingham" has been made by Helen Allingham for Macmillan's Golden Treasury series—an addition that will be welcome to those who have enjoyed the "Adieu to Belashanny" and the other Irish Songs.

The Macmillan Standard Library, a new series of reprints, at fifty cents the volume, will include a large number of the books of this house for which there continues to be a steady demand. Fiction is issued in red cloth binding, non-fiction in navy blue. Of the former we have received "A Kentucky Cardinal," by James Lane Allen; "Kings in Exile," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "A Dark Lantern," by Elizabeth Robins; "Mr. Ingleside," by E. V. Lucas; "The Colonel's Story," by Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, and "Elizabeth and her German Garden."—Miscellaneous: "The Church and the Changing Order," by Shailer Mathews; "How to Keep Hens for Profit," by C. S. Valentine; "How to Help, a Manual of Practical Charity," by Mary Conyngton; "The Building of the Church," by Charles E. Jefferson; "Abraham Lincoln, the Man of the People," by Norman Hapgood, and "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells.

James Sandy Rose, a Frenchman despite his English name, is found dead in his Paris apartment, with a woman's gown in the chamber, which leads to a suspicion of murder; but an unfinished MS. left by the man tells the true story. This forms the substance of Rémy de Gourmont's "Une Nuit au Luxembourg," which has been translated by Arthur Ransome as "A Night in the Luxembourg" and published by John W. Luce & Co. M. Rose, it appears, has been for a night the companion of a strange being who in one of his avatars was Jesus Christ, and who now deigns to talk hours of philosophy and religion with his human comrade while walking in the gardens of the Luxembourg. The outcome of it all is astonishingly simple — an Epicureanism which denounces every moral restraint and seeks the intensest pleasure of the moment. Meanwhile the divine person, who mocks at men's notion of Christianity, is accompanied by three marvellously beautiful nymphs, one of whom falls to the enjoyment of M. Rose. We are left to suppose that it is her robe which is discovered in his apartment, and we may explain her presence, as goddess or very woman, according to our fancy. M. Rose begins his record with these proper words: "I am certainly drunk, yet my lucidity is very great. Drunk with love, drunk with pride, drunk with divinity. . . ." It used to be held that a man drunk with love and pride was under some other sway than that of divinity; but we pass that. The words are a fair enough description of the book. That M. de Gourmont is an accomplished writer no one need be told; that his present dialogue contains many curious bits of imagination and speculation may be supposed; but to take this composite of eroticism and pseudo-mysticism, this belated relic of the most putrid moment of French decadence, as a piece of serious philosophy, as Mr. Ransome takes it, is really grotesque. Mr. Ransome, we must say in justice, has done remarkably well in transferring the tone and gait of the original to his English rendering. He adds an appendix which contains a portentously serious appreciation of M. de Gourmont as poet, critic, and philosopher.

Each new volume of the Highways and Byways series (Macmillan) brings an increase of admiration for the skill and uniformity of style which mark the work of the various authors. The latest volume, "In Somerset," by Edward Hutton, is no exception to the rule. The author has a county filled with both quiet charm and romance. Here is Wells, the very *ocellus* of cathedrals and cathedral towns; here is Bath, in which, more than anywhere else in England, the style and spirit of the eighteenth century seem to linger in visible form; Glastonbury, hoary with tradition; Sedgemoor, in whose swamps and mists was fought the last melancholy battle on English soil; the Quantocks, associated in the minds of all lovers of poetry with Coleridge and the Wordsworths; and a score of other places, such as Exmoor, more or less familiar for some charm of beauty or wildness. Mr. Hutton knows the romantic aspects of the county and makes no sparing use of them. Thus of the Mendips:

> For Mendip holds the secrets of men and civilizations older far than Rome, and, here alone, more enduring. Maesbury Camp, the lonely and forbidding Barrows upon Blackdown, weigh upon one as nothing that Rome has abandoned here is able to do; they seem to speak to one of a life that is so old it is an agony to think of it, and they threaten us with their enormous wisdom: the vast labor which has ended only in a few gigantic heaps of barren earth. For upon the Mendips, as upon no other mountains in the world, perhaps because few are so old as they, man and his efforts fade into nothing; their futility is exposed by the emptiness of space and the passing of time.

This vein is a bit overworked by Mr. Hutton, if truth be told; and he might also have spared his readers the insistence on the fact that he belongs to the pre-Reformation faith. But in general the book is an interesting and veracious account of Somerset. The illustrations are from drawings by Nelly Erichsen, and are admirably adapted to the text.

We have gone far, and some may add fared worse, since the days when "Cavendish on Whist" was the classic and almost the only authority for the scientific card-player. If Bridge produced its thousands, Auction bids fair to outdo it with its tons of thousands of expositors, till the ordinary player who regards the game as a recreation and has acquired his knowledge by the experimental method, faced with this mass of literature, is fain to marvel at his own brilliance in being able to play at all. The various treatises on the game do not as a rule differ materially one from another either in the methods advocated or in the

manner of arrangement. Auction is becoming standardized, and soon there will be little left to say about it. E. V. Shepard, in "Scientific Auction Bridge" (Harper), strikes out a new line in assuming on the part of some of his readers ignorance of either Whist or Bridge, and his arrangement of chapters in sub-headings of Chief Essentials and Details makes for clarity. Another feature of the book is that its recommendations are based on "mathematical probabilities."

This statement, by a natural process of thought, brings us to Milton C. Work's "Auction Bridge of To-day" (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Work, since the publication of this book, has distinguished himself by inventing a series of conventions to be applied to the Spade declaration that are calculated to make of Auction not only a "mathematical probability," but a positive certainty. We have not space to enter into a detailed consideration of Mr. Work's proposals, which have set the whole Auction world agog, but briefly his system implies a code of conventions in the Spade declaration which would inform the partner as clearly as would a prearranged signal concerning the nature of the declarer's hand. The objections to such conventions are obvious, and, we think, insuperable. For the ordinary player their observance would demand a printed record to refresh his memory, and Auction would be choked, as Whist was before it, by the piling up of purely arbitrary conventions. In Mr. Work's book we find only the germ of this later development in what he has to say about the "three-spade bid." For the rest "Auction of To-day" is to be commended as a clear and logical exposition of the principles of the game.

Florence Irwin's "The Development of Auction Bridge under the New Count" (Putnam), a considerable portion of which has appeared in separate articles in the New York *Times*, makes no radical departure from established precedent, although there are certain conclusions to which some experts would take exception. It is intended for the player with at least a rudimentary knowledge of the game, and its distinguishing feature is the number of hands that are reproduced illustrating the various points that the author makes.

The "Lectures on Legal History and Miscellaneous Legal Essays" (Harvard University Press), by James Barr Ames, is undoubtedly the choicest product of American legal scholarship. Dean Ames was a searching and accurate student of legal history. He explored its very sources. It was his practice as a young man, we are told, to take the Year Books to his summer home for careful study and comment. He knew their contents even more thoroughly than those of the current law reports. His intimacy with Glanville, Bracton, and Fleta was as close as with the standard treatises of modern times. And yet, extensive and varied as was his legal learning, he was always its master and not its victim. It was not accumulated merely—it was assimilated. Learned in the law as he was, his great reputation with his students and colleagues, as well as with his readers, rests not so much upon his erudition as upon his genius for discovering the reasons underlying accepted legal rules, and his rare power of generalization from "a wilderness of single instances." His own valuation of these traits is shown in the following extract from an address on "The Vocation of the Law Professor":

If the professor renounces the joy of the arena, and the intellectual and moral glow of triumphant vindication of the right in the actual drama of life, he has the zest of the hunter in the pursuit of legal doctrines to their source; he has the delight, the highest of purely intellectual delights, which comes, when, after many vigils, some generalization, illuminating and simplifying the law, first flashes through his brain.

Most of the material in Mr. Ames's volume has been reprinted from various legal periodicals, although some parts of the lectures on legal history appear now for the first time. Not a few of the essays have attained the rank of legal classics. But every serious student of our law will rejoice in having these widely scattered writings brought together in a single volume, and thus made easily accessible. In this form they ought to be read more widely and to exercise even a greater influence over legal thought than heretofore.

Adelaide Mack writes in a crisp, racy style of "Magnetic Paris" (Bobbs-Merrill), and, with the admirable coöperation of the illustrators, is successful in conveying to the reader something of the peculiar zest that those who love their Paris always associate with the city. The author, with an unaccustomed wisdom for which we are grateful, has realized that excellent descriptions of monuments are to be found in trustworthy guide-books, and confines herself entirely to the human, and therefore the most interesting, side of Paris. It is the gay city that she loves most to describe, the life of the Boulevards, of Montmartre, and of the Quartier. At times perhaps her enthusiasm runs away with her, as when she seems to be looking at the present rather effete bohemianism of the Quartier through the glasses of Du Maurier. Her frankness, too, is sometimes a little self-consciously emancipated, and she has a tendency to argue from the particular to the general. We should, for instance, accept with some reserve her statement that it is "often" the French mother who arranges the first irregular *ménage* for her son in the interests of his general well-being. Nor are French people uniformly quite so suavely dishonest as this writer would have us believe; but we must make allowances for poetic exaggeration and admit frankly that this is about the only thing of which the Parisian *concierge* cannot take advantage. One obvious injustice to the intelligence of the Parisians is when the author tells us that they "revel" in the banalities of the two Montmartre resorts "Heaven" and "Hell." The fact is that if these abominations depended on domestic patronage for their support they would starve. They are kept going principally by foreign tourists, for the most part English and American, who attend them with a vague and quite mistaken notion that they are participating in the naughty night life of Paris. Such passages as we have mentioned, however, are insignificant blemishes in a book that is on the whole bright and entertaining.

During the past year, Prof. Giovanni Luzzi, of the Waldensian Theological Seminary, in Florence, has been giving a series of lectures in various universities and seminaries in this country. These lectures he has now put together, with some additions, and published under the title "The Struggle for Christian Truth in Italy" (Revell). Dr. Luzzi is an ardent Protestant, and his references to the Catholic Church have a ring that reminds one of the Scotch Covenanters; and it is, of course, from this point of view that he writes history. The two short chapters embracing the history of Christianity from the earliest times to the end of the Protestant Reformation naturally have little to tell that is not common knowledge, and were evidently written to make the book formally complete. Two other chapters, moreover, on recent developments of Protestantism in Italy are too detailed to be of much interest to the general reader. On the other hand, chapter iii, The Dramatic History of the Bible in Italy, contains much that will be new and interesting to most American readers, while chapter iv, on the Waldensian Church, "the Israel of the Alps," contains a story of persecution, courage, endurance, and faith that will speak to every human heart, whether American or Italian, Protestant or Catholic. The final chapter, on Modernism, is significant chiefly for the light it throws on the Waldensian attitude towards the new movement. Modernists, it seems, are of two kinds: those whom Dr. Luzzi likes and those whom he likes not. The former are represented by the now famous pamphlet, "Il Programma dei Modernisti," whose views on Higher Criticism and germane subjects are apparently as unacceptable to the Waldensians as to Pius X. This "hypercritical and destructive movement," Dr. Luzzi tells us, has been largely given up and is now "almost forgotten." The proper sort of Modernism is, of course, constituted by those members of the Catholic Church who have retained their evangelical belief and who would reform Rome by remodelling it on the Protestant pattern.

Mason W. Tyler's "Recollections of the Civil War" (Putnam), edited by his son, William S. Tyler, is one of those records of honorable but not notable service which appeal to family or local interest, but which contain little of significance for the historian. The author, a son of William Seymour Tyler, for more than sixty years professor of Greek at Amherst, served in the Union army during the last three years of the war, and participated in a number of important battles from Gettysburg to Petersburg; but his personal share in them was not exceptional, and he does not appear to have undergone any unusual experiences. The story has been developed, however, by use of the "Official Records" and other sources, into a not uninforming general narrative of the war.

Mr. Hubert Howe Bancroft publishes a revised edition of his "New Pacific," a book first issued in 1899 (New York: The Bancroft Co.). The author's equipment for such a task, the description of the vast area now fully thrown open to the advanced races, and the entrance of the United States upon the field, no one will question. He had a long and successful business career in San Francisco, has sojourned for protracted periods in foreign Pacific lands, and found time to collect and systematize in his famous library much

of the history of the subject. His limitations as an historian are well known; he shows a tendency to eccentric and overconfident judgments, and too great vehemence both as regards what he likes and dislikes. The "anti-expansionist" reads his pages with small approval. As to the present issue, the kaleidoscope has turned many times since 1899, and Mr. Bancroft has not caught in his revision all the changes. A book which contains no mention of Yuan Shi-Kai, Sun Yat-Sen, and the Chinese Republic, and which does not record the collapse of Diaz and the anarchy in Mexico, is hardly up to the date 1913. Nevertheless, the book is packed with information, vigorous and honest, and will be found stimulating even when one dissents.

The death at seventy-four is reported of Sir Robert Kennaway Douglas, the well-known writer on Chinese subjects, and for some time professor at King's College, London. He had a chance for first-hand observation while for some years in the Chinese consular service, and later took charge of the Chinese Library in the British Museum, as well as of Oriental printed books and MSS. Among his published works are "The Language and Literature of China" and "Europe and the Far East."

Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate since 1896, died at his home in Kent, England, on Monday. He was born at Headingley, near Leeds, May 30, 1835, the second son of a merchant and magistrate of that borough; his mother was the sister of Joseph Locke, civil engineer and member of Parliament. Both his parents being Roman Catholics, he was sent to Stonyhurst College, and afterwards to St. Mary's College, Oscott. He took his degree at the University of London in 1853, and in 1857 he was called to the Bar of the Inner Temple. But he studied law in deference only to the wishes of his parents, his main interest being in literature. At the age of eighteen he published a poem entitled "Randolph," and he completed his first novel also while a minor. His first acknowledged volume of verse, "The Seasons: A Satire," appeared in 1861. His other productions in verse are: "The Human Tragedy," 1862, republished in an amended form in 1876 and finally revised in 1889; "The Golden Age: A Satire," 1871; "Interludes," 1872; "Rome or Death!" 1873; "Madonna's Child," 1873; "The Tower of Babel," a drama, 1874; "Leszko, the Bastard: A Tale of Polish Grief," 1877; "Savonarola," a tragedy, 1881; "Soliloquies in Song," "At the Gate of the Convent," "Love's Widowhood and Other Poems," "Prince Lucifer," and "English Lyrics," all published between 1881 and 1890. He wrote three novels, "Five Years of It," 1858; "An Artist's Proof," 1864, and "Won by a Head," 1866, as well as "The Poetry of the Period," reprinted from *Temple Bar*, 1870, and "A Vindication of Lord Byron," 1869, in reply to Mrs. Stowe's article, "The True Story of Lord Byron's Life." He was a constant contributor of editorial and other matter to the London *Standard* and also wrote frequently for the *Quarterly Review*. During the sittings of the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican he represented the *Standard* at Rome, and he was a special correspondent of that journal at the headquarters of the King of Prussia in the Franco-German War. His political writings include "Russia Before Europe," 1876; "Tory Horrors," 1876, a reply to Mr. Gladstone's "Bulgarian Horrors," and "England's Policy and Peril," a letter to the Earl of Beaconsfield, 1877. In 1883, in conjunction with W. J. Courthope, he founded the *National Review*, and continued to edit that periodical till the summer of 1893. In 1892 Macmillan & Company issued a collected edition of his poems in six volumes, since which time they have published "Fortunatus the Pessimist," "England's Darling and Other Poems," and a prose work entitled "The Garden That I Love." Among his latest productions were "The Bridling of Pegasus" and his autobiography. For an extended appreciation of Alfred Austin's literary achievement we refer our readers to the issue of the *Nation* for October 19, 1911.

We have to report the death of Giustino L. Ferri, who, after writing over a pseudonym, gained open recognition by his novel, perhaps his best, "La Camminante." He was also a critic of some note.

Science

A History of Nursing: From the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with Special Reference to the Work of the Past Thirty Years. Edited, and in part written, by Lavinia L. Dock, R.N. In four volumes: Vols. III and IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5 net.

These handsome books form the conclusion of a work begun some years ago by M. A. Nutting and L. L. Dock. The first two volumes, with a different secondary title indicative of the period covered, appeared in the latter part of 1907 and were noticed in these columns. Time has brought a marked change in the preparation of the work. Miss Nutting, having taken up the active duties of instruction at Teachers College in New York city, no longer appears as an editor, although she is said to have aided much as an adviser. Miss Dock herself seems to have written several of the chapters—there are ten of them in all—and to have revised with much freedom the material furnished by many contributors for the rest of the history.

As the work stands, we have confessedly only an outline, and in many parts a very slender outline. Large regions of the world are not even mentioned. Africa has six pages, and Russia does not appear in the index, although Finland occupies a dozen pages; possibly a delicate recognition of political distinctions. The whole American continent south of the Rio Grande is also lacking, except for eighteen pages about Cuba and a bare half-page given to Porto Rico. From the point of view of the book there is no nursing in all these vast territories, and consequently no history. The index is arranged mostly by countries and only in part by topics and persons, with many gaps and inconsistencies which make it rather hard to use. There is a brief bibliography of more than a hundred titles in half-a-dozen languages, agreeably free from typographical blunders, and intended to cover only books bearing pretty directly upon the propaganda and history or the general questions of the education of nurses, rather than upon the art of nursing. The text is illuminated by more than fifty portraits of nurses, including many striking personalities, and there are some twenty more pictures showing groups of nurses or illustrating their work in various parts of the world. That the books are well made goes almost without saying.

These pictures suggest, and the text often confirms the impression, that we are here dealing with a history of nurses rather than a history of nursing. The most careful reader, otherwise unfamiliar with the movement, will have difficulty in getting any clear notion of just what the progress in nursing has been. When it comes to understanding what is meant by various outgrowths, such as district nursing, social service, and so on, there is a regrettable absence of precise explanation of what has been done, not to speak of what it is thought desirable to do, which, of course, has not yet become history. We find many generalities, much enthusiasm and devotion, a markedly feminine lack of perspective and proportion, along with strong individualistic tendencies, but feel a striking lack of clear-cut statements of accomplishment and purpose. In a survey of this kind it is, of course, difficult to bring out a comprehensive view of aims and deeds, but the cause (or should we say the Cause?) would be helped by an effort to do this. We expressed a similar regret in noticing the first part of this work, some five years ago. We may be obtuse, but as we read these newer volumes we seem again to meet everywhere a spirit of unrest, a state of fidgets, together with an unwillingness, it surely cannot be incapacity, to recognize that some at least of the opposition to present tendencies in nursing may have a sound sense of conservatism and good judgment, masculine though it be, behind it. Perhaps, after all, we should remember that we are really dealing with one aspect of a universal feministic movement, and that a whole sex breaking away from certain long established limitations is finding itself, or at least thinks it is. If we take this attitude, then all questions as to the relation of nurses and nursing to doctors and medicine, and as to the service needed by the sick in contradistinction to the intelligent aid needed by the general public, may seem to be of secondary importance.

Let us not be misunderstood. We write these things, as we have written before, not in any unfriendly mood, but

with apprehension. The prime purpose of nursing is the care of the sick, and in this work there can be no question that the nurse must be subordinate to the doctor. We may make phrases and talk of coöperation as prettily as we please, but the fact remains that one must lead. The modern nurse is with us, apparently, to stay; she is a most valuable aid; she is, however, a problem of which the solution is not yet at hand, not even in these volumes. As this movement came up there were eager enthusiastic champions among the medical men, but there were also many doctors who felt that a very serious danger was before the profession. These men were not all the short-sighted, hard-hearted, narrow-minded old fogies that Miss Dock and her *consœurs* would have us believe. Early, too, dominant spirits showed themselves, and it was evident that these and their like would be satisfied with nothing short of independent leadership. The movement has gone on and is extending indefinitely. It has made, and always will make, a strong appeal to women as coming closer to them than any other form of public service. Of the male nurse we hear virtually nothing, although he exists. Now, as the "nurse" broadens the field of her endeavor, taking in all forms of supervision of certain parts of private and industrial life, not only is it hard to place the limit, but it also grows more and more evident that her relation to the doctor must become less intimate as she becomes more and more a social worker. Must not the outcome be, either that the nurses will break up into independent groups of workers of which only one or two will remain in close touch with the doctor, or that the whole group will become an independent unit and form a sort of medical guild, taking up a not inconsiderable though subsidiary part of the practice of medicine? We shall then have a condition of things in medicine somewhat analogous to that of earlier times, the overcoming of which has always been regarded as a large step forward, but with this difference: that the distinction of activity will be based on sex. We have no doubt that the men will still be quite able to hold their own; women in medicine having as yet done nothing to justify the contrary opinion; but such a return to old conditions would be a matter of deep regret. A shadow like this seems to move through the pages of this History of Nursing. Were it only a ghost with no substance behind it!

The Yale University Press will publish in the autumn: A "Life of Samuel W. Johnson," formerly professor of chemistry at Yale, the book being made up very largely of Mr. Johnson's correspondence, and edited by Elizabeth A. Osborne; and "The Evolution of Modern Medicine," by Sir William Osler.

None of the smaller animal forms is more universally feared than is the spider, and thus, in spite of its marvellous instincts and interesting habits, it is usually neglected, even by the nature student. For these reasons, the publication of "The Life of the Spider" (Dodd, Mead), an English translation of Fabre's scattered writings on this group, is especially welcome. It is needless to enter into a detailed review of the seventeen essays which have been selected. We find discussed the reputed venomous nature of spiders, and, though the author's general conclusion is that "however immediate in its effects upon the insect entangled in the fatal web, the spider's poison is not serious for us and causes less inconvenience than a gnat-bite," yet he shows ample reasons for fearing certain rare species. The tunnel-building and the habits of the running spiders, the peculiar ballooning habits by which the dispersal of the young of various species is brought about, and, most fully of all, the web-building and the domestic life of our commonest garden spiders, constitute the main subject matter of the collection. The essays have a wealth of interesting observations, and are characterized by the same vivacity and charm which pervade the more strictly entomological writings of this poet-naturalist of France. The translator, Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, has already done a real service to English readers by his excellent renderings of a series of Fabre's insect essays, under the title of "The Life and Love of an Insect." In the book before us, as in the earlier volume, he has been particularly fortunate in preserving much of the charm of the original. His few footnotes, explanatory of technical terms, will be of aid to the general reader, though we must dissent from the statement (p. 74), that the cicada is "an insect akin to the grasshopper." As a preface to the collection there is reprinted the enthusiastic appreciation by Maurice Maeterlinck which, under the caption "The Insect's Homer," appeared two years ago in the *Forum*.

The National Association of Audubon Societies has published in book form a large number of the "Educational Bird Leaflets" which have been issued for several years for use in schools. Seventy-six species of birds are described with forty-six colored plates of great beauty. Eminently useful suggestions are made as to the economic value of many of our birds and the best methods for their preservation. The principal contributors are Mr. William Dutcher, president of the Association, and the well-known author, Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright, whose descriptions are often charming.

In his "Outlines of the History of Psychology" (Macmillan), Prof. Max Dessoir, of the University of Berlin, gives us a sketch of what appears to him to have been the important steps in the development of the science from the earliest times to our day, although he makes no attempt to deal at all adequately with the work of the men of our own generation. The volume will prove to be a useful addition to the library of the psychologist who has no taste or opportunity to study the texts of those writers whose thought has historical significance, rather than vital interest at the present time. The book bears a close relation to the author's "Geschichte der neueren deutschen Psychologie," although it is in no sense an abridgment of that work. The translation is made by Donald Fisher under the authorization of Professor Dessoir.

We greeted a few years ago the appearance of Otto Keller's monumental work, "Die Antike Tierwelt" (Leipzig: Engelmann). The second volume, which has just been issued, exhibits the same commendable qualities as the first. That treated of mammals; this of birds, reptiles, fishes, and insects. The work is of the first importance for both zoölogists and students of the classics. The author gives for every animal its ancient names, its characteristics as described by ancient writers, representations of it in art, and allusions to it in literature. The general reader will, therefore, find much that is highly entertaining. Beasts, like the tortoise, the snake, and the frog, soon take one from zoology to poetry or religion. The illustrations are well selected and reproduced; especially admirable is a color photograph of a famous mosaic at Naples. The book will long remain the standard work on the subject.

"Thick-Lens Optics" (Van Nostrand), by Arthur Latham Baker, is designed to give a working knowledge of such lenses as are used in cameras, microscopes, and telescopes. The author limits himself to a discussion of finding the focal lengths of such lenses, and does not attempt the more intricate problems connected with aberrations. There are so many who desire to have a knowledge of lenses that the book should prove to be useful. The analysis is limited to simple trigonometry, and graphical solutions are much relied on.

Edward L. Bates and Frederick Charlesworth have prepared two textbooks in mathematics for students in technical and trade schools which are published in this country by D. Van Nostrand Co. One of them, "Practical Geometry and Graphics," treats of geometrical methods from Euclidean geometry to Cartesian and descriptive geometry, and the other, "Practical Mathematics," is a consecutive course in algebra, trigonometry, and calculus. These two books remind one of Rankine's "Mechanics" as regards the close and brief analysis, and of their kind they are excellent. A student who worked through them carefully would be in a different class from those who are accustomed to the milk-and-water mathematics so usual in this country.

Lord Avebury, better known as Sir John Lubbock, is dead in London, at the age of seventy-nine. Although an expert in finance, having served on the International Coinage Commission, and introduced banking reforms in England, he won greater fame in science, in which field he wrote many books. In 1865 he published "Prehistoric Times, as Illustrated by Ancient Remains and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages," which went through several editions. This was followed by "The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man," and by "Marriage, Totemism, and Religion." He also wrote special treatises on plants and insects. His most popular works deal with humanistic topics, such as "The Pleasures of Life," of which some 259,000 were sold. Other books

relate to economics and coins. Lord Avebury was a member of several foreign societies and had been honored by British and Continental universities.

Frederick Albion Ober, an authority on birds and a founder of the Explorers' Club, died Saturday night at his home in Hackensack, N. J. He was born in Beverley, Mass., in 1849, and was educated in the public schools and through private study. From 1872 to 1874 he hunted birds in Florida and explored the Lake Okeechobee region, and in 1876-1878, 1880, he made an ornithological investigation of the Lesser Antilles, discovering twenty-two new species of birds and adding many types to collections in the Smithsonian Institution. Two of the new species were named after him. In 1881, 1883, and 1885 he travelled in Mexico, and later in Spain, Africa, South America, and again in the West Indies, whither he went as commissioner for the Chicago Exposition, 1891-92.

Mr. Ober was the author of forty books on historical topics and natural history. Among them are: "Camps in the Caribbees," "Travels in Mexico," "Young Folks' History of Mexico," "Montezuma's Gold Mines," "Everglades," etc. (six volumes), "In the Wake of Columbus," "Josephine, Empress of the French," "Under the Cuban Flag," "My Spanish Sweetheart," "Crusoe's Island," "Porto Rico and Its Resources," "A Brief History of Spain," "History of Mexico, Central America, and Cuba," "In King Philip's War," and "The Heroes of American History Series" (twelve volumes).

Drama and Music

Towards a New Theatre. By Edward Gordon Craig. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $6 net.

The forty highly original and imaginative designs in this beautifully printed volume, and the critical and explanatory notes attached to them, are proof positive of the author's lofty aspirations and artistic instinct; but they are often so fantastic in their symbolism as to raise grave doubts of their practical applicability—or even desirability—in the theatre. Most students of the modern stage will sympathize heartily with what he has to say, especially in his "afterword"—which is among the clearest and most logical of his utterances—about the narrowness, the vulgarity, and the frequently entire untruthfulness of the so-called realistic drama, and concerning the many offences against the most vital principles of dramatic art, committed in the name of spectacle. But they will also see very clearly that many of his theories, if carried to their full development, would be likely to prove just as fatal to the prime artistic object of the theatre, which is the competent acting of worthy plays.

Mr. Craig has no general grasp of the subject to which he has devoted so much time and labor. In his zeal for the pictorial—for the creation of backgrounds reflective of the majesty of nature and in harmony with the inspired vision of the poet—he is apt to disregard the legitimate function and position of the actor, although he speaks much of the importance of speech and action. In several of his most striking and colossal conceptions—it is only reasonable to suppose that his sketches are drawn more or less accurately to scale—the players are made to appear as formless and insignificant pygmies, whose facial expression, voice, and gesture would inevitably be futile amid such vast surroundings. True, he admits that his designs are tentative, and frequently expresses his contempt for the theatre that is confined by the limits of roof and walls, lamenting the bygone days of the classic Greek drama beneath the wide canopy of heaven, and of the old religious mysteries enacted in towering cathedral aisles, but these vain regrets—in which the exigencies of climate and the march of the ages are conveniently forgotten—contribute nothing of practical value towards the construction of the new theatre of which he dreams. Nor does he himself appear to have any definite notion of what his own ideal institution is or ought to be. It is to be infinitely beautiful, noble, inspiring, veracious, and artistic, fully representative of all that is best in national characteristics and aspirations, but of the steps by which this end is to be achieved he tells virtually nothing. His is a counsel of perfection without directions.

His designs for the environment of certain incidents in "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" are uncommonly impressive in their simplicity, their spaciousness, and their suggestion of the tragic, the terrible, or the mysterious. But it should be noted that they are poetic conceptions for which there is little warranty in the text. They are imposing tableaux, of much decorative value, but illustrate the sentiment of a particular moment rather than the spirit of a continuous scene. It may be granted that in the greatest poetic drama, or in allegory, scenery of a purely fantastic symbolism may be employed to advantage—it is even conceivable that the arrangement of rectangular screens which Mr. Craig uses in the closing act of "Hamlet" may, with their cunning use of light and shade, create a notably artistic effect, but, as a general rule, where scenery is introduced at all, it should resemble, however distantly, what it is intended to represent. It may be impossible, as Mr. Craig says, to reproduce Nature—although he seems to think it may be easily improved upon—but it is not so difficult to give a plausible imitation. He is often further away from the truth than the realists themselves.

But visionary as many of his ideas are—a fact of which he sometimes appears to be dimly aware—they often start from a foundation of fact and common-sense. Much of the present-day realism upon the stage, whether this term be applied to the crude mimicry of everyday excesses, or vulgarities, or the more elaborate and costly accumulation of spectacular details, is wholly pernicious and abominable, antagonistic alike to art and truth. If he does nothing else, he points out where the English-speaking theatre is behind the rest of the world in dramatic knowledge and enterprise, shows how remarkable and genuinely artistic effects may be created with moderate expenditure, and discourses with authority on the latest developments in machinery and lighting. His enthusiasm and boundless self-confidence give spice to his essays, but do not encourage much confidence in his capacity for solid achievement. The test of this will come when his long projected school gets finally into operation. If he be prudent he will devote his earliest and best energies to the systematic and thorough training of actors. Without them all his ambitious plans will come to nought.

This month the De la More Press will have ready Mrs. Stopes's "The Burbages, Founders of Shakespeare's Stage."

"Julius Cæsar" is the latest addition to the New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare (Lippincott). This volume, like the "Richard III," was prepared by Horace Howard Furness, jr., who is carrying on the work of his father, and, naturally, on the same lines. It is perhaps needless to say that in assuming the completion of this enterprise he has the good wishes of numberless students of Shakespeare. It will be a source of gratification to all who cherish the traditions of scholarship in this country that the name of Furness should continue to be honorably linked with that of the great poet. In the main, the present volume does not fall below the level of its predecessors. We note, however, one important omission in the evidence concerning the date of composition of the play—namely, the entry dated September 21, 1599, in the diary of the Swiss physician, Thomas Platter, which seems to confirm the view that "Julius Cæsar" was already in existence, in some form or other, before 1600. The thatch-roofed theatre on the other side of the Thames, spoken of in the diary, must have been the Globe, which had been opened for performances the preceding summer, and there can be no reasonable doubt that the "Julius Cæsar" which Platter saw was Shakespeare's play. The text of the entry in question was published in *Anglia* by Professor Binz so long ago as 1899. A variorum edition should also include some record of the correspondence with regard to the relations of this drama to Posecti's "Cesare" (1594), which will be found in the issues of this journal for June 2 and 9, 1910. We would still further suggest to Mr. Furness that the "Shakespeare-Grammatik" of W. Franz is a much more comprehensive and scientific guide in gram-

matical matters than E. A. Abbott's treatise, which, though it contains valuable material, is in many respects antiquated.

As regards the appendix embodying criticisms of the play—and the same thing is true of the selections from the discussions of the characters scattered throughout the edition—it seems to us that this part of the work might easily be freshened up. For instance, Brandes stands indisputably in the very front rank of the interpreters of Shakespeare, yet he is scarcely represented at all in Mr. Furness's critical apparatus. Other names, like that of Wolff among contemporary German critics, also suggest themselves. These writers are certainly more stimulating than Snider or Stapfer, not to mention some more recent ones that are drawn on by the editor. We make these remarks, not simply with reference to the present volume, but with reference to future volumes which Mr. Furness may have in preparation. As a last item of criticism, we must express our surprise at the editor's English. Take, for example, the following sentence: "It is, I think, well-nigh impossible to assign the date within limits closer than these two years, 1599 to 1601, and therefore accept that period as its time of composition." The reader is left guessing as to whether "accept" here is an imperative addressed to the public or whether some other syntactical relation is to be assigned to it in the sentence. Very irritating is the abuse of "wherein" for "in which." In the preface, within the space of a single page, we have noted five examples of this substitution, which seems habitual with the writer. It would be easy to point out other apparent Teutonisms in the author's style.

A valuable feature of the volume is the reprint of "The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar," which was written by Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, probably in 1604 or 1606. It is in large measure, to be sure, a translation of a French play by Jules Grévin. Besides this reprint, we have the usual appendices of the series dealing with the date of composition, sources, stage-history, etc. In connection with the discussion of source, the editor reproduces from North's Plutarch the passages on which Shakespeare based his play. An index concludes the volume.

The text of the Chinese play, "Turandot," which has reached this country, is a sufficient explanation of the speedy collapse of that costly experiment in London. It is difficult to imagine what reason any experienced manager could have had for supposing that such nonsensical stuff could amuse or interest an adult audience. The story is thin, stale, and transparent—altogether devoid of any dramatic suspense or thrill—while the dialogue, at its best, is exceedingly feeble and in its professedly comic passages absolutely deplorable. The presumption is that Sir George Alexander depended upon the splendor of the spectacle to make amends for all other deficiencies. The result proved how egregiously he was mistaken.

Concerning the recent revival of "Othello" in Drury Lane Theatre, London, by Forbes-Robertson, the London *Times* says:

A good, straightforward performance of "Othello," and none the worse, perhaps, for being just a little old-fashioned. The actors were evidently of opinion that their business was to set forth a story plainly, and to say what they had to say distinctly, and there was none of your new-fangled nonsense about "atmosphere," either Venetian or Cypriote, or about doing the thing in the Elizabethan way.

During Sir George Alexander's provincial tour, which begins in September, the St. James's Theatre, London, has been let by him to Granville Barker and Lillah McCarthy.

A prominent English critic speaks favorably of "The Whispering Well," a morality play produced by Miss Horniman in London. He finds no valid objection in the fact that the theme is trite, as well as the scenery and acting. "Here is a perfectly simple, entirely unpretentious Morality, with qualities of picturesqueness and honest force about it that make it, in its fashion, moving and, in its fashion, improving." Evidently the reaction against the new manner of producing plays is growing.

Mme. Schumann-Heink is still the greatest contralto on the stage. Cleofonte Campanini evidently thinks so, too, for one of his first acts on becoming director of the Chicago Grand Opera Company was to engage her for next season.

The London Philharmonic would have had no deficit at all this season had it not been necessary to increase the orchestra for nearly every concert to above 110 players. When the present rates of subscription were fixed, an orchestra of 75 to 85 players satisfied the requirements of composers and audiences alike. The Society's report refers to the election of Safonoff and Mengelberg as honorary members; also to the bestowal of the Society's medal on Mme. Tetrazzini and Harold Bauer. Invitations have been issued to English composers not yet represented on Philharmonic programmes to submit MSS. for approval.

The memorial concert given in Albert Hall, London, to aid the widow of the late colored composer, Coleridge-Taylor, netted $5,000. While this was regarded as a gratifying result, it is obviously not sufficient to support the family, and a movement has therefore been set on foot to obtain a Civil List pension.

Art

DAVID AND HIS PUPILS.

PARIS, May 24.

The exhibition of the work of David and his pupils, given by the city of Paris in the Petit Palais des Beaux-Arts, is so interesting that the wonder is the public has had to wait for it so long. The interest is no doubt in large measure historical, but then the history involved is of artistic as well as political value. The huge frigid pictures, the self-conscious classical exercises, the big official portraits of the heroes and heroines of the Republic and the Empire, that came out of the studios of David and Drouais and Gros and Girodet and Gérard and Ingres and contemporary painters of secondary note, may have none of the glamour, none of the power to thrill, of the world's great masterpieces, but they represent an important stage in the development of art in France, and therefore of the world. It is also true that the leaders of the school, being masters themselves, sometimes managed to forget their creed and conventions and to betray in their less ambitious canvases some of the emotion, some of the intense personality they were at such pains to sacrifice to their cold and correct ideals.

Naturally, most space has been devoted to David, the master of all, the man strong enough to impose his conventions not only upon French artists, but upon France. There was already a good opportunity to study him and his methods at the Louvre, and this opportunity is now made complete by the collection got together in the Petit Palais. To look at his classical subjects, at his Apollo and Diana, his Paris and Helen, at his Seneca, his Belisarius, his Socrates, his Leonidas, at the stately, dignified, formal, tedious compositions he built up from motives he had searched his mythology and ancient history for, to look even at a painting like the famous Marat in the bath, the portrait of a man he loved as well as admired, and a work considered by many critics to be strikingly modern in feeling—to look at these is to wonder how the idea of rebellion, of revolution, could ever have been associated with David's art, whatever morally or politically may have been his principles.

Yet David was, in his way—or thought he was—no less a rebel, a revolutionary, a seceder, as these things go, than the Cubists and Futurists in theirs. In his teaching and in his practice, he was protesting against what he believed to be the insincerities, the artificial extravagances, of the eighteenth-century painters, of Watteau and Greuze and Boucher and Fragonard. He had no sympathy with their sham shepherds and shepherdesses, their atmosphere of the boudoir and the court, their ignoring of life as it is. When he painted the gods and the warriors and the philosophers of a past of which he could not possibly know more than the painters he condemned had known of the real shepherding of their day, when he manufactured those huge, correct, and colorless classical groups that eventually won for him and his followers their name of *Pompiers*, he was under the impression that he was returning to Nature. It seems almost incredible that he could have deluded himself into believing there was the least touch of nature in his work, even though he did paint from the nude. Certainly, nobody can believe it nowadays, and there might be more difficulty in feeling as much as a shadow of interest in those performances, representative though they are of a

phase, a movement, were it not that he also painted many eminent people of his time, and that he occasionally came down from his high classical stilts and gave himself up to the free pleasure which he evidently felt in painting his more insignificant sitters.

As I have said, the Marat in the Bath is in the collection, as well as the two copies of it by two of David's pupils, a valuable historical record, if little more. There are besides portraits of a number of his other famous or notorious contemporaries: Sieyès, Madame Tallien, Junot, Ministers, Deputies, generals. But almost the only one of this series that appeals by something more than the name and fame of the sitter is the beautiful Napoleon as First Consul, in which only the head is finished—the painting that was to represent Napoleon after the battle of Castiglione, and that David began in the excitement of his discovery of a modern hero who would have been worthy of a niche in the temple of antiquity. It is a noble head, modelled with much sympathy, and we may rejoice that the work remained as it is, for the qualities we now admire in it might have been lost had David carried it to the excess of finish to be deplored in many of the surrounding canvases. The portraits that left with me a deeper impression than the pompous official series were apparently of no great importance, as far as the subject is concerned, for the names of the sitters have not been recorded. There are two, small and unassuming, of boys which are quite charming, one in the treatment of the yellows and grays of the color scheme, the other in the painting of the flesh and the white collar and ruffles, both showing what David's achievement might have been had he gone as directly to Nature as he fancied he did. One or two portraits of himself have the character he more often subordinated to theory and the atmosphere he rarely troubled to suggest.

To make light of David and his accomplishment would be absurd. He was learned and scholarly as a painter, his drawing was beyond reproach, he was serious, filled with the respect due to his art; also, an artist who could impress himself upon his pupils and followers, whose influence could carry everything before it, is a power to be reckoned with. But this cannot blind us to the fact that few artists have wandered so far astray from Nature in their determination to return to it. He was as artificial (if more virile in his affectations) as the men against whose art his was a protest, and he had neither their grace nor their undeniable charm. His pompous and theatrical Greece and Rome were a sad exchange for the Island of Cytherea, his solemn posing nudes poor substitutes for gay shepherds and shepherdesses, masquerading in silks and laces, powders and patches.

What is true of David is true of the others of the group. You pass from room to room, absorbed wholly in the subjects of the paintings or their associations—here, Gérard's large portrait group of Queen Caroline and her children, his Madame Récamier, his Madame Mère, or Girodet's Murat, or Franque's Marie Louise and the King of Rome; and there perhaps the Eleazar of Gros, memorable simply because he painted it at the age of seventeen for the Prix de Rome competition, and because it gave no sign of the hot rebellious days to come, when he was to paint those "sujets inutiles et tableaux de circonstances," as they seemed to David, by whom he, really the first of the Romanticists, was frightened back again into pseudo-classicism.

There is no question that the exhibition serves as a chronicle in paint of one of the most dramatic periods France has ever passed through, and one of the strangest phases in French art—one of the most fruitful phases, possibly because of all that came out of the revolt it could not fail to bring about in its turn. Nothing could explain the movement of 1830 more eloquently than this collection of David and his pupils. But from the midst of the frigid formalities of classicism and official portraiture, a small painting now and again asserts itself as a painting, and draws the eye away from the big canvases that at first kept it modestly in the background. Murat, for all the heroic proportions Gros lavished upon him in compliment to his royal estate, is passed by cheerfully for the little portrait of M. Jacques Amalric, the painter's nephew, unpretentious in size, but full of a vivacity that has disappeared in the elaboration of the big canvas, full of simple beauty in the harmony of color, the arrangement of blue upon blue, that regal gorgeousness could not condescend to. The Odalisque and the Reading of the Æneid by Ingres may be passed as readily for his sympathetic portrait of Madame Ingres, with its delicate scheme of grays, its subtle rendering of textures, in its atmosphere enveloping the figure. In the work done by the men of David's school, when they were not making public proclamation of their artistic faith, you get the measure of their greatness and learn how much of their real selves they suppressed in their loyalty to the creed they had accepted without reserve.

It is a delight to see again a long series of drawings by Ingres, those amazing portraits which he never surpassed—a delight to find the notes and memoranda of David and Girodet and Gérard. The least distinguished members of the school could in black-and-white make some excuse for their existence and survival. Miniatures, too, have a place, most notably a number by Isabey (the father), a wonderful gallery of portraits of the Bonaparte family. Altogether, there is no exhibition in Paris just now so worth a visit from all who are interested in the history of France and of French art.

N. N.

"The Life and Letters of Frederic Shields, 1833-1911" (Longmans), by Ernestine Mills, is, perhaps, more interesting on the biographical than on the artistic side. Shields as a painter had rather more than the usual defects of the "sensitives" of his period. As a man, he presents much that is admirable. Born of humble parents, by an early heroic struggle, involving inordinate drudgery and the habit of semi-starvation, he succeeded at the cost of his health. He soon was able to sell those charming water colors of country life which are still, perhaps, his best work, but he incurred a nervous instability to which noise was torture. Probably no day of his manhood passed without acute suffering. It seems, also, as if his soul were as badly treated as his body. Bred in a narrow faith, his letters to a younger brother, and, later, to the girl model whom he did the grotesque injustice of making his wife, are models of priggish pietism. That there was a larger and sweeter side to the man is shown in his friendships. He was one of the few to whom Rossetti clung to the end. Shields himself, tortured by insomnia, had skirted the gulf of that temptation from which Rossetti never emerged. From such a life as Shields's no coherent product is to be expected. He holds his place by a charm which was largely that of the neo-mediævalism of his time, and by occasional flashes of larger inventiveness. It was his elaborate drawing of Bunyan's Vanity Fair that in 1861 attracted Ruskin. Two years later came the powerful designs for Defoe's "The Plague in London." Happily, these remarkable drawings were photographed from the blocks before unskilful woodcutting destroyed them. In the Vanity Fair Shields showed himself a sort of Calvinistic Frith. In the Plague designs all smallness had departed in favor of sinister concentration and simplicity. His way as a creative illustrator seemed clear, but at this point he was caught by the neo-romanticism of Brown, Rossetti, and Morris. He became an accomplished designer for stained glass; at the end of his life he did for a generous patron the entire mural decoration of the Chapel of the Ascension at Bayswater. It cannot be said that he utterly failed in this his greatest undertaking, and yet it would be idle to assert that his will rank with the best decorations of modern times. As with most British artists of the day, especially the religiously inclined, his grasp on the rationale of mural decoration was slight. He wished it to be more elaborately charming in line and more winning through facial expression than good wall painting ever is. His great religious subjects are painfully built up, artificial, and restless by virtue of emotions only half-visualized. The elevated character of the man, and his close relation to the Rossetti circle, will doubtless attract sympathetic readers to this tactfully compiled and fully illustrated memoir.

Finance

TWO EVENTS.

During the week just past, two events have occurred with a bearing, more or less direct, on the financial situation. One was last Friday's formal signing of the peace agreement between the Balkan allies and Turkey; an event which had long been looked forward to, in the financial markets, as essential to the return of better times in European finance. The other was the confession of insolvency, a few days before, by an important American railway company, the St. Louis & San Francisco. The Stock Exchange greeted the news of the peace arrangement with something like apathy. It received the news from the so-called "'Frisco system" with more or less agitation, but, except for a sharp decline in that railway's securities and in other low-priced shares, with no extensive change of values.

The first comment of Europe's markets, on the official termination of the Balkan War, was that it came too late to relieve the financial situation of its accumulated burden. The strain of uncertainty and of lack of confidence had been long-continued. Borrowing Governments and corporations, which had withheld their requisitions from the money markets during the period of actual war, had at length been compelled to present their demands. Only a cautious and partial response had been obtained from the investing public; some of the loans had been described as failures, and the feeling of uncertainty had been accentuated.

The recovery, so often predicted as an immediate consequence of the settlement of peace, did not therefore come. That the good effects of this formal ending of the war will be experienced later is still the general judgment of financial Europe. One great obstacle to return of confidence is, at any rate, removed. The immediate sequel in the markets must depend, however, on other things.

Sometimes the actual removal of a cause to which all the financial ills of the day have been popularly ascribed, serves only to prove that other and larger influences have been at work, and that the imagined single cause has really been only an incident. That was so after England and the Transvaal concluded peace in the middle of 1902. It then became speedily evident that the trouble with Europe's markets had been an overdone financial "boom" and an excessive strain on credit; that the only remedy was a prolonged period of reaction, liquidation, and gradual recuperation. London, Paris, and Berlin, instead of responding with enthusiastic financial recovery to the news that the Boer War was definitely over, greeted the announcement with a heavy decline in prices. Yet, on the other hand, the definite conclusion of peace between Japan and Russia in 1905, and between the United States and Spain in 1898, was followed, after brief hesitation, by world-wide recovery in the financial markets.

The question will be tested in an exceedingly interesting way by the events of the next few weeks. The St. Louis & San Francisco receivership touched other problems; first, because it happened in America; next, because it seemed like confirmation of the misgivings long prevalent as to the general financial situation. When that announcement came, interest naturally converged on two questions. One is, what the week's developments meant to the future of the 'Frisco property; the other, how far, if at all, they bore on the situation of other railways.

Receiverships do not necessarily mean prolonged adversity and hardship. Railways such as the Seaboard Air Line, the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton, and the Chicago & Great Western have within the past five years emerged from the hands of receivers greatly strengthened by their enforced financial readjustment; none of them having remained in receivers' hands much longer than twelve months. As for the 'Frisco: in 1900, when the present management came into power, it was a system of 1,401 miles; to-day it is a system of 7,500 miles. In 1901 net income amounted to $4,439,000 and fixed charges to $2,629,000, showing the "margin of safety" (that is, the proportion of net income remaining after payment of fixed charges) to be 40 per cent. But in 1912, net income amounted to $12,992,000 and fixed charges to $12,654,000, showing the "margin of safety" to be only 1 per cent. The comparison with former years shows what the real capacity of the 'Frisco is. It was a case of ill-advised ambitions and of rash and unfortunate experiments with capital.

If, next, one looks at the railway position generally, another set of comparisons is in point. Of the Atchison's present capitalization, 54 per cent. is in bonds bearing fixed charges; the ratio in the case of St. Louis Southwestern, Kansas & Texas, Burlington & Quincy, and Rock Island—roads traversing the same district as the 'Frisco—ranges from 51 to 66 per cent., in the order named; even the Missouri Pacific's ratio works out at 73 per cent. But the 'Frisco's bonded debt makes up 85 per cent. of its total capitalization. This bears pertinently on the question, whether or not other roads are necessarily in the same condition.

Before the 'Frisco's old position can be reëstablished, however, subsidiary companies which have been operated at a loss must obviously be reorganized, and unprofitable leases and guarantees must be cancelled. After that has been done, then 'Frisco's own fixed charges will presumably be scaled to a point consistent with the road's net income. That could be done through substituting new preferred stock or income bonds, for instance, in place of outstanding mortgage bonds.

That 'Frisco can again be made a paying property is fairly evident. In 1903, after paying 4 per cent. dividends on both classes of preferred stock, the final surplus remained at $634,000; in 1902, it was $1,472,000; in 1901, $1,997,000.

A sound way of preventing the hardships attendant on a great disturbance of prices, would be a boon to mankind. It is tantalizing that, with all the resources of modern society and all the conquests of the modern intellect, we should still have nothing more scientific as the basis of the colossal pecuniary transactions of the present time than the value of a fixed weight of a given medal. One proposal of a more scientific standard has been familiar to economists for the better part of a century; and it has recently, in a modified form, been raised to renewed prominence by Prof. Irving Fisher, of Yale, who has devoted to his scheme of "a compensated dollar" a number of extremely able papers. In a word, the multiple standard, of which Professor Fisher's scheme is a modification, takes for the fundamental unit of payment not a certain definite coin, but so much of that coin as may be required to purchase specified amounts of certain designated basic commodities; so that when the average price in coin of these commodities increases, the amount of coin necessary to the fulfilment of a given money contract increases correspondingly; and likewise in the reverse case. Professor Fisher's modification consists essentially in altering the amount of gold that is represented by the dollar, so as to correspond to these price changes, and thus counteract them; to have a dollar variable as to gold, but approximately stable as to its purchasing power.

The plan is discussed in a masterly way by Professor Taussig in the May number of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*. With the precision of a surgeon at the dissecting table, he lays bare every part. As for an international agreement, he points out why this is virtually out of the question, and why, even if "by some unexpected stroke" it were procured, it would rest upon the frailest basis. "Any war would put an end to it. Any stage of depression in an important country would render it in the highest degree irksome, would lead to its revocation by some one country, and then would cause the whole structure to topple over." As for its adoption by one country alone—say, the United States—the case is, if anything, even worse. The idea that, once adopted, it would be free from the agitations of politics, is visionary. When any great class or any great section suffered through a Congress-made arrangement, there would arise an imperious demand for a change. "Can we imagine a Congressman telling his constituents that they need only wait a while, until all

money incomes and all prices had adjusted themselves to the new conditions?"

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbot, W. J. Notable Women in History. Phila.: Winston Co. $2.40.
Abercrombie, Lascelles. Deborah: A Play in Three Acts. Lane. 75 cents net.
Allen, Daphne. A Child's Visions (Drawings). Dutton. $2 net.
American Business Encyclopædia and Legal Adviser. 5 vols. Boston: J. B. Millet Co.
Arber, Agnes (Mrs. E. A. N.). Herbals. Putnam. $3.25 net.
Arkwright, William. Knowledge and Life. Lane. $1.25 net.
Book of Chilam Balam of Chumayel. Intro. by G. B. Gordon. University of Pennsylvania Anthropological Publications. Vol. V.
Burke, M. C. Flowers of Fancy. (Poems.) Boston: Badger.
Butler, Samuel. Note-Books. Selections, edited by H. F. Jones. Kennerley. $2 net.
Cooke, A. O. The Forest of Dean. Dutton. $2.75 net.
Costello, F. H. Morgan's Youngest Rifleman. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25 net.
Coudert, F. R. Certainty and Justice. D Appleton. $1.50 net.
Crace, J. D. The Art of Colour Decoration. Scribner.
Ekken Kaibara. The Way of Contentment. Translated from the Japanese (Wisdom of the East Series). Dutton. 70 cents net.
Hardy, B. C. Arbella Stuart: A Biography. Dutton. $4 net.
Heath, Carl. On Punishment. London: Bell.
Hewes, L. I. Repair and Maintenance of Highways. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Hill, Roland. Christopher Columbus: An Historic Drama. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co.
Hine, Muriel. April Panhasard. Lane. $1.35 net.
Jastrow, Morris, Jr. Die Religion Babyloniens und Assyriens. 20. und 21. Lieferung. Giessen: Alfred Töpelmann.
Jevons, F. B. Personality. Putnam. $1 net.
Jordan, B. Q. Poems. Boston: Badger.
Kemp, Harry. Judas. Kennerley. $1.50 net.
King, W. H. Medical Union Number Six. New edition. Phila.: Boericke & Tafel. 50 cents.
Lecklider, J. T. Poems. Boston: Badger.
Leith, W. C. Sirenica. Lane. $1 net.
Lightwood, J. T. Charles Dickens and Music. London: C. H. Kelly.
McCormick, Frederick. The Flowery Republic. D. Appleton. $2.50 net.
MacCunn, John. The Political Philosophy of Burke. Longmans. $1.40 net.
MacGrath, Harold. Parrot & Co. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill. $1.30 net.
Maxon, W. R. Saffordia, a New Genus of Ferns from Peru. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Memminger, Allard. Stop and Think. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.
Michaelis, H., and Jones, D. A Phonetic Dictionary of the English Language. Stechert.
Newman, Adolph. Poems. Buffalo, N. Y.: The Author.
Osborne, A. B. Finding the Worth-While in Europe. McBride, Nast. $1.40 net.
Pennypacker, I. R. The Snow-Shoe Trail, and Other Poems. Philadelphia: Sower Co.
Pesh-Mal-Yan, B. The Witch of Golgotha. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Ramaley, F., and Griffin, C. E. Prevention and Control of Disease. Boulder: University of Colorado. $3.
Rand, Kenneth. The Dirge of the Sea-Children, and Other Poems. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
Robertson, J. M. The Baconian Heresy. Dutton. $6 net.
Schoonmaker, E. D. The Americans. Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Sneath, E. H., Hodges, G., and Stevens, E. L. The Golden Deed Book: A School Reader. Macmillan. 55 cents net.
Street, Julian. Welcome to Our City. Lane. $1 net.
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The Week

To make the Constitution of the United States easier to amend is a proposal that would have had a better chance of attracting attention a few years ago than it has now. The wind has been taken out of its sails by the simple demonstration that has been given of the actual fact concerning the present amendableness of the Constitution. The income tax amendment and the amendment providing for election of Senators by the people had very easy going as soon as the movement in favor of these changes became really serious. The resolution about to be introduced by Mr. Chandler, on behalf of the Progressive party, provides not only for facilitating the adoption of amendments at any time, but also for subjecting the whole Constitution to revision by a Convention at intervals of thirty years, beginning with 1920. The plan is not likely to be thought about very much, thanks to the collapse of the superstition of the present unamendability of the Constitution.

It will be interesting to compare the findings of the Senate inquiry into lobby abuses with what the public knows of some in the past. When the Credit Mobilier scandal broke upon Washington, "Sam" Ward was everywhere recognized as king of the lobby, and proved his right to the title by the royal way in which he ruled his domain. Not only did he make no secret of his calling, but he established for it a sort of ethical code which he was never loath to expound. He openly made his headquarters in the rooms of the Appropriations Committees and at Chamberlin's restaurant, where he entertained half-convinced members of Congress out of working hours. By the time the Pacific Mail subsidy investigation came along, it was plain that the lobby had escaped from the control of its handful of barons of the Ward type, and degenerated into a rather motley army of adventure, in which all conditions of men could be found, including sundry off-color newspaper correspondents. It was one of the latter who saved his skin, and at the same time lent a touch of humor to an otherwise grim and sordid story, by his boast that, although he had accepted a large sum of money for use in influencing the opinions of certain Congressmen, he had spent it, instead, in building a good house for himself. In a still later era, investigation disclosed the fact that the place of the old-fashioned lobby had been usurped by a small group of "brokers" who plied their trade by "tipping off the right people" as to how the market in certain industrial stocks was about to move. In 1897 Senator Hale sought to amend the Senate rules so as to limit the "privileges of the floor," always till then extended to all ex-Senators, strictly to those "who are not interested in any claim, or in the prosecution of the same, or directly in any bill pending before Congress." There is more than one way of doing shady work; and whether the lobby of to-day be better or worse than the lobby of the past, we may feel pretty sure that it is not quite so brazen.

Connecticut is content to be the land of steady habits in some matters, but the steady habit which her Legislature has had of sitting from the first of January to the last of September, every other year, has finally become too much for her. This year, her General Assembly met under the limitation of five months imposed by an amendment to the Constitution. Its members seem to have had no difficulty in getting through the grind of bills as well in five months as in nine. The volume of legislation is smaller this year than usual, but this may be accounted a merit. Gov. Fielder has given a hint to the New Jersey Legislature not to be too intent upon enacting laws, as if the world were accustomed to improve in accordance with the growth of its statute-books. Other Governors have sounded a similar warning against the evil of over-legislation. Here, as elsewhere, quality counts for more than quantity. But we shall have to wait a while longer before our law-making bodies abandon the unhappy procedure of dawdling for the first three-fourths of their existence, and spending the final quarter in a whirlwind of roll-calls, leaving to the Governor the responsibility of separating the wheat from the chaff.

There are cases in which Social Justice does not begin at home; as for example in West Virginia. The sub-committee appointed by the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party to study conditions in the West Virginia mine fields has made its report to the central body. Eugene Debs and Victor Berger were two of the three investigators. The most illuminating paragraph in the report of these men, who cannot be accused of prejudice in favor of the present State Administration in West Virginia, is as follows:

> It was under the Administration of Glasscock and not Hatfield that martial law was ordered; that the Military Commission was created; that "Mother Jones" and many others were court-martialled and convicted; and it was also under the Glasscock Administration that an armored train, in the name of law and order, shot up the tents and cabins of the miners.

To say that these things took place under the Glasscock Administration does not mean that Gov. Glasscock was responsible. In all probability his mind, during this troubled period, was far away, brooding on the approaching triumph, or deploring the temporary postponement, of those eternal principles of social righteousness which, in common with the six other Bull Moose Governors, he had forced upon the attention of his country.

How slowly we advance towards home rule for cities is brought out in Attorney-General Carmody's summary of what was done in this State at the recent session of the Legislature. One hundred and forty-five municipal bills were passed, of which the Governor vetoed eighty-five. Even the so-called Home Rule bill is admittedly a makeshift. Part of the responsibility for this situation, here and in other States, is due to Constitutional limitations, but no such explanation will fit the action of the Pennsylvania Legislature in bestowing commission government, willy nilly, upon all of the third-class cities of that State. It is true that only two of the twenty-two municipalities affected by the bill protested against it through their representatives at Harrisburg, but

the principle is as vicious as if every one of them were opposed to it. "Ripper" legislation has been common at Harrisburg of recent years, but it must be said that the motive behind the present bill is a much better one than has usually been the case. Yet what was in the way of merely making it possible for these cities to have commission government if they wanted it, instead of compelling them to take it?

There is a highly contagious form of verbal eczema which besets the vice-Executive of a State when he presides over a commission of inquiry into labor conditions, and manifests itself in colloquies like the following:

"Has not women's employment in the industries enforced women's slavery in the country?" asked Lieutenant-Governor Painter.

"Yes," said Mrs. Robins.

"And are not women workers more firmly in bondage than were the African slaves who were valuable to their owners and properly cared for? Do not employers now know that when they wear out one girl they can get another to take her place?"

"Yes, that's true," said Mrs. Robins.

For a man who is Lieutenant-Governor of Missouri, Mr. Painter is apparently more eager to show than to be shown. It will be noted that he lives just across the river from Lieut.-Gov. O'Hara, who asked a little cash-girl whether she didn't consider the fact of being scolded by the forewoman sufficient justification for taking to prostitution. The little girl, after having the meaning of the unfamiliar word explained to her, politely said, "Yes, sir." Dear reader, when something peculiarly original strikes you in the morning's news, do not assume that it is Bill Haywood or Mrs. Pankhurst. It may be a Lieutenant-Governor asking a judicial question.

"Come West, young man," is the cry from Kansas every year about this time. According to the proclamation of the State Labor Commissioner, 19,000 hands are needed from outside of the State to care for the Kansas wheat crop. Harvesting will begin in a few days in the southwestern counties, and in all of them by July 1. If there should be rain soon, an additional 5,000 persons will be invited to lend their aid in taking care of the harvest. This number of men becomes more realistic when it is noted that it amounts to one-third of the number of volunteers called for in Lincoln's first proclamation. But the temporary character of the work will doubtless weigh heavily, as usual, against the wages of $2 and $2.50 a day and board. Delaware, too, is finding difficulty in getting enough men to pick her strawberries. In their desperation, farmers are offering to pay the fines of intoxicated and disorderly persons who will, in return, pick strawberries. One county jail was discovered to be harboring four able-bodied men who needed a total of $8 to pay their fines. The money was quickly supplied by farmers, who were rewarded by the promise of the lucky prisoners to aid them in getting their berries to market.

In setting out upon the heroic task of reducing the volume of noise in Chicago, the Aldermanic committee charged with the preliminary steps has adopted the classic motto, Divide and conquer. It has divided producers of noise into five classes, one for each of the members of the committee. One Alderman is to investigate the means of suppressing the superfluous din made by motor vehicles, exhausts, engines, gears, and signals; another is to study the relation between noise and railways, pavements, bells, whistles, wheels, rails, crossings, terminals, and cobblestones; a third has for his province marine traffic and industrial plants, their whistles, bridge bells, engines, metal hammerings, and machinery; a fourth is to attend to the noise made by peddlers and delivery men; and the fifth is to have his ears attuned to the sounds of domestic animals, horse-drawn vehicles, blasting, and carpet-beating. One's heart sinks at this catalogue of the forces interested in noise. How can any governing body hope to prevail against them?

Why go to Greenland and East Africa for big-game hunting? See New York first. Why search the China Sea for piratical atmosphere? Take the boat for Rockaway. An eminent jurist has been chasing the dappled deer through the glens of Inwood, perhaps half a mile north of the steam-heated plains of Dyckman, within sound of the tidal roar of the subway and the primeval call of "fore" on the heights of Van Cortlandt. Or take the case of the woman who disappeared in a boat which left Plum Island and was discovered "at Dooley's Bar, in Irish Creek, near Dead Horse Inlet, at the western end of Barren Island," in one of the most picturesquely situated election districts of the city of New York. All that is needed to complete the picture is fourteen sailors on a dead man's chest and a bottle of rum; and that, too, may be forthcoming any day in the land of mountain and stream and fen, waterfall and quicksand, bay and isle and promontory, over which Mr. Charles F. Murphy rules.

As often as the now famous Gary dinners have come into print, it has seemed a pity that no official record should exist of the delightful table-talk that must have marked these charmingly informal assemblies. We might have had a volume fit to take its place with the table-talk of Luther or of Selden, of Dr. Johnson, and that winged discourse in the Mermaid Tavern, when competition—at least in wit and fancy—was not yet dead. What magnificent flights of the imagination these Gary dinners must have given rise to—bond issues of ten million dollars and fifty million dollars, entire industrial plants dismantled or set up, railways bandied about, ore lands, pools, rebates! What sallies of wit at the expense of the exquisitely comic independent, the highly amusing Ultimate Consumer! What subtleties of suggestion when inside interest was pitted against inside interest and pool against pool! It would be a disgrace if all this gayety and *esprit* were lost to the world, and one cannot be too grateful to the Attorney-General of the United States for his endeavors to prevent such a total loss from coming to pass.

It is comforting to be assured by the cheerful militarist that, after all, war under modern conditions is far less deadly than in the old days. We need not question that the horrors of war—just as the horrors of life generally—have been mitigated by the advance of civilization. The horrors of battle, however, are a different matter, and it is very doubtful if a modern engagement, carried out with picric acid and electric wires, is not, morally and mentally, far more distressing than the old-time struggle. Certainly, the pride, pomp, and circumstance of war are things of the past. Compare the description of a battle in

the next war—"the war which is sure to come"—in Wilhelm Lamszus's little book, "Menschenschlachthaus"—the extended line of isolated riflemen, crawling through the grass, pitted against an invisible enemy, in silence broken only by the low rumble of the distant foeman's fire, the buzz of masked machine-guns, and perhaps the whirr of an aeroplane, "death coming on propellers"—with the glitter, the roar, and the music of a battle in "the good old days." Accounts of the Napoleonic engagements—and things were little altered at the time of the Crimea—read as if they referred to a different world. In Gronow's "Reminiscences" we are told of the fateful morning of June 18, 1815—the clear sky and radiant sunshine; the French music bursting out in the distance; the frantic shouts rising along the whole front of the battle; the rattle of the bullets against the cuirasses of the soldiers; chasseurs, red lancers, and carbineers furrowing the plain with lightning, whirling around squares, attacking them on all four sides. We can sympathize with the long-suffering Wellington who reluctantly invited his officers to discard their umbrellas, in whose grateful shade they were standing, though under arms; but there was a certain bonhomie about the peccant umbrellas which is altogether lacking in modern devices.

If we are to take Mr. Harold F. Wyatt seriously, travel in England from now on will be at the cost of fearful danger to life and limb. In the *Nineteenth Century* he tells us that the Liberals have not only flung away the former ratio of British superiority at sea, but have also permitted Germany to forge far to the front in the tremendous conflict for control of the air. As a result, the poor man's home is now exposed to be blasted from the skies. No longer will Englishmen sit at breakfast table with their families and read in personal safety of the doings of their fleets and armies far away. "Their old immunity from personal peril is forever gone. . . . There will not be in all England, and perhaps in all Scotland and Wales, one dweller in a town of any size upon whose roof the levin bolt of death may not descend and slay him while he sleeps." Even the desperate German may pause in the task of loading dynamite into airships when he finds the English chanting in rhythmic emotion, that if this goes on there will not be

> One dweller in a town of any size
> Upon whose head the levin bolt of death
> May not descend and slay him while he sleeps.

Diplomacy has had many hard things said of it. The art of internationally passing counterfeit money, it has been called. But it was the genuine coinage of honest friendship that was exchanged last Friday night at two notable gatherings of diplomats. What Sir Edward Grey had to say, at the London banquet in honor of Ambassador Page, about the relations between Great Britain and the United States, bore every mark of sincerity, and came with added weight from a Foreign Secretary who has just emerged successful from a long struggle to hold the Powers of Europe together in amity. His frank expression of a desire to meet our Government more than half way in every plan to make peace and the peaceful settlement of all disputes secure, leaves in a worse light than ever the opposition of a certain element in our Senate to the renewal of the arbitration treaty with England. The other striking interchange of international civilities occurred at the dinner to the newly appointed American Ambassador to Japan. The few words which Secretary Bryan spoke on this occasion, together with the friendliness and elevated tone of the remarks of the Japanese Ambassador, Viscount Chinda, are of the best augury for the future relations of the United States and Japan.

Cecil Chesterton's big brother, G. K. C., will doubtless have no excessive trouble in showing that to be found guilty of criminal libel by a jury of twelve good men is only a vindication for the libeller. It will come hard for the elder Chesterton to take issue with a jury, an institution which, in common with old October ale, free pasturage, and other features of Magna Charta, he has frequently lauded; still, the trick can be turned. But the members of the Liberal Government, and with them a very large proportion of right-thinking Englishmen, will find consolation in the fact that the Chestertonian paradox has not yet become the established mode of popular reasoning; and that when an editor is found guilty of making poisonous charges virtually involving the honor of members of the Government, it is much better for the prestige of the Government than if the editor's accusations had been justified. The verdict in the Chesterton case may well be followed by other libel trials, as the shortest way in which Cabinet Ministers can cut through the web of ridiculous charges and insinuations which threatens to ensnare the Asquith Ministry.

In the sense that martyrdom is the price willingly paid for a cause one holds dear, Miss Emily Davison, the suffragette who threw herself upon the horses at the Derby, was a martyr. But death, which rectifies so many things, is also a distorter of values. It stands out as an argument to which there is no reply. It automatically sanctifies every cause and thereby exercises a tyranny over the judgment. People have offered up their lives in indefensible causes or have offered them up unnecessarily. In justice to the living, death must be accepted sometimes as nothing more than a testimonial of personal sincerity. Whether the sacrifice is in proportion to the object striven for, whether the act was even necessary for the attainment of that object, must remain an open question if reason is not to give way before fanaticism.

THE RAILWAY RATE DECISION.

Monday's highly important Supreme Court decision in the so-called "Minnesota rate cases," in which the comprehensive opinion prepared by Justice Hughes was concurred in unanimously by the Court, dealt with three main questions. One was the power of Congress over railway rates in general, within a State as well as across the borders of a State. The second was, what constitutes interference by a State with the rules which govern interstate commerce? The third was, what constitutes reasonable rates under the law, and how is such reasonableness to be determined?

The State of Minnesota, through its Legislature and its Railroad Commission, had established maximum freight and passenger rates within the State. The railway companies had assailed this action on these several grounds—that the maximum thus prescribed was an unconstitutional effort, by a State, to affect existing interstate rates prescrib-

ed by Federal authority; that it imposed a direct burden on interstate commerce; and that the rates were in themselves confiscatory. In Minnesota the Federal Circuit Court had upheld all three contentions of the railways; in similar Missouri cases, the Circuit Court had sustained the argument as to confiscatory rates, but not the argument of interference with interstate commerce.

The first question for the highest court to settle, therefore, was the power of Congress in the premises, and from that the possible Constitutional scope of Federal regulation. In this regard the Court sets forth that, since Congress, under the Constitution, has "authority at all times adequate to secure the freedom of interstate commercial intercourse from State control," the power of such national legislation "is not to be denied or thwarted," even by "the commingling of interstate and intrastate operations." To the States is reserved control of "the commerce that is confined within one State and does not affect other States." But where the relations are close between commerce wholly within a State and commerce which crosses its borders, such reservation is definitely restricted as follows:

> The paramount authority of Congress enables it to intervene at its discretion for the complete and effective government of that which has been committed to its care, and for this purpose and to this extent, in response to a conviction of national need, to displace local laws by substituting laws of its own.

Thus Congress, in the Court's opinion, has large powers for action in the matter of rates, even within a State. Such authority, however, must be "by virtue of the actual exercise of Federal control and not by reason merely of a dormant Federal power—that is, one which has not been exerted"; and the Court holds that no such authority has as yet been exerted in legislation. The existing Federal railway rate law did, indeed, explicitly set forth that its provisions should not extend to transportation "wholly within one State." Therefore, the Court concludes, the rate-making power of the State remains unassailable until Congress acts, except in so far as its rates may directly interfere with existing interstate provisions, or may be in themselves confiscatory.

This involves a statement of what constitutes interference with Federal regulation. The Court takes up the contention of the Minnesota railways. Its conclusion is that, to admit the power of State regulation of rates within the State, but to add that such power "may be exercised only in prescribing rates that are on an equal or higher basis than those that are fixed by the carrier for interstate transportation, is to maintain the power in name while denying it in fact." Such an inference would subject the limitation of State authority to the carrier's will. "If this authority of the State be restricted, it must be by the paramount power of Congress"—which has thus far not been exerted.

The question whether the maximum rates, fixed by the State of Minnesota, were or were not reasonable *per se*, stands on different grounds. If they are not reasonable, the Court declares that "they cannot be sustained in any event"; for, though the railway's property has been devoted to a public use, "it is not placed at the mercy of legislative caprice," but rests secure in "the right to receive just compensation for the services given to the public." As applied to one railway before the Court, the Minnesota rates are pronounced confiscatory, on the ground of the narrow margin of profits shown under the pre-existing rates.

In the case, however, of the two other railways in that State, the finding of the lower court, to the effect that the rates were confiscatory, is reversed on the ground of insufficient evidence and of incorrect methods of valuing the property on which the return was to be computed. Into this part of the controversy, which is highly technical, we shall not at present enter, except to note that Justice Hughes's opinion lays down the broad and important principle that the recognized increment in value of railway property, over the original investment, "cannot properly extend beyond the fair average of the normal market value of land in the vicinity having a similar character." It is to be observed, however, that the case against the reasonableness of the rates in question is merely dismissed by the Court as not proven, and that the door is necessarily open for future reconsideration, on the basis of more precise calculations.

The decision, taken as a whole, is of high Constitutional importance. Disappointing as it undoubtedly will be to the railways and to a good part of the investing community, it nevertheless embodies some considerations of positive reassurance. It affirms distinctly the power of Congress to remedy, by its own action, any inequality or undue burden which may result from State regulation of rates. It holds that the question of resultant undue preference between separate localities "would be primarily for the investigation and determination of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and not for the courts"—an intimation which bears very distinctly on the still pending Texas rate cases.

Both these conclusions may be found to have some reference to what will perhaps be the most unsatisfactory outcome of the ruling on "reasonableness"—namely, that to permit higher rates than the State maximum to one railway in that State, while denying them to the railway's competitors, is no real solution of the practical difficulty. Finally, it must not be overlooked that this decision avoids entirely what might have been an unfortunate and unsettling outcome, in the present state of the public mind—we mean an absolute and peremptory overruling of the law-making power by the Court.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL AND BIG BUSINESS.

Attorney-General McReynolds is "considering proposing to Congress a graduated excise tax on tobacco manufactures," as a means of fighting the predominance in the tobacco business of the companies that composed the Tobacco Trust prior to its dissolution. How seriously Mr. McReynolds may be considering this project, we cannot say; but there is no doubt that it is widely looked upon as one of the possible moves of the Administration.

The grounds upon which the Attorney-General is moved to contemplate so novel and extraordinary a measure are obvious enough. He is not satisfied that the dissolution decree of the Supreme Court is working the results intended. He was a leading figure in the prosecution of the case, and was not satisfied with the decree at the time it was issued. He thinks that the grievances of the independents have not been redressed by it. And if it be true, as is assumed in the Washington dispatches generally, that he is in favor of curbing the power of the big tobacco companies

by a special punitive or repressive tax, it is a fair inference that he sees no prospect of attaining that end either by the enforcement of the conditions laid down in the decree or by the invoking of any other resources of existing law. It must at least be true that he holds the possibility of meeting the situation by the enactment of any new regulative laws so remote, and the need of dealing with it so urgent, as to justify a sudden plunge of the Administration into a new policy to the application and scope of which no limit can be assigned.

Such a measure would be a great legislative innovation and a departure from any contemplated policy of the Administration. If it be regarded as simply a means of bringing to bear upon a particular corporation, or group of corporations, penalties or restrictions which the Administration finds itself unable to impose through an appeal to due process of law, it can hardly be defended upon any principle of sound government. It must therefore be supported, if supported at all, as the initiation of a policy of restricting the magnitude of business enterprises by the use of the taxing power. Of this policy there has thus far not been in our legislation any trace. To resort to it as a means of dealing with the Trust problem would be one of the most signal acts of public policy. To enter upon such a course lightly, as a mere method of cutting short the difficulties that have arisen in connection with one case, would be justly regarded as a sign of want of sobriety and forethought, ominous of danger in many other directions.

As for President Wilson himself, there are few things concerning which his attitude was made plainer during the campaign. "Big business is not dangerous because it is big," he said in his speech of acceptance, "but because its bigness is an unwholesome inflation created by privileges and exemptions which it ought not to enjoy. . . . It will be necessary to supplement the present law with such laws, both civil and criminal, as will effectually punish and prevent those methods, adding such other laws as may be necessary to provide suitable and adequate judicial processes, whether civil or criminal, to disclose them and follow them to final verdict and judgment. They must be specifically and directly met by law as they develop." And in subsequent utterances he repeatedly affirmed this position—emphatically asserted that the thing to do was to fight, not bigness, but oppressive methods; not to impose arbitrary limitations, but to strengthen and invigorate the law. It is impossible that, in three months, with an infinite mass of urgent business pressing upon him, he can have found time to revise and reverse this deliberate judgment; that he can have discovered adequate grounds for abandoning his purpose to have existing evils "specifically and directly met by law as they develop," and substituting in its stead a policy of meeting them by indirection, through happy-thought devices based on no general principle and reflecting no matured ideas of policy.

Apart from the particular merits of this question, the proposal with which the Attorney-General's name has been connected bears marks of a character that has been far too frequently in evidence in recent years. You see an evil, and you strike at it with a bill; you ask no questions as to remote or collateral effects; you don't bother about underlying facts or underlying principles. Some judges are bad, and they are not easily removed; let them, then, be removable by majority vote of the people. Never mind that English judges are appointed for life, and that English courts are vastly more efficient than ours; never mind about judicial independence; never mind about the question of attracting the highest type of men to the bench. What, should not a bad judge be removed? Then here is Senator Cummins, wanting to strike short sales with a prohibitory tax; and so eager for it that he must get it done at once by means of a rider to the tariff bill. In an entirely different field, we are seeing at Paterson the consequence of quick-fire legislation adopted upon an impulse of ephemeral feeling. Because an anarchist crank killed McKinley, the Legislature must needs adopt a law making it a crime to print anything that shows "hostility to government"; and the result appears to be that it is a crime to make charges of arbitrary and oppressive conduct against the Paterson police! This foolishness may be upset by the higher courts in New Jersey as violating the right of free speech; but did the New Jersey legislators, in their spasm of virtuous indignation, bother about a little thing like the right of free speech? If we are not to reap a large crop of evils as the fruit of the present disposition towards get-good-quick legislation, it will be because there are still left some people who regard broad principles and general policies as entitled to consideration in weighing the merits of a legislative proposal.

NIETZSCHE IN ENGLAND.

Pious Nietzscheans, if there are such, and ordinary human beings will both be ready to congratulate Dr. Oscar Levy on the completion of his great enterprise. At last, after twenty years of editorial labor and anxiety, he has seen the works of his master in English, the most complete edition of the author, we believe, in any tongue but the original. In 1893 Nietzsche's name was first mentioned in one of the books of the unfortunate John Davidson. The next year a group of German, English, and Scottish enthusiasts planned a translation of his writings, and three volumes were actually published in 1896 and 1897. The venture was so disastrous that the publishing house which financed the scheme had to give up business. For six years nothing was done. Then, in 1903, a fresh start was taken with "The Dawn of Day," but again disastrously. In 1907, at private risk, for no publisher could now be lured to the venture, a version of "Beyond Good and Evil" was brought out; and this time there was at least a promise of success. New arrangements were now made with the Nietzsche-Archiv, and in May of 1909 the first four volumes of the present edition were issued. To-day we have the eighteenth and last.

Dr. Levy admits that the results are not perfect, and that errors have crept in despite unceasing vigilance, but we think that few who have used these translations with the German text also before them will begrudge hearty praise for an extremely difficult task on the whole admirably accomplished.

In the preface to the present volume Dr. Levy gives an amusing explanation of his reasons for making England the centre of attack for the new propaganda:

> "This is a difficult country to move, my friend—a difficult country, indeed," said the aged Disraeli once to the young and enthusiastic Socialist, Mr. Hyndman: and

If any one besides Disraeli has ever experienced the truth of this saying, it is we, who have brought this edition to a successful issue. The stoical "ataraxia," of the Anglo-Saxon world is—to put it mildly—something terrible; but why put it mildly? That in matters of the intellect England is a real brick wall there is not the slightest doubt, as some almost ineffaceable bruises on the heads of my fellow-workers and myself will for ever demonstrate to any unbeliever.

But the brick wall was worth attacking. Dr. Levy knew that if the educated class of England took up his doctrine, it would be from no light spirit of curiosity, and that from the very solidity and stolidity of the people he should have gained a tremendous moral support.

And he had, he avows, another reason for turning first to England. "On the Continent everything is muddled in matters of religion; what should be below is above, and what should be above is below." In France and Germany, as a reaction from the Revolution, the party of aristocracy and the party of the Church have become allies against the proletariat. In the one country you will see French officers of good family attending mass regularly as a protest against the atheism of the lower orders, and in the other country you will find the Junkers posing as pillars of the throne and altar, "not knowing, or not wishing to know, that the teaching given out at the altar is, so long as it is delivered without falsehood, subversive of all thrones and all authorities." But in England it is different. There religion is still strongest in the middle and lower classes. Now, such a land is precisely fitted for the Nietzschean campaign; there, and there only, in attacking Christianity the heralds of the new gospel may be sure that they are not lending their strength to the equally hated enemies of aristocracy.

But if Dr. Levy thus makes Christianity the point of attack, he does so with the delightfully impudent assurance that Nietzsche was himself *christianior christianis:* "If there ever was a true Christian, it was he; not only is he not the Antichrist; he is the very opposite of it, he is what Goethe said of Spinoza: 'Christianissimus.'" This is because Christianity by its conviction of sin taught mankind a habit of painful introspection which was totally unknown to the Pagan world, and which led in the end to the eviction of its own false philosophy and the preparation for the Nietzschean truth. Nietzscheanism is thus destined to supplant Christianity, as Christianity supplanted Judaism—and with the same hatred for what it has outgrown.

We have dwelt at length on Dr. Levy's introduction, because on the surface it is so entertainingly saucy, and because beneath its wit it contains a frank and thoughtful exposition of what the followers of Nietzsche are undertaking to do. There need be no particular dread of Nietzscheanism as a sober propaganda; it is too fundamentally deficient in a sense of the values of life, too purposeless, to accomplish much as a religion or pseudo-religion. If Dr. Levy can honestly point to a remarkable extension of Nietzsche's popularity, this growth has come about in a way that can give him little encouragement as a missionary. Nietzsche has become quasi-popular for two reasons: first, as a mere writer, as a poet of startling phrases and occasional insight, but with no systematic doctrine; and, secondly, as one of the innumerable forces of change and of rebellion against the existing order of things. It is a fact, we believe, that nowhere will you find more men who regard Nietzsche favorably or tolerantly than among those Socialistically inclined: they feel and welcome the destructive energy of the man, while caring little that his programme of construction is entirely opposed to their own. It is with the aristocratic Nietzsche in this respect as it is with the anarchistic Walt Whitman; so true is it that the great driving power of a revolutionary association is a community of hatred or fear.

Some confirmation of this view might even be derived from the Index, prepared by Mr. Robert Guppy, which forms the bulk of the last volume. There is, for instance, a certain significance in the fact that the entries under Superman occupy only three pages and those under Valuations only two, whereas Wagner extends to more than six pages and Christian—Christianity to six and a half. Nietzsche was never sure of what he meant by the Superman, and his so-called revaluation of life is intangible because devoid of any positive ideal; but the bitter meaning of his feud with Wagner was without any shadow of uncertainty, and he left no ambiguity in his hatred for Christianity and the present social order.

PROGRESSIVE STRAWS.

Progress is still going on, but it is not showing up brilliantly in the external indications of Progressive party strength. The meagre harvest of enrolment blanks that has thus far been reaped in this city from the distribution of them through the mails, by the Board of Elections, is not an isolated sign; though there is something surprising in the fact that, up to Monday noon, only 2,500 persons had availed themselves of the opportunity. Indications of this sort are common over the country. One of the latest that we have noticed is this most remarkable showing, from Boston:

	Vote for Pres., 1912.	Vote for Gov., 1912.	Enrolment, 1913.
Dem.	43,063	48,684	50,460
Rep.	21,427	18,920	25,854
Prog.	25,533	17,318	834

These figures speak for themselves—a Republican enrolment much larger than the Republican vote for President or Governor, a Democratic enrolment also larger than the vote in 1912, and a Progressive enrolment next to nothing at all.

If it be objected that figures of enrolment are not significant, there is no difficulty in pointing to manifestations of a different kind. The elections held two months ago in Chicago and St. Louis told the same story. In Chicago, the vote for Roosevelt last November was 166,000, with 131,000 votes for Wilson and 75,000 for Taft. Upon the Governorship at the same time the Progressive vote was 113,000, while the Democrats had 168,000 and the Republicans 109,000. But in the spring election in Chicago the Progressive vote was only one-fourth as large as the Republican vote, while the Democrats polled a heavier vote than the Republicans. In the spring election at St. Louis, the Progressives polled only 4,164 votes out of a total of 125,000, although their candidate for Mayor was endorsed by Mr. Roosevelt, and although his own vote in November was nearly 25,000 and that of the Progressive candidate for Governor was nearly 21,000. But most striking, perhaps, of all the results recorded in this matter since November was that in Michigan, a veritable hotbed of Roosevelt Progressivism. It was in reference to Michigan that the Colonel made the most impassioned and per-

sistent of his post-election appeals, crying out against the infamy of the courts in their interpretation of a disputed ballot question. And in the face of all this the Progressive candidates in Michigan came out a poor third in April, though in November Roosevelt had beaten Taft by 62,000 and Wilson by 64,000.

Now, whatever explanation of all this the history of the past few months has presented, the one thing certain is that the Progressive party has not been acting like a great body of citizens fired with the consciousness of a mission and inspirited with the confidence of growing power. There is, indeed, one method of explaining away the facts which may be accepted as in a large measure correct; but the trouble about it is that it explains too much. It comes perilously near to that process which is hit off in the homely saying about throwing the child out with the bath. The Progressives, it may be said, are so well satisfied with Wilson that they see no special need of asserting themselves as a separate party. Here is William Allen White, for instance, and he is but one example among many. "The Progressives are delighted with Wilson," Mr. White declares; "he is their kind of a President. . . . In my speeches I have been saying the handsomest things possible about President Wilson, and his name always gets applause from a Progressive crowd. He gets tho same amount of applause that Roosevelt gets." We hasten to add that Mr. White has no idea of giving up the Progressive party; he is counting on a collapse of Democratic virtue, and then the Progressives will come into their own. But if the state of mind he exhibits has upon large numbers of Progressives the effect of sending them into the Democratic ranks, and if another large body has sagged back into Republicanism, nothing more is needed to account for the things that have been happening.

The real question, however, concerns the strength of the new party as a party. In a sense, "we are all progressives now," to adapt Harcourt's famous saying about Socialism. If it is a satisfaction to the Colonel's followers to claim that everything in the nature of progressive social legislation that may be accomplished in the next decade or two is to be credited to their activities, no one can forbid their enjoyment of that feeling. But the thing that was central in the Armageddon movement of last year was the idea that a party exclusively dedicated to a programme of radical change in these matters was essential to the national welfare. Without that idea, there is no future for the Progressive party; and if it fails to be manifested in the shape of great multitudes of citizens who persistently stand up to be counted as its backers, the Progressive party must fade out of the field of practical politics and become little more than an historical reminiscence.

A PROFESSOR ON THE RAMPAGE.

The Philadelphia *Press* has been printing, with conspicuous display, a series of articles by Prof. Simon N. Patten, prophesying the speedy—and deserved—downfall of New York, and giving a most lurid picture of economic conditions in the East generally. The tone of the articles throughout is that of the expert—not, however, of the economic expert, or of a man of science of any kind, but of the expert in yellow journalism and in the most extreme and irresponsible type of magazine muckraking. That a newspaper of respectable standing should give prominence to such stuff may perhaps be excused on the ground that Mr. Patten has been for twenty-five years professor of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania; to find an excuse for Mr. Patten's writing it one would have to go deeper into the mysteries of creation. It has long been evident that the emission of this sort of rant is part of his very nature.

It is the privilege of any one to deplore the crowding of millions of people into the little island of Manhattan, to denounce the immorality or the luxury of New York, and to point out how much more wholesome, or virtuous, or happy would be the lives of thousands who swell the metropolitan swarm if they made use of the opportunities afforded by the vast unfilled areas of our country. This, and more, Professor Patten might have done to his heart's content, without blame. But he professes to speak as an economist and a scientific student of society; and he undertakes to declare, in this capacity, not only what ought to be, but what will be, and that speedily. "A number of driving forces," he declares, "are operating with fearful rapidity on the industrial life of the East, pressing it, whether it will or no, towards a precipice of financial insolvency." A great struggle, he tells us, is going on between New York and the rest of the country, and "if the country at large wins, New York city will face a slump in values beside which the crises of the past have been a mere bagatelle." Signs of New York's approaching downfall are already visible, for "already the exports of foodstuffs (her chief dependence) have fallen off in favor of Baltimore, Boston, and Montreal."

But the fault of Mr. Patten's articles lies not so much in the wild character of his sweeping statements and predictions as in the ludicrous insignificance of the facts and figures he cites in support of them. Take this matter of food exports, for example. Mr. Patten spreads out a table showing that exports of flour from New York have declined from 3,900,000 barrels in 1880 to 2,600,000 in 1904, while in the same interval the joint exports from Philadelphia, Boston, and Baltimore have increased from 1,600,000 to 3,100,000; and likewise exports of provisions have here decreased from 1,150 million pounds to 980 million, while in the rival cities they have advanced from 430 million pounds to 630 million. Now, if this business is, as Mr. Patten says, this city's "chief dependence," how in Heaven's name has it happened that New York has grown so tremendously in wealth and population—and at a far more rapid rate than the other cities—during these twenty-four years, while the amount of this business has actually declined? One more instance must suffice—indeed, these two are among the very few in which Mr Patten even attempts to back up his assertions by any citation of facts. To prove that a great exodus to the West is on the way, and that it must be rapidly accelerated owing to wage conditions, he says:

> The relative advantages of the East and the West are made plain by the wages paid in the two districts. Some of the latest State reports show that the wages in the West are considerably higher than in the East, as this table will illustrate:
>
> The proportion of men engaged in industry who receive more than $15 per week—
>
> | | In each 100. |
> |---|---|
> | In Massachusetts | 26 |
> | In Kansas | 30 |
> | In California | 57 |

And this pitiful little exhibit of a dif-

ference between Massachusetts and Kansas—with seven times as much difference between Kansas and California—is all he has to present in support of his thesis!

It may seem almost as ill-judged to take notice of eruptions like this of Professor Patten's as to print them in the first place. Often, indeed, one feels that silence is the only proper course with regard to them. But occasionally it seems to be more or less a duty to expose them explicitly, for the benefit of those who may be misled, through the official position of the writer, into attaching weight to them. But it is difficult to deal with them in language that is confined within the bounds of courtesy. What shall be said, for instance, of the holder of an important university chair who is capable of the combined ignorance and effrontery of this explanation of the French Revolution?—

> In 1730 the work of the world was done by hand. The steam engine was invented; machines came into use; the enterprising Britishers found coal and iron side by side; the population of England moved from the villages of the South into cities in the North. Meanwhile, the French continued to manufacture by the old hand processes. Before they realized what had happened, England had an industrial lead of thirty years on them. She took the French markets, impoverished their industries, and created a widespread distress which brought on the revolution. Louis XVI, Robespierre, Danton, and Mirabeau were incidents in a great economic process. The real cause of the political revolution in France was the industrial revolution in England.

It may be impossible for Mr. Patten to keep himself from finding a new key to the history of the past, a new solution of the problems of the present, and a new revelation of the secrets of the future, every other morning. It may be impossible to prevent the publication of these wonderful discoveries, in books or magazines or newspapers. But at least it is possible to warn innocent bystanders of the utter absence, in his explosions, of any trace of scientific or responsible thinking.

THE SPIRIT OF COMMENCEMENT.

In a time of attack upon institutions, attack proportioned to the venerableness of the objects assailed, how does it happen that Commencement Day has escaped? We like to think of our Legislatures as hopeless, to talk of our courts as archaic, to scoff at the Constitution as in its dotage. More to the point is the Niagara of criticism which has been pouring upon our school system, from kindergarten to professional school. College professors, we are assured nowadays, and not least emphatically by members of their own ranks, are to their profession what a pettifogging lawyer is to his, the difference being merely that there is a way of getting rid of the lawyer, while the professor holds on for ever. Yet with the recurrence of June, campuses glitter with all the colors of the rainbow, flashed from the frocks of proud sisters and mothers and sweethearts, and no less from the academic gowns of those to whom, for one day at least, we look up with something of awe.

The mystery deepens when we remember the change that has come over our ideals of education. At one time the thought of anything material in connection with Commencement was as much out of place as the planning of a business deal in church. It was the glory of the youthful graduate that he harangued his parents and friends upon subjects about which he knew rather less than they. This was the very thing they had long been looking forward to as the outward evidence of his inner development. Why should he not declaim for fifteen minutes upon "Success"? How many of his hearers could discuss that topic from so detached a point of view, with such fresh interest and absolute open-mindedness? How many of them could have found anything worth saying upon the subject, "All Is Not Gold That Glitters"? And yet they listened unbored to every word that Tom Smith's daughter uttered about it. For at that primitive period, people were in the habit of expecting graduates to face Life; and it was only natural that, just before they plunged into it, they should give their ideas thereupon. Now we think it better that they should prepare themselves for making a living. Vocation, not avocation, is our watchword. Nevertheless, we display undiminished interest in the mediæval ceremonies by which students receive degrees which we and they know to be meaningless signs of a training which we urge them to outgrow as fast as possible.

Perhaps there is something in the very elasticity of Commencement that constitutes a perennial charm. How can you kill an institution which instantly adapts itself, with unvarying equanimity, to whatever purposes you impute to it? As if to show how far it could go in this amiable direction, it was the occasion, at Emporia, Kan., a few days ago, of a sharply contrasted pair of addresses. The principal of one school, according to a local journal, "gave a short but masterly address, in which was embodied food for thought for every person, as regards incomes." His subject was "The Value of an Education in Dollars and Cents," and he had statistics to prove beyond cavil that the unskilled laborer could never hope to attain the economic heights that lay before the college graduate. This was on Saturday night. Sunday morning another speaker addressed another graduating class on the subject of "Education." But he told his hearers that to measure success by the amount of money earned was a false conception of one's wealth and power. The Commencement spirit finds no difficulty in accepting both of these presentations. Its real interests are elsewhere. "Here are my jewels," it cries, as the long line of youthful faces files by. "The present may be yours, but whose is the future?"

GRAY'S LETTERS.

After years of labor Mr. Tovey has finally brought to a conclusion his edition of Gray's Letters.* In its way, he has accomplished an almost perfect piece of editing; the chronology has been adjusted, the allusions have been hunted down with great patience, the text, where the manuscripts exist, has been reproduced with extreme fidelity. We ought to be, and are, grateful for the fruit of such conscientious toil, and yet, despite ourselves, we cannot escape certain doubts as to the utility of the plan, at least as regards the form of the text. Gray had a peculiar manner of writing. He not only employed the abbreviations common to his day, such as *wch* for *which*, but he had a trick of putting capitals anywhere except at the opening of the sentences. It may be highly valuable to know these usages, but, unfortunately, their effect in cold type is quite different from their effect in script, and to reproduce them exactly on the printed page is to make one of the most literate of men appear almost illiterate.

I.

After all, Mason, the much-scribbling,

**The Letters of Thomas Gray, Including the Correspondence of Gray and Mason.* Edited by Duncan C. Tovey. 3 vols., Bohn's Library. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1909 (2d ed.), 1904, 1912.

vain, place-seeking, simple "Seroddles," as his friend called him, hit somehow on the right idea of biography, as did another foolish syeophant of the age; and I am not sure that there is any better way of getting at the man than by going back to Mason's selection and high-handed manipulation of the Letters, with the intervening bits of narration, sadly written as these are, and with the fragments of verse intercalated which belong not so much to Gray's poetical works as to his poetical life. And Mason in a phrase has given us what is still the best characterization in brief of Gray—"from his earliest years, curious, pensive, and philosophical." Such he was to his friends; such he appears in Mason's Life and in Mr. Tovey's edition of the Letters—curious, pensive, erend panegyrist:

His curiosity was as various as it was insatiable; but above all it made him a lover of books. "He was, perhaps, the most learned man of the age," said Potter, the translator of Æschylus; and the Rev. W. J. Temple, writing in the *London Magazine* soon after Gray's death, had used almost the same words, adding: "He knew every branch of history. . . . Criticism, metaphysics, morals, politics, made a principal part of his study; voyages and travels of all sorts were his favorite amusements: and he had a fine taste in painting, prints, architecture, and gardening"—all of which is no exaggeration, as may be seen from his manuscripts. As for sheer endurance in delight, the Encyclopédie was to him an amusement, while his well-known idea of Paradise was "to read eternal new romances of Marivaux and Crébillon." And this, after weighing the fruit and the pleasures of such an existence, is the conclusion of his reverend panegyrist:

Perhaps it may be said, What signifies so much knowledge when it produced so little? Is it worth taking so much pains to leave no memorial, but a few poems? But let it be considered, that Mr. Gray was to others at least innocently employed; to himself, certainly beneficially. His time passed agreeably; he was every day making some new acquisition in science; his mind was enlarged, his heart softened, his virtue strengthened; the world and mankind were shown to him without a mask; and he was taught to consider everything as trifling, and unworthy the attention of a wise man, except the pursuit of knowledge, and the practice of virtue, in that state wherein God has placed us.

A finer encomium of the curious and philosophical life has rarely been pronounced, yet how strange it sounds to modern ears! It was written not a century and a half ago, and probably to most of those who read it here on this page it will seem to have come from another world, whose virtues are outworn and whose purpose even repels us as selfish indulgence. A century and a half from now which will appear the wiser, Gray's generation or ours?

II.

Whether or not such an encomium of the quiet life can be applied without reservation to Gray is quite another question. There were men of that age who found these rewards; and nothing is more delightful in a humble way than the echoes of the Horatian *fallentis semita vitæ* that we hear now and then from those who knew content in the cloistered walks by the Isis or the Cam. Such, for instance, are the poems of the Rev. Francis Drake, of Magdalen College, preserved in the "Literary Hours" of his friend Dr. Nathan Drake:

Hid from the world, unknowing and unknown,
I seek no other praises than my own,
Heedless to catch the breath of public fame,
And only cautious of avoiding blame.
Here, mid the silent shade, and midnight gloom,
With books I trace the sculptured spoils of Rome,
Range thro' the sacred stores of ancient times,
And revel o'er the scenes of classic climes.

And there were others, the unremembered monks of literature, if not the ambitious scholars, who were satisfied "in active indolence" to "pass the peaceful hours with books and rhyme."

But Gray, it must be admitted, was not quite such an one. The surprising thing in his Letters, when one stops to think of it, is his attitude towards the University in which he elected to pass almost the whole of his mature life. Though curious in matters of architecture, and ready to undergo considerable discomfort in the pursuit of antiquarian knowledge elsewhere, he had, so far as the record shows, no interest in the buildings of Cambridge. He was peculiarly susceptible to the charms of nature in her wilder and her more cultivated aspects, and writes often of these things with romantic conviction. Not Wordsworth himself has expressed the beauty of the country about Skiddaw more lovingly than Gray has done in his journal:

In the evening walked alone down to the lake by the side of Crow-Park after the sunset and saw the solemn coloring of night draw on, the last gleam of sunshine fading away on the hill-tops, the deep serene of the waters, and the long shadows of the mountains thrown across them, till they nearly touched the hithermost shore. At distance heard the murmur of many waterfalls not audible in the day-time [*cf.* Wordsworth, "White Doe," iv, 28]. Wished for the Moon, but she was *dark to me and silent, hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*

He can write feelingly of the grace of gardens, as of those at Hampton—"Every little gleam of sunshine, every accident of light, opens some new beauty in the view"—but for the entrancing loveliness of the Cambridge Backs there is in all his letters, I believe, not a single word.

In fact, when he refers to the University it is oftenest in the captious tone of Walpole gossiping about society, though without Walpole's prolixity of cynicism. We hear much of the spiteful intriguing of the Common Room, of the rowdyism of students, and the discomforts of the place, but of the University as the proud deposit of the scholar's faith, never a hint. It seems to have been to him such a trial of the nerves as the sister University was to a contemporary who published a parody of the "Elegy" in "The Oxford Sausage," with a picture at the head which is evidently meant to represent Gray in a posture of peevish lassitude:

Now shine the spires beneath the paly moon,
And through the cloister peace and silence reign,
Save where some fiddler scrapes a drowsy tune,
Or copious bowls inspire a jovial strain.

Save that in yonder cobweb-mantled room,
Where lies a student in profound repose,
Oppress'd with ale, wide-echoes thro' the gloom
Tho droning music of his vocal nose.

Within those walls, where thro' the glimm'ring shade
Appear the pamphlets in a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow bed till morning laid,
The peaceful Fellows of the College sleep.

Nor, in his own pursuit does Gray appear to have found the noblest satisfaction of learning. He read enormously and annotated indefatigably; he drew many delights from the paradise of print, and what speaking things his books were to him may be known from that "great hubbub of tongues" in his study of which he sends so amusing an account to his friend West. Yet in the end those of us who would look for life in our libraries must wonder to see how frequently the terrible word *ennui* drops from his pen. In one of his earliest letters he writes of "low spirits" as his "true and faithful companions," and indeed they, or a kind of "white melancholy," as he calls it, never left him for long. "To be employed is to be happy," is one of his maxims, which in various forms he repeats over and over again, and it is only too clear that a good deal of his reading was in the nature of a narcotic. "I rejoice," he writes to Walpole, "you can fill all your *vides;* the Maintenon could not, and that was her great misfortune"—and his own, he meant to imply. Mr. Tovey quotes from Voltaire the famous passage in Madame de Maintenon's letter which Gray had in mind, and which had impressed Dr. Johnson also: "J'ai été jeune et jolie: j'ai gouté des plaisirs: j'ai été aimée

partout. Dans un âge plus avancé, j'ai passé des années dans le commerce de l'esprit; je suis venue à la faveur, et je proteste, ma chère fille, que tous les états laissent *un vide affreux*." Alas, the word of the poet and scholar of Cambridge was in the end not much different from that of the lady of Versailles: "I cannot brag of my spirits, my situation, my employments, or my fertility; the days and the nights pass, and I am never the nearer to anything but that one to which we are all tending."

III.

There were no doubt particular reasons, apart from the common state of humanity, which helped to fix the white melancholy on Gray. At an earlier day his eager curiosity would have brought a different kind of happiness to him. In the sixteenth or seventeenth century he might have been a Scaliger or a Casaubon, for whom the pathway to truth lay in the mere accumulation of knowledge. Or, if not precisely acquiring happiness, he might have felt that in the sheer continuity of reading he was fulfilling the highest destiny of man. We might have found in his diary, when he had passed a whole day from early dawn till late night over his books, Casaubon's exultant phrase, *hodie vixi*, or on another day the record of wasted time which Mark Pattison quotes with such feeling: "This morning not to my books till seven o'clock or after; alas me! and after that the whole morning lost; nay, the whole day. O God of my salvation, aid my studies, without which life is to me not life." But Gray's lot fell in an age just too late for this religious joy of erudition. If he failed sometimes in his fight against the terrible *vides* of existence, what lover of books to-day shall cast the stone at him? The ability to find continuous comfort in the printed page, without the stimulation of some real or fancied duty, is, indeed, one of the rarest gifts in the world.

For one thing, such a life in books, or such a death (*immorior libris*), requires not only a rare kind of unweariable intellect, but also, with that, a certain lethargy of the imagination. And Gray, though he possessed the former in a high degree, had by no means a lethargic imagination. The best account we have of him is that written by Norton Nicholls, who when a young man at Cambridge was taken up by the older scholar, as was the Swiss Bonstetten, with something like a pathetic desire to enjoy vicariously the hopes and eagerness of youth. Nicholls's acquaintance with Gray, he tells us, began one afternoon in the rooms of a Fellow of Peterhouse, and we can almost feel the keenness with which the solitary poet grasps at a friendship that promises a sympathy of the imagination. "The conversation turned on the use of bold metaphors in poetry, and that of Milton was quoted, 'The sun to me is dark, and silent as the moon,' etc., when I ventured to ask if it might not possibly be imitated from Dante, "Mi ripingeva là dove il sol tace.' Mr. Gray turned quickly round to me, and said, 'Sir, do you read Dante?' and entered into conversation with me." It may have been the sudden regard of Gray at this time that led Nicholls to remember and speak of being awestruck by his "lightning glance." But that was not the only occasion on which Nicholls caught the "fine frenzy" of the poet in Gray:

> One morning [he writes], when I went to him as usual after breakfast, I knocked at his door, which he threw open, and exclaimed with a loud voice,
>
> Hence, avaunt! 'tis holy ground.
>
> I was so astonished that I almost feared he was out of his senses; but this was the beginning of the Ode which he had just composed.

The point is that this stirring imagination of Gray's, though it was sufficiently strong to prevent him from finding content in merely feeding the appetite of an insatiable curiosity, was yet not powerful enough or steady enough to give him a real purpose or to lift him to the serener heights of peace. He was, I suppose, what might be called a religious man. At least there is no word in his Letters to indicate that he ever questioned the orthodox belief of the day. Voltaire was "the great object of his detestation," for whose power of mischief he had a kind of impatient terror, and the King of Prussia's poetry he scorned as "the scum of Voltaire and Lord Bolingbroke, the *crambe recocta* of our worst freethinkers." Even Middleton's skeptical tendency alarmed him, although he admired that writer's literary style. Yet there is no sign that he found any deep source of consolation in his faith or that the beauty of the Anglican service meant anything to his imagination. There is a good deal in his correspondence about ecclesiastical antiquarianism, but, so far as I remember, of King's College chapel, which lay almost at his door and is one of the loveliest things of the world, he never speaks, save once in passing, when he questions the authenticity of an anecdote about Christopher Wren and the chapel roof. Did the magic of those stones have no meaning for him?

A certain idle traveller, one afternoon, sat far back in the nave of that chapel in such a position that, looking along obliquely into the choir, he could see the projecting mullions of the windows, but not the glass, while the westering sun slanted dimly through the colored panes and transformed the whole southern wall into the semblance of a great gleaming opal. And with the spectral light the voices of the unseen priests reciting the vesper service within the chancel and the chant of the choristers seemed to mingle and pour upon the listener a pure and mysterious awe. Did such a scene have no appeal to Gray? or did he merely keep silence? He could in the concealment of Latin verse touch on the deeper and more elusive feelings of the heart, as in the exquisite quatrain he sent to West in a letter:

> O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
> Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
> Felix! in imo qui scatentem
> Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

But was the sense of religious initiation already restricted for him—as to so many it seems restricted to-day—to the romantic solitudes of nature:

> Præsentiorem et conspicimus Deum
> Per invias rupes, fera per juga,
> Clivosque præruptos, sonantes
> Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem?

IV.

Possibly, if West had lived and the correspondence with him, while maintaining its freedom, had matured in judgment, we might have a somewhat different notion of Gray's nature, as indeed his nature itself might have expanded more opulently. Certainly to us who must know him through his Letters, the early death of his closest friend is an irreparable loss. They had been comrades together at Eton, and on separating, one for Oxford and the other for Cambridge, began the correspondence which continued for eight years, closing only with the death of West, from consumption and "a load of family misfortunes." It is easy to smile at the solemnity that sometimes shows itself in these letters: boys of their age and disposition are likely to be a bit portentous when they write about themselves. But on the whole I do not know where one would find a more beautiful or more promising friendship. Nor are the letters without their actual charm. Though the expression may be occasionally pedantic, the ardor for literature and the search for a philosophy of life cannot fail to stir the reader with memories of his own eager youth. Much of the verse that passed between the enthusiasts is in Latin, and if the muse of West was somewhat halting, at least it is not every young man who composes hexameters on his cough—"ante omnes morbos importunissima tussis"—while tossing in bed at four in the morning. Just a month later Gray sends him a letter which indicates a most extraordinary range of reading, including a challenge to West to name the source of a couplet about a dimple, and containing these words, only too sincere: "I converse, as usual, with none but the dead; they are my old friends, and almost

make me long to be with them." West's reply follows:

Your fragment is in Aulus Gellius; and both it and your Greek delicious. But why are you thus melancholy? I am so sorry for it, that you see I cannot forbear writing again the very first opportunity; though I have little to say, except to expostulate with you about it. I find you converse much with the dead, and I do not blame you for that; I converse with them too, though not indeed with the Greek. But I must condemn you for your longing to be with them. What, are there no joys among the living? I could almost cry out with Catullus, "Alphene immemor, atque unanimis false sodalibus!" But to turn an accusation thus upon another, is ungenerous; so I will take my leave of you for the present with a "Vale, et vive paulisper cum vivis."

Only twenty days after that pathetic call to his friend to live for a little with the living, the writer himself was dead. Something no doubt is required of us to-day to feel the charm of these letters; not many of us can recall immediately the lines that follow the appeal in Catullus and give poignancy to it:

If thou neglect me now, and in my misery leave,
Ah, what were men to do? What faith will not deceive?

But not only West, but Gray also, turned to Latin for the expression of his more personal emotions. I have already quoted the stanza, *O lachrymarum fons*, which Byron was to use twice as a motto for his poems, and the *Præsentiorem*, and there are other verses in the letters almost as intimate. Finest of all, and too little known, are the lines to "Favonius" with which he closes the fragmentary work on Locke's philosophy, "De Principiis Cogitandi"—finer and far more intimate in their pathos than the English sonnet, "On the Death of Mr. Richard West," which to Wordsworth seemed so frigid. They lack only the supreme mastery of word-craft, not attainable by any writer in a foreign tongue, and perhaps also the very note of impersonality and universality, to rank with the great "Elegy."

There was nothing in the character or learning of Walpole or Mason or Wharton to supply the place of Gray's dear Favonius. To none of these could he write, as he might have written to West, with that ranging love of literature which takes the great traditional emotions of the past as an extension of one's own inner life. And when Nicholls and Bonstetten came into his circle he was too much older than they to open his heart with the perfect freedom of equality. Nicholls has left a brief but almost Boswellian sketch of his friend, and the wandering Swiss, who when Byron met him at Coppet could only remember Gray as "the most 'melancholy and gentleman-like' of all possible poets," still interests us for Gray's exclamation to him in a London street: "Look, look, Bonstetten, the great bear! There goes *Ursa Major!*" So much only we owe to them. With the passing of West the conversation of Gray became more and more with the dead, and Life, which brings us here for her own ends, and resents any attempt to escape her imperium, took her revenge on him by planting in his heart that white melancholy. If we needed such a lesson today we might learn from Gray's Letters that, however much books may promise us of pleasure and wisdom and encouragement, they cannot, for an ardent and seeing mind, create a tower of escape from the claims of an importunate world.

V.

But it would be doing a grave injustice to one of the finest collections of letters in the language to end on this negative note. If they omit much that we might desire, they are replete with exquisite traits of sentiment and wisdom. If Gray read voraciously, he also read critically, and no one was better able in a sentence or a single vivid phrase to express the very pith and marrow of an author. It was Gray who said of Shenstone that "he goes hopping along his own gravel-walks, and never deviates from the beaten paths for fear of being lost." Could the timid poet of Leasowes be presented more picturesquely and correctly in an image? Still more remarkable is the famous portrait of Sterne: "Have you read his Sermons (with his own comic figure at the head of them)? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a very strong imagination and a sensible [sensitive] heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience." How Sterne himself, the master of significant gesture, would have relished that inimitable picture! And in the criticism of *genres*, what is greater than this revision of Milton: "Extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical, is one of the grand beauties of lyric poetry"?

There is wit aplenty in these pages, but there is feeling, too, though commonly much subdued. More beautiful letters of condolence have scarcely been penned than those in which Gray sent his sympathy to friends on the occasion of bereavement. One of his sentences to Nicholls—"In one's whole life one never can have any more than a single mother"—has become a kind of proverb of the heart. Even finer as a whole is the letter to Wharton, which has come down to us with the endorsement of the recipient, "On Robin's Death." I wish there were room for the whole of it:

My Dear Sir:

I am equally sensible of your affliction, and of your kindness, that made you think of me at such a moment. Would to God I could lessen the one, or requite the other with that consolation, which I have often received from you, when I most wanted it! But your grief is too just, and the cause of it too fresh, to admit of any such endeavor. What indeed is all human consolation, can it efface every little amiable word or action of any object we loved, from our memory? Can it convince us that all the hopes we had entertained, the plans of future satisfaction we had formed, were ill-grounded and vain, only because we have lost them?

On one side of his character, in his mordant, cynical attitude towards the persons of the University with whom he lived and in his faculty of sharp critical phraseology, Gray belongs with the wits and continues the tradition of Pope and Swift. On another side, shown more completely perhaps in his verse but indicated also in the descriptive passages of his letters, as in the occasional touches of sentiment and in the enthusiastic acceptance of Ossian, he stands with the new creators of romance. And this composite nature of his mind, while it may be one of the contributing causes of a certain inefficiency in his genius, preventing him from ever quite speaking out, and separating him from the Augustan circle of which Johnson was the deity, explains in part also the fascination of the man and of his Letters. And if the virtue and wisdom which his panegyrist gave to him as the reward of his learned seclusion were not crowned with the perfect gift of content, this, too, is a mark of his sincerity and humanity.

P. E. M.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

On May 18, 1844, under the head of Foreign Affairs, *Punch* published the following:

It is a common idea that the most laconic military despatch was that sent by Cæsar to the Horse Guards at Rome, containing the three memorable words, "Veni, vidi, vici," and perhaps, until our own day, no like instance of brevity has been found. The despatch of Sir Charles Napier, after the capture of Scinde, to Lord Ellenborough, both for brevity and truth, is, however, far beyond it. The despatch consisted of one emphatic word, Peccavi—I have Scinde (sinned).

It will be noted, in passing, that Mr. Punch was taking no chances on his readers failing to see the point. Although the joke has survived down to this day, it is singular that its origin seems to have been lost sight of, and credit for it has been given to many others, including Sir Charles himself; thus, in *Notes and Queries*, December 14, 1907, Mr. Walter Jerrold (grandson of Douglas Jerrold) says:

The earliest publication of this jest of which I am aware is in George Daniel's entertaining medley, "Democritus in London" (1852), where Sir Peter Prolix is made to say:

> What exclaimed the gallant Napier,
> Proudly flourishing his rapier!
> To the army and the navy,
> When he conquered Scinde? "Peccavi!"

Until earlier publication can be proved,

the credit for this perfect pun must remain with George Daniel.

The perfectness of Daniel's pun might fairly be questioned, since it is not original. It is quite probable that, on hearing the news from Scinde, the joke might have occurred to many having a slight acquaintance with Latin, especially to such an inveterate punster as Thomas Hood, who, indeed, did contend for its authorship, according to Spielmann in his "History of Punch" (page 361). Mr. Spielmann, however, is inclined to award the credit to Michael John Barry, one of Douglas Jerrold's contemporaries; but Spielmann, in relating the story of Peccavi, is hopelessly muddled. He calls it "the most finished and pointed that ever appeared in *Punch*, and certainly one of the most highly appreciated and most loudly applauded," and then, instead of giving what I have already quoted, he substitutes this:

> Peccavi, I've Sc'nde, said Lord Ellen so proud.
> Dalhousie, more modest, said Vovi, I've Oude!

The chief thing to be said in favor of this couplet is that it makes Oude rhyme with proud, which I believe is correct. On the other hand, so far as Peccavi is concerned, it is not original; it attributes the saying to Ellenborough instead of Napier, and it couples the Scinde Affair with an event that occurred many years later. Moreover, this couplet is not to be found in *Punch*.

If the following statement is correct, then the young woman who is said to have been paid for the joke, may be regarded as the originator, so far as the article in *Punch* is concerned. This is in *Notes and Queries* November 2, 1907, in an article headed "Peccavi"; "I have Sinde." The following editorial note, which appears in the number for October, 1907, of *The East and the West*, p. 467, deserves a place in *Notes and Queries*, as it professes to give the origin of this historic pun:

> In the article in our last issue, entitled "The Influence of Laymen on Missions," the writer says: "Readers of Indian history will remember the famous laconic message in which Sir Charles Napier announced to the Viceroy his disobedience to orders, and its result in the occupation of Sindh: 'Peccavi.'" Mrs. C. Mackintosh writes to us to say that this message was never sent by Sir Charles Napier, but was invented by her cousin, Catherine Winkworth, the translator of "Lyra Germanica." Catherine Winkworth was then a young girl just out of the schoolroom, and was receiving lessons from Mr. Gaskell, to whom, after discussing with him Sir Charles Napier's conquest, she made the remark; "Peccavi, I have Sindh." On his suggestion, the joke was sent to *Punch*, the editor of which sent her a cheque in acknowledgment.

Another point to be noted is that, to add force to the pun, it was necessary to show that in giving battle to the Scindians, Sir Charles had disobeyed orders—had "sinned"—this appears in the extract just quoted. Now, nothing can be further from the truth, as can readily be seen by consulting "Napier's Life and Letters," by his brother, Sir William, where, in fact, in referring to this fight (Vol. II, p. 328), Sir Charles says: "I have only obeyed my orders." Indeed, he seems to have been most punctilious in procuring his Chief's authority for every step he took. To be sure he acted in opposition to the pleadings of the humane Outram—but Outram was his subordinate.

But from the very beginning there seems to have been a consensus that Napier actually sent the dispatch published in *Punch*—sent, by the way, to a man he had never seen (Life, Vol. II, p. 162). Spielmann relates how a member of Parliament, in the discussion of the Kandahar question, referred to the unexampled brevity of the general's dispatch after he had won his great battle on the Indus, "in the quaint belief that such a message had really been sent." But it is more surprising to find an historian like William Lee-Warner accepting the story. In his chapter on India and Afghanistan in the "Cambridge Modern History," Vol. XI, p. 736, after relating how Napier's task was to enforce a new treaty (a penal treaty, it was called) on the Amirs of Scinde, he goes on to say: "That Napier's conscience was pricked by the enterprise intrusted to him, may perhaps be inferred from the humorous message by which he announced his success—Peccavi." Now if a man in the midst of a great slaughter (5,000 Hindus were said to have been killed at Meanee), could sit down and perpetrate a joke about it (to one, as I have said, he had never seen), he must have had a queer sense of humor or a queer conscience or both, and it so happens that Sir Charles himself directly contradicts Lee-Warner's inference. Writing to his sister the day following the slaughter, he says: "Riding over the plain of Meanee afterwards, I said to myself, am I guilty of these horrid scenes? My conscience reproached me not." (Life, Vol. II, p. 326.)

Then, coming down to a still later publication, we have Mr. Herbert Paul in his "History of Modern England," referring to Sir Charles Napier as the "author" of the famous Peccavi dispatch.

Finally, it is to be noted that neither in the Life of Sir Charles above quoted, nor in the brief biography by Sir William Butler in the English Men of Action series, nor in any of the biographical articles on Sir Charles is there the faintest allusion to this alleged Peccavi message.

WALTER WOOLLCOTT.

Correspondence

BOGUS UNIVERSITY DEGREES IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few years since I received a call one afternoon from a gentleman who was teaching in the vicinity. I judged from his conversation that he was a man of great accomplishments, as distinguished honors seemed to have gathered about him. He was a graduate of a famous German university; he had been literary adviser of the Bibliographisches Institut; he had had an offer of the editorship of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. He was then a professor in an American university. The ease and fluency with which so many honors had come to this gentleman interested me in his case and led me to write to several places which had been the sources of his successive triumphs. I found that he had been a student at the university which he mentioned, but when he came to present his thesis for his doctorate certain serious considerations arose as to the authorship of the material presented. He was unknown at the Bibliographisches Institut. He had written one or two articles for the great journal, the editorship of which had been offered to him, the direction of which, however, possessed no further knowledge of him. This gentleman had come to this country, had obtained an instructorship in one of our great universities, and from that vantage ground had obtained a leading chair in the university above mentioned. Reference to a contemporary catalogue of the institution with which he was first connected contained among his titles the date of his graduation in Germany. Later I received a second inquiry from the secretary of the above-mentioned German university, saying that the same gentleman had again presented himself for a degree, but that again his thesis had been found unsatisfactory.

A very versatile professor in another of our largest universities always bore a doctorate received from one of the oldest foreign universities. Having occasion to write a biographical sketch of this gentleman, who was then absent from America, I applied to the university in question for information as to the period in which this professor had studied there and the date of his doctorate. I received in reply a letter from the rector saying that he remembered well the gentleman in question, as he was a fellow-student, that the gentleman had studied only one year at the university in question, and that he had never received a doctorate from that university.

A year or two since a professor in charge of a prominent department in one of our leading universities had occasion to recommend a candidate for a vacancy on the staff of his department. A very attractive applicant presented himself, an excellent master of the subject which he desired to teach. His nomination was about to be sent in to the president when the professor chanced to mention the name of the prospective appointee to a colleague. The latter seemed to remember that a man bearing the same name as the candidate had been connected with some public scandal abroad. Inquiry confirmed the identity of the candidate and the foreigner. Not all bearers of bogus degrees are, as has been shown above, foreigners.

A fourth case might be similarly cited, of recent occurrence, where even more serious consequences were involved than the professional fraud. A search through the lists of teachers in our colleges might suggest larger caution in making appointments.

OBSERVER.

New York, June 5.

EARLY VIRGINIA LAWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A collection of very early Virginia laws, apparently unique, and unknown to most authorities in America, has turned up in London, and the present holder of the volume, for reasons best known to himself, declines to give fuller details of its collation and contents. The volume was sold last year at auction in London, and purchased by a well-known dealer who sold it to the present owner some months afterwards.

It was described in the sale as "A Complete Collection of the Laws of Virginia

1662. Folio. With a neat written MS. of 35 leaves entitled 'At a General Assembly Begun at James City 1684.'"

This seems to differ from any edition known to authorities on the subject. The known editions read: "The Laws of Virginia Now in Force. Etc. London 1662." There are apparently two of these imprints of the same year with slight variations. One copy is in the John Carter Brown Library and another in the library of the Association of the Bar of the City of New York. Volumes with the second imprint are in the Lenox and the Historical Society of Pennsylvania libraries.

I have been unable to find any early record of the laws of Virginia for 1684. Those of "Purvis" are supposed to be of that period, but there is no printed date recorded.

Any MS. laws for 1684 would be quite important, and it is to be hoped that the owner of the volume will ultimately give his consent to have a careful comparison made, with a view to determine in what respects it differs from present known editions of Virginia Laws. J. H. WHITTY.

Richmond, Va., June 6.

SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY JOURNALS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Students of seventeenth-century journalism must in this country rely chiefly on books about the periodicals, rather than on the papers themselves. For that reason it may be well to note that Professor Kitchin in his life of Sir Roger L'Estrange, reviewed in your issue of May 8, has consistently written *Oxford Gazet* and *London Gazet*, whereas the file of the periodical in the library of the University of Illinois, complete from the beginning to 1700, bears the titles *Oxford Gazette* and *London Gazette*. He usually refers to L'Estrange's *The Newes* under the title of *Newsbook*, occasionally *News;* nowhere does he mention by title the companion paper issued by L'Estrange, *The Intelligencer*, a file of which lies before me.

FRANK W. SCOTT.

University of Illinois, June 4.

THE ROMAN PORTRAITS DISCOVERED IN EGYPT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The promised folio or album of the Roman portraits discovered by Prof. Flinders Petrie in 1911, for the Egyptian Research Account (society), is at last published in London, and copies will be distributed in the United States through the courtesy of the Smithsonian Institution. Twenty-four of these portraits (taken from life) will appear produced by the finest color process. It will be a unique volume in the history of archæology, and a prized acquisition to our museums and libraries, costing but $10, the bare price of publication.

Professor Petrie devotes his entire time to the Research Account, whose chief explorations are now at Memphis and Heliopolis. Two illustrated quarto volumes are annually published. Subscribers of but $5 receive a volume. Every cent received by me goes intact to London, where the total costs in the office are but one per cent.; so that 99 per cent. goes to exploration and publication. This is phenomenal economy. Circulars free may be had from the official representative in the United States,

(Rev.) WILLIAM COPLEY WINSLOW.

525 Beacon Street, Boston, May 31.

"LITTLE DERWENT'S BREAKFAST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have only just read Mr. Axon's interesting note on the above subject in "News for Bibliophiles" in the *Nation* for May 8. In it the writer states that the authorship was "a secret known to some; and is revealed in Boase and Courtenay's 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis.'" There is also a possible reference to it in a letter from Sara Coleridge to Miss Emily Trevenen, printed in the "Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge," edited by her daughter, Miss Edith Coleridge, and published in 1873. She writes under date July 12, 1835:

I rejoice, dear Miss Trevenen, to think of your versifying tastes (I am sure I have expressed that sentence as humbly as you yourself would dictate!) As for poetry, in the strict sense of the word, I cannot think that any woman of the present day, whose productions I have seen, has furnished the genuine article from her brain-warehouse, except Mrs. Joanna Baillie.

To this the following foot-note is appended by the editor:

The lady who formed so modest an estimate of her own powers was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Trevenen, rector of Cardinham, in Cornwall, and member of a good old Cornish family. She was a woman of accomplished mind and truly Christian character, and will long be remembered with affectionate respect by those who enjoyed the benefit of her influence and example. A small volume of juvenile poetry, entitled "Little Derwent's Breakfast," written by her for the amusement and instruction of her godson, Derwent Moultrie Coleridge, and published in 1839, was probably referred to by her correspondent in the present passage.

As "little Derwent" was seven years old when the letter was written, and as that was, in the preface to the booklet, stated to be his age when the poems were composed, Miss Edith Coleridge was probably quite right in her suggestion, although, of course, the poems had not then been published. S. BUTTERWORTH, Major.

(Late R. A. M. C.)

Carlisle England, May 30.

Literature

AGRICULTURAL LIFE.

English Farming, Past and Present. By Rowland E. Prothero. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $4 net.

Mr. Prothero lacks the skill of the phrasemaker which Mr. Jesse Collings displayed several decades ago in his agitation, both in and out of Parliament, for "three acres and a cow." He is, however, a learned, picturesque, and suggestive advocate of small holdings. He has sat at the feet of Cato and a great company of other Latin masters of the science of agriculture, and has conned the works of the English writers on this subject from the thirteenth century to the present day. Here we become intimate with our English ancestors of the remotest periods. Their manner of life is so graphically portrayed that our sensibilities are excited on their account. The meagreness of their existence arouses our pity, and yet we feel that, despite their innumerable hardships, their lot was to be preferred to that of the three classes of British agriculturists—landlords, tenant farmers, and agricultural laborers—during the last century and a half.

Large improvements in the mediæval methods of arable farming were impossible until farmers commanded the increased resources of more modern times. In the Middle Ages agriculture was a self-supporting industry rather than a profit-making business. In the days of the early Edwards, few landowners, except the wealthiest, had built permanent residences on their distant estates. Content with temporary accommodation, they travelled with their households and retinues from manor to manor, and from farmhouse to farmhouse, in order to consume on the spot the produce of the fields and live stock.

The horrors of scarcity in winter at that time are hardly imaginable. There was little to mitigate those dreadful occurrences. Nothing, we are reminded, is more characteristic of the infancy of farming than the violence of its alterations. On land which was inadequately manured, and on which neither field turnips nor clovers were known till centuries later, there could be no middle course between the exhaustion of continuous cropping and the rest-cure of barrenness. The fallow was "un véritable Dimanche accordé à la terre." As with the land, so with its products. Famine trod hard on the heels of feasting. It was not only that prices rose and fell with extraordinary rapidity, but for both men and beasts the absolute scarcity of winter always succeeded the relative plenty of summer. Except in monastic granges, no great quantities of grain were stored, and mediæval legislators eyed corn-dealers with the same hostility with which modern engineers of wheat corners are regarded by their victims. The husbandman's golden rule must have been often forgotten—that at Candlemas half the fodder and all the corn must be untouched. Even the most prudent housekeepers found it difficult always to remember the proverbial wisdom of eating within the tether, or sparing at the brink instead of the bottom. Equally violent were the alternations in the employment afforded by mediæval farming. Weeks of feverish activity passed suddenly into months of comparative idleness.

The break-up of the manorial system accompanied the transition from an age of graduated mutual dependence towards an age of greater individual in-

dependence. It meant the removal of restrictions to personal freedom, the encouragement of individual enterprise, the establishment of the principle of competition in determining both money rents and money wages. From another point of view the results were not entirely advantageous. Against the older system might be urged that it created a lack of opportunity which caused local stagnation. In its favor might be pleaded that it maintained a certain level of equality among the households in village communities, presided over by the lord of the manor. Now, however, the struggle for life becomes intensified; the strong go to the front, the weak to the wall; for one man who rises in the social scale, five sink. From the fourteenth century onwards the agricultural problem of holding the balance, even between the economic gain and social loss of agricultural progress, has puzzled the wisest of legislators.

By 1485 one great agricultural change was virtually completed. Feudal landowners, instead of pursuing the patriarchal system of farming their own demesnes by the labor services of their dependents, had become receivers of rents. Home-farms and "assart" or reclaimed lands were cultivated, not by the lords of the manor through bailiffs and labor-rents, but by freeholders, leaseholders, copyholders, and hired laborers. Further changes were close at hand. With the dawn of the Tudor period began the general movement which gradually transformed England into a mercantile country. The amount of money in actual use was increasing; men possessed more capital, could borrow it more easily, and lay it out to greater advantage. Commerce permeated national life. Feudalism was dead or dying, and trade was climbing to its throne. The Middle Ages were passing into modern times.

On the agricultural side, the spirit of trading competition gave fresh impulse to an old movement which, in spite of a storm of protest, continued in activity throughout the Tudor period, and after a century and a half of silent progress became once more the centre of literary controversy before it triumphed at the close of the reign of George III. That movement is described as enclosure. Whatever form this movement took, its general drift was towards individual occupation of land. It was always, and particularly in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, directly opposed to the open field system of farming in common.

Agriculturally, the period which opens with the Battle of Bosworth and ends with the early years of Elizabeth was, like all transition periods, full of suffering for those who were least able to adapt themselves to altered conditions. The ruin of noble families by the Wars of the Roses, the lavish expenditure which Henry VIII made fashionable, the rise in prices, and the difficulty of raising rents, compelled many "unthrifty gentlemen" to sell their estates. The break-up of landed estates, and their passage into new hands, favored the introduction of the commercial impulse. The landholders whose "unreasonable covetousness" was most loudly condemned, were mainly speculators in land, men who had made money in business, had capital to invest, could afford the expense of enclosures, and were determined to make their estates pay. Among the results of this conquest of agriculture by the new spirit of commercial competition there may be noticed, first, the clearer recognition of the advantages of farms held in individual occupation, large enough to make the employment of capital remunerative; secondly, the substitution of pasture for tillage, of sheep for corn, of wool for meat; thirdly, the attack upon the old agrarian partnerships in which lords of the manor, parsons, freeholders, leaseholding farmers, copyholders, and cottagers had hitherto associated to supply the wants of each village.

We are now in position to catch the full force of the argument that underlies this work. Time has strengthened two convictions which the author held thirty years ago. One was, that the small number of those who owned agricultural land might some day make England the forcing-bed of schemes for land-nationalization, which countries where the ownership of the soil rested on a more democratic basis repudiated as destructive of all forms of private property. The other was, that a considerable increase in the number of peasant ownerships, in suitable hands, on suitable land, and in suitable localities, was socially, economically, and agriculturally advantageous. Thirty years ago British agriculture was nearing the end of the period of depression which lasted from 1874 to 1885. After a brief interval of amelioration, it plunged into the disasters of 1891-1899. On the whole, the problems are about the same to-day that they were a quarter of a century ago; time has only accentuated some and modified others. There has been a partial recovery of agriculture from acute depression; but, on the other hand, a resemblance is noted between the two periods in the paralyzing effect of the uncertainty of the political outlook, which, in Mr. Prothero's judgment, is infinitely more menacing than in 1888.

To most onlookers, he declares, it should seem the part of ordinary prudence, without further loss of time, to frame a comprehensive programme of land reform on broad and generous lines while maintaining the principle that private ownership is the only satisfactory system for progressive land-cultivation. The centre of power has shifted. It is no longer landowners or tenant-farmers, either alone or in combination, who hold the key to the rural situation. It is the agricultural laborer. It seems inevitable, to the author of this work, that in the near future sacrifices will be asked both from owners and occupiers of land.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Inside of the Cup. By Winston Churchill. New York: The Macmillan Co.

No American novelist of the younger generation has seemed so steadily to fulfil and to increase the promise of his youth as Mr. Churchill. The popular success of his earlier stories might easily have led merely to a contented reproduction of their merits and faults. Their merits belonged to them as the work of a born story-teller. Their faults were faults of crudity, such as are seldom outgrown by writers who have not been forced by circumstances to cast them off. "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" were incredibly raw in many ways. Not only was the action often conventional or forced; the style was that of a half-educated person. Syntax was rickety; grammar not seldom went by the board. Here was a writer capable of amusing the mob with the kind of music the mob likes, with the aid of a sort of rough mouth-organ such as the mob loves. Why should he not be satisfied with himself?

The answer to the question is that he had the making and the will of an artist. He has made use of the criticism of others, and has developed a criticism of his own. He has taken his time. Instead of "working twenty-four hours a day," doing double shifts in the literary workshop, and turning out copy at all costs to meet and keep a popular demand, he has labored slowly and with pain. Instead of furnishing a novel or two a year, after the fashion of the confirmed best-seller, he has published one every two years or so. He has found time to study, to think, and to grow. The result has been that up to the present time each of his novels has been in one sense or another a distinct advance upon its predecessor. In vigor of conception, in grace and finish of style—a perfectly simple and natural style, there is little in common except the famous initial C between "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis" on the one hand, and "Mr. Crewe's Career" or "A Modern Chronicle" on the other.

We say that up to the present this steady advance has been unbroken. We cannot speak with so much confidence of the place of "The Inside of the Cup" in Mr. Churchill's total work. It is an earnest book; great pains have been

taken with it; it deals with a very real and important problem of our time—perhaps the most important of all problems. But it deals with that problem rather too obviously. It contains not only a theme, but a thesis; not only a problem, but an attempt at its solution. And the writer is so intensely absorbed in his theory that he subordinates everything else to it. The result is less a novel than a tract. That was true, it may be said, of "Robert Elsmere," which reflected the religious unrest of the nineties, somewhat as this novel reflects our own. But as we recall Elsmere himself, he was, with all his quibblings and anguished scruples, a human being. We believed in his existence, and were interested in his religion for his own sake. The Rev. John Hodder, on the contrary, strikes us as the most unreal person Mr. Churchill has introduced into his pages. And this is because he is less interested in him than in what he stands for.

Hodder is an athlete in college, studies law, and is on the threshold of a career as a pleader when he is "called" to the ministry. He becomes a priest of the Protestant Episcopal faith, accepting the dogmas of the Church as the embodiment of true religion. After some years' incumbency in a quiet parish, he is invited to a fashionable city rectorship. The vestry which rules "St. John's" are rich and worldly men; they have chosen Hodder because he is "strictly all-wool orthodox, and can be counted on to keep the parish moving quietly in the old ways." Unfortunately, he has "unorthodox hair," and the smouldering fire of an independent personality to which his creed has hitherto given no play. He is altogether ignorant of the new light thrown by modern science and philosophy upon that creed. The plain thing happens. He wakes to a sense of the shortcomings of his church and his creed, and is shortly at odds with the plutocratic vestry. Here he parts company with the Elsmeres. Instead of leaving the Church of his own volition, he not only determines to remain on general principles, but refuses to resign at the request of the vestry. The bishop upholds him; and we leave him rector of a new St. John's, no longer the subsidized possession of the wealthy and corrupt, but a home for mankind.

This is all interesting, and in its way moving. But the fact remains that we do not care for Hodder. His speech is the speech of parsons; he has no vernacular and little humor, and it is useless for his creator to assert that he has bowels. Mr. Churchill has strong convictions as to the function of religion in modern life. And we believe that his convictions are in the main sound. It is right that he should hold them and wish to convey them. But we believe he has chosen the wrong means of conveyance. The serial publication of the story aroused so much comment as to call forth an "afterword" for the book. "Nothing," says Mr. Churchill, "could have been farther from my mind than to pose as a theologian, and were it not for one or two of the letters I have received, I should have supposed that no reader could have thought of making the accusation that I presumed to speak for any one except myself. In a book of this kind, the setting forth of a personal view of religion is not only unavoidable, but necessary; since, if I wrote sincerely, Mr. Hodder's solution must coincide with my own—so far as I have been able to work one out." Very well: but Hodder's solution should not have been a matter of debate and sermonizing, it should have been a matter of experience. His enlightenment comes from without, not from within. One person after another takes him by the button and astonishes him by telling him truths only a blind man in his position could have failed to see. And from first to last he is always preaching or preached to. Consequently, the story fails to move of itself, fails to be a story of persons and events. It is a discussion in the form of a novel about Christianity as it is and as it should be.

The Judgment House. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Bros.

"This book," says Sir Gilbert, in a prefatory note, "does not present a picture of public or private individuals living or dead. It is not in any sense a historical novel. It is in conception and portraiture a work of the imagination." Nevertheless, a historical novel in one sense it is, since it deals with an episode of recent history, and professes to account for that episode. The Boer War is precipitated by the treachery of a half-caste servant of the hero, Rudyard Byng. Byng is that type of hero so frequently met in current English fiction, the South African multimillionaire. He is a rough diamond, a man stark and untrammelled, generous of frame and of spirit. Back "home" with his three millions, he is accepted for them by polite London, and presently falls in love with a finished product of civilization, one Jasmine Grenfel, beautiful and accomplished beyond her years—"so well-poised and yet so sweetly childlike"—as one of her admirers says, "dear Dresden-china Jasmine." She is hard-betrothed to a Londoner of her own circle, but Byng carries her off. She marries him for the power his money will bring; and therewith the trouble begins.

Up to this point the story, written in Sir Gilbert's later and more sophisticated manner, bids fair to be a serious study of a situation between two real human beings. But, the situation once expounded, the romancer steps in and busies himself with a plot involving intrigues and coincidences, climaxes and curtains—all the machinery of the fiction of incident as contrasted with the fiction of interpretation. Krool, the half-breed villain from the Transvaal, with his satanic nature lighted by a gleam of heroic virtue, is plainly akin to certain popular figures we have met—have been in the habit of meeting—in this writer's earlier stories, to Pretty Pierre and the rest. And whether Byng and Jasmine, with their faults and aspirations, their drifting apart and final reunion, have reality for the reader, depends chiefly on the reader's will to find reality in the conventional extravagances of popular fiction.

JOHN BIGELOW'S MEMOIRS.

Retrospections of an Active Life. By John Bigelow. Vol. IV, 1867-1871; Vol. V, 1872-1879. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $7.50 net.

What we said of the first three volumes of Mr. Bigelow's reminiscences we must repeat of these added two: they sin grievously in bulk. Here are a full thousand pages covering only twelve of the least eventful years of Mr. Bigelow's life. Such a mass of matter can be got together only by indiscriminate and catch-all methods. In fact, the author's desk was swept clear of everything—diary, letters, speeches, newspaper clippings—in a spirit of large leisure hardly known since the Triassic age of literature. Only now and then did the compiler betray a scruple. He printed one letter eight pages long, from a man of no account, about things of no account, and remarked that it really was "voluminous," though he hastened to add that "it will not be found a line too long to any one who reads it through." But nobody can read it through. It would be easy to give many specifications of the intolerable inclusiveness of these volumes. Enough to say, however, that they would have been three times as valuable if one-third as portly. To make an end of venting our spleen, we will only note the occurrence of many misprints and some blunders.

Out of public life at Paris, these volumes show us Bigelow dropping diplomacy to take up literature. It was before leaving Europe for the United States that he got on track of the original manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography which he acquired, and which led to his editing Franklin complete. He wrote copiously about monarchy in France, and concerning modern democratic tendencies—books, pamphlets, magazine articles, and addresses running freely from his pen—and kept up his English and French correspondence. Between him and W. H. Huntington many

letters passed. Huntington was for a long time the correspondent of the New York *Tribune* in Paris. He was a man of original humor and had a lively style, which seemed to prick Bigelow, in his replies, into an unaccustomed sprightliness. The correspondence of the two is the most extensive and, on the whole, the best in the volumes. Bigelow's brief and unhappy experience as editor of the New York *Times*, falls within this period, but is here dispatched hastily. More space is given to the ripening of his friendship with Samuel J. Tilden, and to his dip into politics under that leader's promptings. But all this is more fully covered in Bigelow's "Life of Tilden."

In strict importance and in interest, the extracts given from Bigelow's diary surpass the letters. There are no political or personal revelations of great consequence. One thing of the nature of a curiosity may be cited. Under date of April 5, 1871, Bigelow recorded that Mrs. Bancroft had told him "a story of her husband, who had then gone out, which I had not suspected. She said Johnson, the late President, had a high opinion of Bancroft, and sent for him to prepare his first message." The truth of this was established much later by the evidence of manuscripts in the Congressional Library. Bigelow continued on good terms with Seward, and some of the sayings of that statesman, here set down, make good if often challenging reading. In 1867 Seward said to Bigelow: "Lincoln never knew nor cared anything about the foreign relations. . . . He never questioned anything I did about the foreign relations." But Seward must have forgotten his famous dispatch to England, stricken through by Lincoln's pen, as set forth in facsimile by Nicolay and Hay. Some one asked Seward to write his recollections of public life. He replied, "in a very impassioned manner": "You present to me, sir, the most loathsome task that I could possibly undertake." What Seward had to say in advising Bigelow against choosing Washington as a place of winter residence, was both sagacious and piquant:

> A man is of no account here who does not represent a power behind him. Old Jackson knew that so well that the moment he ceased to be President, he lighted his pipe, mounted his horse, started for Tennessee, and never appeared in Washington again. President Pierce planned to stay here after the inauguration of his successor until the weather in New Hampshire should become comfortable. Before he had tarried a week as a private citizen, when he rode as usual up Pennsylvania Avenue no man he passed raised his hat to him or appeared to know who he was or to care. Marcy, too, after he had been Secretary of War, continued to reside in Washington, but was soon entirely overlooked. . . . I would not stay here a day if not in office. . . . I always held on to my country home at Auburn because, come what come might, there I could be sure of ranking with the first. . . . Go to Orange County and make that your home. There dispense your hospitality and from there you may be felt. But don't come here to be kicked under the feet of Government clerks.

Bigelow's diary and letters are naturally full on the subject of the disputed Presidential election of 1876. It can hardly be said, however, that they throw any fresh historic light upon that vexed controversy. After all was over, and Tilden was beaten—cheated, of course, Bigelow always called it—his friend and intimate made this suggestive record in his diary:

> The fact is, an invalid, whatever may be his intellectual ability and experience, always lacks something that is indispensable for leadership. Tilden should have taken the field, so to speak, immediately after the election, gone to Washington, moved amongst, inspired, and directed them. If that had been done, his election would have been a matter of course. But it was impossible. A man who must have a man rub him every morning and evening for an hour or so; who must take a tonic or some other medicinal preparation before each meal; who must ride a couple of hours every day and sleep or rest an hour after it; who, as he once said to me, never knew what it was to eat a square meal in his life or to feel the joy of abounding health; how could such a man be expected to go to Washington, to live there at a hotel, and have not a moment he could call his own for several weeks in succession, and wind up perhaps at the last in a prison? Three days of such a life would knock him up entirely.

Vulgate Version of the Arthurian Romances. Vol. VI. By H. O. Sommer. Washington: The Carnegie Institution.

This volume contains the two concluding branches of the Vulgate cycle of the prose romances, namely, "Les Aventures ou la Queste del Saint Graal" and "La Mort le Roi Artus." Both of these romances have already been edited, the first by Furnivall (1864), the second by Bruce (1910). But Furnivall's edition of the "Queste," being a publication of the Roxburghe Club, has never been generally accessible, and, besides, Dr. Sommer's edition gives the variant readings of the British Museum MSS. and of one of the MSS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale, No. 342, whose value has been brought into prominence by Bruce's edition of the "Mort Artu," as this last member of the cycle has also been called. In our review (May 26, 1910) of the first two volumes of this work we pointed out that, for the "Mort Artu" as for the "Estoire del Saint Graal," the MS. which forms the basis of Dr. Sommer's edition (British Museum, Add. 10292-4) offered a somewhat abbreviated text. In the present volume Dr. Sommer tacitly acknowledges the justice of this criticism by incorporating (in brackets) into the body of his text the fuller readings of other MSS. and, indeed, at the turning-point of the story (the plot of Arthur's nephews to catch Lancelot with Guinevere) by substituting for the text of this MS. that of the British Museum MS., which, as was observed in Bruce's edition, stands closest to MS. 342 of the Bibliothèque Nationale.

The plan of these volumes naturally allows no scope for the discussion of the problems which are connected with the romances here printed. This has not deterred the editor, however, from many confident pronouncements. For instance, the problem of the relation of the "Queste" and the "Mort Artu" is not to be settled by the few lines which Dr. Sommer devotes to it at the bottom of page 204, especially as his own view of the matter requires the setting aside of the whole manuscript tradition. Italics have no power to convert assertion into argument, and these questions will have to be settled on the old basis of evidence and reason. One may remark incidentally that no one expects acknowledgments from Dr. Sommer—else it would surprise the reader who is familiar with these matters to find him pointing out, as if it were his own discovery, that the very important account of Gawain's killing of Bademagus, which is missing from all known MSS. of the "Queste," is preserved in the MS. 112 of the Bibliothèque Nationale, although this fact was noted (for the first time) in Bruce's edition of the "Mort Artu." On the other hand, it is inept for Dr. Sommer to speak indefinitely, as in the case of the passage concerning Arthur's translation to Avalon, of what is recorded in "by far the larger number of the MSS. I have seen," when in the edition just named the readings of every MS. in the British Museum, Bodleian, and Bibliothèque Nationale (except MS. 122, omitted by oversight), are recorded with exact reference to folio and column.

The two branches included in the present volume are the shortest of the whole cycle, but they have supplied more material to modern literature than all the rest put together. In point of literary merit there is nothing in the remaining branches to equal the "Mort Artu," except the earlier portions of the "Merlin" and "Lancelot." Even in the "Mort Artu" the descriptions of fighting assume too large a place, but, on the whole, it maintains a higher level of interest than the rest. Here, for the first time, we have the stories of Lancelot and Elaine, of Sir Bedivere and the sword, and, generally speaking, in all substantial particulars, the story of the love affair of Lancelot and Guinevere, in the form in which it has become so familiar to the modern world through Malory and Tennyson. In the same way,

the "Queste," here printed, is mainly responsible for modern conceptions concerning the Holy Grail. The old French romance, however, is itself dull reading. The only advantage it possesscs over most branches of the cycle is in its more coherent plot. But the popularity of the central conception is due manifestly rather to the hold which religion has had on the minds of mcn in all agcs than to any literary excellence of this particular romance.

Dr. Sommer announces here his intention of adding to his series the publication of the "Merlin" continuation of MS. 337 of the Bibliothèque Nationale and some fragments that have been preserved of the French originals of the Spanish and Portuguese "Demandas." The former is well known through Freymond's very minute analysis, but the text itself will, of course, be welcome. In our own opinion, however, Dr. Sommer would be performing an even greater service if he should complete the materials that are extant for the study of the composition of the "Lancelot" by rendering accessible the variant version (still unprinted) of the beginning of Part II of this romance.

Notes

In response to numerous appeals, the London *Times* has determined to begin an issuc of reprints of its special articles in handy volumes at the price of a shilling each. There has already appeared the series on "Labour and Industry in 1913." Others in the press are on "The Golf Courses of the Riviera" and "Some French Cathedrals." The publisher is John Murray.

"The Samson-Saga and its Place in Comparative Religion" is the title of a volume by Dr. Smythe Palmer, which Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons are bringing out.

The Oxford University Press will soon publish a critical edition of the Purâna text of the dynasties of the Kâli age in ancient India, prepared by F. E. Pargiter. It is based on the version common to the Matsya, Vâyu, and Brahmânda Purânas, supplemented from the Vishnu, Bhâgavata, and Garuda Purânas. The printed editions and some sixty MSS. have been collated. A translation, a full introduction, and an index are supplied. These texts are the only literary record of the chief dynasties that reigned in Northern India from about 1000 B. C. to A. D. 330.

Miss Marion Polk Angellotti, author of "The Burgundian," has written another historical romance, which the Century Co. will publish this month under the title of "Harlette." Harlette is a peasant woman with whom Duke Robert of Normandy was infatuated.

Volume VI of "The Graphic Arts Year Book," forthcoming, treats the general subject of advertising on the editorial lines suggested by the Associated Advertising Clubs of America. It may be noted that Mr. Tobey, of Hamilton, O., who is publishing the volume, had his establishment almost destroyed by the great floods.

The house in which George Borrow lived at Norwich is to be kept as a permanent museum. A Borrow celebration will be held in that town on July 5.

Special phases of library work will be considered by the librarians of the United States and Canada at their thirty-fifth annual conference at Hotel Kaaterskill, in the Catskills, June 23 to 28.

On Thursday of last week the French Academy awarded the Grand Prize of Literature, amounting to $2,044, to M. Romain Rolland for his novel, "Jean-Christophe," a work of monumental length tracing the career of a musical composer. M. Rolland was successful over MM. Psichari and Clermont.

The Statesman's Year-Book for 1913 is the jubilee volume of this valuable publication, since it first appeared fifty years ago. In commemoration of this fact, the introduction contains a retrospect of the principal events in the history of the world during the last half-century, and maps of the different continents in 1863 and 1913, showing especially the marvellous growth of railways in all parts of the world, except the Turkish Empire. The only change in the main body of the work is that a separate notice is given of each Canadian province. Considerable additions have also been made to the agricultural statistics.

The geographic and economic history of Michigan is outlined with many interesting and suggestive facts, in the May Bulletin of the American Geographical Society, by Mr. George J. Miller, of the University of Chicago. Many readers will be surprised to learn that its settlement, which began at Detroit in 1701, was delayed by the belief that the interior was a vast swamp which might well be left to the fur-bearing animals and to the trappers and hunters. Till 1830 there was very little growth. The article is illustrated by nine charts showing the distribution of population in the different counties during the last hundred years. Attention is also directed to the expedition sent out in March by the University Museum of Philadelphia to explore the vast forests of the Amazon where primitive peoples still roam, as they did before Columbus, untouched by civilization. Much geographical work will be done, but the special studies will be of the native arts and industries, social organization, religious beliefs, and linguistic relationship. Material will be collected for an exhibition to illustrate the life of the Amazonian tribes. It is the last great unexplored tract of the earth's surface.

"The R. L. Stevenson Originals" (Scribner), by E. B. Simpson, follows Scott and Dickens in the series of popular accounts of where authors found their characters. The present is a very original book in one respect: instead of studying Stevenson's treatment of material it gives an account of his life, living-places, and friends. In a soprano voice the author recites the oft-repeated story from his frail childhood to the last day in the Pacific, sometimes with a quaver of sympathy, frequently with that note of quaintness in expression which is supposed to give the literary tone. Most of the narrative bears little relevancy to the supposed topic in hand, as the story of his affectionate regard for his nurse "Cummy." Some of it is told with more detail in other volumes, as the account of the Appin trial, used in "Kidnapped," which Mr. McKay has given at length in his "Notable Trials." A veil of sentiment is cast over the outlines of the biography, but from various easily accessible sources appear glimpses of R. L. S. that stick in the memory as characteristic of his boyish disposition. There are, too, a large number of reproductions of portraits, autograph letters, and photographs which bring his friends and his surroundings home to the reader. On this account, if not on others, the volume will be welcomed by numerous members of the Stevenson cult.

There is no other development of the long-continued struggle between paganism and idealism which John Kelman, D.D., believes to be the theme of his "Among Famous Books" (Doran) than is involved in frequent references to paganism and idealism in all of the ten lectures that make up the book.

"College Sermons" (Longmans), by Langdon Cheves Stewardson, ex-president of Hobart College, possess the qualities which should characterize religious discourses to students—simplicity and directness of expression, candor in confession of faith and statement of difficulties, earnestness of moral appeal, and elevation and nobility of spiritual aspiration. There is no cheap appeal about them, no flattery, no straining for eloquence or effect, but they hold attention and lift the spirit by force of thought and the compelling truth of the ideals they set forth. The volume is a sufficient answer to the cavil one sometimes hears that broad churchmanship has lost its faith and its power of evangelic utterance. The sermons were preached at Lehigh University, where their author was formerly chaplain, at Hobart College, Columbia University, and the University of Michigan.

"The Bend in the Road" (Harper), by Truman A. DeWeese, shows one of our modern tendencies towards the country. It is a pleasant volume of informal essays, preaching the wisdom of the business man who, while maintaining his city employment and winter residence, provides himself with a refuge in the country, where ten acres supply summer happiness. We are amused at the description (accurately illustrated) of the author attacking a mullein with a mattock, but on the whole the book is full of sound sense. It is not "practical": only of the culture of grapes do we get a close glimpse, and in general the author shies when he finds himself explaining his methods. He offers wholesomeness, contentment, and the way to a cheerful old age.

The aim of Mr. J. H. P. Murray in writing "Papua or British New Guinea" (Scribner), the Australian Territory of which he has been Lieutenant-Governor since 1906, was to "excite a sympathetic interest in the little-known but often attractive inhabitants of a beautiful and fertile land." A brief description of the geographical features of the country and its history is followed by a detailed account of the different tribes. Some idea in regard to their numbers may be gained from the fact that

on one occasion he counted seventeen different languages spoken by a boatload of natives, "some of them probably differing as much from one another as English and Chinese." Through the methods employed the Government has succeeded in winning the confidence of the natives, who "are on the whole a law-abiding people." Raids, head-hunting, cannibalism, and village warfare have virtually ceased, and the general happiness has been increased. The exploration work of the miners, missionaries, and Government officers, especially that of former Lieut.-Gov. Sir William MacGregor, is described at some length. The concluding chapters treat of the development of the Territory, which is rich in natural resources—the total output of gold being about six million dollars. There are also copper, coal, and petroleum deposits. Its sparse population and the consequent lack of labor are the chief causes of its limited development. The one strong impression left by the book is the wonderful contrast between conditions in Papua and those in the adjoining colony of Dutch New Guinea. This is largely owing to the very different natural conditions, but much credit must also be given to the wise and truly paternal methods of the English in governing natives of low degree. There are thirty-eight reproductions of photographs (an especially interesting one being of cat's cradle as played by two native girls), and a map.

J. D. E. Loveland's "The Romance of Nice" (Stokes) is one of the usual books written about a place more famous for its picturesqueness than for its historical importance. Mr. Loveland has gleaned the legends, the bits of history, and the recent gossip, and has added descriptions of the neighboring provincial places which strangers visit. His story, though amateurish, will interest readers not too exacting. He does not always write correctly. He uses "Guelf*ic*," for instance, which is as bad as "Ghibelli*nic*" would be; but he is industrious, and he has chosen several excellent illustrations.

A third edition of Percy E. Newberry and John Garstang's "Short History of Ancient Egypt," first issued in 1903, bears the American imprint of E. P. Dutton & Co. The preface, which is dated September, 1911, does not indicate that the text has undergone revision, and a cursory examination fails to show material changes. On the contrary, some statements to which exception was taken when the book first appeared—for example, the account (pp. 18, 19) of military successes ascribed to Narmer—remain unchanged, save, in this case, for the footnote, confusing when taken in connection with the text, that "the identification of Mena with Narmer is now to be inferred from the certain identity of Atet, his successor, with Aha." As a brief summary of early Egyptian history, the volume is readable and informing; but in a work which professes, as this does, to embody important new points of view, the reader might fairly ask some indication of what is documentary fact and what is the authors' interpretation. It is to be regretted that the publishers did not give the book a more attractive form.

A useful addition to the philosophical library issued by the Open Court Company is a volume containing the text of La Mettrie's "L'Homme Machine," with a translation, "Man a Machine," founded on the version made by Miss Gertrude C. Bussey. The text is taken from a Leyden edition of 1748 (the first edition is of the same year and place), and typographical errors have been corrected by Lucien Arréat, of Paris. Extracts, in English, from "The Natural History of the Soul," and explanatory notes have been adapted from a thesis written by Miss Bussey. The translation, for which in its present form Prof. M. W. Calkins is responsible, follows the French closely and, so far as we have examined, faithfully. La Mettrie, for his relation to English Deism and French materialism, has considerable historical interest.

"Fanning's Narrative; being the Memoirs of Nathaniel Fanning, an officer of the Revolutionary Navy, 1778-1783," edited and annotated by the late John S. Barnes, has been reprinted by the Naval History Society of New York. The Society has shown commendable enterprise, for the earlier editions of 1806 and 1808 are now extremely rare. The edition of 1825, to which Buell refers in his Life of Paul Jones, was never published, but existed, as did so much of the romance of his book, solely in the imagination of the biographer. His pretended quotations from that edition were pure fabrications, as was his elaborate plan, which he attributed to the pen of Paul Jones, for the establishment and regulation of the American navy, and which high authorities have called the "moral and intellectual charter of Annapolis." Other biographers of Paul Jones have used Fanning, but, as the editor shows, with more caution than was necessary, for Fanning was Jones's secretary or clerk, handled much of his correspondence, and, moreover, evidently kept a diary or journal from which he refreshed his memory as he wrote this narrative. His is the most detailed and circumstantial account in existence of the encounter between the Bon Homme Richard and the Serapis, and Fanning's position in the tops gave him an advantage in witnessing the struggle. He is frankly an admirer of Jones, but tells some stories of his peccadilloes, in which Fanning, with a rough sailor's morality, saw no harm. The narrative is valuable not only for its picture of the life of an American privateersman and its account of Jones's famous cruise, but for the observations made in France just before the Revolution.

The reader of "Camp and Tramp in African Wilds" (Lippincott) will be convinced that the Central African savages are brave, generous, trustworthy, with strong family affections and keen observers and lovers of nature. The author, Mr. E. Torday, had abundant opportunities for studying them during his six and a half years' residence in Africa. The first four years were spent in the extreme southeastern part near Lake Tanganyika and the remainder in the central part in the basin of the Kasai. While not concealing the savage traits of the natives, he brings out their good ones. When the vanquished in a wrestling match which he organized burst into tears of rage, the other, "with a fine gesture, handed him over the prize he had just won, saying, 'Now don't be angry any more; you got the licking and you shall have the prize, too.'" In one village through which he passed a little boy, born blind, was a universal favorite. During his two journeys across the state he can "honestly say that he has never come across a tribe which was not naturally good-tempered." Their frequent tribal wars, he adds, are as a rule "no more deadly than mediæval tournaments." He maintains that "the native has as minute a knowledge of birds, beasts, and plants as is possessed by the most enthusiastic collector in Europe. . . . In powers of observation they are strikingly superior to Europeans. . . . If a partridge calls, they can show you the very bush in which it is sitting, though it may be two or three hundred yards away." The book is attractively put together with 42 reproductions of photographs and an excellent map.

Mr. John Macy entitles his volume of critical essays "The Spirit of American Literature" (Doubleday, Page)—ironically, for he immediately declares that "the American spirit in literature is a myth." The chief reason he assigns is that we write and speak English over here, and—what is more important, since authors gain their ideas and inspiration, not from the life around them, but from books—that we have long read English poems and novels. The humble reader instantly discovers in Mr. Macy a critic at once original and profound, who looks quite through the deeds of men, and their books, too. The critic himself would probably attribute his superior vision to a conspicuous pair of Socialistic goggles. The accepted and conservative is everywhere hooted out of court as "the stupidity of learned doctors and acknowledged teachers of æsthetics." Quietly humorous and picturesque transcripts from life are negligible, since they do not draw "the grand passions, sexual or other." Mr. Howells does not know life because he would not know "how to sit down and eat his grub with a bunch of workmen and find out what they think of things." Viewed in this spirit, various American authors from Irving to Henry James file past. Hawthorne's romance, the enlightened critic finds, does not "convince the reader whose fancy has been clarified." Of Whitman we learn, "In no other volume of poetry, in neither Dante nor Shakespeare, are so *many* motives of life so powerfully suggested, blent, interfused, as in 'Leaves of Grass.'" Mr. Traubel is pronounced a greater biographer than Boswell.

In statement of fact Mr. Macy's book swarms with errors. It is ingeniously full of them. In dealing with his most admired poet, Whitman, about whom we should suppose him to possess the fullest and most accurate knowledge, he declares, "He edited the 'Brooklyn Eagle' in 1874-8." Probably he means 1847-8, but it is very well established that Whitman's connection dates from 1846. He continues, "The next year he tramped over the country west to the Great Lakes, south to New Orleans, supporting himself by free-lance contributions to newspapers." Now Whitman himself tells of the bargain made between acts in the Broadway Theatre for his connection with the New Orleans *Crescent* and of his trip thither in 1848, *not* the next year. His wanderings were *up* from New Orleans. Mr. Macy adds: "During the war he wrote for the newspapers and was volunteer nurse in the hospitals at Washington." This slip-shod

statement misleads. His residence in Washington dates from December, 1862, when he went thither to seek a wounded brother. The next sentence reads: "He was clerk in several departments of the Government at Washington from 1865 to 1874, when he was stricken with partial paralysis." The records show only *two* departments in which he worked, the Indian Bureau of the Department of the Interior and the Attorney-General's office. Every one knows of the charges of immorality which led to the change to the Attorney-General's office. The partial paralysis referred to in this sentence came in 1873.

Even less defensible, if possible, are Mr. Macy's misstatements concerning William James, at whose feet he sat and whom he regards with a deep personal admiration. A sentence reads, "He died in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 26, 1910." One would suppose that memory of an event so recent about one he loved would remind him that Professor James died at his summer home on Lake Chocorua, New Hampshire. A few sentences further on we read the extraordinary statement that "he gave the Gifford lectures at Edinburgh in 1899-1911." This is evidently a case for the Society for Psychical Research. When Mr. Macy begins to mention dates of publication, there is simply no keeping count of the errors.

To persons interested in Greek study it is gratifylng that Macmillan should have found it desirable to bring out a new issue of Professor Frazer's "Pausanias." This book, a true masterpiece of rich and sane scholarship, was reviewed in two issues of the *Nation*, in December, 1898, the year in which it appeared. Scholars were quick to recognize its very high merit and to realize that no good library of the classics could be without it. The second edition is merely a reprint of the first, with the correction of a few errors, and the addition of a few references in the Indices. Professor Frazer states in a prefatory note that he hopes he may at some future time be able to add a supplementary volume or volumes, which shall take note of recent excavations. Scholars will earnestly wish that his hope may be realized. In the meantime some regret may be felt that the *Addenda* of Vol. V could not have been increased by a few pages of classified bibliography covering the excavations in Greece since 1898. Such a bibliography would have greatly enhanced the immediate practical value of the book to students.

The Rev. Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D., professor of Christian symbolics in the Union Theological Seminary, with which he had been connected for nearly forty years, died at his apartments in that institution on Sunday. He was born in New York in 1841. He studied at the University of Virginia from 1857 to 1860, at Union Theological Seminary from 1861 until 1863, and at the University of Berlin from 1866 to 1869. He had received the degree of D.D. from the following colleges: In 1875, from Princeton; in 1884, from Edinburgh; in 1894, from Williams, and in 1901 from Glasgow. In 1901 Oxford honored him with the degree of D.Litt. He was ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1870, and from 1870-1874 held a pastorate at Roselle, N. J. Dr. Briggs joined the teaching staff of Union Seminary in 1874, and first came into prominence in 1891, when he was transferred from the chair of Davenport professor of Hebrew to that of Biblical theology. On the occasion of his transfer he delivered an address on "The Authority of Holy Scripture," which brought such adverse criticism from the religious press that after the complete text appeared the New York Presbytery appointed a committee to consider the address in its relation to the "Confession of the Faith." The attack was made against both man and institution, and because of the breach that followed the Presbyterians lost not only Dr. Briggs but the Union Theological Seminary. He was the author of several books on theological subjects, among them "The Case of Dr. Briggs," in three parts, and "The Fundamental Christian Faith"; the latter was reviewed in the *Nation* of May 22, this year.

Lucius Harwood Foote died last week in San Francisco. He was born at Winfield, N. Y., in 1826; was educated at Western Reserve, receiving the degree of A.B. in 1850 and that of A.M. in 1853. In 1882 he was Minister to Korea, and the following year, in the revolt at Seul, distinguished himself in the protection of the Japanese and other foreigners. For his services he received personal messages of thanks from the Emperor of Japan, the Emperor of Korea, and the Government of China. Mr. Foote was the author of "Red-Letter Day and Other Poems" and "On the Heights."

Science

The Flight of Birds. By F. W. Headley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Now that the era of practical aeroplanes is close upon us, a book such as this can command a wide attention. In a volume of some one hundred and fifty pages Mr. Headley has given briefly and clearly the main facts concerning the flight of birds, with interesting side notes on the efforts which mankind is making to imitate them. The first six chapters deal with the mode and method of flight, Gliding, Stability, Motive Power,' Starting, Steering, Stopping, and Alighting. Succeeding chapters discuss the Machinery and Rapidity of Flight, Varieties of Wings, and the Relation between Wind and Flight. Although the study of flight involves a thorough knowledge of higher mathematics and physics, the author has kept his treatment of the subject popular.

From the first it is clear that what man has to think about, the bird does instinctively, and that the only real comparison between the efforts of birds and men is when the former are sailing or soaring. The comparison of birds of varying size brings forth many points of view, which will be new to most readers. One is that in proportion to his weight, the big flyer requires comparatively very small supporting surface. Thus if a swallow had proportionately a stork's allowance of wing surface, it would have but two inches on each side, while a gnat would have more than four and a half square yards for a single pound of weight.

The author discusses the automatic safeguards which birds possess, the frequent cases of body twisting and of steering with feet instead of with the tail, which explain a bird's control of direction even when the entire tail has accidentally been lost. As regards stability, Mr. Headley states truly that a bird does not maintain a steady, careful equilibrium, but makes a constant readjustment to every gust and vagary of wind. The bird does not "fly stupidly into a telegraph wire," but simply does not see it until too late to evade it. In the Machinery of Flight we have a review of well-known facts of the structure of bones, muscles, and feathers as adapted to flight; which calls for no especial mention. Mr. Headley still maintains the theory that soaring, such as the slow upward spiralling of vultures, is made possible by upward currents. It is probable, however, that we have as yet no clue to the real solution of this wonderful phenomenon.

The chapter on Pace and Last sums up our knowledge of the rapidity and extent of flight and endurance of birds on migration and at other times. A French homing pigeon has a record of one hundred and six miles an hour. The migrants which travel many hundreds of miles oversea without rest, undoubtedly subsist upon the fat stored within their own bodies. A bird with a very slow stroke—say, one hundred and thirty to the minute—if on the wing only twelve hours, must contract his flight muscles more than ninety-three thousand times! From such facts as these one may appreciate the wonderful adjustment of a bird's heart, lungs, and senses.

Many photographs, chiefly of pigeons, taken in all conditions and phases of flight, help greatly to explain the text.

Many people are deterred from the cultivation of lilies by the fear that these stately plants may not respond readily to such treatment as amateurs can bestow. H. S. Adams has prepared a useful handbook which should remove this fear. It is entitled "Lilies" (McBride, Nast), and comprises within some hundred duodecimo pages about all the information any amateur gardener requires for the selection and management of the more desirable varieties. The author is explicit in regard to all important features of caring for these plants from first to last, and presents his suggestions in such plain language that no one can go astray. The photographic illustrations are up to the average of black-and-white figures, and are well selected. To all readers the chapter on Lilies that Are Not Lilies will prove exceedingly attractive.

John McLennan's "Manual of Practical Farming" has been reissued by the publishers in the Macmillan Standard Library,

the sale of the book during the past three years apparently justifying this popular form. We can repeat what in substance we said on the book's appearance. It succinctly covers the wide field of farming, combining with sound practice enough of theory to give the farmer confidence in new-fangled notions. It is too much to expect that the book, or others of the same kind, will ever change the practice of the older generation of our agriculturists, but put in the hands of younger men it should greatly improve the old style of farming. The reduced price of the book (50 cents) should extend its popularity.

The same pleasant style of Martha Evans Martin's earlier work, "The Friendly Stars," is apparent throughout her new book, "The Ways of the Planets" (Harpers). She has done for the heavens what Mrs. William Starr Dana's writing on our common wild flowers has done for botany. After careful reading one should be able to recognize the greater planets quite as easily as one can tell asters from ironweed. The author gives vivid comparisons which easily fix related ideas, as, for instance (p. 18), "From the nearest star it takes light more than four years to come to us. From the nearest planet light comes in less than three minutes, and from the farthest one it makes the journey in a little more than four hours." Difference in speed between the "slow-journeying planets" and the "flying stars," which seem to us eternally fixed, is well illustrated on pp. 24-25. Ignoring the "capture theory," the author clearly outlines the spiral nebula hypothesis, accepting the agreement of most astronomers that "the whole solar family, including the sun and all the planets, has been evolved from a great nebula, which, in one form or another, at one time filled practically the whole of the immense space from the sun to the outermost planet of the system." The motions of planets, always a confusing subject to the lay mind, with their advances, loops, and apparent retrogressions, are very simply presented. Also, the paths of the planets along the ecliptic and their progress through the constellations of the zodiac are plainly set forth with a chart. The separate chapters on each planet contain all necessary information. Mercury is treated picturesquely: "the same weight of feathers that would compose a pillow here would make a whole feather bed on Mercury" (p. 107). Various debatable theories, at least those in respectable standing, are recounted without prejudice and described as "still open." Of these the rotation of Venus is one (p. 142); and of the hotly waged battles over Mars, a fair story of Flagstaff theories is given, to which is added the statement that to many persons differently constituted they form "too complete an explanation" (p. 177). Dates when the planets may be conveniently seen are frequently given, sometimes in tables, occasionally in the text. The reader grasps the distinction between density and mass when he learns that Saturn is the only planet which could float in water. The myriads of small planets are set forth in popular language, though not so graphically as in Miss Clerk's concise phrase, "easier to catch than to keep." Comparatively few slips, typographic or other, occur, though *canalli* (p. 174) is a rather curious error. And why (p. 87) is Mercury made masculine and Mars neuter? There are a few excellent reproductions of photographs taken at Mt. Wilson and Yerkes, with a convenient table of symbols, and a fairly large index.

Dr. L. Forbes Winslow, founder of the British Hospital for Mental Disorders, died Sunday in London. He was born in that city in 1844, and was educated at Rugby and Downing College, Cambridge. Dr. Winslow had been engaged in the principal lunacy investigations during the last twenty-five years in England, and had also been retained in several homicide cases. He was the author of "Manual of Lunacy," "Mad Humanity," "Eccentricity of Youth Leading to Crime," "Fasting and Feeding," "Uncontrollable Drunkenness," "Spiritualistic Madness," "Handbook for Attendants on the Insane," "Lunacy Law in England," "The Suggestive Power of Hypnotism," and "Recollections of Forty Years."

Music and Drama

Clara Schumann. By Berthold Litzmann. Translated by Grace E. Hadow. New York: The Macmillan Co. 2 vols. $8 net.

About a year after the death of Clara Schumann—the widow of the great composer, and famous herself as a pianist and writer of songs and pianoforte pieces—Berthold Litzmann was asked by her children to write her biography. For divers reasons, he declined the task, which was then entrusted to Julius Allgeyer, who, however, died before he had got beyond Clara's girlhood. Herr Litzmann thereupon agreed to undertake the work. He had at his disposal no fewer than forty-seven manuscript volumes of Frau Schumann's diaries, besides countless letters written by her to her husband, as well as to Brahms and other friends, together with the replies. Out of this superabundant material Herr Litzmann constructed three volumes. The translator has wisely condensed these into two. The first includes the most romantic of all musical love stories—Schumann's long and desperate struggle for the hand of Clara Wieck, whose father resorted to the most amazing measures to thwart his designs. In the second, the tragedy is related of Schumann's mental decline and death, and the same volume has much to say about the widow's subsequent friendship with Brahms and her experiences as a concert pianist and teacher. About her were grouped Joachim, Bargiel, and other foes of Wagner and Liszt, whose antics and opinions, as recorded in these pages, give further interest to Litzmann's volumes, making them, indeed, a moving-picture show of many interesting episodes of musical peace and war during the years comprising Clara Schumann's life, 1819-1896.

Her father, Friedrich Wieck, had intended from her babyhood to make an artist of her; hence his wrath when he found that she loved Robert Schumann even more than him, and wanted to become a Hausfrau. He could not foresee that she was capable of rising higher both as pianist and composer than any other woman had ever risen, and yet be the devoted, self-sacrificing mother of seven children. She was only nine years old when Robert, aged nineteen, as a pupil of her father, first met her. The diary, started for her by her father, begins about this time and vividly narrates all the details of the five years' courtship. Schumann was madly in love with her, and the torments inflicted on him during these years doubtless had much to do with undermining his health and bringing about his mental collapse. His failure as a conductor, after his marriage, further hastened the catastrophe. He was, like some other great composers, not a good conductor, for he "listened to the music in his own mind rather than to the actual performance." Violent altercations ensued, and at last he was requested to resign his position at Düsseldorf. This was not only an artistic humiliation, but made it necessary for his wife to work the harder as a pianist, since, although he was near the end of his career, he could not support the family from the sales of his compositions. He was, indeed, far less known than she was. "Are you musical, too?" he was asked, about this time, by the King of Holland after she had played at a royal *soirée*.

Most of the details regarding Schumann's illness have long been known, but none are so pathetic as those written by his wife and widow in her diary, now first made public. His death left her with a family of four girls and three boys, the oldest being only fifteen, while the youngest had never seen his father. In these days of grief the friendship of Brahms was a great solace. They had met when Schumann was still living. At the time of his death, she was thirty-four, Brahms twenty-two. Together they had witnessed his agony: "Johannes and I spent the whole day out there, going in and out of his room, but often only looking at him through the little window in the wall. He suffered dreadfully, though the doctor would not admit it. His limbs twitched continually, and he often spoke vehemently. Ah! I could only pray God to release him, because I loved him so dearly."

The friendship between Clara Schumann and Brahms is almost as interestingly told in these pages as her courtship with Robert. Though she travelled much, to support her large family by recitals, they met wherever it was possible, and often made long tours on foot together. Like her husband, she took to his music passionately from the beginning, and soon there was hardly a musical god beside him. The fervor of the most rabid Wagnerites pales into in-

signifieanee by the side of her frenetie enthusiasm for Brahms. She quarrelled with her friend Jenny Lind because that great artist refused to worship at the same shrine. She broke lances for Brahms daily. In Hamburg, his birthtown, she was so happy because he conducted for her that not even "the stupidity of the audience," which gave "no mark of sympathy" and did not even show "proper respect" for him, annoyed her. His music moved her to tears. More and more it monopolized her affection, until, in 1884, we find this entry in the diary: "How sad it is that there is no one but Brahms whom one can look up to and admire as an artist."

By artist she meant not only Brahms as a composer, but as a pianist. Wagner found Brahms's playing "wooden," but to her he was far superior to all the others, including Liszt, Rubinstein, and Bülow. In the first volume are recorded some enthusiastic remarks on Liszt's playing, but after Brahms (who loathed Liszt) appeared on the scene, she also detested him. His compositions she found "the most dreadful stuff," particularly the sonata which he dedicated to her husband; while as for his playing, "there is no longer any music, nothing but a diabolical buzzing and banging." Bach's chromatic fantasia he played "horribly." Rubinstein she liked personally, and she enjoyed his "Oecan" symphony, but he, too, could not play the piano; he "played Beethoven's G major concerto abominably." Bülow seems to have been quite beneath contempt. To her, he was "the most wearisome player," and he "thumped," while his famous and much-used analyses of the works of Bach and Beethoven so "disfigure" them that they are "hardly recognizable." Moreover, Bülow was a friend of Wagner, and Wagner disputes with Liszt the title of the arehfiend in music. The thousands who are now enthusiastically celebrating the Wagner centenary will surely pause on reading Clara Schumann's prophecy, made in 1876, that Wagnerism is "a passing intoxication." She could not deny that even those who really understand musie find beauties in it, "but," she adds, "they deceive themselves." Had not Brahms, the "only artist," written to her after hearing "Die Meistersinger": "I am not enthusiastic myself—either about this work or about Wagner himself"? And had she not heard the Wagnerian operas and found them bad?—"Tristan" being "repulsive"; "Rheingold" like "wading about in a swamp"; while "boredom predominated" in "Die Walküre," and so on.

A list of Clara Schumann's own compositions is given in the second volume; some of them had considerable vogue for a time. Of greater interest are the eleven pages devoted to a list of the works she studied or played in public in the years 1824 to 1889. Her experienees as a concert pianist in Germany, France, and England make interesting reading, and the devotees of Brahms will eagerly peruse the letters he wrote to Clara Schumann. In one of them he says: "To my mind, longing is one of the most pleasant of feelings; it thrills so sweetly that a sense of well-being pervades one."

The overture to Wagner's "Tannhäuser" was played by the London Philharmonie in 1854, when it was nine years old. It took the opera twenty-two years longer to reach London.

Rosa Newmarch writes in the *Russian Review* that at present music in Russia has rebounded from the national ideal, and not, in her opinion, entirely to its detriment. The obligation to write always in a patriotie spirit, to choose only national subjects for opera and programme music, to set every line of the Russian poets to music, and to model every melody on the folk-tune pattern, gave to some of the later music of the nationalists an air of monotony and perfunctoriness. The younger generation grew a little weary of the burden of nationalism, and ceased to concern themselves with the solidarity of a particular school whose position had been won, and whose mission was accomplished. Something like a complete revolution has now taken place, and Moscow—once reproached for its cosmopolitanism, and lukewarm attitude towards the patriotic enthusiasms of the modern capital—is now upbraided for its conservatism and continued adherence to the traditions of Tchaikovsky.

Thirty years ago, Saint-Saëns conceived the plan of writing an oratorio about Moses, but it was not till last autumn that he carried it out. It will have its first performance next autumn, in England. The work is divided in several parts: The Promise, The Offence, The Punishment, Death of Moses. The point of the drama lies in the disobedience of Moses when he "lifted up his hand and smote the rock."

Mr. George Moore's play, "Esther Waters," which he has made out of his well-known novel of the same name, now appears in printed form (Luce & Co.). It was produced in London a year or more ago, by the Stage Society, with only moderate success, and is not likely, without radical modification and improvement, to find its way again speedily to the footlights. This does not mean that it is a work without substantial merits of its own. It is informed with definite and solid purpose, is veracious in its details, and contains some effective theatrical incidents, but it is slow in action, and without freshness of fact or invention to give interest to sordid and familiar themes—except in one or two spirited race-course descriptions. As in the case of innumerable earlier stage adaptations of moving tales of fiction, the story, stripped of its literary adornments, is revealed as an ordinary and unattractive skeleton. It is true that the personages in the play are all recognizable types, and that they are consistently and logically handled, albeit with a somewhat too mathematical precision, but they are cast in such common moulds, and are conducted through such obvious courses, that they are incapable of provoking either curiosity or suspense. The literary skill of their creator, or reproducer, is manifested in the appropriateness of the dialogue which he puts into their mouths, and it may be granted, very readily, that his representation of the incalculable mischief done to the manners and morals of the British working classes by the betting mania which rages among them is very little, if at all, exaggerated. His knowledge of the seamiest side of the lower sporting world, its language and its habits, is intimate and peculiar, and he paints the horrors of baby-farming—as they used to be when "Esther Waters" was first written—in vivid colors. But he has nothing new or enlightening to say on any of these topics, and something more than the illustration of notorious facts by means of conventional puppets is essential to the making of live and potential drama. On the score of propriety, there is not a word to be said against this piece. The plain speaking in it, if not altogether necessary, is never unwholesome. But it is not useful, because the harping is nearly all on one string, and is consequently monotonous and dull. Of all the characters in the cast there is not one that carries any sympathetic appeal. Even Esther herself, in her stage form, only excites a vague eommiseration as the unfortunate victim of weakness, ignorance, and environment. Her lack of individuality, the mere fact that she is only one of the mass—however deplorable and significant that may be to the social student—deprives her of value as a dramatic figurc.

The general critical verdict of London is not particularly favorable to the Othello of Forbes-Robertson—now Sir Johnston—but it finds an enthusiastic admirer here and there.

"Ariadne in Naxos," the combination of Molière and Richard Strauss with which Sir Herbert Tree has been experimenting at His Majesty's Theatre in London, seems to have attained only a success of euriosity. It appears that Strauss supplied not only the opera, but a musical accompaniment to Somerset Maugham's compressed and distorted version of "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which preceded it. One critic writes:

> Lulli, to be sure, wrote a good many incidental songs for its original (1670) form, but that music was confined to the people on the stage; there was nothing in the nature of Richard Strauss's running commentary from the orchestra. Last night you had a meadow of musical margin to a rivulet of dramatic text. And so mueh the better!

Fred Terry's health is at last said to be fully reëstablished. He has been acting in the English provinces, and is now appearing at the London Coronet in "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," with Julia Neilson, of course, as the heroine.

Sir John Hare, the famous English aetor, has just entered his seventieth year. He made his first appearance on the professional stage at Liverpool, in September, 1864, so that next year he will be able, if he ehooses, to celebrate his theatrieal jubilee. The stage can ill afford to lose permanently so delicate a comedian.

According to the London *Times*, this

year's spectacle at Olympia, illustrating scenes between the death of Cromwell and the restoration of Charles II, is a remarkable achievement.

Art

A Catalogue of the Ancient Sculptures Preserved in the Municipal Collections of Rome. The Sculptures of the Museo Capitolino, by Members of the British School at Rome. Edited by H. Stuart Jones, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1912. Part I, text, $5.75; Part II, 94 collotype plates, $15; together, $19.25.

The absence of scientific, up-to-date catalogues of the Municipal Collections in Rome has hitherto been a serious hindrance to the student of ancient sculpture. The guides by Helbig and Amelung have filled the needs of the ordinary traveller by furnishing descriptions of the more important monuments; but neither aimed at exhaustive or at comprehensive treatment. The task undertaken by the British School at Rome, of making good this omission, is, therefore, one that will find general favor, the more so as the work promises to be of high merit. The first volume, at any rate, which has now appeared, and which deals with the sculptures in the Capitoline Museum, is worthy of the best traditions of English archæologists. The magnitude of the work undertaken can be gauged by the fact that this volume was started in 1904 and has since kept the various members of the School, who are its authors, busily engaged for eight years.

The plan of the book is as follows: It consists of two parts—a demi 8vo volume of text and a royal 4to volume of plates. In the former every piece of sculpture is described and criticised, both æsthetically and historically; while the latter supplies at least one illustration of every number. The material is arranged, not chronologically, but according to the locality in which it is placed, so that the visitor can visit gallery after gallery, with the catalogue as his guide, without danger of confusion. In the introductory note, written by H. Stuart Jones, the editor and Dr. Ashby, the present director of the School, a concise history of the growth of the collection is given, as well as valuable bibliographies of older books describing or illustrating the Capitoline sculptures.

Such a detailed treatment of the subject necessitated not only a thorough study of each individual piece, but a careful examination of all the old records and inventories of the Museum—a task which must have involved much patience and concentration. That the book was worth doing is its great compensation, and moreover, having been done thoroughly, much of it will probably never have to be done again. Another matter for congratulation is the full series of illustrations, which shows that the authors were fully alive to what is being more and more recognized, namely, that a catalogue giving descriptions without illustrations is of very limited value.

There is one omission in this book, however, which every student of archæology will feel. With the vast amount of material treated by the authors, they had a unique opportunity of studying the various phases of Roman sculptural art. An introductory chapter dealing with the results of these investigations would have been most valuable, as at present the literature on this subject is both scanty and generalized. No such account has been attempted in this catalogue. It is hoped that this omission will be supplied in one of the succeeding volumes of the series. These are to deal, respectively, with the sculptures in the Palazzo dei Conservatori and with those of the Magazzino Archeologico on the Cælian; the Vatican sculptures being already treated in a similar way by Dr. Amelung.

It is impossible in a volume of such large scope, involving the treatment of so many items, to avoid some omissions. It seems almost captious, therefore, to draw attention, for instance, to the absence—in the description of the famous old woman drinking—of the obvious references to similar genre figures, of which the most important is the Old Market Woman in the Metropolitan Museum.

The "Studio Yearbook of Decoration" (Lane) surveys the recent domestic design of England, Germany, Austria, and Hungary. France is omitted apparently because nothing notable is doing there. England's novelties are chiefly of the retrospective sort; the best designers seem completely antiquarian in temper. In interesting contrast is the decoration of Germany and Austria which rejects the "Period" forms and strikes out in the direction of simple and abstract arrangements of color and mass. Many of these interiors are charming and look livable. As is usual with these special numbers of the *Studio* the text is by several competent hands, and there are many plates, some colored.

Mr. Frederick Bradbury has just published, through Macmillans, a handsome volume on the "History of Old Sheffield Plate, being an Account of the Origin, Growth, and Decay of the Industry, and of the Antique Silver and White or Britannia Metal Trade, with Chronological Lists of Makers' Marks and Numerous Illustrations of Specimens." He defines Old Sheffield plate as "the term used to describe articles of flat and hollow-ware for table or domestic use, made of copper coated with silver by fusion; the period of its production dated from near 1743 and lasted for about 100 years; it was then gradually supplanted by electro-plate." One Boulsover (not Bolsover) is generally supposed to have invented this process and to have put it to use in making buttons, boxes, etc. Tinning interiors was the next step, being added by Joseph Hancock. In this form the process may be said to be a modification of a method known long before, namely, close plating, or covering steel or similar metal with silver. The invention of double plating occurred between the years 1763 and 1770. Mr. Bradbury traces the early manufacture of old Sheffield plate to various places. There were no makers in Ireland or Scotland. In 1773 assay offices were opened at Birmingham and Sheffield, and while the marking of silver was no doubt greatly in evidence, both silver and Sheffield plate were turned out by the same firms. It is interesting to note, in considering the matter of expense, that one business house had twenty tons of dies. The author takes us to New York early in the last century, when the Sheffield plate industry flourished. The plate was also made in France, Russia, and probably Austria. But between 1852 and 1858 the end came; the majority of the factories were sold, and the dies were melted down for the value of the metal. Meanwhile, between 1830 and 1840, German silver had begun to supersede copper for the purpose of fusing metal; electricity also was used to spread silver and gold over inferior metals. The firm of Christofle, of Paris, employed this latter process first in France, and when the patent expired in 1860, the trade greatly increased.

The author gives excellent advice on how to judge old Sheffield plate and on how to ascertain dates of specimens, and says something about the designers. Collectors are often puzzled why comparatively few specimens bear any marks whatever. It appears that in London space was left for the mark of the retailer, and for this reason the practice of putting on the maker's mark never became universal. Next are given the approximate dates of manufacturers' earliest connection with the fused plate industry previous to 1773. Mr. Bradbury touches on other industries related to old Sheffield plate—the manufacture of silver, old Sheffield and silver-handled cutlery, ivory for handles, antique silver in Sheffield, the Sheffield assay office, the Britannia or white metal industry, founded about 1769, and the origin of pewter. He has rendered a very real service by this attractive book.

From Charles Sedelmeyer, of Paris, we have received a richly illustrated brochure called "The Adulteress before Christ, a Picture by Rembrandt." This canvas, which through M. Sedelmeyer's mediation passed from the Consul Weber collection into the Walker Gallery at Minneapolis, was challenged by Dr. Bredius. After a long controversy and largely on the authority of the famous restorer, Professor Hauser, Dr. Bredius admitted error. M. Sedelmeyer now draws elaborate parallels between The Adulteress, which he regards as the central portion of a larger composition, and other works of Rembrandt, and genially moralizes the critical war. The problem of authenticity, which obviously concerns vendor and purchaser,

seems to us devoid of wider significance. This is a very poor picture; if Rembrandt's, quite one of his least inspired. Every confrontation with genuine works made in this monograph tells severely against The Adulteress. In fine, it seems to us not greatly to matter who painted it.

Finance

THE BREAK ON THE STOCK EXCHANGES.

The severe and general liquidation on all of the world's great stock exchanges this past week—as a result of which, even before last Tuesday's heavy break on the Supreme Court's railway rate decision, New York prices went down 5 and 6 points further for many of the most important shares—was in one respect peculiar. In Europe, it came immediately on the heels of the news that the formal peace treaty had been signed between the allies and Turkey; in this country, it followed closely after a period of prolonged stagnation, which outwardly bore the signs of an overdone "bear movement" and of a market which had been "sold to a standstill."

On the foreign stock exchanges, prediction had long been familiar that the turn for the better would come when the Balkan hostilities were definitely ended. On our own, it was a common saying that a month of lifeless markets, coming at the end of a long and severe decline, meant traditionally that the upward turn must be near at hand. Yet the week was marked, both abroad and here, by a series of days of heavy selling at the expense of values, and by the deepening of financial depression.

The case of Europe is not difficult to understand, in the light of the precedent of other wars. Actual signing of peace is, in the first place, reasonably certain to have been "discounted" already on the stock exchanges; but it has also been found that financial conditions generally, in the countries affected by the war, were not necessarily altered by the fact that the war was definitely over. The financial and industrial boom which came along with the signing of our own peace treaty with Spain, in August, 1898, was merely resumption of the forward movement which had been momentarily interrupted by the three-months' war, and which was itself dependent on wholly different causes. The conclusion at Portsmouth, in August, 1905, of the terms of peace between Russia and Japan, came, for one thing, rather unexpectedly, but it also happened to coincide with a brilliant harvest and a speculative rise in prices on all sorts of markets.

But the notable case in point was the sequel to the peace treaty at the end of May, 1902, between England and the Boers. Consols had fallen, during the two-and-a-half years' fighting, from 111 to 97; it was said that now, at any rate, recovery in those and in other English securities ought to come. Instead, a renewed and continuous decline began; consols themselves touched 95¾ in June, after the news of peace; 94½ in August, 92⅞ in September, and went below 87 in the next few months. With them, the English markets generally fell into depression, which was presently reflected, and with much severity, in New York.

The plain reason of the defeat of London's hopes in 1902 was that financial optimists had failed to distinguish, as causes of the preceding depression, between the influence of the war itself and the influence of reaction from an extravagant and overdone "promoting boom" which the outbreak of that war had punctured. The problem of the present moment, on the European Continent especially, lies in the question, just how far that second influence prevails to-day.

On occasions of this sort it will sometimes happen that financial reaction will be all the more severe, because hopes had been entertained of better things when peace should have been signed. When there are plenty of prospective sellers waiting for such an occasion to dispose of their securities—as there usually are—and when the expected outburst of enthusiasm elsewhere does not come, the actual good news will be received as the very worst news might have been, a month or two before.

To some extent, at least, this action of the European markets governed the past week's action of our own Stock Exchange. How far the resultant break on the New York market was caused by such foreign influences, and how far by apprehensions arising from the home situation itself, will probably always remain a matter of debate. In the present case, conclusions will naturally depend to a large extent on the course of events at home, between now and the end of the year. But the initial influence of financial Europe on our own situation does not admit of doubt.

It is nowadays a matter of general recognition that the collapse of prices in New York, which began in the late summer of 1911, was immediately caused by heavy liquidation from Berlin and London, due to the acutely strained relations which then arose (unknown to the world at large) between the German and English Governments. But that liquidation happened to coincide with harvest disappointments here, in the very same months, and with intimations of an Anti-Trust suit against the United States Steel. This not unusual precedent has been followed this past week; the foreign liquidation came in the face of a disappointing cotton crop estimate, of news that the growing winter wheat had been more or less impaired, and, this week, of a Supreme Court decision, regarding State and Federal rate-making, which was disappointing to the railways. In the face of such coincidences, it is never possible to prove, to the satisfaction of a financial community, which set of influences predominated.

Undoubtedly, behind all other influences there stands at present, both in Europe and in America, the fact that demand for capital, especially for new securities, seemed to be greater than the immediately available supply. To find the way out from such difficulties, the line of least resistance is frequently the release of capital by thoroughgoing Stock Exchange liquidation. The duration of such a liquidating movement often depends on the extent to which it has already eased that money market. That will sometimes be achieved with unexpected rapidity; but sometimes it will also be attended with temporarily unpleasant incidents in the general situation.

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Anderson, M. S. The Flame in the Wind and other Poems. Louisville, Ky.: Morton & Co.

Andrews, W. P. Goethe's Key to Faust. Boston: Houghton Mifflin.

Barrington-Bernard Correspondence (1760-1770). Edited by Edward Channing and A. C. Coolidge. Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. XVIII. Cambridge. $2.

Bashford, H. H. Pity the Poor Blind: a novel. Holt. $1.35 net.

Batiffol, Louis. La Duchesse de Chevreuse. Paris: Hachette.

Bodleianum Trecentale: A Memorial Volume for the three hundredth anniversary of the public funeral of Sir Thomas Bodley. Frowde.

Bryce, James. Presidential Address, Inter. Congress of Historical Studies, London, 1913. Supplementary Remarks by A. W. Ward. Frowde.

Bryce, James. University and Historical Addresses. Macmillan. $2.25 net.

Burdett's Hospitals and Charities, 1913. London: Scientific Press.

Byron, Lord. Selected Poems (World's Classics). Frowde.

Calignoc, Robert. An Ode to Bournemouth, and Other Poems. London: Bell.

Call, W. T. Baseball Code Simplified. Brooklyn, N. Y.: W. T. Call. 10 cents.

Call, W. T. New Method in Multiplication and Division. Hawthorne, N. J.: C. M. Potterdon. 50 cents.

Camp, S. G. Fishing with Floating Flies. Outing Pub. Co.

Chamberlain, A. H. The City School Superintendent. Berkeley: Univ. of California Press.

Clemen, Carl. Der Einfluss der Mysterienreligionen auf das älteste Christentum. Stechert.

Clement. E. W. Handbook of Modern Japan. Ninth edition, revised. Chicago: McClurg. $1.40 net.

Cooke, W. W. North American Herons. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.

Dante Alighieri. Edited by C. H. Grandgent. Boston: Heath.

Dickens Dramatic Reader. Arranged by Fanny Comstock. Boston: Ginn. 60 cents.

Diver, Maud. Sunia: A Himalayan Idyll, and Other Stories. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Drinkwater, John. Swinburne: An Estimate. Dutton. $1.50 net.

Earls, Michael. The Wedding Bells of Glendalough. Benziger Bros. $1.35 net.

Eliot, George. Romola. Introduction by Viola Meynell. (World's Classics.) Frowde.

Evans, C. S. Nash and Some Others. Longmans. $1.50 net.
Fielding-Hall, H. The World Soul. Holt. $2.75 net.
Fitchett, W. H. The New World of the South: Australia in the Making. Scribner.
Fortier, Alcée. Précis de l'Histoire de France. Reprint. Macmillan. 90 cents.
Fowler, W. W. Kingham Old and New: Studies in a Rural Parish. Oxford, England: B. H. Blackwell.
Fox, S. M. This Generation: A Play. Duffield. $1 net.
Fuller, A., and Read, B. The Thunderhead Lady. Putnam. $1 net.
Hadley, A. T. Some Influences in Modern Philosophic Thought. Yale Univ. Press. $1 net.
Hay, O. P. Description of the Skull of an Extinct Horse, found in Central Alaska. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.
Hyamson, M. Mosaicarum et Romanarum Legum Collatio. Introduction, facsimile, and transcription of the Berlin Codex, translation, notes, and appendices. Frowde.
Illinois Historical Collections. Vol. VIII, George Rogers Clark Papers—1771-1781. Vol. III, Virginia Series. Springfield.
Johnson, Clifton. Highways and Byways of the Rocky Mountains. New edition; The Great Lakes. New edition. Macmillan. $1.50 net each.
Jones, Henry. Social Powers. Macmillan. $1.
Kendrick, E. W. Practical Sailing and Motor-Boating. McBride, Nast.
King, H. C. Religion as Life. Macmillan. $1 net.
King, Irving. Education for Social Efficiency. D. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Kittredge, G. L., and Farley, F. E. An Advanced English Grammar, with exercises. Boston: Ginn.
Laird & Lee's Webster's New Standard Dictionary. Chicago. 80 cents.
Lee, G. S. Crowds: A Moving-Picture of Democracy. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Lutz, G. L. H. Lo, Michael! Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Lybyer, A. H. The Government of the Ottoman Empire in the Time of Suleiman the Magnificent. Harvard Historical Studies, Vol. XVII. Cambridge. $2.
Macaulay's Essays on Oliver Goldsmith, Frederic the Great, and Madame D'Arblay. Edited for school use by A. G. Newcomer. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 30 cents.
Macdonell, Lady. Reminiscences of Diplomatic Life. Macmillan. $3 net.
McMurry, F. M. Elementary School Standards (School Efficiency Series). Yonkers-on-Hudson, N. Y.: World Book Co. $1.50.
Madan, A. C. Lala-Lamba-Wisa and English Dictionary. Frowde.
Marriott, J. A. R. The French Revolution of 1848 in its Economic Aspect. Vol. I, Louis Blanc's Organisation du Travail; Vol. II, Emile Thomas's Histoire des Ateliers Nationaux. Frowde. $2 each.
Martin, E. S. The Unrest of Women. D. Appleton. $1.10.
Nyström-Hamilton, Louise. Ellen Key: Her Life and Her Work. Trans. by A. E. B. Fries. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Palfrey, S. H. Harvest-Home. Boston: W. B. Clarke Co.
Parker, Gilbert. Vols. XV, XVI. The Weavers. (Imperial edition.) Scribners.
Parsons, E. C. The Old-Fashioned Woman. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Picard's La Petite Ville. Edited by J. C. Dawson. Boston: Ginn. 40 cents.
Pickett, La Salle C. (Mrs. G. E. Pickett). Pickett and His Men. Phila.: Lippincott. $2.50 net.
Plautus's Aulularia. Edited by E. J. Thomas. Frowde.
Pollard, H. B. C. A Busy Time in Mexico. Duffield.
Powicke, F. M. The Loss of Normandy (1189-1204). Longmans. $5 net.
Prowse, R. O. James Hurd: A Novel. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Riggs, A. S. France from Sea to Sea. McBride, Nast. $1.25 net.
Rivers, W. C. Walt Whitman's Anomaly. London: George Allen & Co.
Ruge, Clara. On the Road: A Drama in One Act. Modern Library. 15 cents.
Schurz, Carl. Speeches, Correspondence, Political Papers. 6 vols. Putnam.
Seaman, A. H. Little Mamselle of the Wilderness. Sturgis & Walton. $1.25 net.
Shelley, P. B. Selected Poems. (Pocket edition, World's Classics.) Frowde.
Simons, S. E., and Orr, C. I. Dramatization. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. $1.25.
Sprading, C. T. Liberty and the Great Libertarians. Los Angeles: The Author. $1.50.
Statesman's Year-Book, 1913. Macmillan. $3 net.
Sturrock, Dudley. The Distant Drum. Lane. $1.25 net.
Swindler, M. H. Cretan Elements in the Cults and Ritual of Apollo. Bryn Mawr College Monographs.
Tabor, Grace. Suburban Gardens. Outing Pub. Co.
Tarn, W. W. Antigonos Gonatas. Frowde.
Thomas, Edmund. What You Should Tell Your Boy. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.
Thwing, C. F. Letters from a Father to his Daughter Entering College. Platt & Peck. 50 cents net.
Tridon, André. The New Unionism. Huebsch. $1 net.
Vaizey, Mrs. G. de H. An Unknown Lover. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Weaver, Lawrence. The "Country Life" Book of Cottages. London: Country Life.
Webster's Secondary School Dictionary. Abridged from the New International Dictionary. American Book Co. $1.50.
Wirl, Julius. Orpheus in der Englischen Literatur. Wien: Wilhelm Braumüller.
Woolf, L. S. The Village in the Jungle. Longmans. $1.40 net.
Yearbook, U. S. Department of Agriculture. 1912. Washington.
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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1913.

The Week

The rejection by the Senate Finance Committee of Senator Hitchcock's proposal to imbed into the tariff bill a graduated tax on manufactures of tobacco, brings to a satisfactory close an incident upon which Attorney-General McReynolds can hardly look back with pleasure. Precisely in what degree he was responsible for this project is uncertain, but it cannot be denied that he permitted it to bear in a greater or less measure the character of an Administration idea. If, as a mere by-product of a tangle growing out of a legal prosecution, the Attorney-General, without express authorization by the President, thought it proper to "suggest" a novel and serious departure in the policy of our revenue laws, he has a very singular conception of the functions of his office; and on the other hand, if he acted with the sanction of the President the Administration was playing with edged tools in a very thoughtless way.

There has been no evidence of any widespread public interest in the newspaper-publicity law, the validity of which was upheld by the Supreme Court last week, and the decision itself will make no great stir. It rests the whole question on the right of Congress to specify the conditions under which newspapers and periodicals shall be admitted to the privileges of second-class mail. The Court specifically dissociates its opinion from the view that Congress could under the Constitution do anything to abridge the freedom of the press. It is obvious, however, that the decision suggests the possibility of using the postal laws in a punitive way, and not only against newspapers. The Court's assertion that it is not to be supposed that Congress would attach any provision to an appropriation bill not strictly germane to it, reads like a bit of elaborate sarcasm. Newspapers have had no objection to furnishing the information now to be required of them. And reputable publications long since ceased to print disguised advertisements. The sole reason for attacking the Constitutionality of the publicity law was that it seemed to contain a dangerous principle. But this the Supreme Court specifically and solemnly denies. It construes the law narrowly as a mere postal regulation, and disclaims any intent, or any right, on the part of Congress to exercise "arbitrary power" over the press.

The one clean-cut and accurately thought-out section of the new banking bill, as thus far outlined, is that which provides for the so-called "regional reserve banks." This section is known to emanate from the Banking and Currency Committee of the House of Representatives, whose chairman and other members have given long and careful study to the problem. The plan evolved is exceedingly interesting; it is entirely conservative in principle, and it presents some definite advantages which the Aldrich plan did not possess. Simply stated, its purpose is to create substantially fifteen or more central banks in the United States, each with its special scope of operation in one of the banking "regions" or "districts" into which the whole country is to be divided. Capital for each of these "regional reserve banks" is to be subscribed by the banks of its district; which will choose the majority of its managing board (the President of the United States to name the minority), will deposit a part of their cash reserve with it, and will be entitled to rediscount, with the central district bank, commercial paper acceptable under the banking law's provisions. These central institutions are presumably to hold deposits only of subsidiary institutions and to lend their own credit only to such institutions.

The Aldrich plan proposed district associations of the sort, geographically distributed in precisely the same way. Each of them was to possess the same power of general supervision over banks in its district as is proposed in the present scheme. But they were merely intermediate cogs in the machinery. They were to be incorporated, but not capitalized; they were to hold no reserve money of other banks; they were to engage in no rediscounting. The largest power in that direction which was to be conferred on such "local associations" was the function of guaranteeing commercial paper presented by a subsidiary bank for rediscount with the national reserve institution. All such functions as issue of notes to individual banks, custodianship of reserves for such banks, and rediscounting of their commercial paper were placed by the Aldrich plan in the hands of the national institution. The difference between this plan and the new proposals is that now the centralizing functions are to be performed by each specified district of the country for itself and through its own central institution—not through a governing board for the whole nation. There is much to say for this change of base. When the Aldrich scheme was under discussion, financial critics pointed to the fact that its chief weakness was lack of adaptability to a country of so great area, and of so widely varied business interests, industrial conditions, and commercial methods, as the United States.

Instead of going to Albania, he is going to Argentina. That hustling people of the southern hemisphere has once more shown its enterprise by obtaining the services of the most eminent efficiency expert of the age. "T. R.—Consulting Engineer to Effete and Growing Civilizations," may yet come to be a familiar business card in the advertising columns. After teaching the Kaiser how to maintain the balance of power in Europe, teaching France how to combat the decline of her population, and teaching England how to rule India and Egypt, it ought to be a simple matter for him to trace out for the Argentinians the lines of their future development in a short course of lectures with stereopticon views. One lecture on how to turn Buenos Ayres into a city beautiful; one lecture on widening the channel of the La Plata; one lecture on the development of the natural resources of Patagonia; and the place of Argentina among the nations will be assured. Perhaps there will be a lecture on running the Trusts, with moving pictures of the Beef Trust, which, we believe, is already comfortably domiciled in Argentina.

Mayor Gaynor of New York puts forward his claims for renomination. With them this does not seem to be the time to deal seriously. But if the people of the city were of the philosophical, and occasionally cynical, temper of their Mayor, it is easy to imagine the sort of remark they would make on Mr. Gaynor's expressed desire for reëlection. They would say that the love of office surely does exercise a strange fascination over fallible mortals. Jefferson was right: few die and none resign. A man in important public position may complain and groan about its hardships, and protest that he is looking forward to the day when he shall lay down its duties and escape from its ignominies, but when the time comes he is as anxious to hold on as the next fellow. Probably there is something about this in Epictetus. Anyhow, there is force in what Lord Rosebery said: "After a short tenure of high office, the holder almost invariably thinks himself admirably fitted for it." But these politicians come and go, the soul of the city might say if it had a voice, and I keep on my way unmoved by all their fret and fever. When the large forces of its municipal life are truly considered, New York might be justified in borrowing a phrase from Emerson, after the Mayor's pleasing fashion, and say to him: "Why so hot, little man?"

Real progress in penal reform seems to have been a result of the investigation into conditions at the Maryland penitentiary. A year ago the sole purpose of the discipline at the institution was apparently punitive. Now, without weakening this fundamental element, attention is given to the prisoners' improvement. A few days ago, a night school for illiterates was started. Attendance was not compulsory, but every one of the 260 eligibles is reported as being willing to take advantage of the instruction offered. One-third of them are white men, and their teacher is an associate who is serving a sentence for defrauding by means of false bills of lading. His intellectual qualifications for his present task would appear to be sufficient. The inducements to learn to read are rather naïvely stated as being a certain diversion that the process of study affords the prisoner, and the reward of being allowed to read.

Much interest is manifested in all sections of the country in the case of Alexander Scott, the Paterson Socialist editor who has been convicted and sentenced on a charge of inciting "hostility to government." So far as we have observed, the press of the country, with little or no exception, regards the case as involving in a very vital way the right of free speech. There does not appear to have been, in the articles complained of, any incitement to violence. Scott charged the police with wanton brutality; "the police Anarchists," he declared, "not only believe in lawlessness, but they practice it. They don't waste words with workingmen—they simply crack their heads." But so far as we have seen in the reports of the trial, it is not charged either that he proposed that the workingmen should crack the policemen's heads or that in point of fact any such violence occurred as a consequence of his words. He was convicted and sentenced on the basis of a freakish law passed by the New Jersey Legislature after the assassination of McKinley, which made the promotion of "hostility to government" a crime. It remains for the higher courts of New Jersey to decide whether such a law, with such an interpretation as this sentence appears to put upon it, is possible under the Constitution of that State.

Among the latest objects of scrutiny in the revaluation of values—as Nietzsche would call it—which is now under way in so many fields, is the high-salaried man. People have begun to ask whether a fifty-thousand-dollar salary always denotes a corresponding degree of efficiency. The charge has been made that under the fostering care of the tariff our industries have become over-managed and over-salaried. Now the railways are under fire. The 'Frisco receivership has brought up the question whether $75,000 a year for the chairman of the board of directors and proportional salaries for other officials are essential to the careful administration of a railway property. Stockholders in the Chicago Railways have organized a protective association, with economy as its platform. The association declares that a saving of not less than half a million dollars a year in salaries and fees can be effected without detriment to the management of the company. Translated into terms of dividends on stock, it makes a very impressive showing.

At first sight, one-quarter of a goal is so narrow a margin of victory, as polo games are scored, that it seems hardly worth while to look for any definite explanation of the result of Saturday's match. Luck would account for it. Or if a formal reason is demanded, it might be argued that one-quarter of a goal is possibly less than the advantage which the home team always has over the invader. Or in the specific case of the American polo team, it is no more than the natural advantage which a four-man team including three men who have played together for nearly half a dozen years holds over four men who never played together before, which is said to be the case with the English challengers. But all speculations based on a quarter-goal victory are vitiated when the quarter-goal lead is acquired by the same team which in the previous game scored a lead of 2½ goals. In other words, it is not arrant Chauvinism to suppose that, if something more than a quarter of a goal had been necessary to an American victory on Saturday, that extra margin would have been forthcoming. Between two well-matched opponents victory will go to the one with a capacity for something like a religious frenzy. And that is a gift which is peculiarly this nation's when it plays.

Once this national talent for seeing red on the playfield is recognized as a prime factor, we are at liberty to make acknowledgment of such contributory causes as have been mentioned. The record set by the Meadow Brook team is an illustration of how international athletic supremacy frequently moves in cycles, dependent upon the appearance of exceptionally gifted performers in this country or in that. The history of Australasia versus the United States in tennis during the last half-dozen years offers evidence on this point. The Antipodes shot up into tennis prominence with the emergence of remarkable players like A. F. Wilding in 1906 and N. E. Brookes in 1907. In 1906 Australasia took 2 matches to our 3. In 1907 Australasia took 3 matches to our 2. In 1908 it was again 3 to our 2. In 1909 it was 5 to 0 against us, with Maurice Mc-

Loughlin not yet in the fulness of his powers. In 1911 it was again 5 to 0 against us. Then Wilding and Brookes passed from the scene, and McLoughlin came into his own with the recent result of 4 to 1 against Australasia. Until the present national champion's wrist loses its cunning, there is not much doubt that tennis supremacy will dwell on this side of the Atlantic.

From Northwestern University, plainly seeking to attract students to its doors, comes the estimate that a college education has a value of $25,000. Those who examine the logical and statistical basis of this assertion may wish that Charles T. Crane was still alive, for Mr. Crane could prove conclusively that even graduates of the most practical courses at the State universities lagged behind their comrades in the sort of usefulness measured by dollars and cents. Even those who make no claim to Mr. Crane's mantle must see flaws in the figures. In estimating upon the salary-increase of graduates who got $867 the first five years, and $1,862 the second five, the Northwestern University considered neither the age nor the rate of salary increase of "the average salaried man of Chicago," who receives $1,202 annually. But the really curious thing about these claims of Northwestern, one of the bulwarks of endowed and liberal education beyond the Alleghanies, is not the method of proof. It is the fact that it should consider such a basis of appeal to prospective students worth presenting, except as a pendant to a more intellectual approach.

The germ of specialization may infect too many of our universities, but so long as the Chautauqua assemblies flourish, we shall not lack breadth. Here is ex-Gov. Folk, for example, setting out to address an audience in Birmingham, Ala., on "The Fight for a State." Somewhere in his talk, he does tell what he did to clean up St. Louis, but he is not presenting the results of an investigation to a seminar. He is making a Chautauqua address. And so he touches upon woman suffrage, white slavery, graft, and the future of the republic. No Chautauqua address is complete without a reference to the United States Senate. Unfortunately for the most scintillating rhetoric, that body has allowed itself to undergo a change, but it may still point a moral. It is now a shining illustration of the ancient truth that the world moves, and that, accordingly, we need never despair. All this in the course of a single address would seem the wealth of Golconda to a student who had just listened to the ninth lecture on the sounds of the vowel *a* in Old Norse. When, in addition, we read in the programme of apparently impossible feats of legerdemain and sacred concerts, we feel that we have found the explanation of the admittedly high average of intelligence among us.

The "chactic" condition of English education has recently been under discussion by Lord Haldane and other members of Parliament. Sir Philip Magnus, M.P. for the University of London, takes a more cheerful view of the existing situation than does Lord Haldane. He admits, however, that two changes are necessary. These are the removal of the grievance of Non-Conformists, and the linking up of elementary with secondary education. By this latter, Sir Philip means something in the way of vocational training. A large number of children between the ages of thirteen and seventeen are seeking employment in "blind alley" occupations, being unprovided with instruction that would enable them to look higher. Not all of this deficiency is to be laid at the door of the school system. Part of it is directly due to the unwillingness of parents to avail themselves of facilities that already exist, such as day and evening continuation schools. The details are relatively unimportant here. What strikes one is Sir Philip's eagerness that progress shall not outrun itself; that portions of the system as it is shall not be lopped off in haste, to be regretted at leisure; and especially, that variety and flexibility shall not be sacrificed to a demand for a "national" system of education. This may well be the ideal for other countries than England.

On Sunday the German Emperor completed the twenty-fifth year of his reign. During the recurrent periods of severe international strain that marked the progress of the recent war in the Balkans, common gossip had it that the Kaiser was ardent in the work of conciliation because his heart was fixed upon rounding out a quarter century of peace on the throne. This is only an easy way of recording the popular impression that the Kaiser of to-day is not the War Lord of as late as half a dozen years ago, whose fervent utterances made for anxiety among the nations. It may very well be that William II was as ardent a friend of peace twenty-five years ago as he is to-day. History must judge him by his acts, and the record stands that his reign has not been marred by war. But the rattling of the sabre is almost as bad for people's nerves as dread war itself, and for a dozen years it is not to be denied that the Kaiser did keep Europe on the anxious seat. Within the last few years, however, there has been a notable change. The fiery phrases, the metaphorically clenched fist, the metaphorically uplifted sword, have disappeared from the day's news. The Kaiser's manner, like his intentions, has grown pacific. His latest appearances before the public have been in the rôle of prudent father to a somewhat impetuous heir-apparent, and of a statesman working zealously in behalf of the maintenance of international peace.

The contest between the aeroplane and the dirigible continues with unabated zeal. As if in direct retort to Count Zeppelin's magnificent flight from Baden to Vienna, comes the astounding performance of a single day's flight by aeroplane from Paris to Warsaw. The mastery of the air thus continues to move forward in spite of temporary discouragements. Just when the future of the Zeppelin seems to be established, comes a catastrophe which raises doubts with regard to its practical efficacy. After a depressingly long list of aeroplane killings, comes a remarkable accomplishment like that of one day last week. As for the progress of aeronautics in warfare, the subject is still in a highly speculative state. Dirigibles were tried out by the Italians in Tripoli and aeroplanes were sent out by the Bulgarians over Adrianople, but the results in both cases seem to have been negligible. Nevertheless, the German War Office is backing its faith in Zeppelin with large appropriations, and the British authorities have recently announced the perfection of a heavier-than-air machine of extraordinary promise.

THE WIDER POINT OF VIEW.

Gen. Hancock's fatal but, in a sense, absolutely truthful remark in 1880 that the tariff is "a local issue," has had abundant confirmation during the past few weeks. Particularly has the inquiry into the existence of a tariff lobby brought out the fact of the intensely local nature of the demands in regard to separate items in the tariff schedule. We see how a bill for protection necessarily presents the appearance of a grand conglomeration of regional interests. That this invites to bargaining and log-rolling, stands out on its face. You vote for my pet duty and I'll vote for yours. That is the ancient rule of protective-tariff legislation. Every Representative, every Senator, fights eagerly for his own locality. But where does the nation come in? Who speaks for it? Can a broad national policy possibly result from the heaping up and the mixing together of ten thousand parochial claims?

That question has long vexed American statesmen, and in other matters than the tariff. To translate insistent localism into nationalism is enormously difficult. This is clearly revealed by the ins and outs of the tariff discussions at Washington, and especially by the detailed accounts of the activity of the lobby. That word we here use in no offensive sense. Thus far there has been brought out no evidence of the use of corrupt methods. And we should not think of denying the right of any business affected by the impending tariff changes to seek to be heard by Congressional committees, either in the person of its owners and managers or in that of agents. In some cases, the organization and the effort in behalf of certain interests have gone very far, and have entailed great expense. Ex-Gov. Carter, of Hawaii, testified that the sugar-growers of the islands had already raised and spent $100,000 for the purpose of keeping a duty on sugar; and the implication was given that as much as $800,000 would be forthcoming if necessary. That is a large sum, and its outlay would inevitably be open to suspicion. But on that aspect of the matter we do not dwell at present. The sugar-growers are only a striking example of a special interest striving to get a certain thing done, or undone, in a general law. And there are hundreds of others. Mill after mill, town after town, section after section, has its representative or its lawyer or its ex-Congressman button-holing and conferring and pulling and hauling in Washington in order to get a locality taken care of. The country is supposed somehow to get along without being taken care of by anybody in particular.

In fact, however, somebody in particular ought to do it, and, in the present instance, is endeavoring to do it. President Wilson has been, half seriously, accused of being the chief of the lobbyists. No one, alleged Senator Townsend, has brought so much pressure to bear upon Congress, in tariff matters, as has the President of the United States. The charge is evidently one that requires qualification. Senator Simmons, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, issued last week a sort of disclaimer for Mr. Wilson. The latter's activity in tariff legislation, he asserted, has not been nearly so extensive or urgent as had been said. But there is no denial that the President has taken a keen interest in the tariff bill. Two of its outstanding features, free wool and (ultimately) free sugar, were made a part of it at his specific request. And no doubt he has employed his prestige as leader of the party, and his official authority, to obtain the full Democratic support for his distinctive tariff policies. By so much, Mr. Wilson may well plead guilty to the charge of lobbying.

But no one should fail to note the sharp difference between his kind of lobbying and the other. About him there is nothing local. He is not looking to any particular district, and thinking only of the tall chimneys smoking there. If President Wilson is a lobbyist, he is a lobbyist for the nation. He puts himself at the national point of view. If he has any constituency in mind, it is that of the great body of the people who have no special interest and no special spokesman at Washington. Mr. Wilson makes himself their spokesman. In working out a plan for tariff reduction which shall contain at least a few benefits for the consuming masses, he necessarily separates himself from the clamor and urgings of this local industry and that special business, and seeks to think and act in a national sense and spirit. We do not maintain that he is absolutely right in every detail. But we do insist that his general attitude is correct and praiseworthy.

Somebody surely has to do this. It was the ideal of Daniel Webster that Congressmen should divest themselves of purely local prepossessions and selfishnesses, and legislate as if they personally represented the entire country. Webster himself was not always able to live up to this. And the power of localism in Congress has not declined since his day—not, at least, in tariff matters. But if Webster's idea is to be restored and vivified, who is more clearly indicated as the man to do it than the President of the United States? In him, if in anybody, the voice of the nation can make itself heard. And President Wilson leaves no doubt of his determination to speak in all the great affairs that come before him, not for a class or a region, but for all the people and the whole land.

ORATORY AND THE NEW HOUSE.

Two months' trial of the new arrangement in the House of Representatives may be an unsafe basis for prophecy, but, if current signs are to be trusted, the present method of seating seems likely to reduce the quantity and improve the quality of discussion. In the old days, if the seat of the debater lay pretty well back in the hall, enough members would wheel about in their swivel chairs and face him to create at least the impression of a willing audience. Now that there are no swivel chairs, and listeners have to risk dislocating their spines in order to face a speaker whose seat is behind them, it is necessary for one who would look his hearers in the eye to proceed to the arena, or open space in front of the Clerk's desk, much as a Deputy addresses the French Chamber from the Tribune.

The man who is compelled to do this is apt to give a little real study to his theme. It is one thing to take the chances of a sporadic and scattered fire of comments or questions from the floor, but quite another to face a compact battery as an orator must who goes down into the arena to speak. There he is in the focus of all eyes instead of an object of passing curiosity for a few. Those of his colleagues who are inclined to criticism or ridicule are encouraged in the impulse, as a group

of marksmen are inspired by an inviting target set directly within range of their guns. Unless his logic is sound and his conclusions well grounded, his opponents soon make a rather sorry spectacle of him.

There is a phase of the psychology of eloquence which should be illustrated under the new seating arrangement. One orator is at his best when he is in the centre of his audience, addressing them on the same level; another is at a marked disadvantage unless he is on a platform, exhorting from above down. The late William L. Wilson, by all odds the most brilliant debater the House knew in his era, was of the first-mentioned type; William J. Bryan is a notable example of the second. Though Wilson addressed the chair formally from his seat as the rules required, he would pace the nearest aisle back and forth while he was in the full flood of an appeal to reason, and no one on the same floor with him—not even his best intrenched adversaries—escaped the fascination of his personality so close at hand, although he was of anything but commanding stature and not at all robust of frame or lungs. But while his reputation in the House was at its highest, he was called to preside over the Democratic National Convention of 1892; thousands of persons fought their way into the hall for the sole purpose of hearing this modern "Little Giant," only to express their bitter disappointment after the event. Perched aloft, far removed from contact with the crowd which always fired him, he seemed utterly out of his element. It was not simply that his voice was almost inaudible, but he was emotionally distracted by his own sense of ineffectiveness, and his carefully prepared "keynote speech" went for naught except to the extent that the general public read it afterward in the newspapers.

Bryan, on the other hand, while he was in the House and accustomed to speak from the midst of a multitude, was ranked as an elocutionist rather than as an orator. It was not till his "cross of gold" speech in 1896 that his full powers were recognized; and that deliverance was made from the stage of the Coliseum in Chicago, where, with the cultivated instinct of the preacher, he was hammering his ideas into his audience from above. Roosevelt is a speaker of the Bryan type, who does far better from a raised place whence he can talk down to his hearers than from a lower plane in the middle of a mass of men. One of the few living orators of note who are able to do equally well in either relation to an audience is Bourke Cockran, although his manner of address differs according to the position in which he stands.

We may look, therefore, for a period of "trying out" for the old orators as well as for the new benches. The arena of the House has some of the characteristics which commend a platform to a certain class of speakers—more especially those who are didactic rather than argumentative in style—but has the disadvantage of being a little lower instead of higher than the rows of seats in front of it. But in so far as its situation is likely to make a speaker feel that he owes a serious discussion to his fellows and not a mere stream of words set running to consume a specified number of minutes, its effect on debate can hardly fail to mean a distinct improvement in the larger issues of the House.

WHERE ARE THE NEW NATIONALISTS?

Almost all phases of political opinion have received expression, from one spokesman or another, since the Supreme Court's decision of the Minnesota railway rate cases. Ex-President Taft has made public his view of the meaning of the decision, and tells how it should be followed up by Congressional action. Democratic and Republican leaders have been interviewed. The newspapers of the two parties have spoken their mind. But from one quarter we have had nothing but silence, and, as the Irish judge said, precious little of that. We refer, of course, to the Progressives, who were born New Nationalists. Far be it from us to urge them to speak when they choose to be silent. Taciturnity is so rare on their part as to be especially grateful. Yet we cannot refrain from wondering how they can possibly keep still when so sharp a challenge has come, through this Supreme Court decision, to one of their pet doctrines, and also what would seem to be such a fine opportunity to rise and assert their principles and announce their purpose to fight for them.

We say this, because no one who has read the Osawatomie speech of 1910, or the "Charter of Democracy" and the "Address" to the National Progressive party at Chicago, can have forgotten that one of the great tenets of the New Nationalist faith is the sweeping assertion of Federal power in the regulation of the railways and all other corporations engaged in interstate commerce. Again and again has Col. Roosevelt lashed out impatiently at the contention that the States could do anything worth while in such regulation. The nation must take hold of it. To leave it to the States was only a suggestion of the bosses or the wicked interests. "Interstate commerce," he asserted at Chicago, "can be effectively controlled only by the nation." And he railed at the platform of the Baltimore Convention as demanding, in effect, that a "futile attempt" be made "for the States and national Government to exercise forty-nine sovereign and conflicting authorities." For this Col. Roosevelt had nothing but contempt, as being merely "an archaic construction of the States' rights doctrine," and really a "most flagrant violation of the Constitution." Citations like these could easily be multiplied.

Well, the question has now emerged from judicial arbitrament. The highest court has held that the nation might, through act of Congress, assert and exercise full power over railways engaged in interstate commerce, forbidding the States to meddle with such corporations at all, but that, in fact, it has not done so. Failing such national action, the States have large regulatory powers. Far from being in flagrant violation of the Constitution, they are in accord with it, so the Supreme Court decides. Minnesota has, at present, the right to compel even interstate roads doing business within the State to submit to regulation of their service and their rates, provided that the result be not confiscatory. And as everybody knows, other States are rapidly developing, through Railroad Commissions, Public Utilities Commissions, and other bodies, a higher and more effective control of railway activities within their borders. It is one of the marked administrative developments of the day. That it is Constitutional the Supreme Court decides. Whether this decision was right or wrong, whether it will be followed by evil consequences or by good, it is not

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necessary here to discuss. Our sole intent at present is to call attention to the way in which one of the central doctrines of the New Nationalism has been hamstrung by the Supreme Court, and yet the New Nationalists are silent!

What a splendid chance they would have to reinforce their demand for the recall of judges, or, at least, of judicial decisions! We could almost write the familiar clarion sentences ourselves, dwelling upon the absurdity of allowing fossilized minds to keep alive dead theories and enforce flint-lock legislation upon a machine-gun age. In addition to this, how appealing is the opportunity laid before the New Nationalists to come forward as the champions of exclusive Federal control of the railways! The Supreme Court set that open door before them. It pointed out that a great extension of the powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission was possible, if only Congress chose to make it. What more natural, then, what more inviting, than for the Progressive New Nationalists to leap into the breach? They could take up the cause as their own. They could set on foot a movement to induce Congress to proceed to obliterate the powers of State Railway Commissions, and concentrate all governmental control in Federal hands. Why do they not at once do this?

Alas, we very much fear that they are pausing in order to consider the political expediency of such a course. They note the canvass of sentiment on the subject in Washington. They read that there is absolutely no hope of obtaining any action by Congress against the States. And the reason for this is not far to seek. The States are pretty well satisfied with things as they are. They like the effect and promise of their own local control of the railways for local benefit. What Minnesota Representative or Senator would have a chance of re-election if he were to come out for a law undoing what the State has done, and what the Supreme Court has decided could lawfully be done? The truth is that another Progressive principle is evidently at work. This is the right of the people to rule—to have what they desire. Just now, they wish the States to keep and even extend such a power to regulate the railways as they actually possess. Any man or any party proposing to take it away from them would fare badly at their hands. If the Progressives tried it on in the very States where they are strongest, they would be left even a worse third at the polls. This is, we believe, the true explanation of the New Nationalist silence, though under such great provocation to speech.

THE THRUST BEHIND PARTIES.

The troubles through which the Liberal party in England is just now passing are suggestive of some of the difficulties—as well as opportunities—which everywhere confront government by party. We do not refer here to the Marconi and other scandals which are embarrassing Mr. Asquith's Ministry. These are more an excuse for attack than a reason for condemning or overthrowing. But real concern is undoubtedly felt by many Liberal leaders and large numbers of their followers over the condition of staleness into which their party seems to have fallen. It has been seven years in power. During that period it has had many notable struggles and victories. The list of legislative measures to which it can point is long. Yet somehow all this is now, as it were, discounted by the English public. Old-age pensions, a minimum wage in certain industries, workingmen's insurance against sickness or lack of employment—yes, yes, the electors say, these things are all very well in their way, but what are you doing now, what do you propose to do next year?

That this vague feeling of dissatisfaction has penetrated the Cabinet itself is clearly shown by a speech of the Solicitor-General, Sir John Simon, at Oxford a couple of weeks ago. He made it just after the Liberals had suffered what amounted to two defeats in bye-elections, at Newmarket and at Altrincham. But it was the duty of the party, argued the Solicitor-General, to take such reverses as the signal for renewed aggressiveness; and he went on to outline, in what must be at least a semi-official way, the forward policy to be pursued. He said:

> It ought to be the essence of the Liberal temper that it takes more interest in the future than in the past, and, moreover, the very fact of advance is sure to provoke some resentment. But, if we lose an outpost at Newmarket, and are repulsed in an attack on Altrincham, we must reply by an advance all along the line. And it must be a prompt advance and a bold advance. Do not let us be unduly disturbed by timorous doubters, who always regard every fresh step as a leap in the dark, and who discover in every street corner a parting of the ways. The courage and determination of the Liberal army were never more keen. We are magnificently led by our incomparable generals. We are anxiously awaiting the order to go forward. It is the peculiar glory of Liberalism that the successful application of its principles in one field only paves the way for advance to the next. The great twin brethren of free trade, Cobden and Bright—as Mr. Trevelyan reminds us in the new biography we are so eagerly reading—never regarded their principles as limited to the freeing of industry and commerce. They looked forward to the day when a similar crusade for economic independence and the abolition of arbitrary restrictions would be preached and fought for the land.

Of this programme itself, it will be time enough to speak when we see its details. They have only been hinted at in the speeches of Lloyd George. A radical land policy might, indeed, be made a rallying cry for advanced Liberals, and a few Conservatives with the whole of the Labor party could be drawn to its support; but it is plain that it would repel Liberals of the Whig school. All these things, however, are yet on the lap of the gods. The thing of present interest is the visible demonstration that parties cannot stand still. They are pushed on by forces too mighty for them. What they have done is regarded as only an earnest of what they are bound to do in the future. A programme carried out is necessarily a programme to be discarded, and a new one must be devised.

It is altogether likely that our own parties will soon be showing that they are subject to this inexorable law of politics, as it seems to be. Particularly will the Democratic party be apt to be put in a position, after another year, where it must indicate certain lines of a forward policy. Its first work was inevitably that of fulfilling the promise of putting through the long-delayed reduction of the tariff. If, in addition, it should be able to write on the statute-book a law greatly improving our currency and banking system, the achievement would undoubtedly be noteworthy and gratifying. But the party would be deceived if it thought that after that it could rest on its oars. Tariff revision, currency reform, would speedily be discounted, just as is the work of the Liberal party in England. Political accomplishment of that kind ranks with what the moralists call negative virtues.

If you have them not you are disgraced, but if you have them, they are of no particular credit to you. If the Democrats did not revise the tariff and do something for rational banking, they would be regarded as cumberers of the ground, and would be kicked out of office; yet doing those things will not suffice to keep them in office. Such large projects of social reform as President Wilson touched upon with so much eloquence in his Inaugural will before long press for consideration; and the right choice among them, with the proper means and methods of embodying them in legislation, will have much to do with the future of the Democratic party.

In such circumstances of unstable party equilibrium, the responsibility resting upon a political leader is very great. If he is an honest man and a true patriot, he will be all the time asking himself, not what will be a taking party cry in the elections, but what will be a sound policy for his country. He will seek to discriminate between winning a party victory at the polls and causing the principles of his party to triumph. What the demagogue will do, we know. Plato has described him to us as one who thinks of the public only as a wild beast whose ravenous demands must instantly be satisfied. But it is for the statesman, with a mind and a constancy above the clamors *civium jubentium*, to discover in the confused disquietude and aspirations of the day the opportunity to take occasion by the hand and guide his party and his people into a liberty which shall be at once broader and more secure.

IS LIFE BECOMING A FLATLAND?

When Burke declared that he did not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people, he was speaking as a statesman, he was discussing a question of governmental policy. As a leader of political thought, as a critic of the events and currents of his time, he did not hesitate to draw up the most sweeping indictments not only of a whole nation, but of a whole generation. It is a proceeding full of hazard. Few generalizations about mankind are more than half-truths; and those in which men in middle or advanced life indulge when they compare the newer world round them with that of which they cherish the remembrance or the tradition are peculiarly liable to this defect. But while there are half-truths that are worthless, or worse than worthless, there are half-truths that are of great value. On some subjects it is almost impossible to put forward effectively a sharply marked and keenly felt judgment except in the form of a half-truth.

What President Butler, in his Commencement address, said of certain tendencies that seem dominant in our time appears to us to fall into this category. To charge the present age with want of thoroughness smacks almost of the paradoxical; the intense discipline that is involved not only in the pursuit of the exact sciences in their present state of development, but in the perfection of the mechanical arts and in the high organization of industrial production and of business management, comes to mind at once. Is it possible that with all this intensity of effort directed to special ends, we are guilty of a certain want of depth, or thoroughness, in relation to the larger concerns of life and thought? "Sound and disciplined thinking," says President Butler, "is hard to sustain in an atmosphere filled with the snapping sparks of rapidly following emotional outbursts; . . . absorption in current topics (which to-morrow may be neither current nor topics) leaves no place for the genuine study of that history and that literature which have withstood Horace's *tempus edax rerum*. Every ruling tendency is to make life a Flatland, an affair of two dimensions, with no depth, no background, no permanent root." Few will subscribe to this statement as a literal truth; but many will see in it the broad indication of a real defect of our time, and more might ponder with profit the question which it raises.

Evidences of a certain lack of instinctive feeling for the deep-going nature of the largest things of life are to be found in many directions, but perhaps nowhere more strikingly than in connection with reformatory agitations affecting the most intimate concerns of personal life. Men of serious character and of high standing as scientific specialists propose measures of regulation and control of the right to marry, apparently without any consciousness of the profound disturbance of ideas lying at the very base of human life and character which their proposals involve; and in some instances Legislatures have passed laws, not indeed of such far-reaching character, but yet of most serious import and pointing in that direction, with little more sense of the gravity of what they were attempting than if it were the granting of a franchise or the levying of a tax. Like phenomena are seen in the field of politics. Ohio, for example, might very possibly have decided in favor of the sweeping and radical changes embodied in her new Constitution, even if the questions involved had been discussed with the utmost deliberation and thoroughness; but as a matter of fact they were not so discussed. Indeed, if one wishes to find confirmation of President Butler's view, one has but to look up Lincoln's speeches, with their close and patient reasoning, their persistent grappling with the exact facts of the Constitutional and political situation, and contrast their style and method with anything that in these latter days is addressed to general audiences on any subject of controversy.

To recognize this tendency "to make life a Flatland" is not necessarily to write one's self down a hopeless reactionary, buried in things of the past. If this defect of the time is part of the price paid for an awakening to social needs, to the claims of the great unfavored masses, such as the world has probably never before witnessed, one may note it as a thing to be deplored, while granting that the gain far outweighs the loss. And it is for the representatives of university ideals, above all, to speak out in this matter. They still have their old duty to perform, however much it may be overlaid with the new duties which in recent years have been so urgently pressed upon them. And in a long view it may be found that that old duty is still of greatest moment not only to the intellectual elect, but to the whole world of men.

The forces that make for social betterment, for the assertion of the claims of the masses, for the improvement of governmental ideals and governmental methods, have a sweep so mighty, and draw upon resources so inexhaustible, that, in helping them on, the universities play an honorable part in a work great indeed, but a work which would go on whether with their help or without it. But to that element in life in which

the higher interests of the intellect are supreme, to the keeping alive of ideals of distinction and aspiration and achievement which make life something else than a Flatland, the universities are called to contribute something the absence of which would be calamitous to the whole world. It is not of any class, but of all humanity, that it is written that man does not live by bread alone.

THE POET LAUREATESHIP.

LONDON, June 6.

It seems a pity that the vacancy has occurred in summer. To discuss the claims of possible candidates would have been such an entertaining and edifying pastime for the long winter evenings. The competition might even have suggested an idea for a new card game. Only four days have passed since Alfred Austin's death, and already seventeen names, at least, have been mentioned for the succession. The entries for the poetical Derby include writers as diverse as Rudyard Kipling and Austin Dobson, Mrs. Meynell and John Masefield, Thomas Hardy and Richard Le Gallienne. It may be as well to complete the list while one is about it. The other names put forward are those of William Watson, Stephen Phillips, Alfred Noyes, Henry Newbolt, Robert Bridges, W. B. Yeats, Maurice Hewlett, Arthur Symons, Laurence Binyon, Alfred E. Housman, and W. H. Davies, the "super-tramp." If any reader of contemporary verse cannot find here a favorite to back, his tastes must be eccentric indeed.

Several of these press nominees are disqualified, however, for one reason or another, before the race begins. Kipling, for instance, is such a violent Tory partisan in politics that his appointment by a Liberal Government is almost unthinkable. In the case of others a difficulty arises from the incompatibility of their Muse with the associations of Buckingham Palace. For the Laureateship is not so much a national office as a court post. There is what the *Daily Chronicle* calls "a serving-man flavor" about it. If you look for it in *Whitaker's Almanack*, you may search in vain through the academic and literary sections of the book. It is not to be found even among the knighthoods and orders. You must turn to the section "His Majesty's Household" and the subsection "The Lord Chamberlain's Department." After discovering who are the lords in waiting, the grooms in waiting, the extra grooms in waiting, and the gentleman ushers, you will arrive at this:

> Gentleman Usher of Black Rod, Admiral Sir Henry F. Stephenson, G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
> Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin.
> Surveyor of the King's Pictures and Works of Art, Lionel Henry Cust, M.V.O.
> Keeper of the King's Armory, Guy Francis Laking, M.V.O.

And so the roll of honor continues, with the grooms of the great chamber, the keeper of the swans, the page of the chambers, the pages of the presence, the pages of the back stairs, etc., until it winds up with the leader of the music. It takes one back to the time when Fanny Burney thought herself lucky to be appointed second keeper of the robes to Queen Charlotte.

It would be absurd, of course, to describe the Laureate as a mere magnified lackey. He is not even expected nowadays, as some occupants of the post were, to celebrate every royal marriage or birth in an obsequious ode. Still the requirement of being able to sing in buckles and knee breeches is a distinct handicap to a modern man of genius. It mattered little to Tennyson. Whitman's description of him as a "feudal" poet was perhaps an exaggeration, but at any rate his whole method of thought was in harmony with the environment of the palace, and there was no touch of insincerity when he celebrated in his poetry the virtues of the Prince Consort. Today there is no one of Tennyson's rank as a writer who could bring himself without painful effort to utter such sentiments as those in the dedication of the "Idylls of the King." The real problem of filling the present vacancy is that our inspired poets are too inspired to fit the post, whereas the lesser sort would only accentuate the difference between a court functionary and a prophet of the national life and character. Alfred Austin had genuine literary merits, but it would have been better for his ultimate reputation if he had been content with the comparative obscurity of a minor poet. As the *Manchester Guardian* has put it, the pedestal on which Lord Salisbury set him became inevitably a pillory.

Strong support, therefore, is given to the proposal that the Laureateship should be recognized as an anachronism, and that advantage should be taken of the present opportunity to abolish it. It could hardly have been brought to an end at Tennyson's death without a general sense of loss, but Alfred Austin's tenure of it has meant so little that no one would now seriously miss it. This very fact, however, is also used as an argument on the opposite side. A well-known literary critic is distressed at the thought that an office which has been held by Jonson and Dryden, by Wordsworth and Tennyson, should end "in mere eclipse." If it lapses at all, it should be "in a blaze of glory." There are some, too, who think the present a singularly inappropriate time for its abandonment, in view of the hopeful outlook for a serious poetic revival. It would be a great mistake, in their opinion, for poetry to be shorn just now of its most conspicuous public acknowledgment.

Accordingly, another suggestion is that the Laureateship should be continued, but should be removed from the jurisdiction of the Lord Chamberlain and made truly national. The Laureate of the future, instead of watching the domestic history of the reigning sovereign, would derive his poetic impulses from the varying fortunes of John Bull. But here, again, there are practical difficulties. "The wind bloweth where it listeth." How are you going to insure that the divine afflatus shall always set in the same quarter as the gusts of popular feeling? The recollection of William Watson's indignant sonnets on England's desertion of the Armenians or of William Vaughn Moody's lines "On a Soldier Fallen in the Philippines" is enough to remind us that the poet has sometimes had it laid upon his conscience to remonstrate with "his sinning land where she stumbled and sinned in the dark." And, after all, what real benefit does either literature or the nation gain from the setting apart of an official poet? It would be just as reasonable to "retain" a national sculptor, or a national painter, or a national architect, or a national musician.

It is unnecessary to record all the other various proposals for dealing with this perplexing post. Space should be found, however, for mention of the suggestion made sarcastically by S. L. Hughes, one of the wags of the House of Commons. Why not, he asks, revive the now extinct office of court jester and combine it with that of the Poet Laureate? Why not, indeed? "There have been occasions," Mr. Hughes points out, "when the Poet Laureate of the day has added much to the gayety of the nation." It is surely time that conscious humor had its turn. The reconstitution of the post on these lines would at least enable the nation to express its gratitude for the wholesome exhilaration it receives every Wednesday from the witty and scholarly Owen Seaman.

H. W. H.

THE NATURALIZATION OF JAPANESE.

TOKIO, May 25.

When Percival Lowell remarks in "Occult Japan" that the lack of originality of the Japanese is very striking, and the decorous demeanor of the whole nation betrays the lack of mental activity beneath, he meant that the Japanese are materialistic; and this point has been strengthened by many other writers. Walter Dennings, of unrivalled wealth in Japanese acquaintance, says somewhere:

> The lack of idealism in the Japanese

mind renders the life of even the most cultivated a mechanical, humdrum affair, when compared with that of Westerners. The Japanese cannot understand why our controversialists should wax so fervent over psychological, ethical, religious, and philosophical questions, failing to perceive that their fervency is only the result of the intense interest taken in such subjects. The charms that the cultured Western mind finds in the world of fancy and romance, in questions themselves, irrespective of their practical bearings, is for the most part unintelligible to the Japanese.

This lack of idealism is founded on the general lack of imagination of the Japanese mind. It is wrong, let me speak as a Japanese, that we have often been written up in the West as a most imaginative people by irresponsible writers whose little Japanese knowledge made them write much. Lafcadio Hearn, whose literary impulse often struck the very truth of a matter, singular enough, through the magic of its being half-truthful, remarks in one of his letters:

> In Japan the law of life is not as it is with us—that each one strives to expand his own individuality at the expense of his neighbor's. But on the other hand, how much one loses! Never a fine inspiration, a deep emotion, a profound joy or a profound pain—never a thrill, or, as the French say so much better than we, a *frisson*. So literary work is dry, bony, hard, dead work here.

Now, how did we Japanese happen to become so materialistic, unimaginative, and unemotional? The whole blame, if blame somebody we must, should go, first of all, to Confucius, whose ethical teaching almost killed our original Japanese passion and feeling; even Buddhism appealed to us from its materialistic expression rather than its spiritual speculation. (Therefore, our Japanese Buddhism is not the Indian Buddhism.) The fact of our being unemotional, unimaginative, and materialistic, is seen most strongly in relation to women; when I tell you that there is no great love story in long Japanese literature in the Western sense, you will understand how the difference in our Japanese ancestral history and education renders what you call the true soul-sympathy in the West well-nigh impossible. Old Japan taught us ethics, but not emotion or love; if we ever attain to life's real emotion and love, it will be when the materialistic saturation turns at once its reverse side from its great hatred of its own self. Such is the Japanese spiritually. Now suppose such a Japanese with such ancestral history happened to live in America and become a naturalized American citizen (supposing that right were also given to the Japanese). Is he able to assimilate himself with America?—that is the important question we should like to dwell on.

I have no doubt that true assimilation can come only from intermarriage; now to ask more directly, can Japanese love the American women admirably and honestly?—the women psychically as well as physically larger than their home women, besides being born and bred so differently from themselves? Hearn says in a letter to Chamberlain: "I am now convinced that the deficiency of the sexual instinct (using the term philosophically) in the race is a serious defect rather than a merit, and is very probably connected with the absence of a musical sense and the incapacity for abstract reasoning." What will be the result if a Japanese marries an American woman? The answer is short: collision, that is all. Even where there is no terrible clash, certainly there will not be a true harmony of understanding between them. How can they thoroughly understand each other since they were born from different roots? Lafcadio Hearn was only a rare perfect specimen of one who successfully adopted another country; but I have the fact (how sad is Hearn's heart!) that in his later years he looked back longingly towards America, and even declared that he had found out at last, after his long residence in Japan of some fifteen years, that he knew nothing of Japan and the Japanese. If the West finds it difficult to understand the East, that is to mean to say that the hearts of the East and West can never join together so easily. Kipling sings:

> Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
> Till earth and sky stand presently at God's great Judgment seat;
> But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

It is better to make East and West live independently, at least at present; but let the true Americans and the true Japanese stand face to face on the same ground without asking each other where they come from, whether East or West. We Japanese even claim in America an equal treatment with other Western people; but as for the question of American naturalization being extended to Japanese, I doubt, as a Japanese, whether it would not be a damaging affair equally for America and Japan.

To disturb the Japanese insularity physically as well as spiritually through such a Japanese (now, suppose, a Japanese-American) is a very serious thing to consider for Japan herself. If it is understood that any Japanese can become naturalized in America, I believe that many young Japanese, mainly to escape from military duty, would try to enter the country across the ocean. Certainly militarism is never the best policy for any country; but after long consideration, I should say that it would be the second best for Japan at present. The American naturalization extended to Japanese would be a damaging affair for Japan. Indeed, naturalization has no meaning whatever, if the people in the place cannot be assimilated with the country which they go to adopt; already in that point, we Japanese have no right qualification. But shall we never in the future attain that qualification? The time will be changed in the next fifty years under the Western education and invading civilization; our Japanese minds will certainly make the foreign assimilation easy; so I think that that question of naturalization should be left to the wise hand of time and wait for some fifty years. Even without our asking it, I am sure that America will give it to us; perhaps then we shall be able to answer more truthfully and properly to her invitation. YONE NOGUCHI.

Correspondence

THE COST OF HIGH WAGES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The latest evangel preaches that higher and still higher wages is the panacea for all the ills of the community. No one points out the fearful cost of those who, unable to meet the advancing charges, are compelled to sacrifice their special work for unsuitable tasks. Train a man or a woman for a special vocation, and then place him or her under conditions that demand all of time and vigor in alien but unavoidable tasks; can one imagine a more oppressive situation for the individual or one that entails a more serious economic loss upon the community? It is a fact that in the intelligent middle class of our communities in the North and West, particularly among the married women of this class, the routine tasks of their lives limit seriously or prevent the more productive activities for which they have training. Unless we take the position that women who marry must accept the details of housekeeping as their special vocation, we must admit that a great host of women are, each in a home very dear to her, paying a terrible price for their homes in undesired forms of labor, in the expenditure of thought and strength in channels foreign to their training and preference.

In three-fourths of the homes of college professors, the cultured wives are occupied with the lower grades of household labor—house-cleaning, setting tables, answering door-bells—filling their time and exhausting their vigor in the non-consecutive details which belong to the maid-of-all-work. The wives of ministers are in no better case. The universities are training for special forms of skilled labor an ever-increasing multitude of women who must, if they undertake home-making, exchange their vocations for an unskilled occupation because the compelling necessities of daily life will demand all their limited strength, or at least will leave at their disposal no connected periods of time such as the consecutive tasks of special skill require. That intelligent women feel the stultifying effects of their round of petty detail and

yet recognize their inability to undertake serious constructive work, the activities of many women's clubs attest, the programme testifying to their intellectual hunger and yet by its desultory and amateurish character confessing their inability to undertake anything of a formative nature or of worthy accomplishment.

The women are the greatest sufferers, but not the only ones. No sensitive man can see unmoved the dwarfing of nature and the loss of opportunity that a gifted woman has accepted who devotes her energies to the petty details of the unskilled labor in his home. Further, he himself is not wholly free from personal loss from similar causes. It is true that the unavoidable demands for unskilled labor are not so imperative with him as with his wife, and can often be satisfied without destroying the possibilities of skilled employment. In his case, the mal-adjustment of life more often becomes evident through the loss of reasonable satisfactions which he denies himself to avoid the drudgery of unskilled labor. For most men the home garden has disappeared, the adornment of home grounds is greatly restricted, favorite occupations for diversion which involve routine and unskilled labor are given up lest their demands for time and strength should encroach upon the requirements for the special vocation. Home conveniences are not provided unless the income permits of a considerable outlay for their purchase, social and civic duties are omitted since time is taken up by more imperative calls, economic purchasing which requires time or thought, the father's part in the training of children and in the maintenance of a wholesome home life, and many other duties which our forefathers discharged have become impossible. True, the causes of these changes in the man's life are due to many influences, but not least among these is his inability to defend the higher duties of life by obtaining from others the performance of the lower and unskilled tasks without too serious an inroad upon his income. The handy man about the place, the village laborer who could be safely reckoned upon for any unskilled labor, is no longer obtainable, therefore the master of the house must perform such labor himself or undertake nothing that involves it.

What is the remedy? The American seeks by changes in home conditions to convert unavoidable labor into avoidable, and to that end frequents boarding tables, restaurants, cooked food shops, cafétarias, or closes his home and dwells in an apartment house with wall beds and a six-by-eight kitchenette. He strives to solve his problem by denying his household the spaciousness and comforts of the home of his fathers that his wife as well as himself, by denying herself the comforts dependent upon unskilled labor, may find opportunity for the pursuit of her special vocation. An interesting corollary of this solution is the fact that children become impossible elements under the conditions in many apartment houses.

These solutions entail a staggering loss upon the community: they involve the acceptance of conditions that are assumed to be unalterable, and in no wise remove the cause of these conditions. The obstacle that prevents efficiency in the special avocation, that renders the management of the home difficult, and denies us an easy conduct of life in comfort, with grace and dignity, is the disproportionately high price of unskilled labor. We are striving to bar out foreign unskilled labor, especially that Oriental labor which is most suited to the needs of service in our homes. The theorist declares it desirable that every wage earner should be able to maintain his family on the plane of life that labor in the lower grades of skill has attained, and is singularly blind to the loss and sacrifice this doctrine causes in the ranks of skilled labor where the product is of greatest worth to the community. Each trade union cries unceasingly for the exclusion of unskilled labor from all races except its own, hence the less desirable immigrant from eastern Europe finds an open door, while the faithful house-servant from the Orient knocks in vain or gains admission in such scanty numbers that demand lifts his wage out of the reach of modest incomes. When Japanese dishwashers receive $60 a month and Chinese servants can command almost any price from $40 upwards, as in the West, what better evidence can be given to prove that there is real deprivation and suffering through the lack of such labor as these servants perform? Have we not dodged this fact long enough? Are we not ready to face it and inquire why we should exclude desired help and continually raise the wage of the unskilled? to ask whether the sacrifice of cultured women in their homes, or the exchange of the home for the apartment or boarding house, or the loss of home comforts incident to such high wages, is necessary or just?

CHARLES DAVIDSON.

Claremont, Cal., June 11.

IRREVERENT WIT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit me to express my appreciation of the letter of Mr. Willis Boyd Allen, in the *Nation* of June 5. Few things in the life of an age will more clearly set forth the character of the people than its sense of wit and humor. Tell me what you laugh at and I'll tell you what you are. The wise argument of courtesy in the matter may touch many, sad to say, when the higher plea will not. I am sure that I am only one of many who thank you for opening this attack upon one of the most flagrant evils of the day, the indulgence in irreverent, discourteous wit. Our public taste should demand something better than *Life* and *Judge* and *Puck*.

F. A. KAHLER.

Holy Trinity Lutheran Church, Buffalo, N. Y., June 12.

[Several other clergymen have written to us in the same tenor.—ED. NATION.]

A LIFE OF KEATS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will you do me the favor to make it known among your readers that I am engaged on a new and what I hope to make a standard and complete critical biography of the poet Keats, and that I shall be very grateful to receive notes of any unpublished material, autograph or other, which may be in the hands of American collectors? With some of these gentlemen I have the pleasure of being already in communication, but there must be others who can help me in my purpose if they will, and it is to them that I now wish to make appeal through your columns. SIDNEY COLVIN.

35 Palace Gardens Terrace, London, W., June 6.

Literature

PROFESSOR MURRAY ON GREEK RELIGION.

Four Stages of Greek Religion. By Gilbert Murray. (Columbia University Press.) New York: Lemcke & Buechner. $1.50 net.

Whatever Mr. Murray has to say on things Greek is always sure of a respectful hearing. He disclaims the purpose of giving in this volume a connected history of Greek religion, yet its rise, progress, and decay at critical periods are relentlessly analyzed. His title suggests a needed caution to those who refer casually to "the Greeks" as if sprung fully grown from the head of Zeus. Although he can offer (see p. 152) no new guide to "the uncharted" (a recurrent term), his agnosticism is neither arrogant nor patronizing. To Miss Harrison's "Themis" and her "Prolegomena" he makes cordial acknowledgment, but it is a relief to read (Preface, p. 7): As "she has by now made the title of 'Olympian' almost a term of reproach, . . . I have ventured to attempt to explain their historical origin and to plead for their religious value." He is even willing (cf. p. 97 with p. 20) to distinguish between superstition and religion, and he cites with sympathy "the beautiful defence of idols by Maximus of Tyre." But the distinction, when drawn, seems only half-hearted and negative. Pertinent generalizations, explaining both the Greeks and their gods, are too numerous to catalogue.

The first stage he entitles "Saturnia Regna." In this part there is a keen discussion of data gathered by comparative study of other peoples and of the traces of early Greek superstitions. The Olympian gods are not primary. Behind them is "a dark primæval tangle of desires, fears, and dreams." When the three great Athenian festivals—the Diasia, the Thesmophoria, and the Anthesteria—are examined, the anthropomorphic gods vanish and we are left with the sediment of a snake, or a sow, or a Bull's Shed—the house of a divine animal. Out of superstitions, terror, and tabus are gradually evolved oracles and gods. The "process charged with the emotion of pressing human desire, projects its anthropomorphic god or dæmon." Mr. Murray offers his own explanation of the peculiarly Greek development of local oracles. If the Old Men

of the Tribe, he interprets, cannot explain in a given case what is Themis, we must ask advice of the great ancestors in their sacred tombs. Next, special tombs of special ancestors give way to what he seems to describe as a Chthonian Trust. Then the oracles in a panic resort to remedies of pain and blood as senseless and inhuman as the sins of the modern world in burning witches and heretics.

The second stage is entitled "The Olympian Conquest." The "new" gods, as is pointed out, are, more or less openly, recognized as supervening upon an older order. Far from regretting with Miss Harrison the passing of tabus and totems, Mr. Murray recognizes this period as coincident with the high-water mark of Greek religion. While there is "hardly any horror of primitive superstition" unrepresented, he asserts that "there is hardly any height of spiritual thought attained in the world that has not its archetype or its echo in the stretch of literature that lies between Thales and St. Paul." If the monotheism of Xenophanes, Parmenides, Æschylus, Euripides, Plato, and others could really have imposed itself upon the world, it "would have been," he urges, "a far more philosophic thing than the tribal and personal monotheism of the Hebrews." As it was, the Olympian religion achieved the following: It debarbarized Greek worship in the leading states, mitigating the horrors of "Urdummheit"; it permitted progress; wrapped religion in Sôphrosynê; made for intercantonal concord; and developed sheer beauty. And it not only repressed the primeval brute in its own inheritance, but beat back, for a time, the "beastly devices" of the heathen without. The author contrasts, *inter alia*, the "sexless Valkyrie" of the "Iliad," called Athena, with the many-breasted Artemis of Ephesus. In later antiquity, apart from the unpopular Epicurean school, it issued "in a sort of apotheosis of good taste, . . . or else it collapsed into helpless mysticism."

Mr. Murray contends that the Homeric poems, and through them the Olympian gods, did not exercise any widespread influence until the sixth century. He claims that they were purged of the grosser survivals and that the old Achæan gods were equipped with new names reflecting the factors in this later age. This revolutionary theory, which we can here only hint at, will have to run the gantlet of much criticism. To the author, however, it is the kernel of his interpretation of this stage of Greek religion.

The third stage is the Hellenistic-Roman period. The author designates this phase as "The Failure of Nerve." The traditional religion of Hellas was "bankrupt" by Plato's time. Between the time of Epicurus and St. Paul there was a rise of asceticism, of mysticism, a loss of faith in normal human effort. Men halt at the parting of the ways—the life of the patient and good citizen in sympathy with the world contrasted with the ecstatic vision of the saint. The Greek city-state, the kernel of Hellenism, has fallen with the Macedonian conquest. Yet "Rome was herself a Polis as well as an empire" and "the Stoical ideal of the World as 'one great City of Gods and Men' has not been surpassed by any ideal based on the nation." Both Stoic and Epicurean were almost free from popular superstitions; both got rid of the myths; but both let these same gods out of Tartarus, though putting them under strict parole. Mr. Murray, throughout the book, betrays especial admiration for the doctrine of the Epicureans. Their "glory it is to have upheld an ideal of sanity and humanity stark upright amid a reeling world." When the Olympians were dethroned Chance or Fortune was elected to the vacancy by popular acclamation —again a "denial of the value of human endeavor."

In discussing the Hellenistic worship of the heavenly bodies the writer harks back to the reference in the "Republic" to the sun as the author of light in the visible world, and connects it with the ultimate "triumph of Mithraism as the military religion of the Roman frontier." As a matter of fact, there is no such confusion in Plato. The sun is merely an earthly symbol of the Master Light—the Idea of Good.

In skirting the more critical contacts with early Christianity, Mr. Murray shows no disposition to trample carelessly upon the beliefs of others, but, as in his treatment of sun-worship, he traces back, for Gnostics and Christians alike, the conception of their Sôtêr to Plato and his Ideal "Righteous Man." Appreciation of St. Paul, often lacking in orthodox writers, is evident, both elsewhere and here, when he speaks of his "clean antiseptic quality." Much in this chapter tempts discussion. "Astrology fell," he says, "upon the Hellenistic mind as a new disease falls upon some remote island people." Allegory, he argues, permeates all Hellenistic philosophy. The striking, and certainly little known, words of Diogenes, an Epicurean of Cappadocia about 200 A. D., inscribed on the wall of a portico, are translated in full. The preamble is too long to cite, but the message itself is terse: "Nothing to fear in God: Nothing to feel in Death: Good can be attained: Evil can be endured."

The fourth part of the book centres upon Julian the Apostate and his Neo-Platonic friend Sallustius. It is entitled "The Last Protest." Any new light thrown upon the cross currents of this perplexing period is grateful. The author analyzes the conflict between Christianity and Paganism. The former he thinks of "as a sort of semi-secret society for mutual help with a mystical religious basis." The denatured Paganism which Julian tried to galvanize into life had the hopeless task of explaining the old myths through mystery and allegory. "The explanations given by Sallustius and Julian are never rationalistic. They never stimulate a spirit of skepticism, always a spirit of mysticism and reverence." Julian's supreme concern, he adds, was to prove, what the Christians denied, that the Gods *are*.

The proletariat Christian and the imperial, but monastic, Pagan both represent mysticism. The treatise of Sallustius, with its washed-out Platonism, is translated in an appendix, being, as Mr. Murray puts it, a semi-official catechism or creed. Far better support for the Pagan ideal and its real love for Sôphrosynê is given by citations from other sources. The author again reverts to the Epicureans and their lofty character. He points out how extremes meet in the common unpopularity shared by them and the Christians. This might have been further illustrated by Lucian's reference to the common ban placed upon both by Alexander the False Prophet in the second century.

In view of Mr. Murray's intimate frankness it may not seem unsuitable to describe the book itself as The Latest Protest against orthodoxy and atheism alike. In a striking figure at the end he speaks of creed written upon creed like a palimpsest. Although his readings of the scroll may call for further emendation he strives with the patience of an acute and high-minded scholar to decipher the half-legible characters of the earlier writing.

CURRENT FICTION.

[TWO BOOKS OF FAERY.]

The Crock of Gold. By James Stephens. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Lore of Proserpine. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Peter Pan's question about belief in fairies was taken by his friends in the audience as a delightful bit of whimsy. Even the children who shouted assent were consciously engaged in the pleasant game of make-believe. Santa Claus is never wholly endearing till he has begun to be a myth. Yet here are two books about fairies written by grown-ups for grown-ups, quite as if the world were still both young and credulous.

"The Crock of Gold" is a fairy-tale with Irish setting and accent; but the god Pan figures in it as well as the god Angus. Its satiric quality and its philosophy are German rather than Irish. As with all good fairy-tales, you

may find what you like in it—an amusing series of impossible incidents, an allegory, or in a broader sense a criticism of life. A crock of gold is the most cherished possession of the Leprecauns, because, explains one of that harmless little people, "do you see, a Leprecaun has to have a crock of gold so that if he's captured by men folk he may be able to ransom himself." The loss of their treasure by a certain tribe of Leprecauns has its effect on the action of this tale, but we could have got on very well without it or them. For the persons of chief interest are the Philosopher and the Thin Woman and their two children, "who live in the centre of the pine wood called Coilla Doraca." The Thin Woman is a sort of witch who has married the Philosopher to get back at him for having answered the three questions which nobody had ever been able to answer. But he proves a match for her, at first because he is impervious as a philosopher, and later, after his experience among gods and fairies, because he is appealing as a man. As an aged male Alice in a new sort of wonderland, he has adventures involving a humorous philosophy worthy of study. And one never knows when among the whimsicalities of the book one may chance upon a simple human passage of almost lyrical power, such as the quaint lament of the "old woman on a stick" whom the Philosopher meets for a moment by the wayside, and meets no more.

Mr. Hewlett's book is even less easily classifiable. On its face a record of personal experience with nymphs, dryads, gods, and fairy wives, it is furnished with a preface in which the author discreetly admits that he does not know whether "the things in this book" are true or not. But one fact he is sure of: "If a thing is not sensibly true it may be morally so. If it is not phenomenally true it may be so substantially. And it is possible that one may see substance in the idiom, so to speak, of the senses. . . . It is a fact, I believe, that there is nothing revealed in this book which will not bear a spiritual, and a moral, interpretation." We confess that we are unable to supply such an interpretation; and to tell the truth we do not wish to feel the need of it. Why not take the book as a delightful bit of make-believe, so artful as to lead one to the verge of belief itself? Mr. Hewlett persuades himself, let us say, that he has seen wood-creatures and creatures of the air, singly and in companies; that he knows something of their dress, their social habits, their sports, loves, and ceremonies; their relations to human kind. He tells a long and circumstantial story of a London messenger boy who was an incarnation of Hermes, and whose strange influence over the humdrum mortals of the modern world culminated in the carrying off of a maiden of title to Pheræ in Greece, where long ago a temple of the god had stood. He chronicles several instances of "fairy wives" whom he has known or known of—unhuman creatures mated to men; and, not content with this, gravely asserts that there are undoubtedly several hundred thousands of such beings in the United Kingdom alone. Oddly enough, he excepts the acknowledged home of fairy-lore; he has "no evidence of fairy wives from Ireland," though "a great number out of Wales."

In one respect Mr. Hewlett's fairy-folk differ radically from the anthropomorphic creatures of common legend. They are totally unmoral:

> The fairies are of a world where Right and Wrong don't obtain, where Possible and Impossible are only finger-posts at cross-roads; for the gods themselves give no moral sanction to desire and hold up no moral check. The fairies love and hate intensely; they crave and enjoy; they satisfy by kindness or cruelty; they serve or enslave each other; they give life or take it as their instinct, appetite, or whim may be.
>
> But there is this remarkable thing to be noted, that when a thing is dead they cannot be aware of its existence. For them it is not, as if it had never been.

Is this satire? Does Mr. Hewlett employ the method of Swift in holding up by indirection what he takes to be the essential basis of human life, divested of its shams? As to his paganism, he has always been sufficiently explicit. . . . But we lay down this curious book with the lingering hope that it is not a mere stalking horse—that here may actually be a man of our time who does "believe in fairies."

A Step on the Stair. By Octave Thanet. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Short stories reprinted singly in book form are commonly found to be in a vein of popular sentiment. This tale of Miss French's is of a different sort. It adds another to the numerous recent attempts to describe the experiences of a soul just after its release from the body. Actual death does not occur, and spirit returns to body after an experimental excursion into the unknown country. Remembrance is vague, but the soul has learned that the state after death represents nothing permanent or sure—"This is but a step on the stair," says the mother of the newcomer, who is his guide. "We leave it as we left the life below; but joyfully and not in fear, for each step is higher on the stair." Half-reluctantly the soul of this traveller leaves its new freedom to turn back to human duties, recalled by the skill and persistency of a physician and friend who will not let the body be dead. In idea and spirit the sketch greatly resembles the longer narrative of Mr. A. C. Benson, "The Child of the Dawn," reviewed recently in these columns (July 25, 1912). In both instances the attempt is to get rid of the popular idea of the soul after death as (to quote Mr. Benson), "a sort of amiable and weak-kneed sacristan in the temple of God."

A GREAT LADY.

The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope. Compiled from the Cannon Hall Papers, 1806-1873. By A. M. W. Stirling. With numerous illustrations; in two volumes. New York: John Lane Co. $10 net.

The editor and compiler of these volumes is a grandson of the lady whose name he uses to bind together his varied collection of letters and anecdotes, drawn from the family archives of the Spencer-Stanhopes of Cannon Hall. This work is, he says, not only a sequel, but a conclusion, to his two earlier books of similar character, "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends" (1906) and "Annals of a Yorkshire House" (1911). Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope was a daughter of Coke of Norfolk. The earlier picture showed him in his public character. He is seen in these letters as a country squire, the head of a family that laughed at and adored him—"Majesty" by nickname, the testy and affectionate ruler of his clan. But he appears only incidentally in these pages, which are actually a continuation of "Annals of a Yorkshire House," taking up the family chronicle as preserved in the Cannon Hall papers, at the point where the Annals laid it down.

A majority of the letters in the present collection were written by or to John Spencer-Stanhope, who in 1822 became the husband of Lady Elizabeth. Their preservation was due to her: hence the title. John was third child and second son among the fifteen children of Walter Spencer-Stanhope of the "Annals"; and as his elder brother was an idiot, became heir of Cannon Hall. In 1806 he was in his twentieth year, a rather serious young man with a group of lively sisters. Many of the earliest letters are from the liveliest of them all, Marianne. She was noted for her sharp wit in a period when repartee was required of the lady of *ton*. At forty she became the anonymous author of "Almack's," most admired satire of its day, in which she hit off, once for all, the foibles and chief characters of the most fashionable circle of the period, of which she was a member. She and her almost equally clever sisters seem to have been even more feared than admired by eligible young men, and the few ineligibles who applied, or appeared about to apply, were quickly

disposed of by the worldly though affectionate mother of fifteen. Marianne, the only one to escape spinsterhood, made a discreet marriage of middle age, which turned out not badly.

John Stanhope as a young man had a strong desire to travel, and in 1810 set out for Spain and Greece. It was a perilous time for an Englishman to be travelling, and he presently found himself a prisoner of Napoleon. His letters written during the year or two which passed before he succeeded in escaping are full of interesting detail about the social Europe of that day, and about the conditions of the Napoleonic régime. The editor has wisely used his discretion in giving the substance rather than the letter of much of this "correspondence of an exile"—as indeed he does throughout the work. It is an extraordinarily vivid mass of contemporary gossip and anecdote which he succeeds in presenting. Lady Elizabeth Coke was half John Spencer-Stanhope's age when she became his wife. She looked up to him with awe, and lived up to her immediate resolve never to call him anything but Mr. Stanhope. Yet she was not only a girl of mind, and worthy on that ground of the Stanhope connection; she has a very pretty humor of her own, founded, unlike that of Marianne and her sisters, on good humor. And her awe of her spouse does not keep her from writing to him with ease and spontaneity of the little affairs of their common life and acquaintance. That acquaintance included not merely the local intimates of a great county family, but most persons of the first social and political distinction throughout England. Almack's, that last stronghold of London exclusiveness, was always open to the Stanhopes. The gossip of this family is the gossip of an aristocracy sure of itself, and calmly aware of its inferiors. The worldliness of Mrs. Stanhope, the mother of fifteen, is often amusing, sometimes fairly appalling in its completeness. "The proper thing," or, as it was then called, *ton*, had never a more unabashed worshipper. And the foibles and indiscretions of the right people seldom strike her as foolish or wrong. Once, to be sure, we find her faintly demurring to a fad of the moment. In 1810 it occurred to some one to make a fashion of shoemaking. Says Mrs. Spencer:

> Marianne is busy learning to make shoes. Archy was so pleased that he has begun. The shoemaker says he does very well, but he thinks Lord James understands better. The Master is a Scotchman. What think you of Princess Charlotte learning the trade? It rather discomposes me, as it is not an amusement for a Queen of England.

One mark of breeding belongs to this correspondence as a whole—a simplicity and lack of strain very different from the "literary" style, certainly, of its earlier years. It is clear that these people write to each other as they speak, with the result that we get an impression of reality, of direct contact and acquaintance, which is rarely given by old letters. The record is like a shifting, vivid "kinemacolor" of two social generations which are, as Mr. Stirling says, of "a date so near our own that it has all the charm of similarity—with a difference; and it is just this likeness and unlikeness which lend such piquancy to their experiences."

Poems and Songs. By Richard Middleton. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Poems and Songs: Second Series. By Richard Middleton. The same.

The Ghost Ship and Other Stories. By Richard Middleton. The same.

The Day Before Yesterday. By Richard Middleton. The same.

Perhaps the best approach to Middleton's poetry is through his prose, as included in the two latter volumes of the series, "The Ghost Ship" and "The Day Before Yesterday." In some respects his prose style is better, if anything, than his poetic. It is clear, direct, and unmannered. Some of the nobler qualities of English prose it lacks; but it has many of the minor charms and graces. And if it is slighter and less significant than his verse, it serves, at all events, to reveal the characteristic mood of the verse and its dominant spirit.

On the whole, then, Middleton's prose is marked by a kind of artificial childishness or naïveté. It is whimsical, even elfish. In this manner "The Ghost Ship" itself is a little masterpiece. But this manner, which seems like a *tour de force* in his stories, is seen to be quite habitual and natural in the obviously autobiographical sketches of boyhood and youth which compose the bulk of his prose writings. It is delicately fanciful; but it lacks the genuine simplicity and good faith, the conviction and seriousness, of childhood.

No; in spite of a curious witchery, a sort of impalpable, moonlight magic, Middleton's prose has no subject; it is pretty nearly destitute of mind. And if his verse seems better off in this respect, it is because the blood and the senses supply a kind of substitute for theme and conviction. At bottom it is characterized by the insubstantiality which constitutes for its author the main attraction of childhood and which lends his prose its elusive little air of factitious ingenuousness. Not that his poetry is ingenuous; it is quite in another key. But nevertheless it is this childlike shrinking from intellectual responsibility, this mood of reverie, of fluid consciousness, which is as significant for his poetical as for his prose mood.

In a single word, then, the prominent trait of all Middleton's work is his distaste for actuality and his search for some outlet or escape therefrom—a trait to which the circumstances of his death supply a melancholy comment. Now, of this amoralism—if we are willing to understand by the term amoralism the very prevalent desire to evade reality and its responsibilities, the refusal to face it and master it—there are two principal forms to-day. The one seeks to dodge the burden of reflection by recourse to a kind of instinctive or spasmodic violence—to passion in the general and popular sense; it substitutes convulsion for resolution, and is illustrated by Mr. Masefield. The other takes refuge in voluptuousness—in a hedonism, more or less refined according to the character of the subject, wherein passion in the narrower acceptation of the word is likely to play a large though not necessarily exclusive part.

Of this latter sort is Middleton's amoralism. In prose it is the innocent sensuality of childhood which gives him his opportunity; in poetry it is love, for it is hardly too much to say that love is the one motive of his verse. But it is withal the illusion of love that fascinates him—the love born of a weakness or a want. About his paganism, as it has been called, there is something *mol* or flaccid. It is not Leigh Hunt's "gingerbread lubberland," of which Carlyle speaks so contemptuously, for sin and sorrow enter it liberally. And yet enter it as they may, they are rather sentimental fillips than stern and reckonable visitants. It is for these reasons that Middleton's "Irene," with its elegiac close, is the most thoroughly characteristic thing that he has done:

> Oh, lovely days long dead! there falls on me
> In this dim world I may not understand
> An echo of your sweetness; in my hand
> One frail, sad rose inspires eternity
> With dreams that are no more, and from the sea
> That beats upon this gray perplexéd land,
> Blows rumor of some merry drunken band
> That keeps your revels still in Arcady.

Sixty Years in the Wilderness: More Passages by the Way. By Sir Henry Lucy. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

A correspondent, writing to Sir Henry Lucy while chapters from his "Sixty Years in the Wilderness" were running in the *Cornhill Magazine*, commented that there were many oases in his desert. It would not be too much to say that, whatever aridness Sir Henry himself may have found in his sixty years of wandering, in this second volume of reminiscences that he has given us there are for the reader nothing but oases. "Toby M.P." of *Punch* has known

everybody worth knowing in the political world for two generations, and in England politics and society are, or have been in the past, so intimately connected that such a statement is tantamount to saying that there has hardly been a prominent figure in London during the past forty years with whom the author has not had acquaintance.

Sir Henry's position as the reporter of Parliamentary debates for *Punch* has given him a unique standing. A strong Liberal by conviction, he was for some time editor of the *Daily News;* but it is as "Toby M.P.," the friendly critic of all parties alike, that he addresses his audience. What strikes one most in these reminiscences is the large tolerance of the author. Not only is he above party prejudice, he is above individual prejudice, which is not to say that he has not his likes and his dislikes. He has in part the same quality of mind that was possessed by the late Henry Labouchere, "Labby" of beloved memory, of whom he was a warm friend. There is something of the same veneer of cynicism, overlaid on the same true chivalry that rallies him instinctively to the support of any who have been wounded by the sword of circumstance. What he has to say of Parnell and of Sir Charles Dilke is illustrative of this quality.

A book of this description lends itself to liberal quotation, but we have space for only a few of the good things contained in it. An interesting literary revelation is on pages 4 and 5, where Sir Henry Lucy shows by the damning evidence of parallel columns how Disraeli stole his description of a Derby race in "Sybil" from an old number of the *Sporting Magazine*. A characteristic story of Lord Charles Beresford, which we fancy has not before been told, concerns the time of the Dogger Bank incident, when the Russian fleet, on its way half around the world to make a last effort against Japan, overcome by an attack of nerves, fired upon some British trawlers in the North Sea. At Gibraltar Lord Charles Beresford, in command of the Mediterranean squadron, was awaiting the arrival of the Russians with decks cleared for action. At the height of the crisis, Lord Selborne, the First Lord of the Admiralty, was startled to receive the following private message from the British Admiral: "Most awkward mistake; awfully sorry. Have blown up the Russian fleet; thought they were trawlers." One of many reminiscences of Gladstone, interesting at the present time to diplomatic circles in Washington, tells of his portentous discovery that Pilsener beer was an excellent beverage "that might be taken at luncheon with refreshment and without subsequent regret." One result of this discovery, that might have been unfortunate had the mistake not been discovered in time, was that the G. O. M., sitting down after luncheon to answer a communication from Mr. Pulitzer of the *World*, started his letter "Dear Mr. Pilsener." A story of the late Duke of Devonshire, which confirms the popular impression of him as suffering continually from an excessive ennui in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty to his country, tells how Sir William Harcourt found him "with his eyes bunged up and his cheeks swollen with neuralgia," and bored to death with his medical attendant, Robson Roose, who also was in the habit of physicking Labouchere. "Always," complained the Duke, "imploring me to take care of myself for the sake of the country. I told him I'm damned if I would. Expect he says exactly the same thing to Labby."

Though no promise is held out of a third volume of reminiscences, one cannot but surmise that the material collected by "Toby M.P." in the course of sixty singularly fruitful years in the wilderness is by no means exhausted, and hope that he has more good things in store for us in the future.

A Modern History of the English People. By R. H. Gretton. Vol. I, 1880-1898. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50 net.

Mr. Gretton has essayed a difficult task, in which he has been but moderately successful. The writing of contemporary history is beset by many pitfalls. It is easy to fall into diffuseness, when living memory and superabundant records thrust forward a confusing array of facts. He who resists this temptation will instantly find himself put to it to justify his theory of selection and exclusion. Then there is the problem of the form of narrative. Shall one take several salient features of the period and write a chapter about each, telling the story continuously from beginning to end? Or shall one elect annals?

The author has chosen the latter method. He covers the two decades year by year. This necessarily gives his pages the appearance and something of the scrappy dryness of an annual review. True, Mr. Gretton introduces a certain variety. He looks before and after sufficiently to knit the threads of one chapter to those of another. And he has gone into the biographical as well as the chronological records, so that personalities and an occasional anecdote break the monotony of his recitals of fact. But monotonous the volume frequently is. The author obviously has a political and social philosophy of his own, but it is hardly able to get itself free from his material. We see it only in hints and bits. Possibly, when his survey is completed in a second volume, he may take a longer breath and characterize with more fulness the main tendencies of the time which is treated in his history. But so far we see the movement merely in snatches and fragments.

By his very title Mr. Gretton plainly sought to convey that his predominant interest would not be political. And he does indeed faithfully set down inventions and their influence, social changes, educational developments, the shifting fashions of amusements and sports, popular fads, passing "crazes," and so on. Yet all these things have a way in his pages of coming to affect the conception or practice of government, so that, in the end, the reader feels that it is, after all, a book chiefly about politics. Mr. Gretton's pace is too rapid to permit him to give large impressions. He strives to be impartial, and we have found him highly but not invariably accurate. His book is one to be valued for reference more than to be kept by one as a resource.

Notes

Late this month Houghton Mifflin Co. will bring out: "O Pioneers," a story of Western life, by Sibert Cather; "The Life of John Bright," by G. M. Trevelyan; "The Hand of Petrarch," a collection of short stories, by T. Russell Sullivan; "A Scout of To-day," by Isabel Hornibrook; "The Life of William Ernest Henley," by L. Cope Cornford; "History of Belfast, Maine," Vol. II, from 1875 to 1900, by Joseph Williamson; "Industrial Education, its Problems, Methods, and Dangers," by Albert H. Leake; "Problems of Educational Readjustment," by David Snedden; "The Home School," by Ada Wilson Trowbridge, with an introduction by Randall J. Condon. Later in the season this firm will publish "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by W. G. Bleyer.

The publication is announced by Ginn & Co. of a volume of "Anniversary Papers," by colleagues and pupils of Prof. George Lyman Kittredge, in honor of the completion of his twenty-fifth year of teaching in Harvard University.

Putnam's announcements include: A reprint of the first three volumes (entitled respectively, "Adolescence to Manhood," "Scientific Career Inaugurated," "Dynamic Sociology") of "Glimpses of the Cosmos," a work by the late Lester F. Ward; "The New Agrarianism," by Charles W. Dahlinger; and the following Cambridge books: "English Monasteries," by A. Hamilton Thompson; "Theocritus, Bion, and Moschus," translated into English verse by Arthur S. Way; "A Descriptive Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of St. John's College, Cambridge," by Montague Rhodes James; "Prima Legenda," first-year Latin lessons, by J. Whyte, and "A Greek Vocabulary," for use in schools, by T. Nicklin.

Mr. Edwin Björkman's new volume of essays, "Voices of To-morrow," to be published by Mitchell Kennerley, deals in great part with Strindberg, the authorized edition of whose plays was translated by Mr.

Björkman. Other "voices" are Björnstjerne Björnson, Selma Lagerlöf, Francis Grierson, Maeterlinck, Bergson, George Gissing, Joseph Conrad, and our own Robert Herrick and Edith Wharton.

"The Apocrypha and Pseudepigrapha of the Old Testament in English," with introductions and critical and explanatory notes to the several books, edited, in conjunction with many scholars, by Dr. R. H. Charles, is about to be published by the Oxford University Press. The work is in two volumes, and there are twenty-eight contributors. This will be the first complete English edition of the non-canonical Jewish literature of the two centuries before and the century after the birth of Christ, and the index alone will occupy 140 columns.

Edward S. Corwin, of Princeton, will bring out in July, through Holt, "National Supremacy: Treaty Power versus State Power."

In the autumn John Lane Co. will issue Prof. Stephen Leacock's new book, "Behind the Beyond."

August publications of the Century Co. include "John Barleycorn," by Jack London, and Alexander Irvine's "My Lady o the Chimney Corner," a story of Irish peasantry.

"Wild Grapes," a new story by Marie Louise Van Saanen (Madame Algi), is in preparation by Moffat, Yard & Co.

Mr. Cecil T. Carr has edited for the Selden Society a volume of "Select Charters of Trading Companies." These comprise forty-one grants made by the Crown between 1530 and 1707. The work will soon be published.

The Selden Society will also publish shortly the third volume of the "Eyre of Kent," 6 and 7 Edward II, edited by W. C. Bolland.

The first part of Martin Anderson Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror," a Danish classie, is to be brought out by Sidgwick & Jackson in an English translation.

Routledge will have ready in the autumn "A Dictionary of Universal Biography," by Albert M. Hyamson. There are about a quarter of a million brief entries.

Among the birthday honors are a baronetcy for Mr. J. M. Barrie, and knighthoods for Dr. J. D. McClure, Mr. Claud Schuster, and Dr. A. W. Ward.

The "Selected List of Municipal and Civic Books" (New York: American City Bureau) is more than a catalogue of the 345 volumes named in its pages, since each of these books is briefly described, and in many instances its position in reference to disputed questions indicated. More than half of the books noted have appeared within the past three years.

In his discursive accounts of Italian cities Mr. Edward Hutton has reached "Ravenna" (Dutton). He writes with especial enthusiasm of the Dark Age, when Ravenna "held during an appalling interval of terror and doubt the most precious thing in the world"—to wit, the corpse of the Roman Empire. Though we may differ from him as to the preciousness of that corpse, no one can deny that it was these centuries of the Early Christians and Ostrogoths and Byzantines that bestowed on the city its enduring significance. Mr. Hutton discusses history, art, religion, or what you will with the facility and assurance of the practiced decanter of information. Though he writes loosely and is never authoritative, he may be recommended to travellers who desire an outline of Ravenna's story and monuments. Some of the illustrations, by Harald Sund, are unusually good.

The fourth volume of the "Cyclopedia of Education" (Macmillan), edited by Prof. Paul Monroe, includes titles from Liberal Arts to Polyhedron. A large amount of useful information is contained in the articles on various topics of educational history and biography. Dr. Abraham Flexner's presentation of the defects and needs of American medical education should have a stimulating influence in extending the results of the examination of the medical schools of Europe and America, which he made for the Carnegie Foundation. A considerable portion of the volume is taken up by presentations of State systems of education, these articles being by Elwood P. Cubberley, professor of education in Leland Stanford, Jr., University. The topics treated under each State are Educational History, Present School System, School Support, Educational Conditions, Teachers and Training, Secondary Education, and Higher and Special Education. The systems of twenty States are there considered. Of the noteworthy articles may be mentioned Horace Mann, by Will S. Monroe; Educational Aspect of Modern Missions, by James L. Barton; Military Education, by Eben Swift; and Pestalozzi, by Henry Holman. In the article on Libraries, by Charles K. Bolton, of the Boston Athenæum, the statement of the Biblical book of Ezra that Darius scarched the library of Babylon for a Jewish decree is quoted as historical. The verse might be cited to show that such an institution as a hall of records was known at the late date of the origin of the book of Ezra, but the statement quoted is certainly unhistorical. One might have expected in a Cyclopedia generous in inclusion of biographical material a slight mention of the late Dr. D. K. Pearsons, benefactor of American higher education to the extent of above $5,000,000. The historian Livy, the friend of so many generations of college freshmen, receives no notice, but to Education for Nursing is accorded eight pages.

"The Vital Study of Literature" (Sergel), by William Norman Guthrie, holds out an alluring promise. It seems to offer in place of the numerous profitless methods of studying literature now in vogue one that is really effective. Its avowed purpose is to reduce the race of "educated illiterates" to extinction. Evidently the author comes from Mount Sinai, or has ascended the highest peak of Pisgah. His plan is the very simple expedient of getting out a descriptive catalogue of masterpicces. In it there will appear no biographical details, no historical explanations, no estimates by great critics dead and gone—in short, nothing which the publishers find most interesting to the race of educated illiterates. It totally ignores what seems to many now a really vital way of reading literature, a consideration of the ideas, of the implicit philosophy, of the author. The essay develops by a very profuse employment of language six canons: grasp of stuff, composition, construction, style, modernity, symbolic suggestiveness. Aside from the confusion of thought evident in these tests, one wonders whether Mr. Guthrie has heard of the canons of seventeenth-century criticism and of how devitalizing they were. He should at least have heard of the notorious rigor with which a certain Thomas Rymer applied them to one of our English dramatic masterpieces.

As an illustration of this method Mr. Guthrie furnishes—what? Translation! One would imagine that the last thing in the world you could get an illiterate to do would be to translate. Not at all, according to this authority, for he at once studies translations from the *Hebrew*. But he does not apply his canons. On the contrary, the method is historical and linguistic. In speaking of Coverdale's translation of the Bible he says: "Respect for the integral imaginative unity was not in his philosophy, or in that of any scholar of his times." The same is true of his discussion of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's translations. In comparing Arnault's "La Feuille" with Leopardi's "Imitazione" and Rossetti's "The Leaf," he uses the biographical method very largely. In short, the critie does not seem to have unlimited faith in his own canons. None of the avowedly critical papers in the volume applies these six tests. In a courageous effort to elucidate William Blake's symbolism, he aetually declares that to understand him one must master "by sympathetic study the literature that influenced him." The drift of Maeterlinck is explained by a contrast with Henry Mills Alden's "The Study of Death." Indeed, interesting and acceptable as some of the judgments are, none of the eleven papers betrays any special originality in eritical opinion and none whatever in critical method.

In the volume of Transactions of the Royal Historical Society for 1912 (London: Office of the Society), the president, the Venerable Archdeacon Cunningham of Ely, discusses the significance of the family as a political unit, especially in Scotland, where the family continued longer than anywhere else to be a unit for the exercise of political functions or, as it may be otherwise expressed, the organ through which the activities which we call political were carried on. Dr. Cunningham shows that no proper understanding of Scottish history can be obtained unless the element of personal attachment is taken largely into the account, and he utters for the benefit of students of British history the following word of warning: "Scottish history has suffered from being studied as If it were a faint reflection of the history of England, where national organization was so prominent from the time of the Conquest, and where there is a long story of true national life. But Scotland," he adds, "has never been merely a feeble imitation of England; her development has been in many ways independent, and it cannot be properly understood if we persist in viewing it with eyes that are adjusted to the English focus."

In the same volume Prof. C. H. Firth continues his contribution to the ballad history of the early seventeenth century; C. K. Webster furnishes a new study of Castlereagh's foreign policy, and quotes ex-

tensively from the Foreign Office papers to prove that Castlereagh was the real upholder of the equilibrium of European territorial power; and H. G. Richardson, in a careful investigation of the parish clergy of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, shows that these men constituted a regular part of the agricultural village, holding acres in the open fields, suing and being sued in the manorial courts, and in other respects standing as peasant priests taking their places among the more prosperous freemen and copyholders of the community. A paper on the Commonwealth charters follows, and the volume closes with two suggestive essays bearing on commercial history, one by Professor Szelagowski and N. S. B. Gras, of Harvard, on the Eastland Company in Prussia, 1579-1585, and the other on the Records of the English African Companies, by Hilary Jenkinson, an excellent survey, though the writer is quite wrong in thinking that these records were "practically unknown" until he examined them.

There seems to be no good reason why that clever but inconclusive German pamphleteer, Maximilian Harden, should appeal to English readers, yet within two years two collections of his articles in the *Zukunft* have been translated into English—the latest under the title of "Monarchs and Men" (John C. Winston Co.). Harden does not usually bow before the great, but his worship of Bismarck knows no abatement, as witness his ninety pages on The Emperor William II, and his dislike of the Emperor Frederick III and of Gen. Waldersee is as pronounced as ever. Of the former he says: "We have grown to distrust the martial fame of princes since even the Crown Prince Frederick William became a weighty hero," and of the latter: "He is a figure to which you will find no equal in the history of the Prussian army; a pious assassin out of the pages of some criminal novel." A sentimentalist at bottom, like so many rhetoricians of his stripe, he has a warm heart for the Vienna burgomaster, Karl Lueger, whom he absurdly overrates, while he is rather puzzled by the popularity of the unemotional King Edward, whose matter-of-fact common sense he clumsily sums up in the phrase: "There was not in the whole United Kingdom a more industrious commercial traveller or a better merchant." The articles on Czar Nicholas II, Francis Joseph, and Albert of Saxony are commonplace, with all their superficial learning and occasional pungency, while the imaginary deliverances of Tolstoy and Rockefeller are the worst example of Harden's inflated bombast. In the article on Briand, as he often does, he runs analogies into the ground. "In his earlier years," he says, "Briand was, like Danton, a lawyer, and it looked as if he would become a Babeuf"—and thereupon he devotes exactly one-half of the article to Babeuf. The most interesting of the essays is the one on Leo XIII, where the subject lends himself to the treatment—the inklings of mysterious occurrences and suggestions of profound state secrets by which Harden holds his German audiences. The translator has done his part well, but he has not the remotest idea of the transliteration of Russian names.

Albert Gubelmann's "Studies in the Lyric Poems of Friedrich Hebbel" (Yale University Press) are intended, as appears from the sub-title, first to draw attention in a general way to the sensuous elements in Hebbel's media of expression, and, secondly, to exhibit his employment of colors, sounds, silence and solitude, and the tactual sense, for æsthetic purposes. Two introductory chapters on the poet and his æsthetic theory are written with full knowledge of Hebbel's own confessions and of the many recent attempts to systematize these. The chapters, which may have their uses for the general reader, are not distinguished for any illuminating presentation of facts familiar to the specialist. In the chapters that follow, however, there is a new collocation of data derived from thorough examination of the poems in question. The result is calculated to contribute to an understanding of Hebbel rather than to a better appreciation of his works, and undoubtedly the total impression justifies the author's opinion that "too little has been said about Hebbel's acute sensibility and his passionate surrender to the impressions of objective reality." There may, indeed, be a far-reaching significance in the fact that out of 278 instances of color, Hebbel uses red 83 times and golden 45. Otto Ludwig got a sensation of red from Schiller's poems, and of golden brown from Goethe's. But it is hard to find value in all the details of such statistics, and the statistician has to be exhaustive. Dr. Gubelmann has done his work with exemplary devotion. In the present groping for methods in stylistic investigation, every honest effort is welcome. Whether in this case the product is an adequate reward for the toil, time only can determine.

Wilbur F. Gordy's "American Beginnings in Europe" (Scribner) is an attempt to embody in a textbook the recommendations of the Committee of Eight of the American Historical Association, regarding the history programme for the sixth grade. In order to impress upon the child that "our national history is a part of the history of the world," the story of American "beginnings" is carried back to Greece and Rome, and brought down through the Middle Ages to the period of discovery and early European occupation. Mr. Gordy's book, in other words, is an elementary survey of the history of western Europe to the end of the sixteenth century. Whether pupils of the grade for which the book is designed will get from it much idea of the continuity of history, or come to think of Europe as existing for any other purpose than to produce an America, is at least problematical; but for Mr. Gordy's execution of his difficult task we may express a hearty commendation.

To those who desire a brief, well-written sketch of American history on unconventional lines, and who can excuse a title that does not particularly describe the contents of the book, Edwin W. Morse's "Causes and Effects in American History" (Scribner) may be commended. Mr. Morse's apparent contempt for "the bare facts of history"—is it not about time to discard that meaningless expression?—and his professed purpose "to supply to the imagination a key to the real meaning of the evolutions . . . of the historical pageant," arouse at the outset a suspicion that he either does not know his subject or else has a thesis to defend. On the whole, however, the narrative is straightforward, there is an abundance of fact and incident, skilfully grouped, and the frequent generalizations and conclusions are well grounded. The most obvious defect of the book, from the standpoint of one who really wishes to understand American history, is its neglect of political and constitutional development; a defect not sufficiently offset by interesting chapters on industrial growth, the "high tide of American commerce," and the progress of literature, the fine arts, and education.

Samuel B. Howe's "Essentials in Early European History" (Longmans) follows the suggestion of the Committee of Five of the American Historical Association and of the New York State Regents in their recent "Syllabus," and includes in one survey the ancient world, the Middle Ages, and modern Europe to the end of the seventeenth century. The book has sterling merits. The compact narrative is interestingly written; the facts are typical, and the difficult problem of continuity is handled with more than ordinary success. Mr. Howe has evidently approached his task in a genuine historical spirit. He is not afraid of names and dates, so long as they are important; and he does not depreciate the past in order to give his work a modern ring. His treatment of the Protestant Reformation is a commendable example of fairness and historical perspective, and the chapter on the English colonies will be appreciated. There is a wealth of pictures and maps, most of the former being of actual historical objects or places. The treatment of reading references is particularly novel. Instead of appending to the several chapters lists of books useful for teachers or mature students rather than for high-school pupils, and not readily obtainable outside of large libraries, the references are confined mainly to a few carefully chosen and inexpensive works, the contents of which are analyzed for the purpose of the topic in hand. The book can hardly fail to help on the growing interest in general European history as a high-school study.

Maurice Louis Muhleman, economist and financial expert, died last Thursday in Bronxville, N. Y. He was in his sixty-first year. Mr. Muhleman had been for nearly thirty years in the service of the Treasury Department, fourteen years in Washington and fifteen in New York city, as Deputy Assistant Treasurer of the United States and cashier at the Sub-Treasury. He retired from the Treasury Department in 1901, and since then had devoted his time to the preparation of treatises upon monetary and financial matters. As a student of banking methods, he had written much in advocacy of a central bank, and upon this subject the financiers of Wall Street and the Government authorities regarded him as an authority. He wrote "A Plan for a Central Bank," "Governmental Supervision of Banks," "The Money of the United States," "Monetary Systems of the World," "Treasury System of the United States," "Banking Systems of the World," and "Monetary and Banking Systems."

The death, at sixty-five, is reported from Turin of Arturo Graf, who for thirty years was a professor in the University of that town. He helped to found the *Giornale Storico della Letteratura Italiana*, and wrote, in addition to delicate lyrics of a

somewhat pessimistic tone, "Attraverso il Cinquecento," "Foscolo, Manzoni e Leopardi," "L'Anglomania e l'influsso Inglese in Italia," etc.

Science

Practical Cooking and Serving. By Janet McKenzie Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. $1.50 net.

The Hostess of To-day. By Linda Hull Larned. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

The Chafing-Dish and Sandwiches. By Alice L. James. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25 net.

Sunday Suppers. By Alice Laidlaw Williams. New York: Duffield & Co. $1 net.

Candy-Making Revolutionized. By Mary Elizabeth Hall. New York: Sturgis & Walton Co. 75 cents net.

The difficulty with most cook-books is that they are mere collections of recipes —often in bewildering numbers—the proper use of which presupposes the knowledge of an experienced cook. This objection cannot be made to Janet McKenzie Hill's book. Her connection with the Boston Cooking School evidently opened her eyes to the fact that there are things which must be taught beginners before they can make practical use of recipes. She begins, therefore, with first principles, explaining the object of cooking, telling how to build a fire, and other things about the kitchen range. The different processes of cooking—roasting, broiling, frying, boiling, etc.—are discussed in a separate chapter, and attention is given to a number of preliminaries that are usually overlooked, such as how to draw and clean a fowl and how to take care of vegetables. How much better, for example, the vegetables placed on most tables would be if the cooks followed this simple advice: "Keep in a cool place, closely wrapped in paper or in a closed vessel (a tin pail is a convenient utensil) to exclude the air." There is a time table telling how long different foods should cook, and explaining why there are differences. The philosophy of canning vegetables and fruits is expounded. Directions are given for determining the freshness of fish and the quality of meats. The best ways of brewing coffee and tea are discussed, the writer regretting that today the individual housekeeper scarcely ever takes the time to roast her own coffee. Those who like onions, but cannot digest them, will be interested to know that if parsley is cooked with them, the tendency to flatulence is counteracted. Salt codfish is also, we are told, good for dyspeptics. Glimpses are given of gastronomic history like this:

It is said that the Emperor Charles V visited the grave of the man who systematically introduced into the Netherlands the preservation of herring by salting, smoking, and drying them, as a benefactor of mankind. Lucullus, at great expense, connected a lake near Naples with the sea, in which he might keep sea-fish alive.

In her last chapter Miss Hill discusses such topics as marketing, care of food and cooking utensils, the hospital and the etiquette of entertaining. This last topic opens Linda Hall Larned's "The Hostess of To-day," but by no means makes up the bulk of her book, which, like the volume just considered, consists chiefly of recipes. The so-called "fancy cooking" is rarely attempted in Miss Larned's book; she believes that "the cookery that requires hours of time and the skill of a chef is not often successful in the home kitchen." General directions are given for serving breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, and suppers, formal as well as informal.

The chafing-dish is now seldom ignored in any cook-book. Alice L. James gives 164 pages of her volume to it. For luncheons, for Sunday night tea, for after-theatre suppers, for all occasions when the cook is out or the stove cold, nothing is so convenient as the chafing-dish, in which, in a few minutes, diverse hot dishes can be made with denatured alcohol as fuel. Omelettes and rabbits, creamed dishes, oysters, Finnan haddie, and a hundred other dainties can be had in a moment, and it is real fun to cook them. Indeed, it seems to be the mission of the chafing-dish to ennoble the cook's art and make it fashionable. Miss James devotes her first chapter to its "mysteries"—the proper way of manipulating it—and follows this up with thirty-five menus, each accompanied by several pages of directions. Having disposed of this matter, she gives a chapter to the making of sandwiches—of almost everything edible, be it marine or terrestrial, animal or vegetable.

"Fifty-four Chafing-Dish Recipes, Old and New" is the sub-title of Alice Laidlaw Williams's little book, "Sunday Suppers." Beginning with the first Sunday in January, but without much reference to delicacies in season or out, she provides a menu for every Sunday in the year, with one more for good measure. A humorous headpiece goes with every menu, together with a few poetic lines, usually facetious, like Lewis Carroll's

> Now if you're ready, Oysters, dear,
> We will begin to feed.

From chafing-dish cooking it is but a step to what Mary Elizabeth Hall regards as the "most delicate brand of cookery—the making of confectionery." It is not the making of ordinary commercial sweets that her book is concerned with. She purposes to revolutionize candy-making by using vegetables as a basis. Women on the farm or in the village can gather potatoes, sweet potatoes, carrots, parsnips, beans, beets, tomatoes—even onions—and convert them into confectionery as sweet as that which they buy in the shops, free from injurious coloring matter and preservatives, and very much cheaper. The evil effects of overindulgence are obviated, because, "before an undue amount of sugar is consumed, the very mass of the vegetable base has satisfied the appetite." Moreover, decorative candies that formerly required more skill than most amateur confectioners possess, can thus be made by any one who can model clay or use a cooky cutter. Oriental paste and stuffed fruits are also considered, and there are hints for the caterer and the teacher of children.

Dr. George L. Walton, who some years ago wrote the valuable little treatises "Why Worry" and "These Nerves," will soon issue, through Houghton Mifflin Co., "Calm Yourself."

Cambridge books in Putnam's list include: "Elementary Experimental Dynamics for Schools," by C. E. Ashford; "The Laws of Thermodynamics," by W. H. Macaulay; "Four-Figure Tables," by C. Godrey, and "Elementary Algebra," by the same.

"William Carleton," not content with showing us, in "One Way Out," the way for a city man to succeed in the city, now undertakes, in "New Lives for Old" (Small, Maynard), to demonstrate how a countryman should make good in the country. Going with his wife to a town where the native Americans are sluggish, poorly nourished, addicted to patent medicines, and nearly bankrupt, in a single year he succeeds in rousing them, by the offer of a few prizes and a little advice, to self-respect, energy, and model farming. The book ends with a vision of an ideal country community. As in his earlier book, Mr. Carleton describes the disease more satisfactorily than the remedy, so that one feels a doubt whether he has lived the life that he portrays. He has apparently never heard of spraying, nor has he made the acquaintance of that simple tool, the wheel hoe; yet, in spite of the lack of these indispensables, he raises "bumper crops" of apples and potatoes. Nevertheless, taken with the warning that it can work only slowly, his new panacea is more nearly the true remedy for the ignorant farmer than was his earlier one the salvation of the discouraged clerk. Only a few of us can become bosses of construction gangs; but any typical backward country community can, by using modern methods, greatly improve itself. Mr. Carleton shows how to get in touch with experiment stations, and reveals the help which these State institutions are ready and anxious to give. He points the way to better farming credits, to better marketing methods, and to better home conditions—not the least of which is winter amusement. Marvellous as is his millennium, it is at least a conception of the possible.

Patrick A. Quinn, who died last week at his home in Newark, N. J., aged seventy-

five, was the author of several books on agriculture, among them "Pear Culture for Profit" and "Money in the Garden."

Drama and Music

"The Wallet of Time," a title suggested by Shakespeare's

> Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
> Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,

has been chosen by William Winter for a two-volume book of reminiscences of the American theatre from 1791 to 1912. Moffat, Yard & Co. will publish the work in September.

The "Dramatic Index," of which the fourth annual volume, for the year 1912, has just been published (Boston Book Company), is, within its obviously limited scope, a convenient and apparently trustworthy book of reference, although some of the information in it might easily elude the inquirer who did not know under what head to look for it. The claim of its prospectus, that it "unlocks the enormous treasure-house of dramatic literature and criticism in the periodicals of America and England," is scarcely justified by the facts. What it does is to furnish a complete list, alphabetically arranged, of all plays produced in this country and England since 1908, with dates and places of performance, the names of the authors, references to critical comments in contemporaneous periodicals, with lists of plays and books on dramatic subjects published during 1912. All this matter is useful to persons concerned in the daily business of the theatre, although of comparatively small value to the general or special student. The book also devotes a large amount of space, much of which might be much more profitably occupied, to the enumeration of third and fourth-rate actors and actresses, their portraits, and press notices in professional theatrical journals whose printed opinions are entirely negligible. If the record were complete, the case would be different. The conspicuous defect of the book—inseparable from its scheme—is that its references ignore all publications more than five years old. As far as they go, they are full, and, upon cursory examination—a closely critical inspection would involve more labor than they are worth—seem to be accurate. It is a pity that so well-printed, laborious, and precise a work should not have been inspired by a broader intelligence. As it is, it will be precious chiefly to the "profession."

It is rare to find a student of the Elizabethan drama who does not lose the sense of proportion in appraising the works of that period, and we cannot but regard it as an instance of this deficiency when Herbert F. Schwarz has gone to the trouble of reproducing in facsimile the old quarto (1654) of "The Tragedy of Alphonsus, Emperour of Germany" (Putnam)—a third-rate production which was already acessible in the editions of George Chapman. Notwithstanding the catchpenny declaration on the title-page of the quarto, the play is certainly not from the pen of that dramatist. To be sure, the style is not altogether destitute of the idiomatic vigor which is seldom entirely absent from works of its class, and in one or two scenes—especially those between Alphonsus and Alexander, where subtlety is matched against subtlety—it rises somewhat above the average in the handling of a dramatic situation, but, taking the play as a whole, it is obviously crude melodrama and nothing more. A curious feature of it is the frequent introduction of German—both High and Low, accurately distinguished—into the dialogue. As might have been expected, the printer of the quarto often mangles the language which he did not understand.

Mr. Schwarz does not discuss the questions of authorship and date. The interest of the play, however, depends to a large extent on the solution of these questions. In no event could its literary merit be regarded as considerable, but if certain critics were right in maintaining that it belongs to the Pre-Shakespearean drama, it would distinctly gain in historical importance. The editor's introduction is limited to the discussion of various melodramatic features of the play, to which he adduces parallels from the life and literature of the time. These are interesting, as far as they go, but with a little more research in the records of iniquity, both authentic and legendary, of Renaissance Italy, he could surely have given better illustrations of the most striking of these features—namely, the strange modes of poisoning that figure so largely in that age. As the editor states in his preface, his purpose in his Notes has been "to draw as largely as possible upon the records of contemporary travellers for the elucidation of the references made by the dramatist to conditions characteristic of the Germany of his day." The number of quotations, however, from such sources is not large. These notes include, too, Elze's emendations of corrupt passages in the German speeches.

The Drama Guild of Chicago has printed a number of the masques, pageants, and plays produced under its direction, and some of them are astonishingly good of their kind, especially those in which Thomas Wood Stevens and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman are collaborators. Among the best are "The Daimio's Head," an uncommonly quaint and characteristic Japanese fantasy; "Montezuma," dealing with the death of that monarch and the triumph of Cortez, and "The Masque of Quetzal's Bowl." All these are well suited to the spectacular purpose for which they are designed, exhibit imagination and no little literary cleverness, together with an excellent sense of theatrical effect. They are far superior to any of the lighter forms of musical or dramatic entertainment supplied by the regular commercial theatre. "Cæsar's Gods," by the same authors, a Byzantine masque, illustrating the conflict between paganism and Christianity at the court of Julian the Apostate, is rich in spectacular and dramatic incidents, and contains several passages of striking eloquence, but is of uneven merit and shows less originality of invention. In "The Chaplet of Pan," by Wallace Rice and Thomas Wood Stevens, a bit of pseudo-classical May Day romance, there are some very pretty lines, but the situations, if humorous, are somewhat trite and labored. "A Pageant for Independence Day" (Stevens and Goodman), in which the Town Crier fills up the historical gaps and stimulates patriotic fervor after the fashion of Chorus in "Henry V," offers much more illumination and much less buncombe than most of the ordinary exercises for that occasion. "Dust of the Road," a one-act play by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, is a little work of notable simplicity and effectiveness and most potent moral, founded upon the legend that on Christmas Eve in every year Judas Iscariot has the chance of redeeming one sinner in extenuation of his great offence. It handles a delicate subject with tact. "Ryland," a one-act comedy in which Messrs. Stevens and Goodman are again joint authors, illustrates the closing scene in the life of William Wynne Ryland, the famous English engraver, who was executed for forgery, where the bitterness of death is enhanced by Angelica Kauffman's disavowal of the passion which he supposed her to entertain for him. It is a cruel and somewhat morbid little piece, but is composed with skill and written with insight. Taken altogether, these productions constitute a record of considerable ability and indicate an artistic impetus in Chicago which New York may well envy.

"The song of songs," according to Julia Culp, is Beethoven's "Adelaide." "One must stand breathless before its loftiness, its grandeur, its nobility of sentiments. Such a song for *bel canto*, too! I am thrilled every time I sing it," she remarked to Walter Kramer of *Musical America*. Beethoven himself, she may or may not know, was quite ashamed of this song after he had reached his years of artistic discretion and would have been glad if he could have destroyed all the copies of it in existence.

New Yorkers are not permitted to hear "Carmen" as often as they should. It is a curious state of affairs, because everybody else likes Bizet's opera. In Germany it is even more popular than any of Wagner's works. In the list of last year's performances throughout the empire Strauss's "Rose Cavalier" naturally comes first, with 526 repetitions. (Judging by the fate of its predecessors, it will have about fifty next year.) "Carmen" comes second, with 426 performances; "Lohengrin" third, with 394. Fourth in popularity was "Mignon," which was heard oftener even than "Tannhäuser." The Germans like French opera. In New York "Mignon" has not been sung since the days of Conried.

Zurich celebrated the Wagner centenary by an open-air performance of the folk-festival scene in the third act of "Die Meistersinger." It was near that Swiss city that Wagner lived and composed during a part of the "Tristan" period.

Whatever the public and the critics may think of the professional cacophonist, Arnold Schönberg, some of his colleagues seem to admire him. Richard Strauss and Ferruccio Busoni are two of the judges (the conductor, Bruno Walter, being the third) who gave him the Gustav Mahler prize. This prize was established in memory of Mahler a few years ago. It represents the interest on the sum of 55,000 crowns, which is to be assigned annually to some composer, and amounts to perhaps $350. It may be worth noting that Strauss and Busoni have this in common with Schönberg, that whenever they are at a loss

what to say they perpetrate a crashing discord. As Goethe would have put it:

Denn immer wo Ideen fehlen
Da stellt zur rechten Zeit die Dissonanz sich ein.

"Festival Prelude" is the title of Richard Strauss's latest composition. It was composed by request to be performed at the opening of the new Konzerthaus in Vienna.

Art

PERSIAN MANUSCRIPTS.

Lovers of art and students of literature and history will find much to interest them in a collection of Persian manuscripts recently presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York by Mr. Alexander Smith Cochran, of Yonkers.

Mr. Cochran's interest in Persia was first aroused by a journey he made through that country six years ago in company with a friend who had long been a student of subjects relating to Iran. Some time after his return to New York he enriched the Museum by the gift of an extremely rare Persian rug which now may be seen displayed in one of the galleries, not far from the Morgan collection of paintings. His present donation fills four large cases occupying the greater part of the Persian room that adjoins the latter collection. It comprises a group of twenty-four manuscripts, some of which are in certain respects unique.

Persian illuminated manuscripts are growing rarer every year, as connoisseurs and collectors well know, and are ever increasing in value because of the exquisite miniatures with which the finer ones are adorned. In this realm and in the line of artistic embellishment, Persia was able, four and five centuries ago, to produce specimens of art that have never been equalled elsewhere in their particular way. The Persian scribes, moreover, were unrivalled masters of calligraphy, because the art of beautiful handwriting was cultivated as one of the highest of refined accomplishments. The bindings likewise in which the Persians chose to clothe the works of their best writers were often masterpieces of workmanship.

It is true that for a time Persia had to borrow from China certain elements, including grace of line and other features which were to be developed further with subtle skill by Mongol artists in Transoxiania and Turkistan; but she made these all her special property in the realm of art. She was prepared in turn to hand to Mughal India her refined gifts which made the artists at the courts of the Emperors Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, and Aurangzib the greatest portrait miniaturists of the world. The studies of such scholars as the French critics Blochet and Huart, the German authority Sarre, the Scandinavian Martin, whose standard work on the "Miniature Paintings of Persia, India, and Turkey," was published a few months ago in two splendid volumes, render possible a truer judgment of the worth of the present fine collection.

From the standpoint of literature, before turning to the artistic side of the collection, it may be noted that this valuable body of codexes represents the works of the greatest Persian classics. There are five different manuscripts of the famous epic poet Firdausi, who flourished at the date 1000 A. D.; six codexes contain the entire works of Nizami, or parts of the writings of that celebrated romantic poet of Persia who died about the year 1203. Next Rumi (1207-1275), renowned above all in the East as the Persian mystic poet, is represented by a volume copied two centuries after his death and well worthy of note. Then Sa'di (about 1194-1291 A. D.), the centenarian poet and moralist whose name is certainly the best known in the Orient, outside of his country, claims two other fine illustrated and illuminated codexes. The Indo-Persian poet, Amir Khusrau of Delhi, who won well-deserved fame in Hindustan in the thirteenth century through his new castings of Nizami's romantic types, is seen in a beautiful little book, dating from the time of the last of the Mughal Emperors, and bearing witness, by its exquisite paintings and finish, to the fact that the few Westerners who may have paid a visit to his tomb near Delhi can best appreciate the reverence in which this Persian-Indian minstrel was held.

The list is not yet exhausted. Persia's far-famed lyrist Hafiz, in the fifteenth century, one of the great musical bards in all literature, has five hundred and more odes incorporated in a small codex, delicately outlined by ornamental flowerets and adorned by small miniatures to illustrate the subjects. The works of Jami, the last classic poet of Persia, the year of whose death corresponds with the date of the discovery of America, are here in four manuscripts, one of which is peculiarly valuable, as it belongs to Jami's own lifetime.

Outside the realm of Persian works, there are two very rare illuminated and illustrated manuscripts in the Jaghatai Turkish, or language of Eastern Turkistan. They both contain lyric works of the laureate-minister and poet-statesman Nawai, who died in 1501, after a renowned career at the court of Herat in Afghanistan prior to the foundation of the Empire of the Mughals in Hindustan. His fame lasts through his poetry, and one of the copies here presented was transcribed a year or two before his death. We can imagine the interest which it had for courtier friends.

No collection belonging to the Muslim realm of Persia, Central Asia, and the adjacent domains would be complete without a fine copy of the Quran. The oldest manuscript in the Cochran collection is a specially valuable specimen of the Mohammedan Scriptures, dated June 29, 1427, which was transcribed by the hand of Tamerlane's grandson, Ibrahim Sultan, son of Shah Rukh, and brother of Baisunghar, the famous royal bibliophile. To illustrate the Sacred Word by pictures would be against the spirit of Islam, but exquisite ornamentation might be lent to the text itself in the form of chaste embellishment, especially to grace a copy of the Quran transcribed by a prince's hand. Not only that, but this copy descended through the line of the Great Mughals till it reached Aurangzib, the last of these famous emperors in India. He was then a prince in his nineteenth year, and had not yet sat upon the throne. On the back of the last left, Aurangzib records the history of the copy and the date when he made the memorandum of his reading it, in 1638 A. D., two centuries after the manuscript had been transcribed. The court gilder embellished the pages with ornamental gold around his handwriting.

A remarkably precious manuscript of the Haft Paikar of Nizami, containing a romantic epopee on the subject of the Sasanian King, Bahram Gur ("that Great Hunter"), who reigned in the fifth century of our era, furnishes not only a cherished transcript of a masterwork, but formed a gift fit for a king, as it was presented to Akbar the Great by a grandee, whom he had appointed to be Governor in the Panjab. A regal memorandum in a painted medallion on the first page records that it was offered as a special tribute to his Majesty. The year of the gift was 1580, at which time we know that Akbar was at Lahore in the Panjab. The imperial seal and other memoranda attest the fact, and prove the royal ownership; and we know from court records that the works of Nizami were among the Emperor's favorite reading. The volume descended to his grandson, Shah Jahan the Magnificent, as shown by an official signet. But the manuscript has an additional value and interest, as it contains five rare miniatures by Bahzad, the most famous of all Persian painters, whose death occurred about fifty years before. The miniatures are all genuine, as each is signed in the authentic minute handwriting of Bahzad, so fine, as was characteristic of him, that a microscope is needed to decipher the name.

The artistic value of the collection has been indicated already, and we may be sure that books which formed part of the libraries of Oriental potentates and emperors, as shown by seals and memoranda, were choice copies. The fin-

est in the entire set is a magnificent manuscript of the works of Nizami, transcribed by the famous calligraphist Sultan Muhammad Nur, who completed the transcript in the year 1525. This superb codex, which is sumptuously embellished, came from the library of the Safavid Kings of Persia and was among the treasures of the later Shahs. It is written on heavy gold-frosted paper, with a different marginal color to distinguish each of the five long romantic poems, and is encased in the original flap-cover, which is a specimen of rare beauty in the way of binding. But beauteous above all are the fifteen miniatures with which it is adorned. They are from the brush of Mirak, the celebrated pupil of Bahzad, and most famous of all the Persian artists after his master. Regarding this manuscript Dr. Martin writes in terms of the highest praise, when he says: "It is second to none of the same period; there are certainly larger ones in existence, but none of finer quality with such a profusion of architecture and such charming coloring." The views of the seven different palaces in which Prince Bahram Gur visits the seven princesses, his wives from the seven realms of the world, are particularly notable. Of the artistic treatment of these themes Dr. W. R. Valentiner, of the Museum, says:

> These subjects, which demand a different color scheme for each miniature to correspond with the different colors of the palaces, black, yellow, green, and so forth, have always been among the favorite problems of the Persian painters, but never has higher decorative value been given to these manuscripts than by Mirak in this Nizami, in which the hue of the walls in the different palaces is the motive upon which is built up an exquisite symphony of color.

There are points of art to admire in other manuscripts of the set. We may note, for example, the expression of the faces, so remarkably caught in miniature, in a seventeenth-century copy of a Persian classic, Sa'di's *Bustan*, or "Garden of Perfume," which belonged to the library of Shah Jahan and of his son, Aurangzib. The borders of its pages, with extra-decorated insets, are unusually ornate; and it is interesting to observe from the well-worn condition of this copy, with its sixteen official seal-impressions and memoranda, how extensively it was read.

Another manuscript of special value, and more than a hundred and fifty years older than the preceding, as its date is not far from 1465, is one of the four copies of Jami's poems in this collection transcribed a quarter of a century before his death. It is a *Diwan*, or select volume of his lyric and mystic verses, and, besides being richly illuminated, is adorned with sixteen beautiful miniatures, which show strongly the influence of Mongol art, and are important for a study of painting at the time.

The art of calligraphy by the side of miniature painting may be illustrated by another copy of Jami, transcribed by the illustrious penman Mir Ali, in 1523 and 1524; also by the poems of Nawai, copied in 1500 by the hand of the renowned Ali Mashadi.

Imperfect as is this account, it would be still more lacking if some notice were not taken of a special variety of art, shown by five of the manuscripts, in portraying scenes from Firdausi's Shah Namah, Persia's great national epic, composed nearly a thousand years ago. Students of literature are familiar with the tragic episode of Suhrab and Rustam through Matthew Arnold's adaptation of the story in which the unknown heroic son is unwittingly slain in single combat by his warrior father, Rustam. Art connoisseurs will scan with interest the delineations of this fearful scene as drawn by the different artists. Nor will any critic of the brush fail to overlook, among other miniatures, one by Aqa Nuyan in a later seventeenth-century Shah Namah. In it the artist depicts the grief of King Faridun, who, somewhat after the manner of Gorboduc or distantly like Lear, has divided his realm among his three sons; and, in consequence of the bloody internecine strife that arose among them, receives on a golden salver the head of his youngest and best beloved, slain by the elder brothers. Only a great miniaturist could so perfectly convey the poet's conception of a parent's heart-rending sorrow.

Allusion has previously been made to a lovely little manuscript bound in red leather, of the Delhi poet, Amir Khusrau, as an example of Indian-Persian miniature art. It dates from the time of the last of the famous Mughal emperors, Aurangzib, the hero of Dryden's drama. His grandsire, Jahangir, "the Great Mogul," boasted a knowledge of technique in art that could distinguish if a different brush gave the concluding finish to an eyebrow in a portrait. The delicacy of touch in the miniatures of this particular manuscript bears witness to the nonpareil of workmanship attained by the several artists of Aurangzib's court who have affixed their signatures to the paintings.

A concluding paragraph must suffice to bring to notice a series of single-page paintings, most of them not drawn from manuscripts, but specially prepared as examples of art. Among those from India, during the Mughal period, may be mentioned the fine portrait of the Emperor Jahangir; another in which he is depicted as reverently paying his respects to a pious dervish; still a third represents in splendid style his son, Shah Jahan, mounted on horseback. Dr. Martin chose two of these to be among the six which he selected for reproduction in colored plates in his second volume. The Cochran set contains some thirty other single-sheet paintings, but enough has been said to show the importance of this artistic, literary, and historic collection.

A descriptive catalogue is preparing for publication by Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson and Dr. Abraham Yohannan, and will soon appear. A. V. W. J.

"Perspective" (Van Nostrand), as the author, Ben. J. Lubschez, says, is intended for the struggling student who is endeavoring to better himself by hard study, and who yearns, not for the knowledge of the science and theory of perspective, but rather for the ability to make a perspective drawing. For such purpose he thinks it best to use what he calls the "laboratory method," attempting to teach the student first to make a perspective drawing, and then to "study its grammar and rhetoric."

Robert-Louis-Mary Carrier-Belleuse, the noted French painter and sculptor, died in Paris on Sunday. He was a chevalier of the Legion of Honor and had done much decorative work in France and the United States. He was sixty-five years old.

Finance

"PSYCHOLOGICAL MARKETS."

At a certain stage in any prolonged movement on the Stock Exchange, whether up or down, the situation passes under the control of psychological, rather than financial or industrial, influences. Facts and coolly-matured conclusions cease to govern the course of the market, or the attitude of individuals in regard to it. Such considerations are replaced by the free play of imagination. That condition comes about not unnaturally, at such times, for the reason that logical inference from the facts has failed to affect the market.

In an excited rise, the sober critics will have shown, by appeal to commonsense and to the ordinary grounds of judgment, that prices are absurdly high, that all possible good news has been overdiscounted, and that no sensible investor should buy stocks under the circumstances. But the market goes on rising, nevertheless — sometimes through mere momentum from the preceding advance, sometimes because of a frenzy of speculation—and the Wall Street community thereupon concludes, either that powerful forces, wholly overlooked, are at work advancing prices, or else that some occult influence, never before encountered, is under the market. That was the story of 1901, for instance, or of 1905 or 1906.

When, on the other hand, in a prolonged and disheartening decline, conservative judges have begun to warn

the market that the fall has already gone unreasonably far, that prices of good stocks are absurdly low, and that all possible bad news has been overdiscounted, and when the market still goes on declining, a similar resort to play of imagination follows, and in the opposite direction. Wall Street cuts loose entirely from sober reasoning, and gives itself up to the two alternative suppositions—either that something of which no one has ever thought is threatening the country, or else that some malign power, which nothing can resist, has ranged itself against the market. At such times, imaginative Wall Street, and the imaginative Congressional hunters of the Money Devil, come fairly close together in their superstitions.

But the very fact that sentiment and imagination have at such times become the paramount influences in a market means that actual news and real events will no longer be judged in their correct proportions. For good or evil, as the case may be, their importance will be judged in accordance with Wall Street's own hysterical condition. This was the case on two noteworthy occasions in the past week; the outcome was the best possible test of the character of the market.

After the close of the Stock Exchange on Monday, June 9, the Supreme Court's decision of the Minnesota rate cases was handed down. It was not a sweeping decision for either party to the suits. The State Commission's lowered maximum rates were not pronounced unconstitutional, on the railways' ground that they impeded interstate commerce. But there were two important reservations—one, that Congress might at its will extend the Federal power over traffic within a State; the other, more vaguely intimated, that the case might have had a somewhat different aspect if the Interstate Commerce Commission, an arm of the Federal Government, had joined in the suit against this State, as it did in another pending suit, against the State of Texas.

Both these reservations embodied an advance towards the railways' chief desire; the orderly and harmonious regulation of both State and interstate rates. In all other respects, the Minnesota rate decision left the situation exactly where it had been before—certainly no worse. Yet the overnight news of the decision was made the effective cause for an all but panicky break on the Stock Exchange, which spread uneasiness over the whole community. The truth was, the market was in a mood to fall.

After the Stock Exchange had closed on Wednesday, another overnight announcement came. It was the Treasury's declaration that it stood ready, if the banks desired, to issue the "emergency banknote currency" provided by the Aldrich-Vreeland act of 1908. The announcement was in point of fact perfunctory. No likelihood existed that any bank would ask for such facilities. There was not any shortage of circulating medium, and, unless in such historic money hoarding as that of 1907, no shortage could arise which would make possible the use of banknote issues, taxed by the Government as they would be under the Aldrich-Vreeland act, according to length of time outstanding, from 5 to 10 per cent.

Furthermore, there had never been the slightest doubt that, if any real emergency had arisen, a request by the banks, in accordance with the law, would have met with the Treasury's approval. Yet this routine announcement from the Treasury had the result of turning the next day's stock market into a wild stampede of rising prices, in the course of which Wall Street people metaphorically shook hands again, and assured one another that the worst was over.

It may have been "over," or it may not. That question would be hard to answer, unless one were to know exactly what was "the worst." If it was the state of mind which prevailed in the stock markets of Tuesday and Wednesday, when the presumption was that a decline with no determinable check or end was under way, the verdict of the Wall Street community was correct. Perhaps the chief result of the week's extraordinary market, in which the extremes of unfounded inference have been run, will turn out to have been some restoration of mental equilibrium—as a result of which future occurrences, whether financial, industrial, agricultural, political, or judicial, will be measured with more attention to their actual significance.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Angellotti, M. P. Harlette. Century Co. 75 cents net.
Armstrong, Walter. Lawrence. Scribner.
Austen, Jane: Her Life and Letters. Dutton. $3 net.
Baldwin, R. L., and Newton, E. W. Standard Song Classics. Boston: Ginn.
Barbé, L. A. In Byways of Scottish History. Scribner.
Bell, J. J. Courtin' Christina. Doran. $1 net.
Bennett, A. The Old Adam. Doran. $1.35 net.
British Flowering Plants. Drawings in Water-Colour by Mrs. Henry Perrin; notes and introduction by G. S. Boulger. London: Quaritch.
Bricon, Étienne. Micheline Quinette. Deuxième édition. Paris: Librairie Plon.
Bureau of American Ethnology. Twenty-eighth annual report to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, 1906-1907. Washington: Gov. Ptg. Office.
Burns, W. J. The Masked War. Doran. $1.50 net.
Campbell, H. R. Is it Enough? A Romance of Musical Life. Harper. $1 net.
Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. Year Book for 1912. Washington.
Cawein, Madison. The Republic: A Little Book of Homespun Verse. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd. $1 net.
Colvin, D. L. The Bicameral Principle in the New York Legislature. Columbia University Bookstore. $1.
Congreve, A. E. The One Maid Book of Cookery. Dutton. $1 net.
Cory, C. B. Descriptions of Twenty-eight New Species and Subspecies of Neotropical Birds. Chicago: Field Museum.
Danckaerts, Jasper. Journal (1679-1680). Scribner. $3 net.
Dautremer, Joseph. Burma Under British Rule. Trans. with intro. by Sir George Scott. Scribner.
Dejeans, Elizabeth. The House of Thane. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.
Denison, G. T. A History of Cavalry. Second edition. Macmillan. $2.75.
Ellis, J. B. The Little Fiddler of the Ozarks. Chicago: Laird & Lee. $1.25 net.
Elson, W. H. Primary School Reader. Book Four. Chicago: Scott, Foresman. 45 cents.
Ewer, W. B. Prince Charming: A Play. Second edition. Middletown, N. Y.: Hanford & Horton Co.
Gait, John. The Entail. (World's Classics.) Frowde.
Harker, L. A. The Ffolliots of Redmarley. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Harris, Frank. Unpath'd Waters. Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Jenkins, E. H. The Hardy Flower Book. Scribner.
Johnston, G. H. Scottish Heraldry Made Easy. Second edition. Scribner.
Kenyon, A. M., and Ingold, L. Trigonometry. Macmillan. $1.35 net.
Kerschensteiner, Georg. The Idea of the Industrial School. Trans. from the German by R. Pintner. Macmillan. 50 cents net.
Knight, A. E., and Step, E. Popular Botany: The Living Plant from Seed to Fruit. 2 vols. Holt.
Külpe, Oswald. The Philosophy of the Present in Germany. Trans. from the fifth German edition, by M. L. and G. T. W. Patrick. Macmillan. $1 net.
Laird & Lee's Webster's New Standard Dictionary. De Luxe Presentation Edition. Chicago. $3.50.
Laut, A. C. Through Our Unknown Southwest. McBride, Nast. $2 net.
McCarthy, J. H. Calling the Tune. Doran. $1.25 net.
McLaughlin, R. W. Caleb Matthews: An Idyl of the Maine Coast. Eaton & Mains. 35 cents net.
Myers, W. T. The Relations of Latin and English during the Age of Milton. Charlottesville: Univ. of Virginia.
Osgood, W. H. New Peruvian Mammals. Chicago: Field Museum.
Penning, L. Life and Times of Calvin. Trans. from the Dutch by B. S. Berrington. London: Kegan Paul. $3.50 net.
Pivány, Eugene. Hungarians in the American Civil War. Reprinted from "Dongo." Cleveland, O.: Dongo Pub. Co.
Popp, Adelheid. Autobiography of a Working Woman. Trans. by E. C. Harvey. Chicago: Browne & Co.
Saltus, Edgar. The Monster. Pulitzer Pub. Co.
Schmidhofer, Martin. Erstes Lesebuch für amerikanische Schulen. Boston: Heath. 40 cents.
Stopes, M. C. Plays of Old Japan. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Tolman, W. H., and Kendall, L. B. Safety: Methods for Preventing Occupational and Other Accidents. Harper. $3 net.
Travers, J. D. Travers' Golf Book. Macmillan. $2 net.
Trench, W. F. Shakespeare's Hamlet: A New Commentary. London: Smith, Elder.
Van Sickle, J. H., and Scegmiller, W. Eighth Reader. Boston: Houghton Mifflin. 60 cents.
Wentworth, G., and Smith, D. E. School Algebra, Book I. Boston: Ginn. 90 cents.
Wicksteed, P. H. Dante and Aquinas. Dutton. $2 net.
Womer, P. P. The Church and the Labor Conflict. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Woods, F. A. The Influence of Monarchs. Macmillan. $2 net.
Young, J. B. The Battle of Gettysburg. Harper. $2 net.

Simkhovitch's Marxism vs. Socialism

By V. G. SIMKHOVITCH, Professor of Political Science, Columbia University. 12mo. $1.50 net.

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The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 26, 1913.

The Week

It is not necessary for the *Nation* to say that it thinks President Wilson should have vetoed the Sundry Civil bill, with its vicious "rider." All general legislation tacked upon an appropriation bill is bad in theory and in effect. So clearly was this recognized by the framers of the New York Constitution that they positively forbade "riders" of any kind on appropriation bills. If the law is to be changed, let it be done directly and openly, not by trick or covert methods. And the particular rider on the Sundry Civil bill was peculiarly offensive and dangerous, since, in addition to furtively meddling with the Anti-Trust act, it sought to exempt two classes of citizens from the equal operation of the laws. Mr. Wilson himself frankly declares that this is "unjustifiable in character and principle." He adds that if he could veto this item of the bill by itself he would. In our opinion, he should have used his veto in the only way open to him, sent the whole bill back to Congress as Taft did, and raised the issue sharply before the whole country whether legislation of this kind is to be tolerated under a government that professes to know no favored classes. Not having chosen to do this, he has at least sought to make his position clear before the country. Besides condemning the rider, he declares that it will not prevent the Department of Justice from prosecuting violations of the law "by whomsoever committed." It has funds other than the sum earmarked in the Sundry Civil bill, by the use of which it can "enforce the law"; and the President says that he can "assure the country" that it will be enforced.

In order to remove misconceptions, Chairman Glass has given out a summary of the provisions of the Banking and Currency bill. The measure will have three main purposes—provision of a means for rediscounting commercial paper of specified types; provision of a basis for elastic note issues properly safeguarded, and provision of machinery for doing foreign banking business. This, in itself, is a clear, wise, and simple undertaking; and so far as regards the machinery for rediscount and for doing a foreign banking business, the provisions as outlined are effective. Whether elastic note issues in any proper sense would be provided, is another question. Mr. Glass thus explains:

> Every national bank is allowed to continue its note issue exactly as at present, and, in addition, Federal reserve Treasury notes are authorized to be issued to an amount not exceeding $500,000,000.

The difficulty with our present banknote currency has all along been the fact that it would not expand and contract in response to the needs of trade. But just how would "elasticity" in any proper sense be procured by leaving the $755,000,000 outstanding banknotes exactly in their present status, while throwing into circulation new notes in an amount ranging from $1,000,000 to $500,000,000? Unless our present volume of banknote currency is hopelessly inadequate, this would necessarily be a measure of potential inflation; and it would be so, even if it were absolutely safeguarded by its collateral and its gold reserve, and were taxed with a view to insuring its early redemption.

It is reassuring to learn, from Chairman Glass's statement, that these new notes are to be neither legal tender nor available for bank reserves. But the amount of tax or "interest charge" to be imposed on such additional currency is left discretionary with the national board—a highly questionable provision. The functions and powers proposed for the central Federal Reserve Board appear to be precisely what they were in the earlier draft of the bill. They include the mandatory power of fixing the weekly "bank rate" for the district institutions. Let it be observed that the proposal is not even that a change in the district bank rate, up or down, when voted by the district board, must be ratified by the Federal committee. The decision may originate in the national board, and would be absolutely final. This, and the further provision that the national board may not only "permit" one district central bank to rediscount for another in a different district, but may "require" it to do so, place extraordinary powers in the hands of the Washington commission. That the principle underlying the expedient of a district institution, organized to supervise and rediscount for each section of the country, would be largely impaired by this extreme concentration of plenary power at Washington, is only one of the possible objections. All of the provisions to which we have referred, however, admit of easy improvement or amendment.

On its face, the telegram of resignation sent to President Wilson by District Attorney McNab, of San Francisco, seemed to disclose a highly scandalous situation. The explanation from Washington put the matter in a better light, but still left much to be deplored. Doubtless the Secretary of Labor was, as he says, actuated by a desire to promote the efficient working of his Department when he asked the Attorney-General to postpone the trial of Caminetti until autumn, so that his father, the recently appointed Commissioner-General of Immigration, might have time, before going to California to help in the son's defence, to get sufficiently acquainted with his new duties to be able to combine an inspection of the Pacific Coast immigration stations with that parental concern. But even if it is, as Secretary Wilson says, "nothing unusual to grant a postponement of trial where an immediate trial would seriously inconvenience either party," surely this practice is itself a source of one of the most serious abuses under which our system of criminal justice has so notoriously suffered. No grown man belonging to the poorer and less influential classes of society could dream of getting a four months' postponement of his trial on the plea that he could not get his father to help him with the case any sooner. This younger Caminetti is not a boy, but a married man. He is accused of an outrageous crime; he has the good fortune of being able to command all the legal talent that money can procure; under a law that is no respecter of persons, it is difficult to see any justification for treating him otherwise than as any man under the same accu-

sation would be treated. This is the view of the matter which the President himself seems to take. His open letter to the Attorney-General, while commending Mr. McReynolds's conduct of the Department, demands that the trial shall be prosecuted immediately and unflinchingly.

The motto of the sugar-growers at Washington seems to have been: "Millions for defence and what's a cent or two more of tribute per pound for the consumer?" Here's a feeble industry battling for its tender young life and pouring out money like water in the process. Pleasant is the lot of a sugar agent at Washington. The salary is generous and expense accounts call for no vouchers. Oral accounting has been the proper thing in the beet-sugar circles. "If an auditing board, as you intimate, is to check you up, some skill will be necessary in extending account items." There was plenty of money for entertaining and favorably impressing susceptible Congressional committees, plenty for supplying the country newspapers with patent insides, plenty for the proposed acquisition of a big Chicago newspaper, body and soul, especially the soul. There is nothing remarkably new about the revelations at Washington. It is another picture of protection squatting beatifically over her tender brood—the manufacturer of the generous hand, the vendible or weak legislator, the lobbyist in his various manifestations as buttonholer, whisperer, convivialist, and distributer of patent insides. If only the money and the energy thus expended had been devoted to the fostering of the sugar industry in the canefields of Louisiana, or the beetfields of Michigan, instead of in the corridors of Congress, how much easier their present state of mind would be!

The Panama Exposition at San Francisco is to set a new fashion in colors, according to *Scribner's Magazine*. The Chicago fair was a white city. The San Francisco fair will be all aglow with rich color. Mr. Jules Guérin, who has charge of this department, has said: "When I went to California to study the problem of color, I saw the vibrant tints of the native wild flowers, the soft browns of the surrounding hills, the gold of the orangeries, the blue of the sea; and I determined that, just as a musician builds his symphony around a motif or chord, so must I strike a chord of color and build my symphony on this. The one point upon which I have insisted is that there shall be no white (save, perhaps, a man visitor's shirt front or a woman's summer frock). The pillars, statues, fountains, masts, walls, and flagpoles that are to contrast with the tinted decorations, are to be of ivory-yellow, rich and soft in tone. I have even personally superintended the dyeing of the bunting for flags and draperies." The rooms of the exhibition buildings will present a pattern of red tiles, golden domes, and copper-green minarets. The roof colors will be reinforced by the rich coloring of intervening courts that will be filled with greenery and gorgeous masses of bloom. Their color scheme also will be under Mr. Guérin's control. "Imagine," says he, "a gigantic Persian rug of soft, melting tones, with brilliant splashes here and there, spread down for a mile or more, and you may get some idea of what the Panama-Pacific Exposition will look like when viewed from the distance, say, of the Sausalito Heights across the Golden Gate."

The inquiry into the Stamford disaster has again brought to the front the question of the relation between labor-unions and that degree of discipline which is essential to safety in railway travel. The appeal made by Mr. Bardo, general manager of the New Haven system, before the Interstate Commerce Commission, based on the difficulties under which the management has labored, cannot be accepted as completely sound, but it has in it some elements that deserve consideration. When Mr. Bardo says that the efforts of the management to bring about a high state of discipline have been frustrated by the demoralization in the force caused by the steady fire of criticism to which the company has so long been subjected, the answer is obvious. Certainly, if the demoralization and other dangerous conditions had not been already in existence, as shown by repeated accidents, the criticisms would not have been made. As for dictation by the unions, it was the business of the company to draw the line, in yielding to such dictation, at the hither side of the point where human life is endangered. This may not be the easiest thing in the world, but it can be done by a management strong enough to be equal to its responsibilities. Nevertheless, the whole matter is one of the factors that seriously affect the question of safety, and it ought to be thoroughly looked into by the Interstate Commerce Commission.

After the Harvard-Yale race the talk was of rival strokes. After the Poughkeepsie regatta the talk was still more than ever of rival coaches. The men who rowed in the boats on the Thames and the Hudson come in for comment only as to the degree of success with which they mechanically applied the coach's ideas. Since 1900 Cornell has won the Poughkeepsie race ten times, confessedly because of Courtney. When Cornell fails to win, Syracuse leads, presumably because of Ten Eyck. Possibly, it is the mere monotony of Cornell victories against which a non-Cornellian rebels, but one sometimes wonders what a boat race would be in which the men were not buried beneath the technique. As a mere novelty, the experiment of a race between coachless crews, trained under an elected captain who himself sits in the boat, would be of interest. This might be applying I. W. W. principles to the highly organized game of rowing, but, like the I. W. W., it would be exciting.

"Prof. James Geddes, of Boston University, red, at the ninth annual meeting of the New England Modern Language Association, a paper entitled 'Oral Instruction in Modern Languages.'" No, dear reader, in spite of a certain want of coherence in the preceding sentence, which makes you pause at this point and read again and wonder, neither the author nor the compositor has sinned. We are quoting from the latest number of the Simplified Spelling Bulletin, and there is no intention to convey the meaning that Professor Geddes is something more than blond, or that he is a member of a red invading army as opposed to a blue defending army. The idea is that he, as most of us would say, "read" a paper at the meeting of the Language Association. When the preterite "read" becomes "red," the question arises how much ver-

bal complexity will ensue from simplified spelling which adds to our already generous stock of words spelled alike, but diverse in meaning. When "blue" and "blew" have been simplified into "blu," a sentence like "Men with faces pinched from the cold blu, violently, upon their fingers," will cause trouble. It is odd that philology, already on the defensive, should go out of its way to make itself ridiculous.

It is a strange and a painful thing to read that in any city of the United States a school board should refuse to appoint a woman as teacher in the public schools on the express ground of her being a member of the Catholic Church. This is what was done, however, a few days ago, in Charlotte, N. C., when two young women who had been teaching in the schools were, in the face of an extraordinary public protest against the proceeding, refused reëlection by the board, the vote standing ten to five. The Charlotte *Observer* states that both "were rated among the most efficient in the service of the city," and it seems entirely clear that the action of the school board was based solely on the ground of the religious convictions of the two teachers. The demonstration of right feeling at the public meetings, attended by Protestant ministers as well as lawyers and business men, must be set down to the credit of Charlotte; but the people of that city should not rest content until they have brought about a reversal of the official act of intolerance.

About the only things lacking to perfect existence on board the latest ocean liners is a Futurist exhibition of paintings and a Mayoralty campaign; and even these may come in time. Everything else the Imperator apparently has —palm room, swimming tank, roof garden, cabaret, tennis court, and fair opportunities for golf. There are always enough song-artists of good class crossing the ocean to supply the passengers with grand opera free of charge. Wireless has brought the Stock Exchange into every corner of the Atlantic. The Utopia for which mankind has been seeking so long may literally turn out to be a Utopia in the sense of being found on board a ship which is permanently nowhere. The scientific engineer and the expert in municipal efficiency need not step on shore at Southampton or Hamburg. The highest discipline and order are to be found right on board. Seasickness in the future seems destined to be confined to the top of the Singer Tower and the Ferris wheel at Coney Island.

Ex-Secretary Root's words, at the banquet in this city to Dr. Muller, of Brazil, on the duty of international courtesy, deserve the widest application; but there was somewhat especially fitting in their being inspired by an embassy from one of the most polite of nations and races. Americans do not often reflect upon the Anglo-Saxon bluntness and the Western brusqueness that too frequently characterize their attitude towards other peoples. Still less often do they see anything practically valuable in the connection which other countries maintain between public and private courtesy. Yet no better examples exist than Brazil or Argentina, where ideals of good manners have been preserved in rare degree. As Mr. Root said, the assumption by the people of more and more direct powers in government throws upon their shoulders the responsibility for a new generosity of attitude towards other nations. And public courtesy can gain much more than immunity from international friction, or even advantages in commerce. Another distinguished Brazilian, Senhor Aranha, Minister to France, is author of a novel dealing with the interplay of Old and New World forces, which Guglielmo Ferrero calls the greatest American book. One of its theses contrasts the European currents from which South America derives "its unchangeable sensibility, the troubled source of poetry and religion," and all its chief social impulses, with the tiny trickle of North American influence in practical and business affairs; and one of its implied conclusions is the immense predominance—despite the growth of American trade and capital—of European leadership. This is not as it should be.

M. Poincaré's visit to London comes so soon after George V's journey to Berlin that the temptation is natural to interpret the second event as a deliberately planned offset to the first. If the talk of increasing friendliness between Great Britain and the German Empire has been made to mean a loosening of the *entente cordiale*, here is the reply. Actually, it is only absurd to peer into the inner significance of every move by the rulers of the allied, friendly, or hostile nations of Europe. Even royalty makes gestures at times which have no particular significance. The French President's journey is therefore neither a reply nor a threat, though it is undoubtedly intended as an affirmation of Anglo-French friendship, which is now entering on its second decade. Of the change which has come about during the fifteen years since Fashoda we need no better index than that Rudyard Kipling should be writing to-day of Great Britain and France

> Wheeling girth to girth
> In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth.

We are far from the time when the crew of the Clampherdown stood out to sea,

> On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,
> As it was in the days of long ago,
> And as it still shall be!

It requires a little effort to recall that only a few years ago one of the most conspicuous and persistent items in the news was the tale of extraordinary increase of pauperism and of unemployment in England. This lasted for perhaps two or three years; and not only was the impression as to the actual extent of the phenomena grossly beyond the truth, but nearly everybody seemed to take it for granted that here was an appalling new difficulty of a deep-seated and permanent character. Among the men who kept their head, we remember, was John Burns, a circumstance of great importance, since he is president of the Local Government Board. Well, the statistical statements on both pauperism and unemployment have now, for two or three years, been steadily quite the reverse of all that we were hearing at the time referred to. In pauperism the latest returns for England and Wales show a total (indoors and out-of-doors) of 17.4 per 1,000 inhabitants, for the month of April, as compared with 18.9 for the corresponding month of last year; while in the same month unemployment among trade-union members was down to 1.7 per cent., which is the best for any month on record, the lowest hitherto recorded having been 1.8 per cent., in November, 1912.

THE NEW DIPLOMATS.

Counting President Wilson's recent diplomatic nominations as confirmed and accepted, we have to-day no less than five men of letters to represent the United States at European courts. London has W. H. Page. Rome has Thomas Nelson Page. Dr. Van Dyke is appointed to The Hague. Maurice F. Egan, now Minister at Copenhagen, is reputed to be in line for promotion. President Schurman, of Cornell, is our Minister at Athens. Mr. Meredith Nicholson, also, was asked to go to Lisbon. If Mr. Wilson keeps up the pace set by the nomination of four bookmen in a row, the conditions obtaining when Motley, Lowell, John Bigelow, and Andrew D. White were ministers plenipotentiary, and Bret Harte and W. D. Howells combined the pursuit of literature with the performance of consular duties at Glasgow and Venice, will be reproduced in kind if not in degree. None of the new men we have mentioned measures up to Lowell or Motley or even to Harte or Howells, but their number is goodly. And if the Wilson Administration applies the literary standard to the consular service as well as the higher diplomatic posts, the effect on this country may be as beneficial as on our prestige in Europe. Ambassadorships and Legations for successful writers and editors, humbler consular posts for writers who still have to make their way, might render the files of our State Department a treasure-house for the future student of American literature.

If the choice confronting Mr. Wilson were one exclusively between appointing men of great wealth and men who have achieved distinction in a field which at once commends itself as offering very satisfactory preparation for diplomatic office, there would be few people indeed to take issue with the President. Incidentally, the choice of men of moderate wealth whose interests lie in the intellectual domain is one way of dealing with the vexed problem of adequate housing for our Ministers abroad. A scribbling fellow is not expected to keep up the state of a multi-millionaire. Mr. Page, in London, can afford to live much more humbly than his predecessor, without injuring American prestige. It is not display that will be expected from Dr. Van Dyke at The Hague or from Dr. Egan, if he should be translated to one of the important European capitals. There is, of course, the serious danger that Congress may take advantage of this very situation to justify its niggardly behavior. Any old hole is good enough for the intellectual chap. Plain living and high thinking, you know. But for the moment it must be counted as a relief that we can send men abroad who need not blush for the economic straits to which the richest country on earth subjects its foreign representatives.

One serious objection to the appointment of men of the kind Mr. Wilson has selected must not be overlooked. They represent an improvement over the old system. They do not represent an improvement over the system of diplomatic representation that we ought to have. We refer to the placing of the diplomatic service on a professional basis. A beginning in that direction has been made. It would be a pity if it should remain only a beginning. We have spoken before this of the advantages which the assurance of permanency in the service would hold out to men of high ability and training. We have such men now in the persons of Edwin W. Morgan, our Ambassador to Brazil; W. W. Rockwell at Constantinople, John B. Jackson at Bucharest, and an entire group of Latin-American Ministers, Hitt in Nicaragua, White in Honduras, Einstein in Costa Rica, Heineke in Salvador, and Dodge in Panama. If diplomacy is to be made a career, it is plain that the men who look forward towards rising in rank with time have a highly formidable competition to face, whether it be competition from the money bags or from the writers and college professors. Adequate though we find President Wilson's appointments so far, we doubt whether any amount of literary or academic prestige—except in special cases—could outweigh the claims of special training and experience.

But here again it is an actual condition that confronts Mr. Wilson. Our diplomatic system cannot be made over in a day. We take it that men in the service who have expressed the wish to remain and who have done their work well are not in danger of being summarily displaced. The question is whether there are enough such men at present to fill out the lists. As for the highest posts in the service, there will always be occasions when the professional is passed over for the amateur. Even Great Britain did so in the case of Mr. Bryce.

MISSOURI'S QUEER INSURANCE DOINGS.

Missouri is not, just at this moment, particularly happy over the results of her legislative wisdom in the matter of fire insurance. The leading insurance companies of the world refuse to continue doing business in that State, owing to the unreasonable character of recently enacted legislation, and it is found impossible to provide for renewals of expiring policies. Hence merchants are experiencing great difficulty in obtaining credit, the security furnished by their possession of merchandise and other property being impaired for want of insurance facilities; and large Eastern lenders of money are declining to invest in Missouri mortgages for the same reason. The St. Louis *Republic*, referring to the recent big fire at Springfield, Mo., points to the difficulty that confronts the merchants of that town in their endeavor to resume business, declares that "the State owes it to these Springfield merchants and property owners to put an end summarily to an intolerable state of things," and calls on the State officials for "action which shall make possible once more in Missouri that protection to homes, factories, stocks of goods, and other inflammable property without which credit is dried up and modern business activities impossible."

If, in undergoing these troubles, the State of Missouri could cherish the consciousness that it was suffering for faithfully upholding some high principle, this might be ample compensation for any loss her people should sustain. But an examination of the case compels one to the conclusion that her position is hardly more respectable than that of the famous gentleman in Sam Weller's story who blew out his brains to demonstrate the great principle that "crumpets is wholesome." The Missouri politicians, or, for aught we know, the Missouri business men, seem to have got it firmly fixed in their heads some time ago that the insurance companies must be forced to submit to very severe legislation. Just what that should be, they did not seem to think made much dif-

ference; only it must be something very stringent. The insurance companies had, up to 1911, been subject, like any other corporations or individuals, to the State's general Anti-Trust law; in that year an act was passed which took them out of the operation of this law, and required the companies to file rates with the Superintendent of Insurance, his approval of them as just and reasonable being necessary; in other words, State regulation of rates was substituted for competition. In the present year that policy was reversed, and the companies were again put under the operation of an Anti-Trust law; not, however, the general Anti-Trust law, but a special one relating expressly to insurance. Of this, the crowning feature was the following section:

> In any proceeding against or prosecution of any insurance company under the provisions of this article, it shall be *prima facie* evidence that such a company is a member of a pool, Trust, agreement, confederation, or understanding to control, effect, or fix the price or premium to be paid for insuring property against loss or damage by fire, lightning, or storm, if it be shown that such company or any agent or representative thereof writing insurance has used any insurance rate, or made use of or consulted any ratebook, paper, or card containing an insurance rate, prepared, published, kept, or furnished by any person, association, or persons or bureau employed by, representing or acting on behalf of, any other insurance company or association in and about the making and publishing of insurance rates for use in any portion of this State.

The companies had been content to do business under the Anti-Trust law, or to do business under the State-regulation plan; but at this preposterous enactment they balked. They took counsel together, and promptly concluded that they would cease to write insurance in Missouri so long as they were placed under the operation of a statute which flew in the face of the most elementary facts of any business, and particularly of the insurance business. And now the State of Missouri has for some time been engaged in the extraordinary task of trying to compel the companies to continue in business against their will, by force of legal proceedings. The legal points that have come up in the suit are highly interesting, but the interest of the purely legal side of the matter is, for the layman, altogether overshadowed by what can hardly fail to strike him as the plain horse-sense of the matter. The argument turns, in the main, on two things—the question whether, in point of fact, the provision above quoted from the law is outrageous and oppressive; and the question whether, in any case, the companies have a right to decide for themselves whether they shall continue to do business in Missouri or not.

The second point is more narrowly legal than the first, though the obvious elements of the nature of all business seem almost conclusive as to the absurdity of compelling a person to carry on a business he has no desire to continue; but there is the further question of the lawfulness of a concerted decision to give up business, and this does give room for reasonable dispute. The first point, however, is of an interest far wider than this matter between Missouri and the companies. The preposterousness of the ban placed upon the slightest approach to any mental contact between one competitor and another may, indeed, well serve as a *reductio ad absurdum* of that view of the Sherman Anti-Trust act for which some Spartan statesmen have clamored: the view that it was to be interpreted absolutely, and with no reference to what the Supreme Court has denominated "the rule of reason." As is stated in the brief for the companies, "this law prohibits to insurance companies what is not prohibited in any other kind of business, and what is essential to intelligent competition, knowledge obtained by fair means of the terms on which their competitors are doing business." If some legal satirist had wished to draw up a burlesque statute to show what was the logical consequence of the fanatical view of the Sherman act, he could hardly have done better than to produce this Missouri enactment; and the fact that the Legislature of a great State could put it on the statute books in sober earnest is proof of the fearful and wonderful things of which our lawmaking is capable.

SENSITIVENESS ABOUT CORRUPTION.

In the charges against English Ministers, now threshing out in the House of Commons, there is much more than a party matter. An attempt has, indeed, been made to get party capital out of the affair. Political human nature being what it is, the Conservatives were certain to use the scandal for all it was worth—and a good deal more. But behind all the rumors and recriminations and public agitation, there has existed a wholesome sentiment. It is that the smell of corruption must never be found on the garments of members of the Government. No suspicion of private interest swaying their public acts can be tolerated. It was not always so in England. Merely to mention the names of Bacon and Marlborough is enough to remind the reader what went on "in the good old days." But for two generations, at least, the tradition of the complete integrity of English Ministers, and their entire incorruptibility, has been firmly established. And it has been one of the most precious possessions of English public life. If it had been tarnished by any members of Mr. Asquith's Cabinet, they could not too soon be exposed or too severely held up to general reprobation. By so much, at any rate, there was a proper motive in the Parliamentary inquiry now brought to a close.

A satisfactory ending seems to be arrived at. The original charge of what amounted to gross personal corruption against Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Lloyd George has been withdrawn. They were accused of having speculated in the shares of a company with which a Government contract was at the time pending. In plain language, they were said to have used their official knowledge in order to fill their private purse. But all this is now abandoned. The Chesterton suit for libel showed that not a scrap of legal evidence could be brought into court to sustain the public allegations of fraud or official connivance in the matter of the Marconi contract. All such imputations are left out of the minority report. The most it alleges is that Ministers of the Crown broke the rule against having any financial dealings with a man or a company holding a contract with the Government. But on this point the statements of the Attorney-General and the Chancellor of the Exchequer are such as to disarm their opponents. Asserting their innocence of intent, they admit the indiscretion. Especially do they confess their grievous error in not making a clean breast of the whole affair when it was first brought up in the House. That was, indeed, an act so incredibly shortsighted as to fall into the category of

things worse than crimes; and the suffering which it brought on Sir Rufus Isaacs and Lloyd George one can only say that they richly deserved. But now they are making the fullest amends within their power, and are doing it in the handsomest manner.

This latter aspect of the whole matter is noteworthy. The two Ministers, partly through their own folly, were placed in a cruel position. Yet never for a moment did they seek to brazen it out. They bared their breasts to the fullest inquiry. They voluntarily turned over to the committee their bank accounts, and every shred of private information bearing on the charges. Their one desire was to have all the facts brought out; and when the report was at last laid before the House, clearing them of the loose and foul accusations, they used the occasion not for vainglorious boastings or partisan taunts, but for serious speeches on the absolute importance of keeping public life pure. Their frank confession of extreme carelessness, and their expressions of regret for not having at the earliest moment taken the House into their confidence, fittingly closed their treatment of the affair.

This unhappy incident in England has recently had its counterpart in Hungary and in Italy. The Hungarian Prime Minister resigned a short time ago because it was shown that he had accepted a large sum of money from banks in relations with the Government, not for himself, but for the treasury of his party. In Rome the Chamber has had under consideration the report of a committee that inquired into the frauds in connection with the building of the Palace of Justice. The matter was brought close home to some officials, and in consequence two Deputies have already resigned. Peculation and graft have been cynically said to haunt democratic government. To this it can be rejoined, first, that corruption under absolute government has been much worse, and, furthermore, that democratic government at least develops keen sensitiveness to the evil. Our public life is to-day by no means immaculate; but nothing that may be uncovered at Albany or Washington can rival the "festering news" which made patriotic Americans like Lowell heartsick as they read abroad of the widespread corruption shown by the Credit Mobilier and Pacific Mail inquiries. Since those days we have unquestionably had much less official dishonesty, with a great deal more popular revulsion and repugnance in connection with what corruption is shown to exist.

"RISING HOPES" IN PUBLIC LIFE.

Few in this country took much note of the death of George Wyndham, a couple of weeks ago, but the English papers were filled with long and grieving obituary notices of him. The appreciation broke through party lines. Wyndham was a Conservative, but nobody welcomed his maiden speech in Parliament more heartily than that stout old Liberal, Sir William Harcourt; and Liberals to-day write of him with a sense of personal loss. One reason for this universal feeling of sadness is that there was a tragedy in Wyndham's career. He died at fifty, which is young for an English public man. And for ten or twelve years he had been in a kind of eclipse, due mainly to political causes, but partly also to private failings. Yet he had a most brilliant beginning. Handsome, winning, talented, literary, with a marked oratorical gift, he was early pointed to as one of the "rising hopes" not only of his party but of public life in England. It was thought certain that he would go far. In his early life he was one of a group of young men—two of them are to-day Lord Curzon and Lord Selborne—whose future was much speculated about by their friends. They used to be surer of Wyndham than of any of the others, on the ground that he had "a touch of genius." His fate, however, was to show more than a touch of tragedy.

There have been, of course, many such instances of blighted hopes and careers either cut short or frustrated. They serve, when they occur, to make the struggles of political life seem more than ever like shadows pursuing shadows. People in this country who remember William E. Russell, of Massachusetts, can hardly mention his name, even now, without a sigh. He was so bright and eager a personality, the future seemed to be beckoning to him so confidently, his party and his country appeared to have so great need of him; yet without warning he was taken. In his case, too, the feeling of public loss was not confined to his party associates. All mourned for the rising star untimely sunk below our political horizon.

In all such cases we instinctively look about for such comfort as we can find. That which political philosophers offer is confessedly pretty cold. Their comments amount to little more than variations on the old theme of the uncertainties and vanities of human life. They will remind you that nothing is more fallible than political prophecy. We speak confidently of the high distinction which would have been won, and the great patriotic service rendered, had not death suddenly cut the thin-spun thread; but how do we know that something else would not have intervened—some unlucky drawing in the political lottery, a breaking down of the moral fibre, the paralysis of will—if life had still been vouchsafed? Wyndham, for example, was virtually a failure eight years before he died. And as for the futility of prediction, we might note the fact that, about twelve years ago, a writer who thought that Wyndham might succeed to the leadership of the Conservative party and the premiership, also thought that his most dangerous rival for those honors would be—Winston Churchill! Plainly, the casting of political horoscopes is not so exact a science as astronomy.

Public life, like the life of the race, is forever striving to renew and perpetuate itself; and one of the most pleasing and reassuring things about the entry into politics of men of high promise is the way in which they are received by their elders. The common superficial notion is that there is jealousy and even repression by the Ibsenish master-builders in political life who fear that the younger generation knocking at the door may push them from the scene. But experience does not bear this out. The aspirant has, of course, to go through his time of scrutiny and testing. But as soon as he shows that he has the true stuff in him, he is certain to get encouragement and aid from the older men. When Albert J. Beveridge, to take an example, went to the United States Senate, there was the best disposition in the world, on the part of Senators like Hoar and Spooner, to give the young man every opportunity. If he failed, it was not because of any lurking hostility to him; not because he entered the Senate young, but because

he entered it bumptious, and because the defects which he from the first displayed became more offensive and incurable as time went on. In general, the attitude of the actors already on the political stage, or about to leave it, is one of almost fatherly interest in those who bid fair to carry on the great tradition. This is one reason why the unexpected quenching of a rising hope in public life carries with it so poignant a regret.

George Wyndham was at one time Chief Secretary for Ireland. It is a post which many other statesmen with a fondness for literature have held in our day—Mr. Bryce, Mr. Birrell, John Morley, to mention no others. It was Morley who described the Secretary's office as "that grim apartment in Dublin Castle, where successive Secretaries spend unshining hours in saying no to impossible demands, and hunting for plausible answers to insoluble riddles." The citation may serve to remind us what arduous and repugnant labors public life thrusts upon the young genius. Those as well as the possibility of chagrins and a truncated career he has to face. Yet none of these things seems to dim the fascination which high and influential office continues to wield upon aspiring youth. In their ardors, their devotion, their magnificent contempt for obstacles, each generation sees the promise that the long line of torch-bearers will not fail.

COLLEGE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

Dr. James C. White, Harvard, '53, has printed in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* the second and final instalment of the diary which he kept when an undergraduate. In publishing this record it is possible that Dr. White had no other motive than to give entertainment. He betrays no bias of a wistful retrospect, but the reader can hardly fail to make some comparison of college life then and now. An obvious advantage of sixty years ago was the small enrolment—the class that graduated in '53 numbered ninety—as well as the high level of the faculty. Among the teachers, as Dr. White explains in a postscript, "were Professors Walker, Longfellow, Felton, Peirce, Lovering, Jeffries Wyman, Agassiz, Gray, Child, Lane, and Cooke. With such men we were in constant and intimate relations as pupils after our freshman year. Can it be wondered at that we loved the College and remain satisfied and thankful that we received such a training as such men gave us?" The Harvard faculty to-day includes several prominent names, but its general average has of necessity been lowered, owing to greater numbers and the specialization of the age. And the contact of student and professor has not the former intimacy. Norton's struggle to maintain the old way virtually died with him, in spite of all the thought that is still given to the problem.

Though the entries in this diary are largely matter-of-fact, they often call up delightful pictures. We hear of Longfellow's reading from "Faust":

> It was the scene in the beer cellar, and he gave us a very interesting account of student life in German universities, their drinking-songs, duels, corps customs, etc. He is charming in every way, the best-dressed of our teachers, a blue frock coat, gay waistcoat, light trousers, large bright neck handkerchief, side whiskers, and a winning smile.

It is hard to imagine Longfellow with anything less than that full gray beard which from time immemorial has been the awe and inspiration of childish readers of "Hiawatha." It is a pity that it was not there to set off the twinkle which must have been in his eye on another occasion cited:

> At Italian recitation this morning Longfellow said that in a Spanish church a man had been noticed always to kneel with his hands uplifted and covered with a cloak. Many worshippers had at times missed articles from their persons, and it was finally discovered that out from below these apparent hands there came others forward which made themselves busy. I will now give you the application of the story, he added. I have noticed that several of you hold up a little copy of Dante, but keep your eyes directed upon something (a pony) in your lap.

Professor Cooke, of the department of chemistry, also appears to have had an eye for the humorous. One morning after a jollification in Holworthy, which was furthered by six gallons of punch, Professor Cooke, who lived in that building, was asked if the noise disturbed him. "No," he replied, "but the odor did." Upon which young White comments: "This from a man whose daily atmosphere is sulphuretted hydrogen!" Sales, the Spanish teacher, "wears his head powdered, and has a queue; so with his horned spectacles, he represents an old Castilian."

Yale, even at that early day, was Harvard's dearest foe. One entry says: "Have been hearing from one of the crew [was it his good friend Charles W. Eliot?] an account of the recent boat race, and that we beat Yale in rowing, billiards, and drinking." This last item leads the author to explain in a note that intoxication was much more in evidence in college then than it is now. It was not unusual, he says, to see students in the Yard or at recitation in a "jolly" condition. And once the diarist was dropped three ranks in his class for "holding down a neighboring student under the influence of too much ale who wanted to stand up and address the professor." For the improvement which has since taken place many things are doubtless responsible. To athletics, with all its sins upon its head, must be given some credit. Systematic indulgence in sport certainly prevents systematic drinking. But in another respect it is easy to see that the absence of the athletic craze was of great benefit. Students were left with time for outside reading. To-day even those who are not members of college teams can scarcely fail to be demoralized for intellectual enjoyment by the spirit of play which the afternoon imposes. Such an entry as this is not infrequent: "After prayers I returned to my room and read until six o'clock." One can feel also a certain thrill behind the brief lines: "The first number of Dickens's 'Bleak House' has appeared to-day," and "Have been reading 'Henry Esmond,' Thackeray's latest." It may be noted that young White, who was early inclined to science, had a surprising range of interests, though with such a distinguished set of teachers perhaps it is not surprising.

One other point brought out in the diary suggests an interesting comparison. The author remarks that most of the college came of pure New England stock, and implies that it was governed by long-standing Boston traditions. Since then, especially in recent years, Harvard has striven to shake off this "provincialism." It is inevitable, of course, that with the present facilities for travel the university should draw upon the whole country. Yet some look with distrust upon any effort to range Harvard alongside the Western State universities. With a big enrolment has come the attempt at a large cosmopolitanism. This is natural. Even deeply

intrenched Oxford has begun to feel similar stirrings. Yet it may be questioned whether Harvard would not do well to cling to the old standards of the intellectual life. The time may come when universities will react against present tendencies, and if Harvard slips away from her old moorings and the tide does turn back, she will have lost much. It may even be that President Hadley's good-humored reproach that "you can always tell a Harvard man, but you can't tell him much," may be construed as praise.

SELF-DEVELOPMENT FOR BABIES.

Parental despotism is of two kinds. It may take the form of ordinary cruelty or of excessive affection. Of these the second is far more inimical to the welfare of the child, if we remember that the one inalienable right of our babies is the liberty to develop their own individuality. Harshness, in fact, is very frequently a help to the unfolding of infant character. It calls forth resentment, opposition, self-assertion, and so lays the foundation of a strong personality. Whereas affection only bribes or cajoles the young soul into adhesion to standards which it would not always accept of its own initiative. Old-fashioned people are in the habit of suggesting to their children that they ought to love their parents, instead of waiting for the sentiment to manifest itself spontaneously. When Smith hands his youngest born a doll and says, "Do you love your daddy?" he is guilty of a double crime against the child. In the first place, he is laying a basis for the dangerous notion that the child ought to love his father for no other reason than that he is father. In the second place, he is creating the impression that fatherhood expresses itself through the purchase of dolls and toy pistols, instead of by cultivating a judicious aloofness which leaves the child free to respond in kind if his nature so impels him.

Why hide the truth? Bringing up babies means too often keeping them down. It is bad enough that the child, living within the closed circle of the home, is subjected to silent influences which it is ill prepared to resist. We must not accentuate the tyranny of its environment by bringing direct pressure to bear on the child. Truly enlightened parents will strive to reduce even the silent influence of the home to a minimum. One cannot help admiring the young couple who refer to their girl baby as "It," because, as the mother puts it, "we would not impose any check on the development of our child's sex individuality." Even under the best of circumstances marriage is an imperfect institution for the free development of child character. The very fact that it is an institution puts it into opposition to the idea of liberty. Marriage is usually concluded between two persons beyond the adolescent state whose characters are fairly well established and whose outlook upon life is fixed. How can there be any perfect sympathy and understanding between such adults, subscribing to a standardized view of the universe, and the child whose very business it is to surrender itself, with M. Bergson, to the unceasing flux of life? It is one of the anomalies of existence that the spirit of the child must unfold itself to the adventure of life in the company of two people who have settled down. But presumably we must reconcile ourselves to this fact. Not every child can hope for an environment so favorable to the development of a free individuality as Topsy enjoyed, for instance.

It will be observed that when we speak of freedom for the baby, we refer to freedom of the soul. In its physical development it is only right that the baby should be strictly standardized. Fortunately, we are moving in that direction. Enlightened parents will no longer be content with a fat baby noticeably addicted to crowing in the daytime and conspicuously exempt from colic at night. The eugenists have seen to it that Bertillon shall not have labored in vain. Chest and girth measurement, skin texture and muscular flexibility, dental development and vocal range, have all been formulated and prescribed. The baby's right to self-development does not mean that it has a vested right in its adenoids and tonsils. It may be, of course, that if allowed to grow up with defective breathing apparatus it would give us another Keats or Robert Louis Stevenson. But that is a chance we cannot take. As a general rule, it may be laid down that the more we standardize the body the greater freedom we give to the soul. So that the eugenic schedules really operate for the growth of free individualities.

Personality, character, initiative, the *élan vital*—that is what we must expect of our babies. It is true that many babies, imperfectly emancipated from the laws of heredity, will insist on leaving their individuality undeveloped. They will keep on growing along old-fashioned lines, manifesting a thoroughly inconsiderate delight when their fathers come home from business at night, even without bringing dolls and toy pistols. If the habit of preferring parents to strangers is persistent, if a strong inclination to pick up phrases and gestures from the elder children declares itself, the enlightened parent will meet the situation firmly. The child will be trained to be individual. He will be put on a character schedule. From 9:30 to 10 he will be required to think for himself. Half an hour in the afternoon may be set aside for self-assertion. That training will accomplish anything is shown plainly by the numerous systems for developing individuality which have been taught to thousands of grateful customers in return for sixteen cents in stamps.

FRENCH HISTORY.

PARIS, June 15.

"Le Procès du Neuf Thermidor" (Bloud; 3.50 francs), by André Godard, is a book of original study; but its originality may disconcert readers who have not yet made acquaintance with the changes wrought daily, from completer study of documents, in the myth of the French Revolution. It is not so much the rehabilitation of Robespierre, for Albert Mathiez, in more brilliant researches, has carried this much further along traditional Jacobin lines. The present work rather brings to mind Huxley's fear that the Church would end by capturing the doctrine of Evolution. André Godard has hitherto been known by his "Christian Positivism," of which there is an English translation. Here too he writes as a frank partisan, but so that his research and reasoning may be easily weighed:

> The moral balance sheet of the French Revolution constitutes a tremendous problem. Must we wish, were it possible, that it had not been?
>
> . . . Far from appearing as a homogeneous *bloc*, the Revolution reveals itself as an amalgam of social truths and falsehoods, of fruitful enthusiasm and homicidal dementia.
>
> For long, perhaps for ever, those who cannot content themselves with merely taking sides in history will ask, at the

tragic hours of Thermidor—Was Maximilien Robespierre crime struck down by justice, or was he persecuted virtue?

Without any doubt, he was the one and the other.

Dr. Gustave Le Bon, who represents psychological methods which are the latest in scientific history, confesses:

Robespierre, the most influential man of the Revolution and the one most studied, remains in spite of all the least explained. . . . I am quite willing to suppose in him the existence of a kind of personal fascination which escapes us now.

And Lord Acton, who knew more of the Revolution than any other Englishman until now, wavers:

[Robespierre] went to death taking his secret with him out of the world. For there has always been a mysterious suspicion that the tale has been but half told, and that there is something deeper than the base and hollow criminal on the surface. Napoleon [who owed much to him] liked him and believed that he meant well. Cambacérès, the arch-chancellor of the Empire, who governed France when the Emperor took the field, said to him one day, "It is a cause that was decided but was never argued!"

Our author takes these words of Cambacérès for a motto and argues Robespierre's case. He has written a suggestive, not a conclusive, book—a sort of Christian demolition of the Christian legend of Robespierre:

The painter David, who on the eve had sworn to Robespierre to drink the hemlock with him, drank only the shame of his own apostasy. But his conscience protested, and he brought up his sons in the cult of the vanquished. One of them one day said to him sadly, "Thirty years, father, have gone by since the 9th Thermidor, and the memory of Robespierre is still accursed." David replied, "Patience! the day of justice has not yet come."

"Fouquier-Tinville" (Perrin; 5 francs), by Alphonse Dunoyer, is also a new and original contribution, from the documents in the National Archives, to the history of the public accuser of the Revolutionary Tribunal. It marks a step forward in the authentic history of the French Revolution, of which that Tribunal was an essential part. Particularly, it helps to a solution of that lasting enigma in the history of civilization—the Terror. In this way, it is a more valuable book for the immediate purposes of history than the speculations of M. Godard about what Robespierre really meant. We have here the exact detail, from the official records, of the part taken by the public accuser in the Terror. His own defence, when he in turn had to face the guillotine, was already known. We are henceforth in a position to check his defence by the documents in the case. The first part of the book relates conscientiously all that is known of the "Public Accuser," that is, the history of the man until Robespierre disappeared and he became himself "the Accused." In the latter rôle he is the subject of the second and more novel part. Altogether, we have here a consecutive history of the great Revolutionists face to face with their victims of the Terror, to which they themselves in many cases succumbed in turn; and a defence by their chief legal agent, fighting step by step for his own life.

The worst of these men, Carrier, who ordered the *noyades* of Nantes, when he was brought up for trial, cried out in protest—"Everything is guilty here, even to the presiding officer's bell!" Those who made and led the Revolution cannot throw off their responsibility for the Terror. As a witness in his favor, Fouquier-Tinville cited Carnot, one of the members of the Committee of Public Safety whose orders he had executed. Carnot sent word he was too ill to testify. The Accused wrote solemnly: "I have never done anything except in virtue of laws emanating from the Convention." His entire defence he summed up in these words: "I was the agent of the Committees of government. What would you have done in my place?"

Our author writes soberly, compassionately even, with nothing of the partisan:

Sombre and enigmatic figure, this, of Antoine Quentin Fouquier-Tinville. For a long time his name has symbolized, in the memory of men, all the past of the Terror. And for a long time still, I believe, this tragic name will remain the symbol of the "judicial assassinations" [the word is of Boissy d'Anglas in 1795], which were committed by the tribunal of the 10th March, 1793. . . .

Here, in last analysis, is what I think of him.

There is a conflict within him. The balance has been broken between that which is himself at bottom, *bourgeois* and humane, and that which is the functionary and magistrate, the agent of the Committees of Public Safety and General Surety, the priest of Revolutionary justice. Between the magistrate and the private man, within him, in the tribunal of his conscience, there were terrible conflicts. We have the proof of it in his letters to his wife. He was good to his wife and to his children. He loved them tenderly. . . . [But] he had a despotic character. He has the bringing up, the entire education, and habits of a lawyer and public prosecutor, of a man nourished and bred in chicanery and procedure. . . . He confounds his rôle as public accuser with his old habits of legal practice. He wishes to win his suits, and he won them all during the Terror, with a high hand, until the 9th Thermidor.

But he lost one—his own—in spite of a desperate defence, full of talent, holding out against a whole régime. The public vengeance was waiting for him. He was hooted down. Too much blood has flowed. And Paris had had enough of seeing so much blood flowing—daily.

There is no proof of the prevarications thrown up against him. And he died very poor, leaving his wife and his children in cruel want and misery.

"Bleus, Blancs et Rouges" (Perrin; 5 francs), by G. Lenôtre, is a book of six authentic stories of the French Revolution in the provinces, where the Terror was not lightest. This author has earned a unique place for himself among historians of that turbulent time; but he thinks it necessary to answer, in a preface of 17 pages, a critic who accused him of "romantic inventions." And he now gives footnotes with due references and explanations, to show that his "exact particulars" are genuine history. The reading world long ago justified his historical sense and the French Academy has given him recognition. Of his seventeen volumes already published, none has less than fifteen and one has forty-eight editions.

There are shifting sidelights in these new footnotes. For example, we learn that men of both sides of Renan's family—his mother's uncle and his father's father—were Revolutionists actively engaged in the hunt for non-jurying priests and in the guillotining of a mother whose sole offence was her refusal to give them up. It is quite as natural that the grandson of this woman, Taupin, should be a Jesuit priest (still living) as that Renan should have worked out his own heredity.

One story is of a "goddess of reason" who died as late as 1858. She was buried with religious service from her parish church of Notre Dame, where she had received such honor sixty-four years before and where she had been married to an ex-priest by revolutionary rites. Mistral has described such a provincial goddess of reason whom he remembers from his childhood, a single generation standing between us and the historic orgy. No romance can rival in pathos another of these unkempt tragedies, wherein a young girl is guillotined with eight others, and the mother asks to mount the scaffold last, that she may strengthen their hearts to the end.

S. D.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

In an article which Henry Hart Milman contributed to the *Quarterly Review* in March, 1842, he says:

It would not be difficult to form a volume called "Poemata Illustriorum Virorum" which would comprehend names of the highest distinction in every profession, and in the highest walks of public life—the well-remembered prize exercises at school or college, as well as the "Nugæ Metricæ," as they were called by more than one distinguished scholar who has indulged in this style of writing. It is curious how many of our great poets have been distinguished for their Latin verse: Milton, Cowley, May, Addison, Johnson, Cowper, Gray, occur immediately to recollection, and modern names would not be wanting.

And as an example he cites the handsome volume of Lord Grenville. Of this rare

book it will be of interest to give a brief account:

NUGÆ
METRICÆ.
Nos Hæc Novimus Esse Nihil.
MDCCCXXIV.

This is a tall quarto extending to 89 pages. Ten years later three more pages were printed. This appendix is not always to be found with the original, which was printed at Oxford for private circulation. The edition was restricted to 250 copies, and, of course, none was offered for sale. There is no clue in the book to the authorship, but it is known to be the work of William Wyndham Grenville, Baron Grenville, whose title died with him. He was a son of George Grenville, whom Pitt nicknamed "Gentle Shepherd," and a brother of the first Marquis of Buckingham, and of the famous book-collector Thomas Grenville, who bequeathed to the British Museum a library which is one of the glories of the national collection in London.

Grenville was born in 1759, and was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, where he gained the prize for Latin verse. He entered the House of Commons in 1782, in 1789 was Speaker, and in 1790 was created Baron Grenville. He was an active politician and was the head of the unlucky Ministry of All the Talents. In 1823 he retired from public life to his seat at Dropmore, where he returned to the literary amusements that had charmed his early days. He was, like most public men, sometimes inconsistent, and was indeed a curious mixture of liberalism and conservatism, but it is to his credit that he sacrificed his political career rather than renounce his desire to emancipate the Roman Catholics from the unjust laws which then oppressed them. It is to his discredit that he voted for the bill of "pains and penalties" by which the Prince Regent sought to get rid of his wife; and to his credit that he opposed the slave trade and the imposition of the corn laws, which were passed in 1815, while the House of Commons was guarded by the soldiery.

Whatever [says Dean Milman] may be the proper intrinsic merit of the verses to which we allude, much of their charm consists in their having afforded amusement to the declining years of Lord Grenville; they are a grave and a grateful testimony to the value of such studies from the highest authority. To those who had the advantage of witnessing the tranquil dignity of Lord Grenville's retirement this testimony cannot but be singularly valuable. Deliberately retiring at an earlier period than is usual from public affairs, withdrawn from the passions of political life, with no assumption of philosophic disregard, but with an earnest though contemplative interest in all that concerned the civil and religious welfare of his country—

With all that should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;—

in the gardens of Dropmore, his own exquisite creation, exercising almost a parental care over the university [Oxford] of which he was the Chancellor, and overlooking from his grounds the school [Eton] from which he was educated; entering into all the literature of the day, and discussing a new novel of Walter Scott's with the warmest delight and the soundest judgment—Lord Grenville reverted to those classical studies which he never neglected with fresh delight, and occasionally threw off in his leisure hours these very elegant "Nugæ."

They include Latin translations from James Thomson, Euripides, Milton, Dante, Ben Jonson, Samuel Johnson, and Ariosto. There are two epitaphs on dogs, one of whom was the only living creature who escaped from a shipwreck off Tenby and who swam ashore carrying with him the pocketbook of his master, who perished. There are several versions from the Greek anthology. There is also "a playful Correspondence in Homeric Verse about some French lamps" with Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Baron Holland. When Grenville proposed to print this, Holland replied with the English poems which were printed in the addenda of three pages, already mentioned. These are so rare that even Dean Milman does not appear to have seen them. One of these, a Sonnet, sent by Lord Holland, may be quoted:

Grenville (whose polished verse Latin or Greek,
Is brighter far than Lamps you celebrate,
Yet smells not of them) marvel not tho' late,
My pert Essays, provoked your Muse to speak,

That now, when grown less circumspect, you seek
To mar your verse, with mine—I hesitate:
For who would season sweet with gall? Who wait
With unwashed hands to deck fair Virgin's cheek?

Haply who deem that swarthy handmaids near
Set off the whiteness of a Lady's skin,
Or mingled Lead makes Gold more pure appear,
Might credit from ungenerous contrast win.

But you, whose jewels need no foil, forbear;
Lest strains that made you smile, should others
tempt to jeer.

Perhaps as a sample of Grenville's Latin verse it may suffice to give his version of the well-known epigram of Æmilianus:

Sume puer, tibi quae praebent dona ultima laetis
Materni, vita deficiente, sinus!
Sume Miser! tua te non ipsa in morte relinquit,
Sed vivum exanimo pectore mater alit.*

Of Grenville's English verse a translation from Ariosto may be cited:

None ever learnt, 'midst fortune's smiles
The undissembling heart to know;
When faith sincere, and flattery wiles,
Alike in outward seeming show.
'Tis when our giddy wheel goes round,
Scattering aloof the servile train,
That friends are proved, and faithful found,
And even in death unchanged remain.

It is not to be contended that Grenville was a poet, but it is interesting to see a man whose life was mainly spent in the political struggles of a somewhat sordid time finding refreshment at the fountains of literature. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

*It is a matter of interest that a copy of Grenville's "Nugæ," obtained by the good offices of Lord Brougham, set the Lord Chief Justice Tenterden writing Latin verses again after a pause of thirty years. Some specimens may be seen in Sir Egerton Brydges's "Autobiography" (I, 418).

Correspondence

CHAUCER'S "DOCTOUR OF PHISIK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The most significant lineament (to filch a pun from the Autocrat) of Chaucer's "Doctour of Phisik" (Prologue to "The Canterbury Tales," A, 411f.) has hitherto entirely escaped attention through the failure of editors to read aright that seemingly simple line:

His studie was but litel on the Bible.

One commentator observes: "This probably refers to what follows. The Doctor spent little time in considering the lilies of the field or in reflecting on the dangers of purple and fine linen." Another calls to his aid Sir Thomas Browne, who confesses of himself and his fellow-physicians: "The villany of the Devil takes a hint of infidelity from our studies and, by demonstrating a naturality in one way, makes hy mistrust a miracle in another. Hence the proverb, 'Ubi tres medici, duo athei,' despite the twenty-nine medical saints and martyrs in the Roman calendar." A third detects "a truly modern flavor about the jibe." Now there seem to be the best of reasons for dissenting from all these views. So far is Chaucer from availing himself of a merely conventional gird at the traditional skepticism of the physician-class, that the true implication of the line is revealed only hy a study of contemporary unfaith. No verse in all the Prologue has a more definite connotation. The Doctor's "study was but little on the Bible," not because he is a typical physician of any or every age, but because he is a fourteenth-century Arahist and astrologer.

This opinion is sustained by a score of passages in Ernest Renan's scholarly volume of nearly fifty years ago, "Averroës et L'Averroisme" (1866). His illustrations prove beyond a douht that among certain of the orthodox of Chaucer's century the great Arahian scholar-physicians and their followers are anathema. At the time of our poet's birth no less than three famous Italian painters, Orcagna, Traini, Gaddi, under the spell of St. Thomas Aquinas, hail Averroës as Antichrist and degrade him to the depths. A French poet of this very date, the author of "Le Tomhel de Chartrose," loudly laments the wide influence of "the cursed Averroës—who was, with all his power, the enemy of our faith, and who chose the life and death of a beast—for no one now lends his ears to hearing sermons from the Bible." Can we wonder then that our Doctor, who derived the larger part of his authority from Arabians—Averroës and six others, Haly, Serapion, Razis, Avycen, Damascien, and Constantyn—should be open to the reproach of neglecting Holy Writ? Of course it does not follow in the least that all widely read physicians of the day were in reality unbelievers. John Gaddesden, who quotes in his "Rosa Medicinæ" the same authorities as Chaucer's Doctor, held a stall in St. Paul's Cathedral in 1341. But our line makes a strong protest against the suggested identification of the fictitious figure with this medical divine.

The chief witness of the disregard of the Word by contemporary physicians is the illustrious humanist to whom Chaucer owed much, Francis Petrarch. At his town of Padua, "medicine, Arabism, Averroïsm, astrology, and infidelity had become almost synonymous terms" (Renan). In his long-winded "Invective Against a Certain Physician," Petrarch accuses the object of his attack of preferring Averroës to Christ, and urges him to begin a contemplation of the person of the Saviour. Again, in one of the best of his later letters ("De Rebus Senilibus," V, 3), written about 1366 to Boccaccio, Petrarch gives a breezy account of a visit from another Averroïst, doubtless a physician, too: "He was one of those who think they live in vain unless they are constantly snarling at Christ or His divine teachings. When I cited some

passage or other from the Holy Scriptures, he exploded with wrath, and with his face, naturally ugly, still further disfigured by anger and contempt, he exclaimed, 'You are welcome to your two-penny church fathers, etc.'" Indeed, the Arabian physicians are ever the good Petrarch's abhorrence; and the charlatanism and vanity of their disciples are often portrayed by him in a manner that suggests Molière and Lesage. The best commentary upon the fine raiment of Chaucer's Doctor is found in another letter to Boccaccio ("De Rebus Senilibus," V, 4), mocking at the superb clothing, magnificent horses, and flashing jewels of physicians, who were surely not "esy of dispence."

The "Doctour of Phisik" is, like all of his class, an astrologer. And, in the fourteenth century, astrology is often branded with infidelity. Tiraboschi's mammoth "Storia della Letteratura Italiana" (V, II, chap. ii, 15), cited by Renan, gives the full verdict in the case of Cecco d'Ascoli, who was condemned by the inquisition at Bologna to discard all his books of astrology and to hear every Sunday a sermon in the church of the Dominicans, because he had spoken against the faith. Three years later, in 1327, he was burned and, like Averroës, was pictured by Orcagna in Hell. Against the background of this orthodox distrust of Arabism and astrology—a distrust which died slowly despite the Averroism of Baconthorpe and Burley—Chaucer's comment upon his Arabist and astrologer, who, inconsistently enough, takes his holiday upon the Canterbury Road, seems not only natural, but inevitable: "His studie was but litel on the Bibel."

Editorial disregard of everything that could illuminate our line is rendered triumphantly complete by the neglect of the early-sixteenth-century foil to Chaucer's Doctor, the Sir John Duclow of "Colyn Blowbol's Testament" (Hazlitt's "Remains of Early Popular Poetry," I, 91f.). This worthy, we are told, "commenced" at many universities of great reverence—and yet "in phisike he cowth no skille at all." Then, far more to our purpose, follow halting verses, which certainly owe much to Chaucer's phrase and yet are very different in their purport:

> Hereby menne may welle understonde and see,
> That in scolys be lad take degre,
> And was welle laboured in the rough Byble,
> Ffor he loved in no wise to be idele.

FREDERICK TUPPER.

Burlington, Vt., June 20.

THE INTERNATIONAL HISTORICAL CONGRESS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I venture to make some corrections of fact in the interesting and valuable account of the International Historical Congress contributed to your columns May 1 by a distinguished authority?

Prince Henry of Battenberg has, I think, been dead a number of years; it was Prince *Louis* of Battenberg who dealt with the attitude of "the Admiralty towards naval history." Professor Egerton was in the chair at a meeting of the colonial subsection (*not* "section"), and delivered an address. It was not, however, a "presidential" address; the only vice-president representing the colonies was Sir Charles P. Lucas. "Mr. Perrin, of the Admiralty, on the English side, and M. de La Roncière, on the French," could not have "read papers that were stimulating and suggestive," because, as it eventually turned out, neither was present at the Congress, nor were any papers read for them, nor were *précis* of such papers provided.

I fully recognize the difficulty of surveying the labors of an entire congress, and I venture, therefore, to correct these errors in detail.

HAROLD W. V. TEMPERLEY,
Secretary to Section IV, Modern History, including Subsections, Naval, Military, and Colonial, in the International Historical Congress of 1913.

Cambridge, Eng., June 1.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am greatly indebted to Mr. Temperley for his corrections. The mention of Prince Henry of Battenberg for his brother, the First Sea Lord, was manifestly a slip of the pen, for one may not easily forget the lamented death of the younger prince in connection with the Ashanti War. To have called Professor Egerton's address from the chair a "presidential" address was an error without excuse, as was also the use of "section" for "subsection." The papers that I characterized as "suggestive and stimulating" in the naval subsection were five, not two, in number, and as the papers in that particular section were reported to me as unusually interesting and as the newspapers included Mr. Perrin among those present, I assumed that all the papers listed in the programme came within the category of those described by my informant.

The Congress was very elaborately organized, and any survey of its work was bound to be more or less a coöperative affair. I regret that my account contained any misstatements; but writing as I did on shipboard, without chance of verification, I rendered myself liable to a certain amount of error in matters of detail.

CHARLES M. ANDREWS.

Yale University, June 18.

THE WICKED VANS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to utter a word of strong protest against a pernicious tendency in modern American novel-writing. Ever since the early days of the harmless but silly Van Bibber, the American romancer has drawn upon the Van species for his supply of villains. Mrs. Wharton and Upton Sinclair are the last two writers to use perfectly good Dutch names for evil purposes. In the cheaper magazines and in the "movies," whenever the preposition Van is seen, we instinctively hear the soft music of the theme which announces the entrance of the Chief Crook and Millionaire. A few years more of this sort of thing and the very respectable Membership List of the Netherlands Club will read like the catalogue of the Rogues' Gallery of fiction.

We respectfully propose that the American Authors forget us for a while and pay some attention to the O's, the Mac's, the Ski's, the de's, and the Von's.

H. W. VAN LOON.

Washington, June 21.

Literature

MODERN ENGLAND.

The Taylor Papers: Being a Record of Certain Reminiscences, Letters, and Journals in the Life of Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor. Arranged by Ernest Taylor. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $5 net.

The Making of Modern England. By Gilbert Slater, Principal of Ruskin College. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2.50 net.

Stolen Waters: A Page in the Conquest of Ulster. By T. M. Healy, M.P. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.25 net.

Sir Frederick Maurice: A Record of His Work and Opinions. With eight essays on Discipline and National Efficiency. Edited by his son, Lieut.-Col. F. Maurice. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

An eminent French student of English institutions, M. Boutmy, maintains that the well-known inclination of Englishmen to jump up and down and shout for liberty is not due to any particular love of liberty, but to the desire, natural enough to men living in a cold, foggy climate, to make themselves warm and comfortable by getting the blood to circulate freely. However that may be, it is certain that England long enjoyed the reputation of being, more than most European countries, the land of liberty, and of possessing institutions which procured, with marvellous efficiency, the happiness and prosperity of a free people. At no time, perhaps, was her fame in this respect more assured than during the years after 1815. The virtues which Voltaire and Montesquieu had celebrated in the eighteenth century were proclaimed in even more uncompromising terms by Niebuhr early in the nineteenth:

> The ever-growing perfection of the British freedom and Constitution since 1688 affords the noblest picture of collective national wisdom and virtue that history can offer. Without a single form being altered or abolished, the possession of freedom has gradually spread through the whole nation. The greatest freedom existed in all things, the greatest freedom a people ever enjoyed. Never, perhaps, was a land in better circumstances than England at the time of the French Revolution. She was the pride and envy of the world.

If intelligent foreigners were so well pleased with English institutions and achievements, it is small wonder that Englishmen themselves were often quite complacently satisfied. And, indeed, the period after 1815 was characterized by a tremendous accentuation of the spirit of provincial egoism, at least in the upper and middle classes: having avoided the plague of revolution, and having la-

bored so generously to save Europe from its effects, they stood high in their own estimation and were inclined to assume a certain air of condescension towards foreigners.

A typical representative of this spirit was Lieut.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor, one of the most excellent and upright of men, and an able one, some of whose papers are now published. The "bulk of his official memoranda was destroyed after his death"; and probably some of the most interesting papers were so disposed of. At least, many of the letters which remain are neither very interesting nor very important, having to do with the punctilios of royal intercourse; for Sir Herbert was, during many years, private secretary to George III, Queen Charlotte, and William IV. Fortunately, this does not apply to all of them. The military historian will find the letters written in connection with the campaigns of 1793-94 and 1813-14 of some use. Of greater value still is the correspondence between the King and the Ministry in May, 1832, relating to the proposed creation of new Peers for carrying the Reform bill. But quite the most interesting part of the book is the journal which Sir Herbert kept on a journey through France in 1837, which contains, among many other things, a detailed report of a long conversation with Louis Philippe.

In the journal, more perhaps than elsewhere, the narrow provincialism bred by the Napoleonic struggle is revealed. Taylor was conservative by nature, and the character of his occupation doubtless confirmed him in the disposition to hold to the established order. One would not infer, either from the letters or the journal, that he had lived through one of the great transforming epochs of the world's history. When he died in 1839 he was apparently still firm in the belief that the Revolution was a dangerous *émeute* which, thanks mainly to England, had been put under foot finally. In 1837, wishing to build a house near Cannes, he recognizes the "risk of revolution," but is "persuaded that none producing such effects as that which occurred in 1793 is to be apprehended." The good general was one of many in England to whom it never occurred that there was something in the Revolution to comprehend as well as to apprehend.

Few of the letters, except those mentioned, touch upon the great question of Parliamentary reform in England. What Sir Herbert's own position was scarcely appears. As secretary to the King, it was not for him to express any independent opinion. But we know that he was not very keen for it. His attitude towards reform in general was that of many of his class, and is delightfully exhibited in a letter from Camden inspired by the prospect of church reform—a letter containing views which Taylor pronounced "sound and constitutional." "I think the Church as at present constituted," writes Camden, "so essential to the stability of the monarchy, so essential to the religion and morality of the country, . . . and . . . that its dignitaries are so respectable, and its ministers so well educated, well conducted, and pious, that I should myself very unwillingly promote any change." One recalls that Ruskin wished to keep the judges, if only for the fine effect of their wigs.

In respect to reform, the difference between Whig and Tory was after all slight enough. The Reform bill once passed, it was accepted in good faith by the Tories, and both parties drew together in resistance to all radical propaganda: it will be remembered that Grote retired from Parliament because, as he said, it was "no use defending Whig conservatism against Tory conservatism." A moderate liberalism was, indeed, the strongest tendency of the time. After 1815 none could deny that institutions were bound to change, while few were ready to maintain that the Jacobins had ushered in the golden age of which the philosophers dreamed. For half a century the main motive, with all except the incurably reactionary, was to find a middle way between reaction and change, to justify at once the Revolution and the Restoration. It was a reconciliation which no absolute dialectic could by any means effect; which could, however, be effected by seeking an explanation of political institutions in terms of their history; and so the age turned with feverish intensity to the study of the past. From the historical point of view, it was not difficult to regard the state as a product of inevitable though gradual change; and hence in history the generation after 1815 found an effective bulwark against obscurantism on the one hand and radicalism on the other, a means of justifying the transformation of the old régime without resorting to Jacobinical principles. To put historic rights in the place of natural rights was indeed one of the main achievements of the nineteenth century.

For this purpose, the political experience of England was most serviceable. To all who held to the golden mean in preference to extreme principles, either of divine right or of popular sovereignty, to all who adopted, in whatever form, Hegel's notion of the *Zeitgeist*, whose works, as Lord Acton says, "were always good and whose latest work was best," the history of English institutions appeared almost in the light of a God-given example, proving beyond peradventure that the happiest peoples, as well as the strongest, were those who advanced by evolution rather than by revolution towards the goal of freedom. Hence it was that such men as Niebuhr found the "ever-growing perfection of the British Constitution and freedom" such an admirable thing; and this interpretation of English history, put into classic form by Macaulay, has held, almost to our own day, undisputed possession of the field.

Such an interpretation of English history was the more readily accepted because, the main problems of government being in that age political, the interest of the historian was chiefly centred in the life of the state; so long as history was conceived as past politics, it was not difficult to regard English history as a steady progress towards liberty. But for the last quarter-century social problems have been in the ascendant. History is therefore conceived more in terms of social conditions; and historians concern themselves less with the mechanism of government than with the general welfare—less, one might say, with the freedom of the free than with the happiness of the unfortunate. From this point of view, English history is open to a very different interpretation, and the statement of Niebuhr that "the possession of freedom has gradually spread through the whole nation" seems a bizarre perversion of the truth.

Mr. Slater, at least, is one of those for whom the traditional view is altogether unsatisfactory. It might be objected that Mr. Slater is not an historian at all, but only a student of economic history. It may be so. But students of economic history are sometimes a little in advance of historians proper, and Mr. Slater's interest in economic questions only makes his book on "The Making of Modern England" the more significant as an illustration of the influence of modern conditions on the study of history. To begin with, Mr. Slater's ideas with respect to the purpose of studying the past are quite modern. "History," he says, "may be studied, like any other science, under the influence of a noble curiosity, with no end in view beyond the attainment of clearer knowledge of the past"; but "for the citizen, historical study with the ulterior object of gaining light on the future and guidance in the present is an imperative duty; and my desire is to help the growing number who feel this." It is, in fact, from the point of view of the present movement for "social betterment" that he approaches the study of the history of England. Does it appear to him as "the noblest picture of collective national wisdom and virtue that history can offer"?

Far from it! In the first chapter he sets forth, very soberly and with full knowledge of the facts, the conditions under which the people of England were living in 1815. And he finds that it was not a "merry England" then; but an England which was not inaccurately

described by a contemporary placard appearing at the time of the Spa Fields riots: "The present state of Great Britain. Four millions in distress! Four millions embarrassed! One million and a half fear distress! Half a million live in splendid luxury!" Few historians now deny or ignore the fact that in 1815 the majority of the English people were in distress: but many pass it off as the temporary result of the great war and the disorganization of industry incident to the return of peace. It is the merit of Mr. Slater that, without ignoring the temporary influences, he regards the condition of England in 1815 fundamentally as the result of economic changes which had been going on since the sixteenth century. He sketches with a sure hand the process, of which the "Glorious Revolution" marks the first stage and the industrial revolution and the Napoleonic wars the culmination, by which the landowning and moneyed classes eliminated the yeomanry and appropriated to themselves the economic and political control of England. The colonial and maritime expansion of the eighteenth century, far from being the result of a "growing freedom," was possible only through the exploitation of the masses by the classes: the price of empire, in Mr. Slater's view, had to be paid; its price was the disfranchisement and impoverishment of the nation.

To those who look at English history in this light, the exploitation of Ireland appears less exceptional than it is often represented to be. In its dealing with Ireland, Mr. Slater would probably say, the ruling class was only more ruthless and less legal than it was in its dealing with England. At all events, Mr. Healy, in his book entitled "Stolen Waters," has thrown some new light on an obscure and devious by-path of Irish history. In 1911 the Law Lords, by a majority of one, declared that Charles II had conveyed Lough Neagh, the "largest and most fishful lake in the three kingdoms," into private hands. It was this decision, apparently, which led Mr. Healy to collect all the evidence showing title to Lough Neagh, and to the river Bann which flows out of it. The investigation takes us back to the beginning of the seventeenth century, when James I induced certain Londoners to engage in the planting of Ulster in return for fishing rights in Lough Foyle and in the river Bann. Mr. Healy then reveals, with too much detail, perhaps, the methods, clever and tortuous and fraudulent, by which Sir Arthur Chichester, Lord Deputy of Ireland, appropriated to himself the river Bann, Lough Neagh, and much other valuable property upon which he founded the fortunes of the family whose descendants are still living, and who now gain an additional advantage by the decision of England's high court of justice. The book is not pleasant reading, but it illuminates the manner in which the English aristocracy has "governed" Ireland; and is a confirmation, in its way, of Mr. Slater's interpretation of English history in the eighteenth century.

Mr. Slater, however, is primarily interested in the nineteenth century, which he regards as marking a kind of *revanche*—the mere beginning of a movement for the overthrow of class privilege and the establishment of radical democracy. He sketches briefly the political history connected with the extension of the suffrage, and at greater length the history of the labor movement, of poor law and factory legislation, of educational reform, of the campaign for public health, of the development of industry and the revival of imperialism. His story is the advance of democracy. But he is not ready to admit that democracy has yet achieved the "splendid triumphs" which many writers concede to it. On the contrary, "politically, democracy is still in actual fact only attained in an imperfect degree, and in a very unsatisfactory form; while industrially and socially it exists only as a feeble beginning." Democracy's task, the establishment of social justice, is for the future: "To put industry on a new basis, on a basis fundamentally just, instead of one fundamentally unjust, is a task of enormous magnitude, but nothing less is demanded of the twentieth century."

The task which Mr. Slater lays on the twentieth century is certainly no light one. And of all the obstacles to its accomplishment, many people—and among them the Socialists, with whose ideas Mr. Slater is most in sympathy—are inclined to think militarism the greatest. In England, at least, the means for establishing social equality are greatly limited by the cost of national defence. Nevertheless, Mr. Slater admits the necessity of national defence, and welcomes imperialism in the sense of believing that imperialism is a necessary stage, and one which he hopes to pass as soon as possible, on the way to disarmament, the establishment of a world federation, and the triumph of human brotherhood.

It was from a quite different point of view that the late Sir Frederick Maurice regarded the military problem. As a professional soldier and scientific student of the art of war, he had little belief in the possibility of disarmament, except doubtless as a splendid ideal for the far distant future. Social salvation seemed to him to depend upon the regeneration of the individual from within by the cultivation of the commonplace virtues; and he was strong in the belief, which he urged with much originality and charm of style in the essays, and particularly in the one entitled "The Zeitgeist under Drill," that universal military service on the German plan was one of the most effective means of achieving the desired result.

An advocate of military training for its social effects, Maurice was under no illusion as to the necessity of being effectively prepared for war; and in this respect he represents the modern attitude as contrasted with that of the early Victorian period quite as well as Mr. Slater does. Maurice's father, the famous F. D. Maurice, used to illustrate the conservatism of that day by a story of the Waterloo veteran, who, when any one mentioned military reform, was apt to relate the following incident: "When I was at the Battle of Waterloo, Sir Alexander Dickson rode up to me. Says he to me: 'Mr. Smith, do you know that you are wasting your ammunition?' And I to him: 'I do, Sir Alexander Dickson.' With that he rode away, and we won the Battle of Waterloo. Any change of the most trifling description is to be deprecated." Something of this spirit remains, perhaps, even now. But the idea that England can be depended upon to "muddle through" is fast disappearing. Maurice's life work was to protest against it. In his writings, and in his lectures at the Staff College, he constantly urged the need of a thorough study of military history, especially of recent military history, and the necessity above all of bringing modern scientific knowledge to bear upon the organization of the army and the art of war. The experience of England in South Africa, and the rise of the "Teutonic peril," have given point to Maurice's teachings; for at present, while the principle of the double standard for the navy is accepted as a matter of course, compulsory military service for the army is a much-mooted question.

Thus in England, as on the Continent, the pressing problems at the opening of the new century are militarism and Socialism. They are not strikingly different in character from those which presented themselves for solution a century ago; but they have become infinitely more intricate. Meanwhile, the attitude of Englishmen generally is much less assured, as they contemplate these problems in 1913, than it was in the days of the Duke of Wellington; whereas, abroad, England is far from being regarded as "the pride and envy of the world."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Old Adam. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

While Mr. Bennett's most serious-minded public (for he has a half-dozen publics) is waiting for the long-delayed sequel to "Hilda Lessways," and wondering whether the complete Hilda-Clayhanger trilogy will prove itself worthy, after all, to take its place beside the

"Old Wives' Tale," that versatile writer seems quite content to pursue his activities as an entertainer. Is he like the actor of parts who succumbs permanently to the easy charms of vaudeville, or is he giving a part of the twenty-four hours dedicated to his day's work to the pursuit of what is for him "the legitimate"? As a doer of "turns," at all events, he is a "head-liner." If "The Old Adam" is a turn, it is an extremely amusing one.

It is, in fact, a sort of sequel to an earlier performance of the same type—a tale of Denry the audacious twenty years after. Edward Henry Machin, Denry for short, will be recalled as the famous "card" of Bursley, who, with no marked endowment except a well-timed impudence, rises from his humble post of lawyer's clerk to be a power in the Five Towns. After twenty years he finds himself settled down as local magnate, householder, and father of a family. The little Nellie of his youthful romance is the stout and efficient mistress of his home. Money still rolls in, but his satisfaction in it wanes. Life is dull, middle age and respectability have possessed him. The old Adam, however, still inhabits his interior, and emerges to some purpose in the episode here recorded. A dog-bite and Chopin's Funeral March are at the bottom of it. How Alderman Machin, of Bursley, is led to beard the social and financial lions of London; by what flukes and impertinences of chance he becomes founder and proprietor of a theatre off Piccadilly, and exponent of the advanced drama; how deserved failure threatens him, and how he wrings success from failure by living up to his reputation as a card—becoming, in short, a "card" on a metropolitan scale—all this is the substance of a most amusing tale. And always in the background is the grim figure of Denry's old mother, unmoved and sardonic spectator of his feats, the one person in the world to whom Richard Edward Henry Machin, alderman, financier, and "card," is nothing in the world but a mischievous and rather unreliable boy. In her, if in no other figure here, the reader who wishes to take his Bennett seriously may find, drawn with the fewest possible strokes, a portrait worthy of the hand which produced the Baines and the Clayhangers.

The Fear of Living. By Henri Bordeaux. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

"La Peur de vivre" was first published in 1902, and went through numerous editions in succeeding years. American readers of the present version in English will incline to wonder why the book should have been taken so seriously in France. It is ingenuous and earnest, but, to the alien, neither striking as a story nor overwhelming as a parable. Its theme had long been a commonplace of Anglo-American fiction. Yet it was hailed in Europe as an evangel. René Doumic pronounced it "a new and daring departure." The grounds of his surprise are that the author of this narrative actually "thinks that a life in which one has suffered, struggled, and worked for others, not for one's self, that a life whose years are counted by emotions, sacrifices, devotions, and renunciations, is a well-filled life. He says it, he believes it, and, while we read it, he makes us believe it. It may be absurd, extravagant, and romantic in the last degree, but it is not commonplace." A further astounding fact about the story is that its characters are "almost all respectable people," while "it is a dogma in our literature that respectable people are not interesting." Finally, breathes M. Doumic, this unparalleled writer has produced a realistic work in which beauty and virtue usurp the time-secured places of ugliness and vice.

That M. Doumic did not exhaust the meaning of the story is shown by the author's preface, here reprinted, which was written some three years after the book was first issued. This preface contains liberal quotations from Mr. Roosevelt's "The Strenuous Life," which appeared, we recall, a year or two earlier than "La Peur de vivre." M. Bordeaux's chief quarrel is not with the wicked, but with those who inhabit the wretchedest circle of the Dantean or Rooseveltian inferno, those who are not vital, or "strenuous," enough to be either good or wicked. For the rest, we wonder that M. Doumic did not enlarge upon the phenomenon of our author's sufficiently evident opposition to the studiedly mercenary and studiedly childless French marriage.

Gettysburg: Stories of the Red Harvest and the Aftermath. By Elsie Singmaster. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.

Several of the stories here collected have appeared in the magazines. The group together affords a romantic picture of Gettysburg, the place and the memory, by a member of the younger generation. Miss Singmaster has lived in Gettysburg for many years without that disillusion which so often comes to the dweller at a shrine. It embodies for her the glory and the sorrow of that great dead strife. Its topography and its ancient legends have retained their glamour for her. And she knows at first hand the returning veteran and his entourage—the reunions, anniversaries, and dedications which give so many field-days to the little Pennsylvania town. The veteran is in a sense proprietor there: "Even now, after almost fifty years, the shadow of war is not yet fled away, the roaring of the guns of battle is not yet stilled. The old soldier finds himself appreciated, admired, cared for, beyond the merely adequate return for the money he brings into the town." Miss Singmaster does not unduly idealize this dwindling type. She records his foibles as well as his virtues. But she ardently believes that he is a type worth having, that what he did was worth doing. So the old blind gunner, whose name is to be found neither on the pension list nor on the State monument raised on Gettysburg field, is content to have done his part in the defence of a great cause. "It is not a question of reward, sir. I would endure it all again, gladly—everything." The spirit of the Gettysburg Address is behind all these tales—the struggle was not for nothing, the dead have not died in vain. "Is not all this business of war mad? . . . It is a feeble, peace-loving, fireside-living generation which asks such questions as these." We have said that Miss Singmaster's work is romantic: it is so in the best sense. She writes with a restraint and a sense of fitness in mood and word which keep her clear of the exuberance and sentimentality with which our magazine fiction is wont to "exploit" similar materials.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life in Israel, in Judaism, and in Christianity; or, Hebrew, Jewish, and Christian Eschatology from Pre-prophetic Times Till the Close of the New Testament Canon. By R. H. Charles. Second edition, revised and enlarged. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

The changes in this new edition consist of corrections of inaccuracies in references and dates, revisions, and additions; the principal addition is in the discussion of the nature and function of apocalyptic (p. 173 ff.); there is also an account of the so-called Zadokite Party, a curious Jewish sect described in recently discovered manuscript fragments edited by S. Schechter. The materials thus collected form an admirable introduction to the study of Jewish and Early Christian ideas of the future life, and Dr. Charles's treatment is candid and clear, with many interesting criticisms and remarks. Ancestor-worship, however (chapter i), he credits with a larger religious rôle than it is entitled to.

The development of the idea of immortality is described here, as in the first edition: first, the Old Semitic conception of a colorless existence of all the Israelite dead in Sheol, then the demand for a higher individual immortality, and finally the synthesis of these two conceptions in the doctrine of resurrection, in which the individual lives as a member of the resuscitated nation.

That this was the general line of progress is clear, but Dr. Charles's statement of the details of the movement and its governing conceptions presents difficulties. There is a disposition (chap. ii and *passim*) to represent religious individualism as a product of monotheism; there would be as good reason for reversing this order of cause and effect, but the fact is that the two Hebrew conceptions were parallel formulations of ideas that grew naturally out of the national enlargement of thought. This latter element of the religious development is here and there passed over by Dr. Charles, and a quasi-personality is ascribed to a body of beliefs or to a literary form. Thus, "Yahwism" is said (p. 53 f.) to have destroyed the false view of the future life, and is credited in general with the creation of the higher religious conceptions. Now, "Yahwism" at any one moment was the current creed of the people who worshipped Yahweh as their god, and it varied with all the intellectual fortunes of the nation. It at one time contained the false view of the future life, and at various times many other false views—it was the creation of the Israelitish people. It cannot be supposed that Dr. Charles does not recognize this fact—he says, indeed (p. 13) that "the national god is the personification of the genius of a people, the embodiment of its virtues and its vices on an heroic scale." Naturally, then, we expect him to add that the Yahweh of early Israel was a morally crude deity, instead of which he affirms (p. 15) that "the essential superiority of Yahwism to the neighboring Semitic religions lay not in its moral code, in which, indeed, it was unquestionably superior, but in the righteous character of Yahweh, which was progressively revealed to his servants." It would be difficult to frame a sentence contradicting more decisively than this the facts in the case. Dr. Charles identifies the Yahweh of Moses and David with the absolute God, whom he thus makes responsible for the savagery of the early times. Apparently, he has in mind the view (which, however, is not clearly expressed) that there was in the Israelitish people a germ or tendency of thought that inevitably ripened into the later ethical monotheism and other high beliefs. Doubtless there was a tendency, a devotion to the national god, but it had in itself no moral content, and the development can be understood only by taking into account all the cultural influences to which the people were subjected from without.

The comparison between the rôles of prophecy and apocalyptic (p. 173 ff.) is interesting, and due stress is laid on the contribution of the latter to the doctrine of the future life—to it, he observes, we owe every advance on the Old Semitic ("heathen") conception of Sheol: "the belief in a blessed future life springs not from prophecy but from apocalyptic." This is true in the sense that Jewish thought did not deal with the larger conception of the future till it had settled, under prophetic guidance, the question of the national cult, the ethical conception of the national deity. This question settled, the Jews found themselves in a world of new ideas concerning immortality, under the stimulus of which they slowly worked out views that were colored by their monotheistic faith. It happened that at this time the apocalypse was a favorite literary form, and it lent itself easily to imaginative constructions of the future life. Without discussing the historical conditions that led to the prevalence of the apocalyptic form, Dr. Charles points out that its pseudonymous character was a necessary consequence of the fact that belief in current inspiration was dead and the prophetic canon closed, so that to get a hearing a writer had to claim the authority of some great name of the past. In succeeding chapters the various beliefs, Jewish and Christian, concerning the nature and extent of the resurrection and the character of the post-resurrectional life are given in detail and with full citation of documents. Certain of the author's interpretations of Old Testament and New Testament passages (for example, Ps. xlix, 15, lxxiii, 24, 1 Cor. xv, 45) are open to doubt, but the general treatment is satisfactory.

Dr. Charles has made an elaborate study of the Biblical terms "soul" and "spirit" and worked out a theory that is peculiar to himself. He holds properly that in the greater part of Old Testament and New Testament these terms are synonymous, but maintains that, according to a view which followed logically from Gen. ii, 7 ("God blew into man's nostrils breath of life and man became a living soul"), the two differ from each other in essence as well as in function—the soul is the result of the indwelling of the spirit in the material body, is merely a function of the material body when quickened by the spirit, and is annihilated when the spirit is withdrawn (p. 41 ff.). It is hard to see how this construction of man's interior nature can be got from the passages cited. The Genesis verse says only that God breathed into a man-shaped mass of clay which then became a living soul, that is, a living creature—man's soul is God's breath, but there is no difference between the soul and this breath (which Charles identifies with the human "spirit"). Nowhere in the Bible is there found a belief in the annihilation of the soul (certainly not in Mt. x, 28). The Old-Semitic view of existence in Sheol as inert is retained in late Old Testament writings (Isa. xxxviii, 18, Eccles. iv, 10), while the old necromancy (as when the ghost of Samuel predicts Saul's death) disappears before enlightenment; but the continued existence of the soul after earthly death is taken for granted in Old Testament and New Testament. There seems to be no real dichotomy of soul and spirit either in Old Testament or in New Testament. The spirit or breath that God withdraws from beast (Ps. civ, 29) or man (Eccles. xii, 7), death then ensuing, the vital principle, is not different in essence from the soul. Hebrew psychology discerned two sides of interior life, and the term "spirit" was chosen (on what grounds we know not) to designate the vigorous active side—naturally it is used for the interior principle of the deity. Naturally, also, it is the term chosen by Paul to designate the side of man that enters into intimate relations with God—only, he holds (1 Cor. xv, Rom. viii) that this capacity belongs not to the unassisted human spirit, but to this spirit quickened by the divine spirit, the two being, as it were, fused into one. So in the Old Testament the thought of the prophets is produced by the "spirit of God" which comes on them or is poured out on them, and becomes psychologically a part of them.

Notes

The Index of the *Nation*, January 1 to June 30, will be printed with the issue of July 3.

The first volume of the "Bibliography of Modern English History," the compilation of which was undertaken by a joint committee of the American and British Historical Associations, is announced by Ginn & Co. The work will continue Gross's "Sources and Literature of English History to the Middle Ages."

Hall Caine's new novel, "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," will be published by Lippincott in August.

Among the announcements of Little, Brown & Co. are the following: "The Joy of Youth," a story by Eden Phillpotts, devoted to Italy; authorized American editions of "The Survivor," "The World's Great Snare," "Those Other Days," and "For the Queen," which represent the earlier work of E. Phillips Oppenheim, and a new book with an Oriental setting, by Rowland Thomas.

To the Modern Heroines series will be added this summer by Sturgis & Walton "Heroines of Modern Religion."

Dutton is about to bring out in English "The Adventurous Simplicissimus," by the seventeenth century Hans von Grimmelshausen.

The four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of the Pacific Ocean was commemorated by the Royal Geographical Society at its April meeting. The *Geographical Journal* for June contains Sir Clements R. Markham's address in which he told briefly the tragic story of the Spaniard, Vasco

Nuñez de Balboa, who forced his way through the dense Darien forest, and climbed alone a peak in the early morning of September 25, 1513, from which the wide expanse of the ocean burst upon his astonished gaze. Balboa called it Mar del Sur (South Sea), and it was Magellan whose weeks of experience of a calm sea led him to name it El Mar Pacifico. An interesting historical map of the peninsula illustrates the address. Among the other contents of the number is an account by Capt. E. M. Jack of that part of British East Africa, little known because of the difficulty of access, which lies adjacent to the German and Belgian territory. It is a mountainous region of great beauty, with a healthy and invigorating climate which makes it "eminently suitable for Europeans." The accompanying map is the result of the work of the Anglo-German-Belgian Boundary Commission, "the only known case," said Major Leonard Darwin, "of a boundary commission where three great Powers have joined together to simultaneously delimit the boundaries where their frontiers met."

In "Mark Twain and the Happy Island" (McClurg), Elizabeth Wallace presents an intimate record of the philosopher-humorist in the serener days of his later life—days that he spent in Bermuda, whither he was accustomed to go when the turmoil of the North proved too irksome. Mr. Clemens was no sight-seeing tourist, although he permitted one of his child friends to pilot him along the peaceful roads behind the donkey, Maude, which moved sedately at all times and sometimes grew quite stubborn. The author reveals Mark Twain's sympathetic interest in children and the little devices he invented to gain their confidence. She tells also about the evenings when he gathered his friends about him and read aloud to them. "In one hand," she writes, "he held his book, in the other he had his pipe, which he used principally to gesticulate with in the most dramatic passages." Although he did not care much about poetry, he confessed a weakness for Kipling's verse, saying, "I guess he's just about my level." Albert Bigelow Paine furnishes the introduction, and there are a number of good illustrations of Mark Twain and Bermuda scenery.

"Travers' Golf Book" (Macmillan), by Jerome D. Travers, is both frankly and accurately named. For, in addition to an account of the author's golfing career, it is an exposition of the game—as he plays it. His likes and dislikes and personal idiosyncrasies are made, we will not say the standard, but the point of departure for each discussion. The net result is that his readers are told to go and do as he does. Would that they could! They cannot, for he is a golfing wonder. He attains the most astonishing results in ways often irregular. For example, in the final round of the national amateur championship, which he won, he scarcely touched his wooden clubs. That was because he can use his iron *à merveille*. But this is a feat; it is not golf for the ordinary mortal. So of his dismissal of the spoon and his slighting of the cleek: he does not like those clubs, and hence he condemns them. It is this thrusting forward of the personal equation which gives his book unusual interest indeed, but deprives it of the right to be regarded as an all-round and thoroughly sound treatise on golf.

The title of Mr. J. F. Fraser's "Panama, and What It Means" (Cassell) might properly have been "Panama, as an Englishman Sees It," for it embodies all the views and criticisms of the canal which have found utterance abroad. American writers have for the most part been unequivocally enthusiastic over the $400,000,000 "American ditch." Mr. Fraser is unstinting in his praise of Col. Goethals and his work, but beyond that his opinion is, to say the least, reserved. In several chapters towards the close of the book, Mr. Fraser carries the reader a little beyond the wonders of the Gatun Dam, the Culebra Cut, and the Miraflores Locks. One of these chapters is entitled the Future of the Pacific; another, West Indies and the Canal; still another, What Is the Use of It All? In discussing the future of the Pacific, the writer points out the advantages which the new waterway must bring to our own Western States, but he strongly inclines to the idea that the greatest benefits will accrue to Latin America. With a population of 70,000,000 and an area far greater than that of the United States, the prospect of South America is vastly brightened by the promise of water navigation through the isthmus. Mr. Fraser dwells on this prospect with notable cheerfulness. In the chapter What Is the Use of It All? his reply is, in effect, "Nothing, so far as we Englishmen are concerned." He looks upon the manifest advantages of the Suez Canal as far too great to be abandoned for the altogether unproved advantages of the Panama route, especially in light of the possible abrogation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. His conclusion is that in the end, with a high tax on foreign shipping preventing free use of the waterway, the canal must cost the American people $20,000,000 annually, while schemes of defence must call for maintenance on the isthmus of an army with a peace standing of 20,000 men. For compensation he accedes the advantages which the canal will offer in time of war, in enabling an American fleet to pass over-night from the Atlantic into the Pacific. But he does this grudgingly, holding that "with developments in modern warfare it would be nothing short of marvellous if during a conflict with a first-class Power the United States were able to keep the canal free from mishap and open to the quick transfer of warships from ocean to ocean."

An excellent little book is Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond's "The Old Gardens of Italy: How to Visit Them" (Lane). She gives concise information about the date of construction, names of designers, and owners of nearly a hundred gardens, with a brief description of the architectural features. In addition, she tells how each garden can be reached and from whom permits should be procured. A small half-tone accompanies each description. We note one misprint: Poggio Imperiali for Imperiale.

In his monograph on "Paul the First of Russia" (Lippincott), Kazimierz Waliszewski maintains the same tone of gossip that has distinguished his earlier volumes on Russian topics. His point of view is expressed in the following sentences:

Alexander's weakness once more emphasized the great part which personal and apparently accidental factors play in the development of the laws of history. The temperament of the individual and its influence on our destinies are themselves no doubt merely a resultant of the same forces by which the lives of nations are governed, but the principle of these combinations almost entirely eludes analysis and has all the appearance of pure chance (p. 477).

The chapters dealing with court intrigues are lively and entertaining, those on the assassination of the Emperor are masterly; those that sketch the progress of Suvorov's Italian campaign or of Paul's negotiations with France are baffling to the reader: "The principle of these combinations almost entirely eludes analysis, and has all the appearance of pure chance." Writing on the basis of wide reading and careful research in memoirs and archives, Waliszewski has produced a work of scholarly value. His tone is temperate and impartial. Of the unfortunate Paul, whom he regards as hovering on the verge of madness, if not actually a lunatic, he gives a portrait touched by kindliness; without hiding his cruelty and folly, Waliszewski emphasizes certain lovable traits in his character, and some permanent profit that has resulted from his capricious innovations. For the son Alexander, reserved, evasive, respectable, and hypocritical, Waliszewski has scarce a good word; success such as his is even more repugnaut than the wretched failure of his father.

In "Scientific Management in Education" (Publishers' Printing Company), Dr. J. M. Rice, then editor of the *Forum*, has brought together a series of pioneer investigations previously reported in the *Forum* during the years 1896-1904. His motive was to discover what could be expected from the schools and how far the curriculum could be extended to include the subjects demanded by "the new school of education" without detriment to the three R's. For this purpose he formulated three tests, or examinations, in spelling, arithmetic, and English composition, respectively, which were given to some hundred thousand pupils in a number of schools in several cities. His discussion of the results is most instructive, in spite of the fact, as it seems to us, that his tests show the usual fatal tendency to reveal mainly the not unexpected or the negative. Thus it appears that good results in teaching are not dependent upon the time given to the subject, not upon home study, not upon method, not upon the social status of the pupil, nor upon the personality of the teacher—though he fails to ask whether personality has a chance to operate under the present organization of the schools. The one fact that emerges positively from his spelling contest is that much of the time given to formal drill in this subject is wasted; and in general the wide divergence of results in different schools, with the absence of any specially favoring conditions in those which ranked high, seems to show that, for the time expended, much more might be accomplished in all the subjects. Yet this only verifies the conclusions of most parents who have undertaken to teach their children at home. And when he suggests that the astonishing differences in different schools revealed by the test in arithmetic were due to the fact that the children were unable to grasp the problems in terms in which they had not

been specially drilled, he simply states a well-recognized source of exasperation for teachers in all grades, from the kindergarten to the college; state your question a little differently, and your well-trained pupil is at sea. But this only raises the question whether one great trouble with our schools is not that the pupils are merely children.

Yet no skepticism with regard to figures should obscure the fact that Dr. Rice has written a sober and thoughtful book and that his tables are deserving of careful study. His main conclusion (not precisely deducible from the tables) is that the fault lies with the supervision. Within certain limits, the teachers will always produce results of the standard that is demanded. The difficulty is that what may reasonably be demanded no one knows. And the difficulty is to be overcome only by extensive investigations of the kind that he has illustrated. Such investigations should be made by the national Bureau of Education, but for the present the responsibility rests upon the schools themselves. At the same time every school should be a training school for teachers, under the direction of the principals and superintendents. Dr. Rice is no friend of pedagogy, but he holds that teachers should be trained; and he believes that just what the pupils need to make them think, rather than merely acquiesce in set formulas, is frequent questioning (introducing a fresh point of view) by the principal or superintendent. Neither of these proposals seems unreasonable. If our grading of students stands for anything, it ought to be possible to formulate, however roughly, some objective standards. And it seems proper that a superintendent of schools should be a trainer of teachers. Yet in that case he would need to be both a scholar and a master of the art of teaching.

The "Selected Essays of Plutarch" contains some nine pieces from the "Moralia" translated by Prof. T. G. Tucker, of the University of Melbourne. To those who know Plutarch only through the "Lives" we may recommend this volume as an introduction to a storehouse of wisdom and entertaining anecdote. The English of the translation is smooth and pleasant; occasionally it is ingenious, as when in the essay "On Bringing Up a Boy," the play on the words *ēthikas* and *ĕthikas* is thus rendered: "Character is long-standing habit, and it would scarcely be beside the mark to speak of the virtues of the mind as the virtues 'of minding.'" Henry Frowde is the publisher.

"Isles in Summer Seas" (Dillingham), by J. Law Redman, is a breezy account of the journey of a scribe and an artist to Bermuda and their rambles among native 'Mudians, not to speak of fellow-travellers from America. The text, illuminated here and there with legend and history, furnishes a background for a large number of pen-and-ink sketches by J. Hodson Redman, who found a variety of characteristic material in the quaint streets and high-walled gardens of old St. George's, the coralline beaches, and tiny bays and inlets that mark the shore of every island, large and small, in the Bermuda archipelago.

"The Empress Josephine" (Lane), translated from the French of Joseph Turquan, is a continuation of the author's previously published "Wife of General Bonaparte," and, like the earlier volume, portrays her as a most unsuitable kind of a wife for such a man as Napoleon. She never had any influence over his mind, only over his senses; and her sensual influence became less as her rouge and her age became more evident. M. Turquan retails at length in this volume her extravagance in money matters, her spiteful dislike of her husband's brothers and sisters, her utter shallowness of mind, her jealous suspicions, and her floods of tears caused by the Emperor's improper intimacies with other women and by the dreaded spectre of her own divorce. For a brief period in 1804, when she was crowned Empress and when she obtained the Pope's support in persuading Napoleon to go through the forms of a religious marriage with her, she had joyful hopes that she might remain his wife forever. But in the following five years of painful uncertainty her fears and her tears were renewed with increasing frequency. When in 1809 Napoleon finally told her that the divorce was inevitable for reasons of state she made the terrible scene which is familiar from the memoirs of Bausset. M. Turquan rests easily on well-known memoirs and secondary authorities, and adds to our knowledge of this most unfortunate woman little that is new except his own moralizations and imaginings.

Among the writers of fourteenth-century England, some of whom are not always immediate in their appeal to the modern reader, the nameless poet of the West Midlands can be counted on to charm, by reason of his literary artistry and the delicacy of his feeling, those who do not allow themselves to be repulsed by the bristling difficulties of his language. Of his works, "Gawain and the Green Knight," less certainly ascribable to him perhaps, but unquestionably, as it has been called, the gem of Middle English romance, and the "Pearl," from which has been fabricated a prettily pathetic but highly insubstantial biography of the author, have of late years been the occasion of much illuminating scholarship. Less discussed, because perhaps in subject less attractive, are the two Biblical paraphrases "Cleanness" and "Patience." Mr. Hartley Bateson's convenient edition of the latter poem is, therefore, most welcome (Manchester University Press). Besides text, notes, and bibliography, the editor provides a substantial introduction canvassing the whole problem of the poet and his works. Study of the relative chronology of the four poems results in the sensible conclusion, though contrary to the view elaborated by Ten Brink, that the more baldly homiletic and metrically simpler "Patience" and "Cleanness" preceded the more splendid vision and richer cadences of the better-known poems. The dependence of "Patience" on Tertullian's poem of the same subject, "De Jona et de Nineve," is carefully worked out—a fact which accounts for certain Vergilian reminiscences in the poem, but scarcely detracts from the spirited originality of a poet who could describe Jonah entering the huge mouth of the whale as easily "as a mote in at a minster door, so muckle were his chawles (jaws)." Less happy is the discussion of the complicated relations between this poem and "Piers Plowman." We are asked to follow an argument, purporting to demonstrate that "Patience" was influenced by "Langland's" portion of "Piers Plowman," but in turn influenced the work of the A-continuator and the author of the B-version, throughout the course of which no passage is quoted except from the B-version. It is possible, after all, that the resemblances are too slight to be of much probative value. In the bibliography, Weinhardt should be Weichardt, and Schofield's second article on the "Pearl" in Publications of the Modern Language Association ought to be included.

Thomas Allibone Janvier, the author, died last week in New York, aged sixty-three. He was born in Philadelphia in 1849. From 1870 to 1881 he was chiefly occupied with editorial work upon various Philadelphia newspapers; after that he devoted himself to literary work, and his home for most of the time was in New York, with the exception of travels in Mexico, three years in the south of France, and three years in London, and many visits abroad. When Mr. Janvier came to New York, about 1881, to enter definitely upon a literary career, there was something very like a Latin Quarter in the neighborhood of Washington Square. To the south there was a French Quarter, where various simple, old-fashioned French restaurants attracted artists. To the north was an artist colony. There was the old Studio building at No. 58 West Tenth Street, and across the street in a rear courtyard was the house where Edwin A. Abbey, Frank Millet, Hopkinson Smith, William Laffan, and others made the Tile Club famous. To the west was old Greenwich Village. An early result of Janvier's association with such surroundings was the production of his tales of artist life, familiarly known as the "Ivory Black Stories." They appeared in the magazines, and afterwards in his first book, entitled "Color Studies," published in 1885. After Mr. Janvier went to Mexico and the Southwest, he wrote "The Mexican Guide," a romance called "The Aztec Treasure-House," and "Stories of Old New Spain." A few years later, when in southern France, he became a warm friend of Mistral, the Provençal poet, and was made an honorary member of the Felibrige society of poets and men of letters. Mr. Janvier's life in the Midi yielded various magazine articles and stories, among them "An Embassy to Provence" and "The Christmas Kalends of Provence." The attraction which he felt for the past of New York found expression in a book entitled "In Old New York," published in 1894. In 1898 he published "In the Sargasso Sea." His interest in the old was shown again in "The Dutch Founding of New York," published in 1903, and also in his life of Henry Hudson, published in 1909, and in another field in his "Legends of the City of Mexico," published in 1910. His last book was entitled "From the South of France," issued last year.

Judge Thomas Manson Norwood, soldier of the Confederate army and, from 1871 to 1877, U. S. Senator from Georgia, died last week at the age of eighty-three. He wrote several books: "Plutocracy, or American White Slavery," "Mother Goose Carved by a

Commentator," and "Patriotism, Democracy, or Empire."

The Rev. Edgar Gardner Murphy died on Monday at his home in New York. He was born in Fort Smith, Ark., August 31, 1869. He was graduated from the University of the South, at Sewanee, with the class of 1889, and in 1904 received the degree of A.M. from Yale, and in 1911 the degree of D.C.L. from Sewanee. For twelve years he was a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but in 1903 withdrew from the pulpit to engage exclusively in educational and civic work. He became executive secretary of the Southern Educational Board and vice-president of the Conference for Education in the South. In 1908 he was forced to retire on account of ill-health. He was the organizer and secretary of the Southern Society for Consideration of Race Problems and Conditions of the South, which held a national conference at Montgomery, Ala., in 1900. He was also chairman of the Alabama Child Labor Committee. In 1904 Mr. Murphy came North, and by his personal efforts enlisted the interest of philanthropists and others, and as the direct result of his pleading the National Child Labor Committee was organized. He was the author of the following books: "Words for the Church," "The Larger Life," "Problems of the Present South," and "The Basis of Ascendency."

Science

Human Behavior: A First Book in Psychology for Teachers. By S. S. Colvin and W. C. Bagley. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1 net.

Those who write for the audience to which this book is addressed too frequently assume that the ordinary teacher is more learned than he in fact is. This difficulty our authors have avoided. Only the elementary facts of psychology are brought forward, and these are stated simply in short and well-written chapters which bear constant relation to pedagogical demands. Each chapter is followed by a series of questions and exercises.

The title of the book is indicative of a certain tendency of thought among those who are, or who call themselves, psychologists. Many of the younger writers in this field to-day give the impression of being almost ashamed to acknowledge their interest in their subject. Psychic analysis is treated as a somewhat discreditable performance; yet since there can be no psychology without such mental analysis, the attempt is made to mask their efforts in this direction by asserting that "structural psychology" has been discarded in favor of a "functional psychology."

This drift of thought is readily traceable to the somewhat scornful attitude towards introspective analysis assumed by those who have devoted themselves to the so-called "new psychology," which, as now largely taught in our colleges, is really little more than a branch of physiology in which introspective data are found useful to check up objective experiments. As a consequence, some of the most skilful leaders in the realm of psycho-physics have been drawn into other fields more closely related with the objective sciences than with psychology. Interest in Galton's work has led some to devote themselves to statistical anthropology, and even to statistical inquiries pure and simple. Others who have turned to anthropology have later assumed a more decidedly objective position, treating man as akin to the animals, calling their work comparative psychology in the first instance, but finally dubbing themselves "behaviorists"—a term, by the way, which one might think had been devised by some subtle enemy. These workers have indeed developed a new science of behavior which has already yielded, and seems likely to yield still further, valuable results.

The interest in this new branch of science, coupled with the fact that many of those who have developed it hold chairs of psychology in our universities, has emphasized the general tendency. We find the younger psychological writers speaking of psychology as the "science of mental behavior"; and in his lately published "Essentials of Psychology" Professor Pillsbury actually goes so far as to define psychology as the "science of behavior," although he quickly drops what may properly be called the science of behavior and turns to the subjects and methods found in the ordinary psychological textbooks.

It has remained for Prof. John B. Watson, however, to bring the drift of things into clear view. His position at Johns Hopkins University, and his interesting and valuable work as a leader among the "behaviorists," gives his word especial weight. In a recent article (*Psychological Review*, March, 1913) he boldly asserts that "the time seems to have come when psychology must discard all reference to consciousness." "I believe," he says, "we can write a psychology, define it as Pillsbury does, and never go back upon our definition, never use the terms consciousness, mental states, mind, content, introspectively verifiable, imagery, and the like." Such statements from a man of so authoritative a position must lead psychologists to consider the direction in which they are drifting. No one can hesitate to admit the value of the new science of behavior, a science which is quite independent of analogical interpretations in terms of human consciousness. But why call this psychology? Why give the impression that it is psychology by having it taught, as such, by professors of psychology in our leading universities? If the science of behavior is to yield its best results, its devotees must assume the purely objective attitude taken by the professed zoölogist, and must treat human behavior in exactly the same objective manner in which they treat the functioning of animals; in other words, psychology may best be left altogether to one side in studying behavior. This argument does not mean that behavior is wanting in significance in relation to consciousness; it does remind us, however, that psychology as such necessarily involves the study of our mental states. The relations of these conscious states to their correspondents in behavior are of the utmost significance to a just conception of life, but the full study of these relations is within the broader field of philosophical discourse; beyond both the subjective field of psychology, strictly speaking, and the objective field sought to be covered by the science of behavior.

"A Reader of Scientific and Technical Spanish," with vocabulary and notes by Lieut.-Col. C. de W. Willcox, is promised for July by Sturgis & Walton.

O. F. Hudson's "Iron and Steel" is a brief treatise, with a section on "Corrosion" by Guy D. Bengough. The purpose is to present in as short a manner as possible the more important principles. Practical details of the methods of production are for the most part avoided; so that more attention is given to such subjects as an explanation of the constitution of steel and cast iron, and the effect of mechanical and heat treatment on the properties of these alloys. The book should be found useful by the engineer and student of metallurgy. It forms a good introductory textbook to the standard treatises of Turner, Harbord, Stoughton, Howe, and Campbell. It belongs to Van Nostrand's series of "Outlines of Industrial Chemistry."

Dr. Frank Hartley died last Friday at his home in New York. He was fifty-seven years old. Dr. Hartley was the originator of the intercranial method for the cure of trigeminal neuralgia, and made many other important contributions to surgery. From 1900 until his death he was professor of clinical surgery and instrumental operative surgery at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. He was born at Washington in 1856, and graduated from Princeton in 1877, receiving his degree of master of arts two years later. He graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1880, and studied at the University of Vienna from 1882 to 1884. Princeton conferred the degree of doctor of laws on him in 1909.

The death of Sir Jonathan Hutchinson was announced in London on Monday. He was born in 1828, and was educated at Selby. He studied also at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, and in time became one of the foremost physicians in Great Britain, being regarded as an authority on leprosy. He was president of the Royal College of Surgeons in 1889 and 1890, and a member of two royal commissions, one dealing with smallpox hospitals, the other with vaccination. Sir Jonathan was the author of several books on medical subjects, one of which was "Fish-eating

and Leprosy," his contention being that that disease was often caused by eating bad fish.

Drama

Court Masques of James I. By Mary Sullivan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

This book comprises an account of certain external conditions touching the masque within the reign of King James. It includes by way of illustration some matters both earlier and later. It is concerned neither with the nature, the origin, nor the character of the masque. Authorship is a matter incidental and the texts of the masques themselves have yielded the author the least of her material. Her sources, extensively studied and spread out for the reader's examination, are the court records of the time, the calendars of state papers, domestic and foreign, and the correspondence especially of contemporary ambassadors, French and other, at the Court of St. James's. Recent scholarship has been particularly active in the study of the English masque. There is Evans's "English Masques," 1897; Brotanek's thorough study, "Die englischen Maskenspiele," 1902, and now Reyher's "Les Masques anglais," 1909, to say nothing of earlier single dissertations like that of Soergel, Halle, 1882, and the treatment of the subject in general histories of the drama, such as Ward, Creizenach, and Schelling. The special studies Miss Sullivan mentions; she does not use them. While it is substantially true that scholarship in English, as in other subjects, has wasted much of its effort on the discovery of former error, this process is inextricably interwoven with the discovery of former truth, the neglect of which no amount of turning up of novel material can justify.

However, we can see no possible objection to a presentation of the masques of King James as Sir Dudley Carleton, a flippant and gossiping courtier, saw them, or as an intriguing French ambassador imagined them, provided we are not misled as to facts by the characters of our witnesses.

There is a great deal of interesting matter in this book, and the details of the fencing and manœuvring for invitation and place between the ambassador of his "most Catholic Majesty" and his "most Christian Majesty" (which terms Miss Sullivan obligingly explains to the unhistorical reader), rise at times to a level which, considering the altitude of those august personages, we cannot but designate high comedy. The trouble was one of precedent: Spain could not yield to France, France would not yield to Spain. The Flemings could not abide the precedence in place of the Venetians, the Venetians must outrank the Savoyards. Those were troublous times for court officials and gentlemen of ceremony, for all must be placated. The Russian embassy stayed away from one masque because the Emperor's representatives could give precedence to no man. The French ambassador on another occasion refused to attend a second representation of a masque because "his stomach would not suffer him to eat cold meat"; another French ambassador was recalled by Henry IV because of a preference in an invitation to a masque shown his Spanish rival. These facts, together with the difficulties of the royal council and the King himself because of them, are not to be disputed; nor is it to be denied that the favor shown an ambassador was often indicative of the *rapprochement* of the two countries concerned. But this is a very different thing from accepting the author's thesis that "a masque was a diplomatic function" employed to "advertise" and exploit the success of the reign, and that its subject and treatment were dependent mainly on political considerations.

Several things seem to have conspired in this book to bring about these unsafe generalizations. First, the witnesses as to the masque are mainly of one kind: foreign correspondents who were on the lookout for political significances, and courtiers who could see, to use an Elizabethan phrase, almost equally far into a millstone. Again, the author blinks both the place of the Jacobean masque in the long history of royal entertainments, lost as to origins in mediæval times, and the actual relations of the masque to the drama. For example, she is troubled, in view of the part taken by noble women in what she calls "the private theatricals in the court," to explain why "Shakespeare and his fellows who watched and acted with such actresses, [could] be pleased with a boy's interpretation of an Imogen, a Portia, or a Juliet?" The answer is obvious to the student of our old drama. No lady of the court was an actress or recited a word in play or masque until we come to Queen Henrietta Maria's unfortunate effort to learn English by means of Walter Montague's tedious pastoral play, "The Shepherd's Paradise," in 1633. As to masques, it is perfectly well known that ladies and gentlemen of the court dressed in character, learned certain postures, evolutions, and dances. That was all. Public actors were employed in the masques, but never in company with the noble masquers. It may be surmised that the independent development of the antimasque, which was acted by professionals, arose out of this separation. The suggestion that Shakespeare "acted with such actresses" or even "watched" them (a circumstance possible, but unproved) is absolutely gratuitous and the kind of misleading surmise that unsteadies the half-informed. Once more, in substantiating the "influence [of the masque] upon literature," Miss Sullivan cites (p. 177) a well-known letter of the Venetian ambassador concerning the "mockery" of a Catholic churchman on the stage. The passage is too long to quote here, but any reader of so universally known a production as Webster's "Duchess of Malfi" will recognize the description at once, note that the correspondent has missed the point, and recall that "The Duchess of Malfi" is as much a masque as "Hamlet."

There remains a more serious question in connection with this book; we shall call it the question of labels. The cover adds to the title "Court Masques of James I" the words, "their influence on Shakespeare and the Public Theatres" and this "description":

> The author establishes Shakespeare's connection not only as a private "Groom of the King's Chamber" and one of the company of the King's own players, but as an important instrument in entertainments prepared for the reception of kings, queens, and their ambassadors under stress of peculiarly delicate diplomatic complications. Interesting reading concerning kings and queens of Shakespeare's day is afforded, and yet every statement supported from original documents. The volume does away forever with the old story of Shakespeare and his fellows being ranked as "rogues and vagabonds."

Few unacquainted with history could avoid being misled by such statements. As a matter of fact, this book contains neither an account of the influence of the masque on the public theatres nor on Shakespeare. Moreover, Miss Sullivan has really "established" none of the things claimed in her "label." We have known since Shakespeare's time that he was a member of the King's company: the information is on the titles of some of his plays. We have known since the publication of a note by Mrs. Stopes in the *Athenæum*, March 12, 1910, that Philips and Heming with ten of their fellows were paid "to wait and attend on his Majesty's service at Somerset House for eighteen days of August, 1604." Shakespeare may have been among them. They were doubtless retained professionally to give a play (not a masque) when the negotiations were complete. But this is a very different matter from the statement of the "description" or the "label" under a well-known picture of these very ambassadors in conclave which Miss Sullivan uses for a frontispiece of her book and calls "ambassadors whom Shakespeare was paid by the state to entertain." We know, and have long known, that the royal players received allowances for liveries, and that the companies were retained on other occasions to act before the King. But we also know—what Miss Sullivan may also know but does not state—that there is absolutely no word

of evidence to show that Shakespeare was ever called in to devise a single scene in any one of the royal masques, and that to make him "an important instrument in the entertainment of kings, queens, and their ambassadors" is romancing without labelling the book "romance."

"Cymbeline," the eighteenth volume of the New Variorum edition of Shakespeare, is now in the press. The work was completed before Dr. Furness's death. It will be brought out by Lippincott early in the summer.

Edward Vroom, who received his early stage training with Booth, Barrett, and Modjeska, and learned the almost forgotten art of delivering blank verse, and has been well trained in the methods of the romantic drama, will be the stage director and leading actor of the Dramatic Art Society of Boston, just formed. It is proposed to start the movement with a series of six productions, beginning with revivals of "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Hamlet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," to be followed by "The Fortunes of Ronsac," a heroic comedy of the Richelieu period, first produced at the Drury Lane Theatre, London, and new to America, and "The Luck of MacGregor," a Colonial military play, first produced at the Garden Theatre, New York, and new to Boston.

Music

Two new short operas by Dohnanyi have been performed in Berlin-Charlottenburg. One of them, "The Veil of Pierrette," achieved a success; the other, "Tante Simonia," was criticised adversely because the music was too heavy for the frivolous nature of the libretto.

A new American symphony, by Edgar Stillman Kelley, had its first performance last week at Carl Stoeckel's Norfolk Music Festival. It was played by musicians selected from the best New York orchestras. The composer himself conducted. The symphony is entitled "New England," and the composer writes in regard to it:

> I endeavored to express one phase—and certainly an important one—of American thought, the Puritan pioneer's ideal. Of course, each American must give voice to the sentiment of his own branch, racial, religious, etc., and mine being thoroughly of the New England east, on both sides of the house, I have sought to embody in this work something of the experiences, ambitions, and aspirations of my ancestors. The four movements are preceded by mottoes from the log book of the Mayflower, and some of the material is as American as one could wish. The slow movements consist of variations on a grand old choral written in New England a century ago; the number corresponding to a scherzo is built upon themes of New England birds treated symphonically.

No one has done more to encourage American composers than Mr. Stoeckel. Among the works specially written for his Norfolk festivals (all the expenses of which he bears, no tickets being sold) are: "King Gorm, the Grim," a ballad for chorus and orchestra, by Horatio Parker (1908); "Noël, a Christmas Pastoral," for soli, chorus, and orchestra, by George W. Chadwick (1909); "The Bamboula," a rhapsodic dance founded on a West Indian air, by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1910); Henry K. Hadley's Fourth Symphony (North, East, South, West), and "Collegiate Overture," for male chorus and orchestra, by Horatio Parker (1911); "Aphrodite," a symphonic fantasie for orchestra, by George W. Chadwick, and two works by Samuel Coleridge-Taylor, "A Tale of Old Japan," for soli, chorus, and orchestra, and a concerto for violin and orchestra (1912); the Kelley Symphony, just described, and another novelty of this year's concerts, a "Negro Rhapsody," by Henry Gilbert. This piece, also, which is founded on a negro "shout," was conducted by its composer.

When Siegfried Wagner was asked to contribute an article on the Wagner centenary to the London *Daily News*, he replied: "I prefer to be silent on this occasion. We have our reasons, the same reasons for which we do not play this year at our Festspielhaus in Bayreuth." What are those reasons? Are Siegfried and Cosima Wagner out of humor because all their efforts to save the "Parsifal" monopoly for Bayreuth have failed? Evidently, "Parsifal" next year will be common. In Paris alone, three theatres are preparing to perform it.

Giovanni Sgambati, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated in Rome on May 18, is one of the very few Italian composers of note who preferred the concert stage to the opera house. He owed his prominence early in his career to Liszt, who assisted him in various ways, as he did so many other talented young men. Subsequently, Wagner became interested in him, and it was on Wagner's recommendation that the publisher, Schott, of Mainz, printed some of his most important works, including two symphonies, a piano concerto, two quintets, two quartets, and many pieces for the piano. Sgambati was the first to produce in Italy Liszt's "Dante" symphony, which Wagner called "divine."

Leonardo da Vinci is the hero of an opera recently produced at the Imperial Opera House at Warsaw. Its title is "Medusa," and its composer the Polish musician, Ludomar von Pozyeki. The libretto deals with a love episode in the artist's life, and there is a scene in which he paints Mona Lisa. Several German opera houses have already arranged to produced this novelty.

In no country is less attention paid to oratorios than in Italy. The Milanese were, however, greatly edified by two performances of Bach's St. Matthew's Passion and Brahms's "German Requiem," recently given for them by the Berlin Singakademie and Philharmonic Orchestra. Turin and Bologna also heard this combination in the same choral works.

Alexander von Bandrowski, the Polish tenor, is dead in Cracow, after a short illness, aged fifty-three. He was known to the New York public through his appearances at the Metropolitan Opera House in the title rôle of Ignace Paderewski's opera "Manru" about ten years ago. It was at the request of the composer that Maurice Grau brought Mr. von Bandrowski to this country, as he had first sung the rôle of the gypsy hero in Cracow, Lemberg, Zurich, and Cologne. He appeared only in this opera and in one represenation of "Lohengrin."

Ingeborg Bronsart von Schellendorff, a woman composer of Germany, is dead in Munich at the age of seventy-three. She was born in St. Petersburg, and studied piano with Liszt, Martinoff, and Henselt. In addition to compositions for the piano, she composed three operas, of which one, entitled "Hiarne," was frequently sung in Germany.

Art

A History of Painting in Northern Italy, from the Fourteenth to the Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle. Edited by Tancred Borenius, Ph.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 3 vols. Illustrated.

It is forty-two years since the indefatigable partners, Crowe and Cavalcaselle, published their survey of painting in Northern Italy. The work lacked the consistency of their more famous "History of Painting in Central Italy," but in some ways was even more valuable. It was the first comprehensive treatment of a subject which had been neglected or relegated to the local historians. The authors were the first to trace the main lines of development from Mantegna, Giambellino, Titian, Giorgione, and Palma. In particular, they were the first to subject the legend of Giorgione to rational sifting. The defects of the book were a certain condescension or positive scorn of some charming primitive artists. The delightful Borgognone receives scant recognition, the bewitching Stefano da Zevio is actually flouted. Self-imposed limitations were the omission of the Piedmont school, and that of Nice. At times the authors were overmastered by sheer bulk of material. Minor artists, like G. A. Pordenone and Pellegrino da San Daniele, were treated with inordinate breadth. Still, as a scholar's manual, the book was of extraordinary richness, compact with information, and, despite the numerous special researches of the contributors to the *Rassegna d'Arte* and Mr. Berenson's and Dr. Gronau's comprehensive surveys, Crowe and Cavalcaselle has kept its place at the elbow of every serious student of Northern Italian painting.

But aside from the usual copyright considerations, the time for a revision had come. For ten years past Italian, English, and German scholars have been working steadily in this field. That the time was ripe for a summary of results is shown in the simultaneous appearance of Dr. Borenius's revision of Crowe and Cavalcaselle and Dr. Toesca's "La Pittura e la Miniatura Lombarda." These works in many respects supplement each other. Toesca's book is especially full on the earliest Lombard paint-

ing and on miniatures, treating as well the subject of Transalpine influence in Northern Italy—topics omitted or handled very summarily by Dr. Borenius. The new editor of Crowe and Cavalcaselle is a young scholar who has distinguished himself by broad and exact researches into the painting of the Vincenza school. In general, he has acquitted himself well of the task of revision. He has left the original text intact, merely changing gallery numbers, etc., when necessary, and his own additional notes are succinct and clearly marked. His additions swell the original two volumes to three, which, considering the enormous increment of special literature and discovery, is very moderate.

Well conceived as is the general scheme of revision, there are necessarily many slips in detail. As usual, knowledge of American collections would have added many important pictures to the lists. For example, Mr. John G. Johnson, Mr. Carnegie, and Mr. Harry Payne Whitney own good Costas. Mr. D. F. Platt has a Viti; the estate of Charles Eliot Norton a fine Bartolommeo Veneto. Mr. Johnson's collection would, among many, furnish examples of Basaiti, Cima, Lotto, Palma, Romanino, and Tura. Such addenda could be carried much further did space permit. Obviously, it is imperative either that the more important works by old masters in America should be adequately published, or that all European editors of comprehensive books on art should include in their preparation a trip to America. Other oversights are less explicable. Concerning the Giorgione Judith at St. Petersburg, nothing is said either of the cutting down of the picture nor of the print that gives its original dimensions. Under Giorgione generally a full registration of the ascriptions of Cook and Justi would have been useful. It is odd to write of Timoteo delle Viti without mentioning Morelli's famous theory that he was Raphael's first master.

But on the whole, Dr. Borenius has kept a sure and steady hand. By turning to such notes as those on Amico Aspertini and Antonio Pisano (Pisanello), one may realize how much new matter has been packed into little space throughout the volumes. Almost invariably one will commend the editor's judgment as to the substance and scale of the annotation, compared with which positive merit occasional slips are negligible. For this revived Crowe and Cavalcaselle a long and useful life may confidently be predicted.

"The Guild of the Garden Lovers" (Dutton) is a book of English amateur gardening cast in an unusual form. The "guild" is a group of Englishwomen, old friends, who decide, as it were, to "pool" their skill at gardening. The book is made up of conversations, letters, and little essays exchanged among the garden lovers. Special problems of gardening—the treatment of certain plots of ground according to special circumstances; the proper grouping of perennials so as to secure the greatest harmony of colors and a constant succession of bloom; scented gardens, wild plant borders—these are the kinds of themes dealt with informally in these pages. It is a book for those who have passed the first stages of flower-growing and have become interested in the subtler questions which belong to gardening as a fine art. There are a good many photographs, which are as unsatisfactory as photographs usually are in the attempt to give an idea of the confined and interwoven beauties of flowers in a garden.

Finance

WHEN WE "MOVE THE CROPS."

Two incidents of last week—the tightening of certain European money markets and the somewhat remarkable statement of the country's foreign trade for May—directed attention sharply to one factor that will be important for the next few months. That factor is our actual position on international exchange; which would include the questions, how far our markets are dependent on Europe for obtaining credit on a substantial scale, and what the prospects are of our getting such facilities (if they are needed for the moving of our crops) between now and the end of the year. The problem is of singular importance, because of the seeming unwillingness or inability of Europe's markets to undertake burdens which they usually accept as a matter of course. Can we, or can we not, obtain such facilities from Europe?

First, as to the "visible" international position, shown by our trade in merchandise with the outside world. It is most unusual. Last month, our exports ran $19,200,000 beyond the highest previous May record. Partly because of the impending change in tariff duties, imports decreased $22,000,000 from 1912, and, as a result, the excess of exports over imports went beyond all precedent for the month.

This, to be sure, is only one month's showing. But the eleven completed months of the fiscal year are equally remarkable. Our merchandise exports for the period were $236,000,000 above those of the same months in the year before, while imports increased only $159,000,000. Excess of exports runs far beyond all precedent, except for the two noteworthy years 1908 and 1901. As compared with a fiscal year as recent as 1911, the eleven months' "export excess" is greater by $431,000,000.

These are large figures; but, as even the schoolboys know, a "merchandise export surplus" of $621,000,000 for eleven months is offset by some important debit items, and is surrounded by perpetual controversy as to how far a "merchandise trade balance" is wiped out by annual interest dues to foreign investors, by freight payments to foreign ships, by expenditure of our citizens in foreign lands, and so on. If all these items were to be footed up, there would still remain the powerful influence of purchases or sales of one nation's stocks and bonds by the markets of another state.

It is a most obscure and difficult problem to work out; it can never be satisfactorily determined. The worst thing of all about it is that the man who undertakes to solve it, out-of-hand, will presently be lost in the fog and begin to talk absurdities—which range all the way from assurances that New York has a thousand million dollars' credit, placed in Europe and subject to instantaneous recall (the favorite theory of 1901), to warnings that our annual net obligations to the outside world are half a billion dollars, which Europe, in its own good pleasure, could withdraw from here in gold.

The truth is that in this complicated matter there is only one firm rock to stand on. Comparison of one year with another, all surrounding circumstances being allowed for, will show whether our position on international exchange is worse or better than the average; for the country has certainly continued to flourish in the average years. The course of the sterling market will usually help to settle the uncertainty. This season's exchange rate—which, in spite of the urgent demands for capital or gold by Europe, has ruled steadily at par or in this country's favor—testifies to a strong position. The foreign trade comparisons speak for themselves; the only remaining question being, how far the "export excess" has been or is to be offset by unusually heavy resale of American securities to us by Europe.

There would still be left for consideration the question of "drawing on Europe next autumn to move the crops." Supposing, for the sake of argument, that we ordinarily borrow for that purpose $100,000,000—to take a purely arbitrary figure—shall we get it or not? If we are able to command it, how will Europe's money markets be affected? If not, then what will be the sequel on our own?

The reasonable probability is that we shall "draw on Europe" for commercial purposes, during the coming season, much as we usually do. In an operation of the sort, the United States occupies towards London much the same position as a merchant borrowing to provide for a season's ordinary trade occupies towards his bank. It is the

business of the bank, and it is the business of financial Europe, to hold itself ready for such loans.

Indeed, the case is stronger as regards our commercial borrowings from Europe; for those loans are made by a customer as well as a creditor. Europe must buy, within the period from which its advances of capital run, the grain and cotton which the proceeds of the loans will be used to move. What the foreign banks lend to us for the purpose, in August, September, and October, will obviously go towards paying for the agricultural products which the foreign markets import from us in the later autumn. If such payment is not made at one time, it must be made at another, and in either case the European markets must provide the capital.

As to how the earlier "drafts on Europe" would affect these foreign markets in their own affairs, that, too, must be judged by the fact that the operation is of a normal routine character, the coming performance of which must have been kept in view for months beforehand. Without these usual advances of foreign capital, we should presumably have to face very tight money in this country at the end of summer. With the advances granted, we may discover later on that the money situation is, by autumn, much less formidable than any one had imagined.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Barr, A. E. All the Days of My Life: An Autobiography. D. Appleton. $3.50 net.

Bates, W. O. Jacob Leisler: A Play of Old New York. Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Birmingham, G. A. The Adventures of Dr. Whitty. Doran. $1.20 net.

Blackmore's Lorna Doone. (World's Classics.) Frowde.

Book of Ballads for Boys and Girls. Selected by J. C. Smith and G. Soutar. Frowde.

Brisco, N. A. Economics of Business. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Burnam, J. M. Palæographia Iberica: Fac-Similés de Manuscrits Espagnols et Portugais (ixe-xve siècles). Paris: Champion.

Canby, H. S., and Opdycke, J. B. Elements of Composition for Secondary Schools. Macmillan.

Cato-Varro. Roman Farm Management: Treatises done into English, with Notes of Modern Instances. Macmillan. $2 net.

Columbia University General Catalogue—17[illegible]-1912.

Dixon, Thomas. The Southerner: A Romance of the Real Lincoln. D. Appleton. $1.35 net.

Eliot's Felix Holt, the Radical. (World's Classics.) Frowde.

Elliot, D. G. A Review of the Primates. 3 vols. American Museum of Natural History.

Ferrer, Francisco. Origin and Ideals of the Modern School. Trans. by J. McCabe. Putnam. $1 net.

Gill, C. O., and Pinchot, G. The Country Church: The Decline of its Influence and the Remedy. Macmillan. $1.25 net.

Greenwood, A. D. Horace Walpole's World. Macmillan. $4.25 net.

Harper, M. W. Animal Husbandry for Schools. Macmillan. $1.40 net.

Haskin, F. J. The Immigrant. Revell. $1.25 net.

Hedin, Sven. Trans-Himalayan. Vol. III. Macmillan. $4.50 net.

Ivor-Parry, Edith. In the Garden of Childhood. Dutton. $1 net.

Lippmann, Walter. A Preface to Politics. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.

Loeb, Leo. The Venom of Heloderma. Washington: Carnegie Institution.

Lukach, H. C. The Fringe of the East. Macmillan. $4 net.

Lytton's Last of the Barons. Oxford Ed. of Standard Authors. Frowde.

Marsh, C. D. Fresh-Water Copepoda from Panama. Washington: Smithsonian Institution.

Milton, John. Poems. (World's Classics, Pocket edition.) Frowde.

Orczy, Baroness. El Dorado. Doran. $1.35 net.

Pearson, H. G. James S. Wadsworth of Geneseo. Scribner.

Perry, W. S. With Azir Girges in Egypt. Boston: Atkinson, Mentzer & Co. 40 cents.

Poore, H. R. The Conception of Art. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

Prokosch, Eduard. German for Beginners. Holt. $1.

Rice, Cale Young. Works. 10 vols. Doubleday, Page.

Rice, G. G. My Adventures with Your Money. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.

Ruppin, Arthur. The Jews of To-day. Trans. from the German. Holt. $1.75 net.

Simkhovitch, V. G. Marxism versus Socialism. Holt. $1.50 net.

Sommerville, Frankfort. The Spirit of Paris. Macmillan.

Stebbing, W. Five Centuries of English Verse. 2 vols. Revised edition of "The Poets: Chaucer to Tennyson Impressions." Frowde.

Stetson, A. E. Reminiscences, Sermons and Correspondence. Putnam.

Van Kleeck, Mary. Artificial Flower Makers. Survey Associates, Inc. $1.50.

Webster, Hutton. Ancient History. Boston: Heath. $1.50.

Wriothesley, William. The Ambassadress. Doran. $1.25 net.

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